For Reference

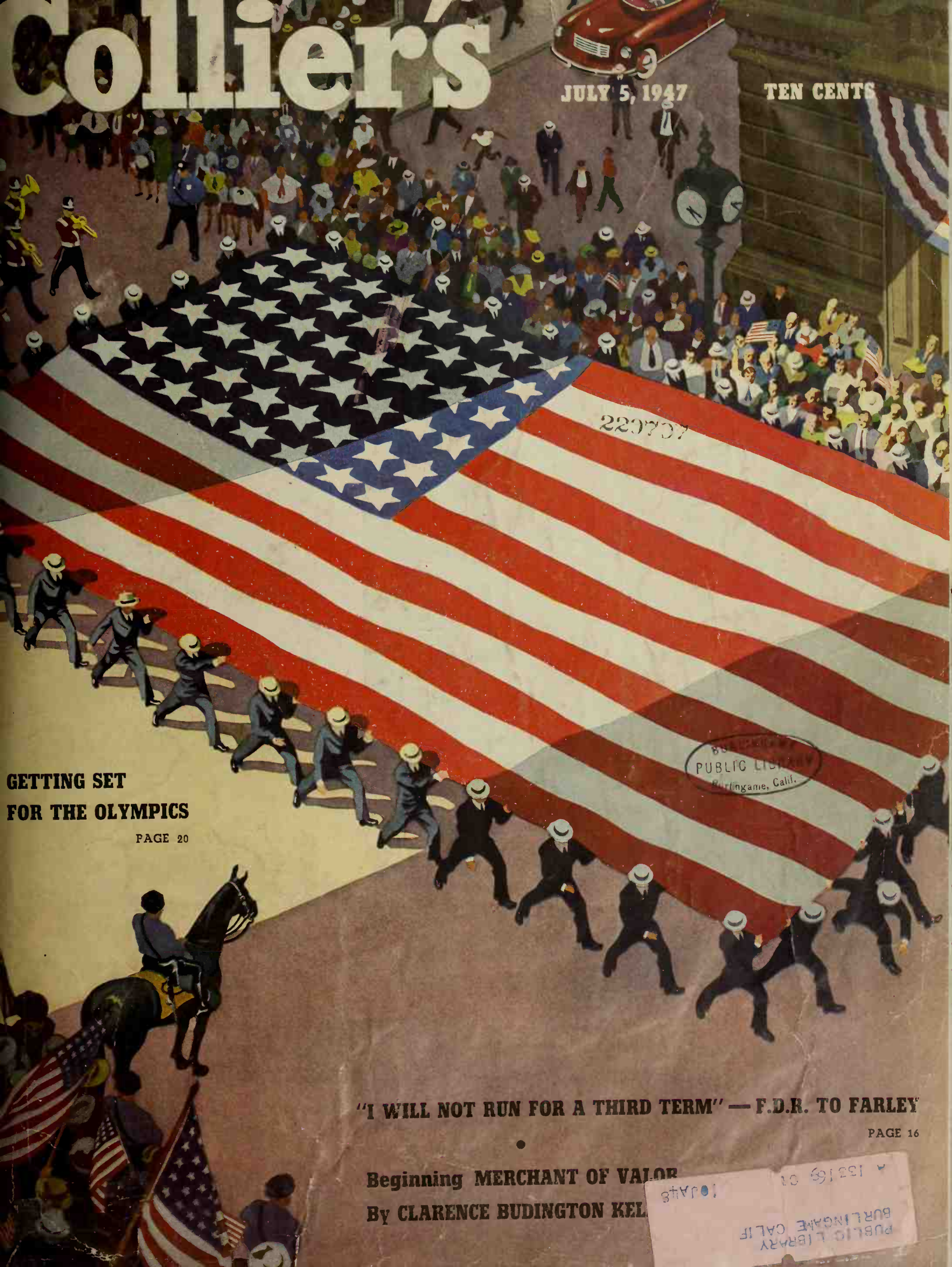
Not to be taken from this room

✓ 220797

Collier's

JULY 5, 1947

TEN CENTS



22757

GETTING SET FOR THE OLYMPICS

PAGE 20

"I WILL NOT RUN FOR A THIRD TERM" — F.D.R. TO FARLEY

PAGE 16

•

Beginning MERCHANT OF VALOR

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KEL

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

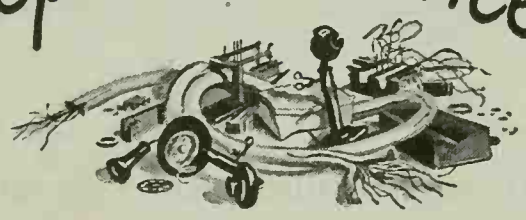
PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME CALIF

220797



MELTING SCRAP LEAD from discarded telephone cable. It is smelted and refined at a Western Electric plant. The lead ingots will return to service as new cable sheathing.

He's cooking up telephone service



The salvaging of worn-out equipment has always been important in the telephone business. It's more important than ever right now.

For it isn't just so many pounds or tons of lead and copper and zinc and steel that come out of it. It's telephone service.

Every bit of recovered material helps to relieve shortages and enables us to build more of the telephone equipment that is so urgently needed.

That means better, quicker service for everyone. It also brings telephone service nearer to those who may have been waiting for a long time.

So salvaging is more than salvaging these days.

It's the voice of a friend. A hurry-call to the doctor. A visit with someone in a distant city. Somebody's link with everything and everybody, everywhere.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

"FIESTA"

IN TECHNICOLOR

ESTHER WILLIAMS

AKIM TAMIROFF · CYD CHARISSE
JOHN CARROLL · MARY ASTOR
FORTUNIO BONANOVA

and introducing

RICARDO MONTALBAN

Original screenplay by
GEORGE BRUCE and LESTER COLE

Directed by ..... RICHARD THORPE
Produced by ..... JACK CUMMINGS



We've always admired Esther Williams — and we'll bet a jingling handful of bright silver pesos that you've always shared our sentiment. She's so lovely to look at even standing still. And when that lissome, athletic body begins to move — well, that's poetry in motion. And when she dances a gay Latin flamenco — that's breath-taking. *And* when she goes through the brilliant and tense drama of bull-fighting, swirling the matador's cape, dodging the massive and murderous plunges of an angry bull, that's —"Fiesta", M-G-M's south-of-the-Rio-rainbow of Technicolor romance!

To heighten the excitement of this color-splashed musical romance M-G-M introduces a talented and versatile new star: suave, handsome Ricardo Montalban, beloved idol of many of Mexico's greatest films. Ricardo epitomizes the word "smooth". Whether he's dancing with lovely Cyd Charisse, or serenading to the sultry twang of a guitar or startling the arena with his powerful grace as a bull-fighter, Ricardo maintains the same confident, likable ease. We predict America will hail him as the very best of Good Neighbors and a brilliant new star in the Hollywood firmament.

"Fiesta" is in every sense a glorious, unforgettable adventure. There's all the glamour of Mexico itself, photographed in fabulous Technicolor. There's sparkling music, magnificent dancing and a romantic story that sweeps to new heights of dramatic excitement. M-G-M has given "Fiesta" a supporting cast of the first magnitude: Akim Tamiroff, dashing John Carroll, Cyd Charisse, Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova.

"Fiesta" is a triumph of spectacular entertainment. Therefore, this column shouts "Viva!" for Director Richard Thorpe and Producer Jack Cummings and for that gifted writing twosome, George Bruce and Lester Cole, who did the original screenplay.

We recommend "Fiesta". "Fiesta" is the most-a of the best-a. And so is Esth-a!

COLLIER'S

July 5, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photographs*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Humor*
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*Distaff*
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	*Distaff*
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Wearables*
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	*Fiction*

THIS WEEK

FICTION . . PAGE

MERCHANT OF VALOR
By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND 11
The Serial Story. The first of five parts.

THE GRAND MARCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA By DANA BURNET 18
The story of a man who loved his country.

LITTLE HICKORY NUT By VIRGINIA HANSON 22
That girl! Mike thought he had had his share of trouble.

A HOUSE ABSOLUTELY FREE
By HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND 28
The Short Short Story.

THE GOLDEN MESH By KENNETH PERKINS 32
Trigg almost played Samson to the swamp girl's Delilah.

ARTICLES

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF WALTER MITTY
By TED SHANE 14
Goldwyn, Danny Kaye and Technicolor do a Thurber story.

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT By JAMES A. FARLEY 16
PART III: THE BIG BUILD-UP
Hitherto unrevealed angles of the third-term candidacy.

OLYMPIC FEVER By BILL DAVIDSON 20
A study of our chances in the Games to be held in London in '48.

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD By DANIEL P. MANNIX 24
Inquiring into the merits of hypnosis in curing human ills.

UNMASKING THE MOSQUITO
By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM 38
He's the villain guilty of causing many tragic epidemics.

THE MAN WHO MADE FRANCO By TED ALLAN 42
Johannes Bernhardt's rise to power in Spain—and its aftermath.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

WING TALK: HERE COME THE BRITISH!
By FREDERICK R. NEELY 64

EDITORIAL: *Day of Independence* 74

COVER By *RONALD MCLEOD*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

FICTIONAL THERAPY

DEAR EDITOR: The story, Hearno, Speakno, Seeno (Mar. 29th), came when I was in the midst of spring cleaning. The paper hangers had just gone and left the usual mess behind them, which I alone had to clean up. I had lumbago besides and a headache and my feet hurt but I was hurrying to get done before my in-laws came. I took time out for a cup of tea and picked up a Collier's magazine and before I knew it I was shaking with glee.

I felt better both in mind and body. I think the whole world needs stories like that. DOROTHY HATFIELD, Everett, Wash.

VERSE AND VERSE

DEAR EDITOR: The succinct quatrain by Dorothy Farrell, of Honolulu, T. H. (The Week's Mail, May 24th), evoked a discussion:

If Dorothy's diet
Had had *less* religion
She would be, I am sure,
Much *less* callipygian.
If Dorothy's diet
Had been *more* religious
She would be, I am sure,
Less steatopygous.

NILES S. COLMAN, San Francisco, Cal.

DOCTOR! DOCTOR!

DEAR SIR: So you can't get a doctor! (May 17th). Hey? Why don't more doctors settle in the small communities?

I might tell Albert Maisel that I traveled out to South Dakota last fall, a matter of some 1,500 miles to see a location for an M.D. It was a nice town and they did want a doctor. But they did not have a house in town to live in, they offered no stipend to help one to move there. I could have practiced there, but was warned that the winters were cold and I knew that bringing up five children in a tent in a South Dakota winter was somewhat harsh. I wrote to several other places—Ohio, North Dakota and other states mentioned in the article. Most of the towns wanted me to come out and look them over. No mention of traveling expense, no housing mentioned and no subsidy mentioned in case the doctor could not make a living.

P. J. LAWRENCE, M.D., Brandon, Vt.

. . . Here's how we got one of the best doctors in the country for our little island —an hour and a half from the mainland by boat—with about 400 people.

We subscribed money by door-to-door canvass, had a big celebration, auction, suppers, etc.—got a subsidy from town—had paint days, clearance days, etc., and now we have a fine doctor's home and

(Continued on page 68)

Vol. 120, No. 1. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

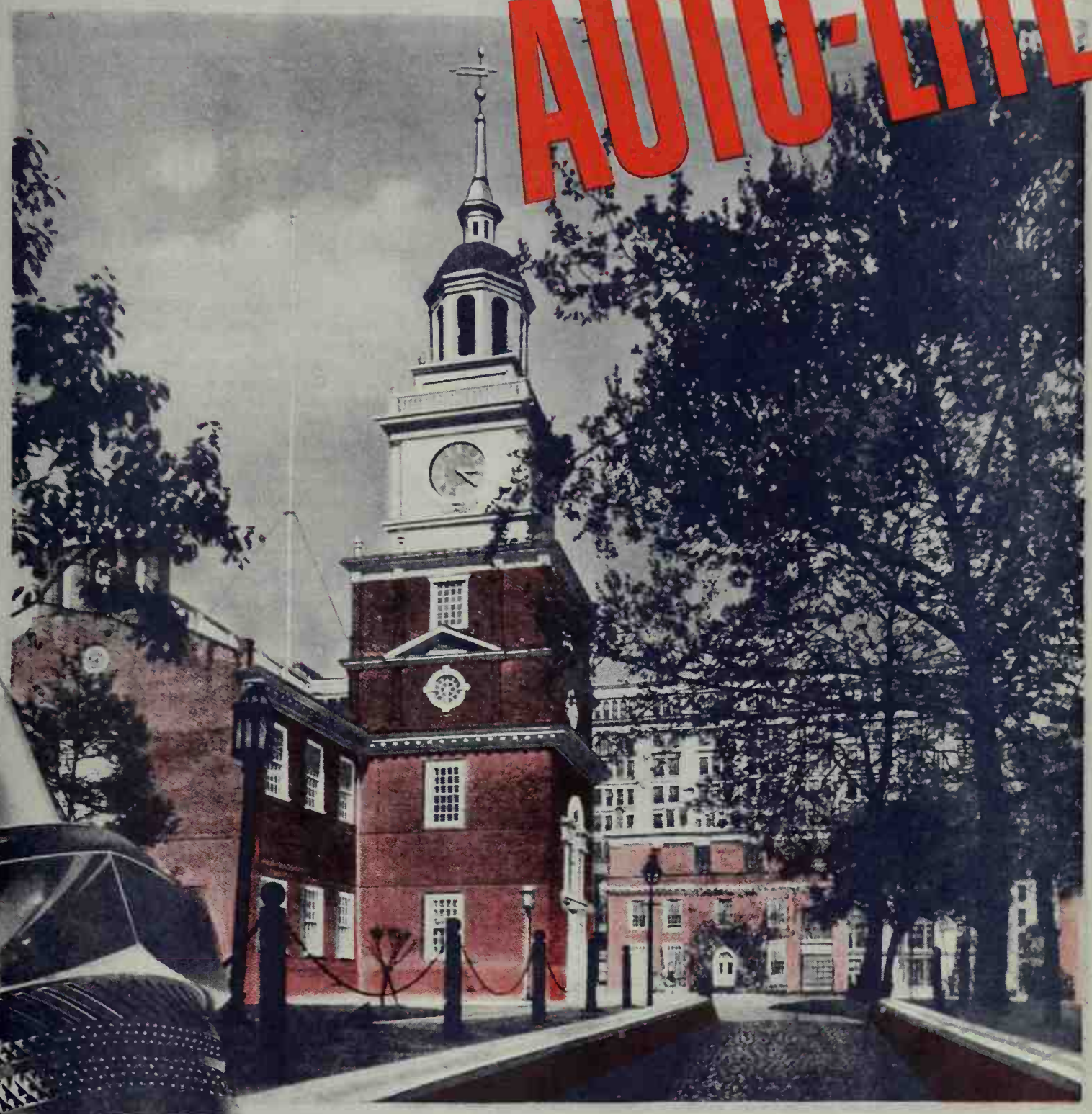
COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

FOR YOUR TOUR THROUGH HISTORY ...



Switch to — AUTO-LITE

Three of the greatest documents in the World's march from bondage were signed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia . . . the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Federation and the Constitution. In the central rotunda stands the Liberty Bell, famed symbol of Freedom.





Money cannot buy a better spark plug

Tune in
"Lawyer Tucker" storring Parker Fennelly, Thursdays 9:00 P.M. E.T. on CBS

● Travel is a freedom, too...born when America removed barriers between states . . . come of age with the automobile and modern highways. Enjoy re-discovering America this summer in a car with a smooth running engine. For real driving pleasure replace your faulty plugs with a new set of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs . . . ignition engineered by the same engineers who design complete electrical systems for many of America's finest cars, trucks and tractors. See your Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer and "Switch to Auto-Lite."

Toronto, Ontario — THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY — Toledo 1, Ohio

AUTO-LITE



BATTERIES · IGNITION SYSTEMS · WIRE & CABLE

It's Almost Inevitable . . .



. . . when you smile your sweetest, and

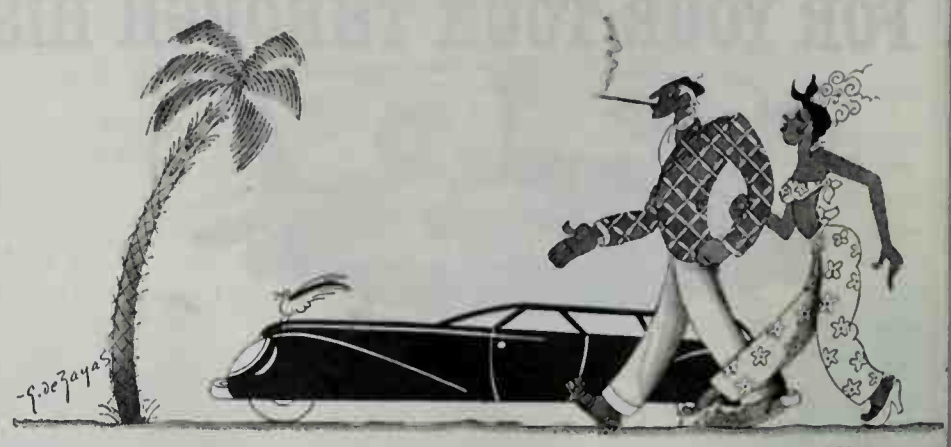
Keep Kissable!

His heart sings the ageless serenade, "You're so beautiful . . ."
You query, "Could *any* girl be this girl? Could I?" Rather, ask yourself,
"Does *my* smile compel compliments? Is *my* mouth sweet, fresh, inviting?"
Answer a confident "*yes*", if you've beauty-bathed your teeth and mouth with the *new* Listerine Tooth Paste. One trial will show you why.
So refreshing . . . so stimulating . . . this delightful new dentifrice leaves your teeth sparkling in all their natural brilliance,
your mouth enticingly sweet. You're extra nice . . . you're kissable!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



"THE *Beauty Bath* FOR TEETH!"

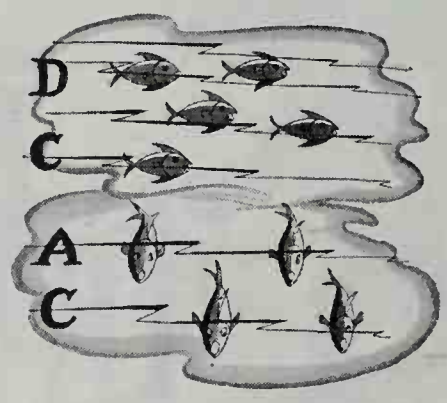


GEORGE DE ZAY

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

A new fad in California is to own a "personalized" automobile—one which has been so changed in appearance that it resembles no other car. To disguise an automobile thus may cost as much as $1,000. Specialists usually lower the body several inches, remove chrome strips, reshape fenders, install new bumpers and a special radiator grill and repaint the car in a peculiar color.



A mysterious fact came to light some years ago in a study of the effect of electricity on different species of fish as the current flowed through an oblong aquarium. Each fish would place itself parallel with the flow of direct current, but would take a position at a right angle to the flow of alternating current.

On April 1, 1947, near Fairbanks, Alaska, the life of a U.S. Army paratrooper was saved after his chute collapsed in mid-air. The instant it folded, a brother paratrooper who was descending a little below and to one side was swept, by a sudden gust of wind, so close to the disabled chute that he was able to grab its shroud lines, which he held while his own chute carried him and his friend safely to the ground.

The source of light in a new unit, to illuminate airport approaches in fogs and storms, is a four-inch tube filled with krypton gas. The unit's special optical equipment, however, increases its intensity to 3,300,000,000 candle power, which is 600 times as bright as the most powerful lighthouse beam in the United States.

Nobel prizes have been awarded to nine women in five countries, one in Austria, one in Chile, two in Sweden, two in France and three in the United States—Jane Addams, Pearl S. Buck and Emily Greene Balch.

During the 1920s Pierre Lutece, French vaudeville star whose act consisted of answering any question on any subject, was thought to have a phenomenal brain, the study of which would be of scientific value. When he died twelve years ago, it was found that he had made secret contracts for the exclusive possession of his brain after death with fifty-three different institutions from which he had swindled $50,000.

Among the Eskimos of northern Canada, a man going on a long journey usually arranges to exchange wives temporarily with a friend who if his own wife is encumbered with children and cannot accompany him.

Since 1930, crematories in Great Britain have increased from 21 to 57 and some 200 others are under consideration. Of the present number, 11 are owned and operated by municipalities, one of which, in Hull, makes no charge for its service.

In a recent survey, Chicago's only commercial television station, WBKB, found that two thirds of the people who constitute its audience watch the shows on receivers in barrooms which now own 1,025 of the 3,100 sets in that area.



At an auction of antiques in London in 1932, a certain armchair put up aroused much speculation as to its purpose. While it was ornately carved and made apparently, around 1500, for use in the home, it contained a seat-operated mechanism that caused two curved iron bars, concealed in the arms, to come down, lock over the thighs and thus trap a person within a second after he had sat down.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and its items may be reproduced without permission



Here's extra safety... longer mileage too... It has to be better to be a Seiberling





SEIBERLING

A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER





SEIBERLING TIRES

IBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

Hot Weather Tips on the CARE OF YOUR BATTERY



SURE, your car starts easily in hot weather. But that doesn't mean you can forget about your battery. In fact, *it's more harmful to neglect a battery during the summer months than at any other time of year!*

What service is needed? Most important, keep your battery properly filled with approved water. Once a week isn't too often to have it checked, because water evaporates a lot faster under excessive external heat and motor heat. Another good idea is to make sure the generator and voltage regulator are functioning properly: a battery that's being overcharged continually is "not long for this world." Also, battery terminals should be kept clean, and frayed cables replaced.

There's no better place to have your battery checked . . . no better place for automotive service of *all kinds* . . . than your nearby United Motors Service station. Look for the United Motors sign in your neighborhood and wherever you drive.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — *IT'S RIGHT NEARBY*

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK



HANS

WHILE it is more natural to go into a trance *after* buying Collier's, hypnotist Howard Klein first put Miss Mildred Greenstein in a trance, then sent her out on the rainy streets of Philadelphia to hawk America's biggest dime's worth. Mr. Klein was proving a point in posthypnotic suggestion. For this and further Kleinian tomfoolery see the entrancing article Do As You're Told on p. 24.

Actually Miss Greenstein, as illustrated, is not in a state of complete hypnosis. She has awakened. But while "asleep," Mr. Klein made the suggestion that it was vital she dash out and sell our fine magazine. Eerily, the first thing Miss Greenstein did during her posthypnotic state was to obey Mr. Klein. "All hypnotized subjects who have received a posthypnotic suggestion will never admit they are hypnotized," Mr. Klein informed us. "They attempt to think up reasons for their conduct." Miss Greenstein insists she did not have to think up any reasons for selling Collier's.

IN DECEMBER, 1944, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Burnet daringly sold their charming home in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, to Miss Ella Raines, the charming movie actress. "For a year and a half thereafter, we lived in a miniscule house in the San Fernando Valley," says Mr. Burnet, "which, regardless of the song, I never intend to make my home. The valley is cold in winter and hot in summer, and the sound of motor crashes on Ventura Boulevard is not conducive to the contemplative life."

Deciding in the fall of '46 to move back East, preferably near salt water, the Burnets searched the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida fruitlessly, subleasing an apartment in Bronxville, New York, for a spell, finally winding up in a stanch home of their own at Stonington, Connecticut.

Ordinarily such experiences would not have inspired Mr. Burnet to such a serious effort as The Grand March of the United States of America, p. 18. But Mr. Burnet sees home-hunting today as a longing, shared by millions, for mental and spiritual security.

Mr. Burnet hopes his search for the answer to the question where man can find something solid on which to base his life may be found in The Grand March of the United States of America.

"I happen to believe that the only security which modern man can hope to achieve lies in faith," he confesses. "I chose a Negro for the protagonist of this faith because it seemed to me stronger and more poignant to project it from the mind and spirit of one whose people are still denied the al fillment of the vision of freedon o the founders of our republic."

Mr. Burnet, who is from Cincin a and has been reporter, editor, sc n and stage playwright, and poet, a born on July 3, 1888. His grandfa e Jacob Burnet rode horseback f m Newark, New Jersey, to settle a g the Ohio in 1795—at a spot whic i now Cincinnati.

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM a down Miami way doing an i cle on the Payground as a Sum e Resort, when she naturally wonde d "What do the mosquitoes do du g the off season? Do they live off h languishing resort keepers?"

Mme. Putnam looked up Mr. Le Stutz, director of the Dade & Bro ro Antimosquito Districts of Flo a Next thing she knew, she had for t ten the summer-resort story, and a off chasing mosquitoes. Unmas g the Mosquito, p. 38, is the result.

Mrs. Putnam went calling on l d ing mosquito families, poked in ne h bors' garbage cans, met the dan g balls she describes in her article, a a lot of Mr. Stutz's pamphlets, n watched the spotters at work far i h well-oiled Everglades, ruining a a of $18 white shoes doing so.

Thus came the facts of Mme. u nam's excellent article. "I suppos h facts of today are the errors of o morrow," she adds with true scie fi humility. "But that's the way I o them. Anyway I feel I know a o about mosquitoes. I've even seen lay an egg—but then I've laid qu a few myself."

SPORTS writers notoriously t spavined, bald, and muscle-bo d we proudly point to the fact that Davidson, who wrote Olympic F p. 20, was an athlete once him Back in the '30s he hurdled for e York University, bowling over c meet opposition and winning se a titles. A streamlined 160 pound h was then known as Galloping i the Violent Violet.

Today Davidson weighs in at 9 When he dropped in at his old a mater (a little fatter herself) to se h old coach on the story, Emil von ing turned to his assistants and i "Well, well—another shot-putter c ing out for the team!"

This week's cover: Independe Day Parade. Painted by Ronald Leod, who has contributed to Col for 19 years, the cover coincide a propriately with Dana Burnet's g nificent story, The Grand Marc o the United States of America. . .

TED SHA

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH Mercury

One day in the life of your Mercury Station Wagon shows you why it's just about the most useful car you ever owned!

You pick up week-end guests at the station. There's a whole lot more luggage than you



More fashionable — wherever you go

expected, but it all fits easily—*and* your friends do, too! Eight people ride comfortably—with plenty of leg room and elbow room for everyone. And the clear, full vision in all directions is a treat for the passengers as well as the driver.



More room — whenever you need it

You take your guests to the beach—and its room again comes in mighty handy. Nice part of it is—your Mercury Station Wagon is the *smartest* car *wherever* you go—at the beach, the club, the local playhouse or even in town. The body is made of beautifully grained hard woods fashioned with the finest of craftsmanship—built to last!



More practical — for every purpose

What's more, this handsome spacious station wagon has all the famous pickup and liveliness that makes Mercury more fun to drive —*plus* gas and oil economy unusual in such a big, powerful car.

For *more of everything you want*—get to know the Mercury Station Wagon.

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY



hite sidewall tires at extra cost, when available



The bad news that didn't spoil a vacation

THE LETTER was from a lawyer.

I snapped the camp mailbox shut as I read the last sentence.

"My client holds you personally responsible for the loss of her ability to carry on her usual occupation, resulting from the accident which occurred on your premises."

I remembered the accident all right. My wife had just told the woman selling children's books that we didn't want any. The woman had turned to make a last-minute sales argument as she was going down the steps. She stepped on one of the children's toys and took a spill.

That was just as we were leaving on vacation. But I did snatch a minute to give my Travelers man the bare details of the mishap over the telephone.

Now, this letter from her lawyer, claiming a bad back injury, was the first I'd learned how serious her accident apparently was.

I'm pretty much of a worrier. After reading that letter, I was sure of one thing. I would have sweated out the rest of my vacation instead of enjoying it if last winter I hadn't done something that my Travelers man had been suggesting for a long time. I had taken out Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance.

So I walked over to the village store and put in a call for my Travelers man. I had him on the line in five minutes. He said for me not to worry a bit about it. He told me he'd been following up the tip-off I'd given him before I left and that he had everything under control.

So instead of worrying about a lawsuit hanging over my head, I pushed off in a canoe for Diamond Island ledge. I was only ten minutes late for a date I had with a big bass.

I really got a bargain when I took out Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance. It gave me a lot of protection for so little money.

I know, for instance, I won't have to dig deep into the bank account to pay for damage our dog might do to someone's Sunday clothes or to som one's only right hand. If a friend or a delive boy should happen to be hurt on our place, know medical expenses will be paid.

And having this kind of insurance, I know th I'm safe from a lawsuit that might put a perm nent crimp in my lifetime savings, and probab leave a debt I'd be years in paying.

Don't you agree that I get a lot for the 3 cents a day I invest in Comprehensive Persor Liability Insurance?

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BON

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travel Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insura Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Compa Hartford, Connecticut.

MERCHANT OF VALOR

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

As I held the little man at arm's length I felt small fists beat upon my back. "Let him down, thou great ox," a voice said

Through the pageantry and intrigue of historic Italy move two great heroes, fighting shoulder to shoulder. Here begins a thrilling novel of love and high adventure

WHEN I, Peter Carew, was a young man, bursting with great knowledge that had been flogged into my head at the high school in Exeter and at Oxford University, I believed the business of our King to be the making of war on other kings, hunting the stag in the forests, and begetting heirs to the throne; but not to meddle in the affairs of common people, of which, quite naturally, he would have no understanding. Now that I have come to great age and less wisdom I am not sure but what my youthful judgment of the matter did not pick the kernel out of the nut.

It did not mislike me that the King required that every man between the ages of fifteen years and sixty should be required to keep war harness in his house according to his worldly goods—every man at least a yew bow and arrows. This was sensible because the Scots on the northern border were always vexatious and needed to be kept in order. And, across the Channel, King Francis and Em-

peror Charles were always scratching their heads to find what harm they could do us.

Now I have a great dislike for sheep as very stupid and ill-smelling creatures, which is a thing to wonder at because it is their fleeces which, for some generations, have brought to our family a very satisfying prosperity. My father was no inconsiderable member of the Mercers' Company in London town, carrying on a profitable trade with the Low Countries and with Florence, in Italy, though not so much in the latter city as before Lorenzo de' Medici quit tending to his business as a banker and merchant and was bitten by the maggot of politics. But we Carews stuck to our muttons, or at least to their wool, meddling neither with war nor politics until it came to myself who was thrust into both, but much against my will.

We have a farm which came to us through my mother, and twice each year it becomes my duty to repair thither to examine into the accounts, and count the sheep, and examine into the management of Wat Tayloe, who has a good knowledge of farming and the raising of sheep and is trustworthy. There was a walk for two hundred sheep, and we tilled enough land to employ a dozen laborers at the excellent wage of fourpence a day.

It was Fair Day on the morrow after I came to the farm, and as I ever enjoy these merrymakings and take great pleasure especially in the archery at which our King hath enjoined us to practice without ceasing, as well as the dancing and the wonders to be seen in the booths scattered about the green, I was nothing loath to trudge with Wat to the village, he carrying upon his back his heavy bow and the four arrows he was obliged by law to own.

It was a clear morning. Wat stretched his short, sturdy legs to keep pace with my longer stride—for at that time I had accomplished my growth and filled my weight. There were few men in the shire who could balance the beam against me.

Wat, a silent man, spoke up after a time. "It is said the King hunts in the Duke's forest," he said.

"It would pleasure me to see His Majesty. It is said he is of a figure to rejoice the eye."



WE TRUDGED on, and as we neared the village, and the sound of music came sprightly through the trees, and the cries of those who would woo farthings from the pockets of the people for useless trifles rose above the voices of the countryside on pleasure bent, my mood passed and I was ready to take my part as befitted an Englishman, sound in limb, to whose youth misfortune was only an evil that happened to other people.

I was then but only out of my boyhood, for I was in my twenty-fifth year, and gullible as all boys properly should be, and happy to be cheated by any chapman or cheap-John, knowing well I was being diddled but taking pleasure in it. Yet half believing in the power of a charm to make your love love you, or to remove warts from the fingers, or to hold you safe from wounds in battle. So I went my way merrily, seeing all that was to be seen. And so I came to a small pavilion before which strutted a man in the attire of a Turk, but whose tongue was the tongue of London. He waved his arms mightily and shouted in a voice that was a marvel for stridency that within, one might have disclosed to him the secrets of the future, together with sage advice as to what pains a man should take to avoid the pitfalls of life. This mountebank fixed his glittering, humorous eyes upon me, and he motioned to me confidentially, and his face assumed an expression of secret gravity.

"You are awaited, young Hercules," he said. "The stars have foretold your coming. Your presence has been seen in the crystal ball. The Wise One waits to give you her message. From the East she comes, from the land of Mahound and Ashtoreth and Beelzebub, from the land of spirits the size of pine trees. She sits within awaiting your coming, young man-mountain, for she has secret and weighty things for your ears. Come in. Tarry not. Only a penny to learn the message of the Ancient Ones. Haste ye in."

Now I am no uneducated and superstition-ridden villein to put faith in such prophets as sell their wares for a penny, but on the other hand who knows but what they may hit upon some word of truth, or, indeed, be possessed of a gift of vision contrary to the laws of nature? So I thrust a penny into his hand, stooped my head and entered the opening.

There upon a low dais sat a woman with veiled face, and on her head was a silver serpent with hood spread; over the top of her veil were two eyes that were wells of mystery. And her outspread hands, whose fingers were slender and tapering, hovered over a globe which was shining and clear and undefiled, and she peered at me in a manner to make my bones turn to water. If she were young or an ancient crone I could not say, for her hair was covered and nothing was visible of her but her hands, which seemed young, but may have remained so by some magic, and her eyes, into which it was uncomfortable to look.

"Sit you upon the stool quietly," she said, "and hold forth the hand nearest your heart."

Her voice, also, was not aged, but most musical and liquid and disturbing because it was low in her throat



The carnival to honor the ambassadors of the French king was a wondrous sight to behold. Troops of imps and demons and grotesques jostled through the crowd making merry with pranks, and none offered to halt them from their mischief

with a curious timbre to it that made the goose flesh to arise. With slender finger she touched my hand light as thistledown, and moved the finger along the lines of my palm: she uttered a little cry as if something had both surprised and frightened her. When she spoke, it was with a tongue not born to our English language, but which was pleasing to the ear.

"You go on the long journey," she said, "from which you come not back so soon as you theenk. You go on the vessel from thees town w'ere many horses wait for fish." Now that was a saying, indeed. For whoever heard of a horse waiting for a fish? "And you sail far in safety to thees land w'ere everyw'ere is war. And there await you dangers of the mos' fearsome, yet they shall not hurt you if you are wise. As I shall teach you to be wise. Men of the mos' evil shall follow you, but you shall come to a man, and that man you will love mos' greatly. You shall know heem because his name in thees language is John, and upon his breast and his arms and his legs there will be armor black as night."

All this was moonshine but the woman spoke so gravely that I could not laugh at it nor quite disbelieve it.

Her eyes held mine. "You have doubt," she said. Her shoulders moved as if in a shrug. "Before thees sun shall rise again a message comes to you to prepare for the journey."

I arose to go but her hand restrained me. "First," she said, "you gaze into the crystal. Then shall be no more that you laugh at me or doubt. Bend you the head. Stare into thees ball."

And so she commenced to whisper softly so that her voice was but a rustle as of the wind in the leaves, and I obeyed her and peered with all my strength into the clear crystal ball. And then it seemed as if a cloud passed over it and it became murky and overcast. But then it cleared again except in its heart, and the darkness there spread throughout and diffused and became a picture, but not a picture that was without movement, for it was a scene of men fighting, and part of the warriors wore black armor and waved black pennons. And then from the flank came other men on foot most unexpectedly. And they threw themselves upon the enemies of the black warriors who threw down their arms and fled or stayed to perish. Then the leader of the black army threw up the visor of his helmet and I saw his face clearly. And he called out until through the smoke there strode to him a man of great stature. The general bent from his horse and kissed the cheek of this man, this giant, who lifted up his face to the light, and I saw that it was myself.

I was breathless and my bones were water, for here was a miraculous thing past all human understanding. I sat spellbound considering what I had seen in the ball, and as I thought of the scene I had witnessed and of the black armor and the black banners I wondered if what I guessed were veritably the truth.

"Was that general," I asked, "Giovanni delle Bande Nere?"

"John of the Black Bands," she said in English. "Giovanni de' Medici. The greatest soldier of the age."

"His fame," said I, "hath reached our England." For some reason I said this in the Italian language.

"You speak the tongue of Italy?" she asked.

"It has been the custom of my family to master it," said I, "we being merchants with important dealings with the Calimala—the wool guild."

"It is well," she said. "And now I give you the charm of mighty magic weethout which all comes to ruin. So awful ees the power of thees charm that, if you open the box that contains it, the eyes of you weel be blasted weeth blindness. Thees you mus' protect weeth your life, for if you lose it you are lost and destroyed. You shall bear it in your breast until a day shall come when one shall come close to you and say these words in the Italian language, *sarebbe gran cosa a un reáme*. Then shall you deliver it to him, and the charm shall have done its task and the power and danger shall depart from it."

"A magnificent income for a kingdom," I translated.

"Do not forget the words. Likewise, if you weesh to keep the sight of your eyes, let no man see this charm nor know that you possess it."

I smiled at her and humored her, and wondered what she would look like were all her covering peeled off.

"You give me much for a penny," I said.

"Go with God," she answered. . . .

I searched about in the throng for Wat, but my attention being distracted by tumblers and clowns and a troop of men who were marvelously dexterous at tossing divers objects into the air and catching them again before they fell to the ground, it was midmorning before I found him lounging with his gossips in the vicinity of the archery butts. His Majesty frowned upon other games which withdrew the attention of men from the sport of archery, so that shooting at the butts had become the national pastime.

NOW, I, in my age, have seen a decline in this art. In my youth no mature man might shoot with the light bow over a course shorter than two hundred and twenty yards; and the bows were three fingers thick and seven feet in length—which required a man of parts to manage. But to our shame be it said that in these latter days French soldiers, standing at that distance, turn their backs and pat their buttocks derisively toward our archers. In my day they would have had their britches nailed to their backsides.

Now I, being no yeoman but a city man engaged in trade, was not entered in the contests, but Wat was to shoot, and a right good archer he was.

Then there came a great shouting and tumult and running of people bellowing, "The King! The King!" and I looked where all pointed to a company that rode out upon the green. At the head came riding a young man upon a splendid horse. He was broad of shoulder with a good leg to him, and a broad, friendly face whose eyebrows pointed upward at the outer corners. I liked the look of him as much as I disliked the weasel face of His Eminence, Cardinal Wolsey, who rode beside him, his red hat tipped a little over one eye.

The goodfolk cheered most noisily, more because of the spectacle than for love of their King, which is the way of all goodfolk, and His Majesty lifted his little hat high most friendly and bellowed joyously as any free peasant upon a holiday, "Bend me a bow, lads. For the honor of the shire, bend me a bow and loose me an arrow. There be Frenchmen here to see." He clapped a tall, gorgeous man who rode next him upon the back so that he all but fell from the saddle. "Here rides the ambassador of my beloved brother, Francis. Show him a sight, my lads. Tell him a tale with bow and arrow that he may repeat across yon channel which will speak with louder voice than the cackling of all the ministers in my council."

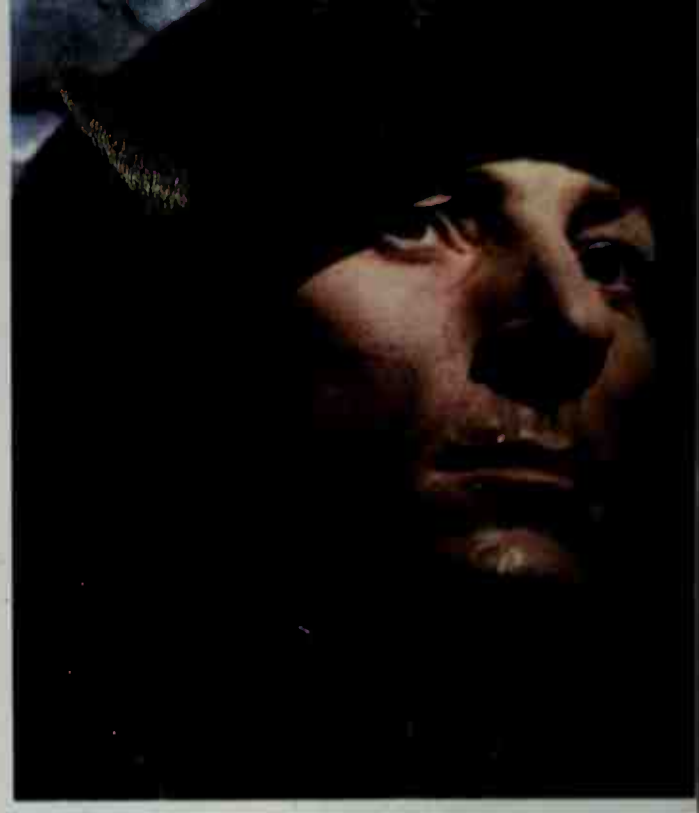
At this boisterous and undiplomatic saying I saw the shoulders of His Eminence twitch and his lips compress. Nonetheless he contrived to smile at the King and the French ambassador most sleekly, and to say some word in a low voice which caused them all to laugh.

"Fall to," the King bellowed again. "A handful of silver pennies to him who doth outshoot his fellows."

The contestants, somewhat overawed by the presence of their King, clustered about the line, and one after the other they gauged the wind and fitted their arrows to the string and loosed at the white prick on the butt,

(Continued on page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Placed under police surveillance, Mitty escapes into drea
character of Walter O'Mitty, constable-defying Irish reb
sings "Molly Malone," one of Kaye's non-git-gat-gittle son

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF WALTER MITTY

BY TED SHANE

Mitty as Wing Commander Mitty, frightfully British a
downs Nazis, pooh-poohs broken arm, says, "Just a scra
—set it myself!" and meets Virginia Mayo, dancing



ll ride this twister out and be in Bombay for breakfast!" shouts Captain Mitty, comforting his dream girl Virn Mayo, during Hollywood's most violent studio storm in years. Danny Kaye also daydreams he is Dr. Mitty, d surgeon, who performs emergency operation with scalpel, sock stretcher, sprinkling can, cheese grater



Mitty is transformed into Couturier Anatole Mitty of Rue du Blanc Mange, Paree, and gives Goldwyn Girls chance to show off finery and screwy hats

THE announcement that Samuel Goldwyn was starring Danny Kaye in a movie hash-up of James Thurber's delicate tale about a little man with big dreams, The Secret Life of Walter Mitty, generated quite a storm in Thurberdom.

Mr. Thurber himself, when he heard the movies coveted his fragile, 2,200-word vignette of a hen-pecked, daydreaming escapist, said, "I will pay any producer $10,000 not to touch it—but not a cent more!"

The Thurber idolaters, when advised that the lavish Mr. Goldwyn intended to bedeck the mousy Walter Mitty in Technicolor, throw in a melodrama and the Goldwyn Girls, and add three new dreams to Mr. Thurber's ostensibly sufficient four—all to cost some $4,000,000—howled. Humorist Frank Sullivan cried, "Watch your step, Goldwyn, old boy, you're playing with dynamite!"

Mr. Goldwyn went ahead anyway with the script and threatened to change the title to I Wake Up Dreaming. Whereupon some South Pacific Navy pilots, charter members of the Walter Mitty Association, radioed: "Touch one hair of Mitty's head—and we'll bomb the studio."

Mr. Goldwyn, the coward, restored the original title, and issued a communiqué assuring Thurber fans that Mitty would emerge in the new film as wistful, frustrated and Milquetoasty as ever. With his courage in one hand, and the other poised over the cash register, Mr. Goldwyn proceeded to make the picture.

The humdrum Walter Mitty, as portrayed by the chameleon-faced Danny Kaye, comes out a somewhat more dazzling character than Thurber intended. Unlike the overmarried, overharried Mr. Mitty, Kaye, playing the part of a proofreader in a pulp magazine house, becomes the hero of a standard Hollywood plot in which he foils villains, saves a patrimony in old Dutch masters (paintings, that is!) and gets the girl—in this case, Virginia Mayo.

The resemblance to the original Mitty lies in the dream sequences, to which have been added three new ones enabling Kaye to display the full scope of his talents.

All of which has moved Mr. Thurber to say, "I think the picture which I tampered with will be an interesting one." . . .

"The daily life of Walter Mitty is, or should be," Mr. Thurber summed up in what surely must be a new high in resignation, "humdrum. However, it would be as difficult to present a humdrum Mitty in Technicolor as it would be to do the witch scene from Macbeth on the center court at Wimbledon on a summer's day at high noon."

Thurberites will not be too seriously displeased at what has happened to Mitty in Hollywood, although we seriously question whether Mr. Sullivan and the drastic Mittymen will be placated. Kaye fans, who number in the hundred millions, will be made very happy. ★★★

y slips from dull family bridge game and compensates as Gaylord Mitty, swashbuckling river-boat gambler, wins money, plantations and the honor of recurrent Virginia Mayo from Cunnel Tubby Wadsworth. Cunnel by pulls aces out of his sleeve and in nondream sequences plays the unheroic Mitty's bullying archrival



"Thar's a bounty fer killin' rattlesnakes!" drawls Slim Mitty, the Perth Amboy (N. J.) Kid to "Toledo Tubby." Despite Thurber, movie has happy ending



THE BIG BUILD-UP

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT III

P.M.S.

Robert Shultice for
P. M. of Norfolk, Va
Will stop trouble from
breaking out - wants
the Congressman, Darden
in a close District.
He is 1 years over
age - 8 m & mos. -
I think this is a good case.

Memo from the President to Jim Farley. Congressman Darden was re-elected, later became governor of Virginia, is now president of University of Virginia



ACME

When Roosevelt entertained King George and Queen Elizabeth at Hyde Park in

BY JAMES A. FARLEY

From 1938 to 1940, third-term speculation grew. John Garner puffed his long cigar and said: "Jim, the two of us can pull together to stop Roosevelt." In his third article, the party national chairman tells of a confidential statement from F.D.R. himself

INTERNATIONAL



The friendship between Roosevelt and Cardinal Mundelein led to a curious conversation between the Cardinal and Mr. Farley on religion and the third term

I HAVE only one regret about my public service and that is that I was not permitted to participate in the war effort. At the outbreak of the war I offered to forgo politics and devote myself to organizing the nation's productive capacity. I was confident I could do a good job, but my offer was ignored. Again, after Pearl Harbor, I volunteered to serve in any capacity where I might be of value. The President, however, turned thumbs down on me. This evidently was because I had opposed the third term and it is the story of that opposition that I want to tell in this article.

The third-term issue began simmering almost before the second was assured in the 1936 landslide election. A Presidential denial of third-term ambitions did little to discourage the political hot-stove league which runs the year round. In July, 1938, the question was dramatically thrust before the nation at a White House press conference when Fred W. Perkins of the Pittsburgh Press asked: "Mr. President, would you care to comment on Governor Earle's suggestion that you run for a third term?"

"The weather is very hot," the President said laughingly.

"Mr. President, will you tell us now if you would accept a third term?" spoke up the late Robert Post of the New York Times.

"Bob Post should put on a dunce's cap and stand in the corner," was the Presidential answer, which was to become celebrated in stories and cartoons.

"Mr. President, did your statement last winter fully cover the third-term situation?" came from the undaunted Perkins.

"Fred Perkins should don a dunce's cap likewise," the President retorted.

This incident provoked more third-term speculation than it quieted.

Roosevelt had been concerned with his succession ever since the election of 1936. After the Democratic reverses in 1938, he became increasingly interested in the 1940 Democratic National Convention and the Presidential campaign to follow. He saw his successor in every man to achieve stature in the country and found each one wanting in White House qualifications. He became more critical as the campaign approached until, at length, he let himself be persuaded there was only one man possessing both the qualifications and the experience necessary to administer the nation.

Men are not, as a rule, nominated for the Presidency because they are the outstanding men in the party from the standpoint of ability and experience. Many fine men, who would have made great Presidents, could never be nominated. National conventions of both parties usually pick a man who is considered the most available from a vote-getting point of view, with a secondary



ll were not invited. The President's mother is seated between the King and Queen

emphasis upon his competency as President if elected.

At the end of 1938, the three names most discussed in the newspapers were Garner, Hull and Farley. Of the three, I had reason to believe that Roosevelt would have preferred to see me nominated. This does not mean I was his choice, except among those three. I don't think he would have taken Garner under any circumstances. He objected to Garner's conservatism. I think he would have preferred Hull to Garner, although he felt that Hull would have made a poor Chief Executive because he pondered long and moved slowly. As for myself, I am sure he felt my religion and my background would be a handicap if I were the nominee.

I can perhaps best give the picture of that period as it looked to me, by quoting from a memorandum I dictated at the beginning of 1939:

"I am satisfied in my own mind that the President will not be a voluntary candidate for re-election, but might be willing to listen to argument. I don't know if he has anyone in mind, definitely, to succeed him. If he had to make a selection at the moment, I believe he would select Harry Hopkins, Robert Jackson or Frank Murphy, in the order named.

"But a situation can develop in 1940 whereby the nominee will be either Garner, Hull or Farley, in the order named. There isn't any doubt in my mind that if I assist in bringing about Garner's or Hull's nomination, I can have second place with either man, if I want it. I think the President, if he doesn't take the nomination and run himself, is going to be placed in the position of choosing among those named. But Roosevelt is a very strong character, and he might insist on naming his successor."

I did not see the President alone after the 1938 elections until November 15th. At the White House I found him preoccupied and somewhat distant. I waited for his mood to pass, but when it did not, I carried the conversational ball.

"Boss, if you wouldn't mind, I'd like to offer a little advice," I began.

"Shoot, Jim," he invited curtly.

"Well, I think the thing for you to do when you come back from Warm Springs is to get together with members of Congress. I'm speaking particularly of the senators and congressmen who were opposed to you on the Supreme Court, wages and hours, reorganization and the like—"

"I'd like to see them all—" he broke in.

"Now, just a minute; let me finish," I continued. "I think the thing to do is to sit down and talk things over with them. After all, you have to live with them and a lot of them are back for six years."

He was silent.

"I have one thing more on my mind in connection with Congress and that is the Vice-President," I said. "I think Jack Garner would be most helpful to you. He's looked up to by everyone in Congress and he could do you a lot of good. I'd see him as soon as he gets back and have a long talk, if I were you."

"Yes," he said vaguely. I knew from his tone that he did not have too much confidence in Jack and that he felt that Garner was opposed to his legislation. While he did not say so, I was fully aware that he still blamed Garner for the final defeat of the Court bill, when the facts were that there was nothing Garner could do but throw in the Presidential towel.

As War Clouds Gathered

I did not see the President again for more than a month, except at Cabinet meetings. During this period the situation was growing more critical in Europe. Renewed persecution of Jews in Germany by Adolf Hitler brought Ambassador Hugh Wilson home for a consultation which proved to be a recall. William Phillips was summoned home at the same time from Rome. Cabinet meetings were solemn considerations of the Rome-Berlin Axis, larded with gloomy predictions of what the Tokyo partner might do. I did not keep notes of these fateful meetings, feeling that what was said concerned the country so deeply that it should not be carried from the room.

On December 19th, Frank C. Walker, who succeeded me as Postmaster General, came to see me in New York City. His visit was prompted by a conversation with the President. "Jim, I hope that you won't let anything happen to cause a break in your friendship with the Boss," he said.

"I appreciate your attitude, Frank," I said. "I can say that if there is any ground for your fears, it is not because I have given it. In so far as I am concerned, there is nothing wrong. The President knows and you know I have been dissatisfied with some of the things that are going on and the way things have been handled. But I have no intention of drifting away."

"You should see him more often," he suggested.

"I can't see him any more often than he wants to see me," I said. "I ask to see him as often as I think I should. But I must be frank and say that I feel I am being pushed out of the picture."

Two days later I found the President extremely cordial and pleasant in a luncheon conference at his desk. Evidently Walker had reported his conversation with me, because the President went out of his way to ask my advice on several matters.

"I saw Jack Garner as you suggested, Jim," he began, "but I'm afraid we didn't get anywhere. Jack is very much opposed to the spending program; he's against the tax program, and he's against the relief program. He seems to be pretty much against everything, and he hasn't got a single concrete idea to offer on any of these programs. It's one thing to criticize but something else again to offer solutions."

We discussed a number of appointments. When I brought up the name of Franklin B. Lane, son of the Secretary of the Interior in Wilson's Cabinet, he waved his hand in dismissal and said, "Nothing doing." He gave no explanation, but I assumed it dated back to some real or fancied slight he had received at the father's hands during the Wilson Administration. The President was a nurser of grudges. Those about him felt that his coolness toward Bernard Baruch was due to the fact that Baruch, as head of the powerful War Industries Board in the first World War, had been rather casual with Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I brought up the name of a prominent lawyer for the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. To my surprise the President waved dismissal.

"I cannot appoint a Jew in the District Court of Appeals," he said. "There is a strong feeling against the Jews throughout the country."

A week later I went to the White House for dinner. After discussing the results of the election, we switched to a consideration of appointments. I had a long list of judges, marshals, collectors of internal revenue, collectors of customs and other posts.

"I want to take up each case individually as it comes up," he said. "Now about the collector of customs in Savannah, who worked for Senator George: I don't want him reappointed."

"I think that's just foolish," I said. "That's all water over the dam."

"I won't appoint him again," he said firmly.

"What about the judgeship in Virginia?" I asked. "Glass won't confirm just anyone you might appoint."

"Then I'll appoint my selection's law partner, and if he is not confirmed, I'll appoint the cousin of the man originally selected or the cousin of the second choice and so on," he declared. "I am not going to let Glass or Byrd make any appointments in Virginia. And that goes for a lot of other senators."

I saw his chin was all the way out, so I decided not to pursue the subject. I shifted the conversation by asking, "What about the Supreme Court?"

"I'm having a difficult time there," he said. "Felix Frankfurter wants to get on in the worst way. Some months ago I had to tell him that I just couldn't appoint him, for many reasons. In the first place, the appointment has to go West. In the second place, I told Felix that I could not appoint him in view of the anti-Semitic feeling. I couldn't appoint another Jew, but if Brandeis should resign or die, I told Frankfurter I would appoint him that same day without hesitation."

"You could give some consideration to Joe O'Mahoney of Wyoming," I suggested.

"Black has dissented many times since I put him on the bench, but his dissents would be a drop in the bucket to what O'Mahoney would do if he were on the Court." He smiled.

Between the opening of Congress and the Jackson Day dinner, January 7, 1939, the President named Felix Frankfurter to the high court. At the Jackson Day dinner, seated between the President and Garner, I questioned the Boss about his selection, asking if it was made because the fellows out West did not measure up to his qualifications. He said that was so, but did not elaborate and I did not want to press him because I thought he might not want to speak freely in front of the Vice-President. There was a lot of good-natured kidding during the dinner. In the course of this, Garner, at one point, shook his finger at the President.

"If it were not for your damned Dutch stubbornness," he laughed, "we could all do more with Congress. We

(Continued on page 35)



THE GRAND MARCH OF THE UNITE

Of this story Victor P. Hass, Literary Editor of the Omaha World-Herald, writes:

"Dana Burnet has said more about the meaning of America in a single story than thousands of others have said in volumes. I wish I could hand it to the racemongers of America and make them not merely read it, but read it until they understand it. As sheer story it is first-rate. As a lesson for our times it is superb."

For other critical comments on this story see page 71

HE HAD come at evening because it seemed the best time to find them at home, but the blackness of the stairs was a physical shock. It was as if he had been plunged back once more into the gloom of Europe's rubble heaps. There was no light above the entrance hall, and as he groped his way upward, Captain Hammond had an uncomfortable feeling that he was lost.

He reached out and grasped the stair rail. It was loose and shaky under his hand, but at least it served to remind him that he was mounting the steps of a tenement on 113th Street near Lenox Avenue in Harlem, in the City of New York, in the United States of America.

David Hammond knew that he had come on a doubtful pilgrimage. But long months ago he had promised himself to make this call, and while that promise had grown vague with the passage of time, it had reasserted itself sharply since his return to the States. He'd been home a week, and this was the first chance he'd had to carry out his self-imposed mission.

He climbed steadily to the fourth floor. A scrawled card on the mailbox in the entry had informed him that the Taylor family lived in Apartment 4-A. He took out his cigarette lighter and by its meager light found the right door. Behind it he heard radio music. He snapped shut the lighter, and instantly, as its small flame died, the darkness overwhelmed him like a wave.

He stood helpless, incapable of movement, afraid not of this actual dark but of its likeness flooding his own mind. Captain Hammond wore on his left breast, among other decorations, the ribbon of the Silver Star for gallantry in action; and yet he was afraid, and knew it—and knew that his fear was of the shadow he had seen in men's eyes, on their faces wherever his duty on the Continent had taken him.

It was the shadow of an all-pervading doubt, an uncertainty that clouded everything, from the

"There must have been hundreds of us kids marching. I don't know why we were there, except it was election year and some big man was going to make a speech"

TATES OF AMERICA

BY DANA BURNET



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

course of his own life to the future of that postwar world which he had observed, for almost a year and a half, at its clinical worst.

He had seen too much uncertainty. Too many people who weren't sure of their next meal, or their next breath. Too many faces lifted to the sky, not in hope but in grim wonder whether the sun would rise tomorrow.

Thinking of tomorrow reminded him of the ordeal he would have to face in the morning. It was nothing more than a routine physical examination, but Captain Hammond dreaded it. The medical men would find him organically sound . . . but those damned psychiatrists! They'd prod and pry into the state of his mind, the state of his spirit, till they found that doubt which had partially paralyzed his will.

For some time past, it had cost him an effort to make even the least decision, or issue the slightest order. If the psycho boys *(Continued on page 69)*

OLYMPIC FEVER

BY BILL DAVIDSON

The free-for-all battle of Olympic candidates is on in all its fury as the nation's fleetest athletes assemble for the National A.A.U. track meet. Here's a preview of our 1948 chances as seen by the veteran track-and-field coach, Emil von Elling



The disputed stick pass in the mile relay at the Penn Relays, showing (left to right) Pearman and Mo Callender of NYU and McKenley and Rehberg of Illinois, all Olympic prospects. This photo indicates no foul such as Illinois claimed. Below, Columbia's Olympic hope in the high jump, Bill Vessie



EVERY four years (barring wars and other distractions) the world of track and field athletics joins the world of politics in going stark, raving mad. Athletes and coaches who have been the mildest of competitors develop permanent James Mason snarls, and mayhem runs riot in such centers of culture as the Los Angeles Coliseum and Harvard Stadium.

Hurdlers slug their best friends as they run down a flight of barriers; sprinters attempt to disable competitors by planting a footful of spikes in exposed thighs; flying discuses and javelins develop an affinity for the noggins of rival discus and javelin throwers; and a quarter-mile race becomes a free-for-all in which the herd gleefully runs over, instead of around, any competitor unfortunate enough to get knocked down. Also, track coaches forget their usual role of Example of Sportsmanship for the Youth of America, and when they lose a race they scream imprecations at other coaches, as Leo Johnson of the University of Illinois did at the last Penn Relays.

All this is attributable, of course, to an occupational disease known as Olympic Fever.

In each of these fourth years, two high-ranking American officials are selected—the President of the United States, and the coach of the Olympic track and field team. Generally, the political campaign that precedes the election of the President is sissy stuff compared with what goes on in choosing the Olympic coach. The choice is made by an Olympic Track and Field Committee consisting of 13 college and Amateur Athletic Union officials representing all sections of the country. These 13 gentlemen are currently being bombarded by letters and personal visits from prominent alumni of every college whose coach is in the running for the Big Job.

Since the 1948 Olympic year began with the start of the current 1947 outdoor track season, the list of candidates already has been well pared down. The top possibilities today are Emil von Elling, the perennially successful coach at New York University; Dean Cromwell, the famous veteran of the University of Southern California; Leo Johnson, coach of the spectacular University of Illinois team; and Clyde Littlefield, one of the rapidly ascending Texas coaches.

Of these, Cromwell and Johnson seem to be the smartest politicians, and they might spring an upset; but according to the topmost stratum of the nation's track authorities, Von Elling has the inside track. "It may even be," remarked one of these officials wistfully, "that this time the best coach will really win."

The 64-year-old Von Elling has been called the outstanding college track coach in America by sources ranging from Glenn Cunningham to the track expert of the New York Herald Tribune and the promoter of the Millrose Games. Sports writers fondly refer to him as "The Gray Fox," and in 1943, they bestowed on him a Merit Award for "outstanding service to track and field over a period of years." He is loved by the top officials of the A.A.U. and he gets the grudging admiration of his Ivy League colleagues in the IC4A. No coach, aside from his immediate rivals for the Olympic job, has ever gone on record as saying a cross word against him.

His teams have won a record total of nine Intercollegiate championships, and in 1943 and 1947 he became the only college coach ever to cop a National A.A.U. championship. In 1932, no less than five of his men made the Olympic team. This year, his athletes swept the indoor IC4A championships, the indoor National A.A.U. championships and practically every other loose title in sight.

In the Penn Relays, he uncovered one of the sensations of the year in Freshman Reginald Pearman, whose 1:51.5 was the fastest American half mile since before the war and surprisingly close to the world's record. He has at least four sure-fire Olympic prospects himself in Pearman, Irving Mondschein, the national decathlon champion, and shot-putters Bernie Mayer and Irv Kintisch, both national and intercollegiate champions.

Last year, Von Elling was the only American coach chosen by the A.A.U. to escort U.S. teams competing abroad. As such, he has seen some of the world's greatest track and field men in action, and he already has gone into huddles with Dan Ferris, the omniscient secretary of the A.A.U. over such phenomena as the Russian Zambrimborts in the hop, step and jump, the Finnish Hyytäinen in the javelin throw and Sweden's Lennart Strand in the 1,500-meter run.

According to Von Elling (with statistical backing from Dan Ferris), the United States again will have too much strength in too many events to be upset by any other nation in next year's Olympic track and field competition at London. With the British, French and Italian teams badly crippled by the war, and with Russia still a doubtful Olympic participant, our principal competition will come from the Swedes—who should place second behind us—and from the Finns—who would have been a formidable threat if they had not left so many of their prize athletes on the battlefields.

Sweden's Face-Saving Move

The rise of Sweden in the Olympic picture is an interesting one. In 1912, when the Olympics were held in Stockholm, the Swedish government imported an American coach, Erni Hjertberg, to help prevent the Swedish team from making too miserable a showing. Today, the runners who were coached by Hjertberg have become the outstanding coaches of Sweden and they still teach according to Hjertberg's methods. Hjertberg always has been a fine coach of long distance runners. As a result, Sweden's distance runners are expected to dominate most of the events from the half mile up—with an assist from other European countries.

In Lennart Strand, according to Von Elling, the Swedes have the finest miler in the world, with a 3:48 for the 1,500 meters, and several miles in 4:0 and under. Within two seconds of these spectacular times are *six* (count them) other Swedish milers—Eriksson, Gustafsson, Ringvall, Ahlden, Persson and Albertsson.

On comparative times, the only American capable of nosing into this company is Gilbert Dodds, and even then he would have further competition from a Netherlander named Slijkhuis, who has run the 1,500 meters in 3:50.4 and Marcel Hansenne of France, who has done even better outdoors with a 3:48.5. The only American to run into this European juggernaut in recent years was Jim Rafferty, a good distance man, who found himself in Czechoslovakia last summer. Rafferty got slaughtered

practically every time he ran against any of the above-mentioned Europeans, and discovered, just for good measure, that the Czechs, too, have a terrific distance runner in a veteran of the resistance named Zatopek.

Von Elling's figures indicate that in the 800-meter run, the Americans also will run into trouble. The United States has two half-milers—Johnny Fulton of the San Francisco Olympic Club, and Reginald Pearman of NYU—who can get down around 1:51 or a little less in the 800 meters.

Bad News for Our Half-Milers

In last year's European championships, however, no less than five men ran a blanket finish at 1:50 to 1:50.3 *in the same race.* These galloping gentlemen were Gustafsson of Sweden, Ljunggren of Sweden, Holst-Sörensen of Denmark, Hansenne of France and Storskrubb of Finland. Not only that, but Johnny Fulton was badly beaten, in a 1:49.5 half mile by a New Zealander named Harris last summer, and a Jamaican named A. S. Wint, who runs for the British Empire, recently knocked off 1:50.6 against the above tough Swedes, while he was stationed with the British army in Europe.

The Von Elling-Ferris forecast continues on the gloomy side all the way up through the marathon. In the 5,000-meter picture, there are three Swedes plus Sidney Wooderson of England, the great Viljo Heino of Finland, Slijkhuis of the Netherlands and Zatopek of Czechoslovakia, with nary an American poking his nose into the best ten performances.

The same holds true in the 10,000-meter run, which is dominated by the world-record-holding Heino of Finland and five of the omnipresent Swedes. In the marathon, the Americans appear to have no chance against another fistful of Swedes, plus Hietanen of Finland, whose 2:24.55 is five minutes better than the Olympic record, and Yun Bok Suh of Korea, who gave the United States a foretaste of things to come by running away with the recent Boston Marathon in a record 2:25.39.

It is only when you get to the sprints and the skill events that American superiority begins to show. Von Elling flatly predicts (with a concurrence by Ferris) that the United States will have a near sweep in the 100-meter dash, the 200-meter dash, the high hurdles, the high jump, the shot-put, the pole vault and the broad jump. He expects that the points amassed in these events alone will be more than enough to bring the championship trophy back from London to its perennial American resting place.

In the sprints, Von Elling says, we have five or six human comets who are consistently better than the rest of the world. The fastest of these so far is Mel Patton of the University of Southern California, who gets down to a world-record 9.4 seconds for the 100-yard dash, and a near world record 20.4 for the 220.

For a while it looked as if Herbert McKenley, a University of Illinois runner, who competes as a Jamaican for the British Empire, was the top man at 220 yards, but he was resoundingly defeated by Patton in 20.4 at the recent University of Southern California-University of Illinois dual meet in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Lewis and Bailey of Trinidad might conceivably break into the scoring, but any one of several former American comets, including Hal Davis, the 1942 California comet, might come out of retirement, and that would more than offset any foreign threat.

The same holds true for the high hurdles, where Harrison Dillard of Baldwin-Wallace College, and Bill Cummins and August Erfurth of Rice Institute more or less have the field to themselves with performances at or about 14 seconds flat. The closest foreigner so far is Lidman of Sweden with 14.5 and he saw enough of Dillard's back in last winter's meets in Madison Square Garden to discourage him.

The pole vault looks like an American show to Von Elling, with Dick (Boo) Morcom of the University of New Hampshire and Guinn Smith and Irving Moore of the San Francisco Olympic Club all clearing 14 feet 6 inches or thereabouts—nearly a foot higher than the 13 feet 9¾ inches of Kaas of Norway. The high jump looks just as easy. If Les Steers of California comes out of retirement, he is capable of clearing 6 feet 11 inches. Otherwise, we have Irving Mondschein of NYU with 6 feet 7¾ inches and Wiesner of Marquette, Vessie of Columbia, Eddleman of Illinois, Vislocky of the New York A.C., Sheffield of Utah and Scofield of Kansas, all hitting around the same height or slightly better.

The only foreigners with any chance of cracking into this Yankee monopoly are Lindecrantz of Sweden with 6 feet 7¼ inches and Paterson of Great Britain, at a half inch lower. We also have the world's best broad jumpers in Billy Steele of San Diego State College, Tex Robertson of the University of Texas and Al Lawrence of the University of Southern California, all of whom are capable of 25 feet or better. Laessker of Sweden and Kusnetsov of Russia might break in for a few points here—if they can develop wings or otherwise add about six inches to their best distances.

Except for an extremely oversized and formidable personage from Russia named Lipp, Von Elling thinks we should have a romp in the shot-put. His own Bernie Mayer of NYU is capable of approaching 55 feet with the 16-pound ball, and so are Billy Bangert of Purdue, Moose Thompson of the Los Angeles A.C., Charlie Fonville of Michigan and Milton Wasser and Irving Kintisch, another pair of ex-NYU hardware tossers.

Where Russia Has an Edge

The shoe is on the other foot, however, in the archaic hop, step and jump event, where Zambrimborts of Russia has done 50 feet 2 inches, and a bevy of Swedes and Finns are all more than a foot better than the nearest American.

Moreover, Von Elling has yet to see an American capable of taking Herbert McKenley in the 400-meter dash (the Jamaican holds the unofficial world's record for the quarter mile at 46.2 seconds), or Storskrubb of Finland and Sweden's Larsson brothers in the 400-meter hurdles—although some of our better quarter milers might convert successfully to this event before the Olympics.

We are hopelessly outclassed so far in the decathlon, where Irving Mondschein's 1946 total of 6,466 points is far below the level of European competition; and we don't even show in the javelin, where Hyytäinen's heave of 244 feet 7 15/16 inches for Finland heads nine other Swedes, Finns and Russians, all of whom are at least

(Continued on page 37)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN



The pole vault looks like an American show in the 1948 Olympics, with Boo Morcom of New Hampshire soaring above other nations' pole vaulters. Below, Emil von Elling, veteran track coach of NYU. Von Elling, the "Rockne of Track," is an outstanding contender for the post of U.S. Olympic coach



BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



"Are you sick?" Lissie asked. Mike felt a sudden fierce irritation at her concern. "No, I'm not sick," he mimicked

LITTLE HICKORY NUT

BY VIRGINIA HANSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The way Mike saw it, this girl was bad medicine. Nevertheless, she was just what any doctor would have ordered

MIKE was still sleeping better outdoors. Nights in his aunt's pretty guest room were one nightmare after another; but daytimes, in a deck chair under the old elm he had climbed every summer as a boy, he could sleep. The mild September sun creeping around through the branches touched him once in a while, and he slept—when he was left alone.

But just down the slope, at the coral-shuttered cottage, lived sundry cackling chickens; three fool turkeys whose gonking and gobbling gave warning of every passing shadow and sound; and Lissie Blake, the girl in the scarlet shirt—that hard-shelled little hickory nut that was always dropping out of a clear sky onto Mike's unprotected head.

The screen door slammed all day after Lissie; and when she wasn't galloping madly behind a small power mower that sounded worse than enemy bombardment, she was running around the yard beating on a tin pan to scare away hawks. And always behind her the turkeys lumbered, gonking and gobbling. It got so Mike had to hang onto his deck chair to keep from diving under it.

The day she came charging up the slope clutching Mike's spaniel like a black muff against her red shirt and reported belligerently that Frisky had been chasing her turkeys, a technique which had served Mike well with an older sister came automatically to mind.

"What do you mean?" he asked with a show of indignation. "I saw the whole thing—*they* were chasing *him.*"

It had been a scene out of a Walt Disney film: around and around the big tree that dwarfed the cottage, Frisky leaped and flew on short, fleet legs, his feathery ears streaming backward like smoke, while behind him and in front of him the three young turkeys lumbered and thundered and floundered, their powerful wings stroking, their red necks stretched.

The girl stared. "Are you kidding? I've raised those turkeys by hand—they're as gentle as doves!"

"The breed that carried peace to Tokyo?"

"And *very* delicate. They get sick if you just *look* at them."

"Who wants to look?" Mike asked coldly. "You might put my dog down. He's delicate, too."

"How do I know he won't go back and chase my turkeys?"

"After they've scared him half to death? Here, Frisky, poor old fellow."

Frisky took a flying leap onto Mike's lap, settled down with a wriggle and eyed the girl in smug defiance. It was the first time Mike had seen her close. A small, brown, freckle-spattered face, dominated by eyes of intense blue and intense feeling—the feeling of the moment, indignation. Looking at her caused no pain, but Mike liked his women soft—*had* liked, he amended grimly. That was all finished now, along with his ambition to be an All-America back—and the incidental college education that went with it. When a man was washed up, all he asked was to be let alone.

She stood her ground, looking frustrated and confused. "Are you sick?" she asked more gently, and Mike felt a sudden fierce irritation at her concern.

"No, I'm not *sick,*" he mimicked peevishly. "I'm *resting* in the quiet countryside."

The irony was lost on her. She said, "I suppose you know that dog's feet are getting your nice uniform all dirty?"

For no reason, Mike blew his top. "What of it?" he demanded hotly. "I've got a *nice new tweed suit* coming, all tailored to fit my *nice new leg!*"

No use wishing it unsaid. Suddenly he would rather have died out there on Okinawa than have to endure her pity. He closed his eyes and clenched his jaw; but what she said, after a breath of silence, sprung all three open again.

"Oh, have you got a wooden leg?"



Mike's shoulder thudded into the flabby body. Everything under control, he exulted. He'd teach this guy to steal from helpless women . . .



As Lissie whirled around she scattered whitewash from her brush onto Mike's new suit. "A damp cloth will take it off," she said belligerently

she asked with polite interest. "My grandfather had a peg leg he said was handier than his own. Once a mule kicked him and he kicked back. The mule had nine stitches, but all Grandfather needed was a new peg. I suppose you haven't learned to use it yet?"

"No, but remind me to look for a mule."

The heck of it was, he didn't think she was trying to be funny. Her freckles looked like coarse-ground pepper and her eyes were the color of the ocean in a storm. Her chin was up as if she had just taken something on the point of it.

"Is that all that's the matter with you? I mean: You can whistle, can't you?"

"And keep my courage up?" Mike asked sardonically.

"No, and call your dog. Next time you're *resting* and I can't make him go home."

IT WAS only because there was so little to look at in the country that he watched her day after day. She was forever going about the place at a dead run, grass spray or garden soil churned up in the wake of her flying heels. Mike would lie there sleepless listening to little sounds about the suburban farm—jingle of harness, thudding hoofs as his uncle plowed a field for winter cover—and remembering other summers when he had toiled cheerfully in the fields, toughening his muscles for the football season. When his thoughts took a turn like this he would open his eyes and there would be Lissie.

Mike sometimes admitted to himself that he had been pretty rough with her, but he didn't want to know her any better, so why give it a thought? That was why he wasn't going to take back her rubbers that Frisky had carried off.

His aunt was certain they were Lissie's. "They're boys' rubbers, but that's the best kind for gardening. And they're small."

"Then let her come after them. How would we know?"

"She's a busy girl, Mike, running that place practically singlehanded. Her mother has been sick, losing her husband like that."

"Like what?" Mike asked bluntly.

"He was an officer on a submarine that was lost late in the war." . . .

An unreasonable feeling of guilt dogged him as he watched Lissie digging behind the chicken house, jabbing inexpertly at the packed, muddy earth. By midafternoon she had achieved a shallow hole about a yard square; now she was lugging some cement blocks and trying to set them level. Mike couldn't figure what she was about; he squirmed and uttered exasperated sighs.

Toward evening a truck backed up to the excavation and two men unloaded a narrow building, of strictly functional design, with only a tasteful crescent cut into its door for ornamentation. Mike sat up and stared, while Frisky called rude attention to the truck and its contents. What did she want with *that* thing?

A man couldn't rest with curiosity biting him like fleas. He shut Frisky in the tool shed and limped painfully down the slope. So he walked like a crab—so what? It was a neighborhood of freaks.

He found her with a bucket in one hand and a large brush in the other, covering herself, the immediate landscape and the outside of the narrow building with runnels of whitewash mixed too thin. The turkeys announced him with a frenzied, gargling fanfare, and Lissie whirled, scattering drops from her loaded brush onto Mike's new suit.

"A damp cloth will take it off," she said with a certain belligerence.

She accepted the rubbers and Mike's apologies and went back to work. She seemed neither friendly nor unfriendly, just busy. Mike combed his brains for something to say. *What's that for—as if I didn't know?* Better not. She might get mad again. And then she called attention to it herself.

Feathering a dainty swipe at the crescent, she stepped back to admire her work. "How do you like my new turkey house?" she asked with a fond glance at the whited sepulcher.

(Continued on page 40)

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

Under hypnosis you can hear a pin drop at 100 feet or stop your own blood from flowing. In a new team-up with science, hypnotism is performing medical wonders

IN THE spring of 1943, the U.S. Navy suddenly needed a hypnotist. A destroyer had sunk a German submarine near the coast of Delaware and, by a miracle, managed to get the captain off alive. High Navy brass vitally needed information that only a German submarine commander could give. The question was, how to make him give it. There was a slim chance that the man might talk under hypnosis.

The hypnotist chosen for this delicate job was Howard Klein. Before joining up with the Army Medical Corps, Klein had been one of the most successful professional hypnotists in America. For years he had worked in theaters and clubs, averaging less than three minutes to hypnotize the majority of his subjects. In the CBS Studios in New York City, he caused a near panic when he hypnotized a studio audience over the radio. He had collaborated with dentists, oculists and obstetricians. Psychologists had used him to help them treat nervous afflictions. But none of this background kept him from being scared stiff when two plain-clothes men tapped him on the shoulder in Camp Butner, North Carolina, and ordered him aboard a special plane.

At Norfolk, Virginia, the plain-clothes men conducted Klein to a secluded room in the naval base. High-ranking naval officers were awaiting him, openly skeptical that the German captain could be hypnotized against his will. They took Klein into a room where the German officer was slowly recovering from drugs which had been given him. Klein sat down beside the semiconscious man and began to talk quietly.

"I didn't want the man to realize I was hypnotizing him," Klein explained. "He would have tried to fight me mentally. I never mentioned 'trance' or 'hypnotize.' I simply said, 'You must be very tired. Try to sleep. Breathe deeply and you'll begin to doze off.'"

In less than three minutes, the German was deep in hypnosis. Then the questioning began. German agents, hidden along the coast, were signaling our ship movements to waiting submarines. The naval officers wanted to know where these sending stations were located. When the German began to talk, Klein was rushed out of the room. Then the Nazi started to come out of the trance. Klein had to be hurried back again. After the session, one officer remarked grimly, "With this new type of hypnosis, there are no more secrets."

Klein never did find out how much the brass hats learned. But shortly afterward, the rate of submarine sinkings took a sharp decline.

There has been a great revival of interest in hypnotism. Medical use of hypnosis is generally unknown and unrecognized by most of the judicious men of the profession at present. But in coming years your dentist may suggest it so that you won't feel pain while he is working on a cavity. If you want to give up smoking or drinking, a posthypnotic suggestion may do it without inconveniencing you. If your wife wants to reduce, a hypnotist may take away her desire for starchy foods.

Children suffering from such diversified ailments as cross-eyes and stammering have been cured quickly by hypnosis. In some cases, hypnotism has cut down the time needed for psychoanalysis from years to weeks. Many obstetricians think it is one solution to painless childbirth. Insomnia sufferers have been helped by it when drugs failed.

But every psychiatrist I questioned about it began by saying, "Don't describe hypnotism as a cure-all. It is seldom or never used by itself in psychiatric treatment. Occasionally it is extremely successful. Often, it is not."

Not a Consistent Remedy

Take the case of the cross-eyed boy who was tremendously helped by hypnosis. Klein, working under the oculist, hypnotized fourteen other children. Two were greatly benefited. The others were not helped in the slightest. We still know very little about hypnotism and how to use it. In a few years it may be a standard part of medical practice. Today, it is just emerging from its thousand-year curse.

This curse is largely the reason why more doctors aren't using it. No other science has been so kicked around. Hypnotism is very ancient and always it has been regarded as a mystical, terrible force. Witch doctors have used it to kill their victims. Pagan priests have used it to perform miraculous cures. Stage hypnotists in county fairs have forced hypnotized subjects to make fools of themselves. Naturally enough, the public is suspicious of it. But men like Howard Klein represent a new type of professional hypnotist. Klein has studied his subject as a science and has worked side by side with doctors on it. He sincerely believes that when psychologists learn how to handle hypnotism, they will have a powerful new tool to aid them.

Already Klein has given a startling example of this force. On October 4, 1941, Klein caused an international sensation by demonstrating that listeners can be hypnotized by radio. Klein had always contended that our present commercials are sissy stuff. A good hypnotist could send the listeners running down the street, yelling frantically for soap chips. He asked Dave Elman, of the famous Hobby Lobby Show, to let him demonstrate his theory. The sponsors were afraid to turn Klein loose over a nation-wide hookup. But they allowed him to test his method on a group of subjects chosen at random from the studio audience. The subjects were put in a glass booth and Klein broadcasted to them from another room. Dave Elman stood outside the booth and described the subjects' reaction over the network.

"Seeing those men and women go

In an unposed sequence, May Merritt of Philadelphia, has just been hypnotized by Mr. Klein, and Dr. M. Murray LeVine is extracting her tooth. The hypnosis took fifteen seconds, and no other anesthetic was used to alleviate the pain



When she comes out of her trance Miss Merritt can't believe the tooth has been drawn and gasps with astonishment when the dentist shows it to her. Under hypnosis she was told the empty socket wouldn't hurt her, which proved correct



By radio from another room Mr. Klein tells his hypnotized subjects the rope has risen to the ceiling and a boy is climbing it. Obviously the audience believes him

The 98-pound girl has been ordered to make herself rigid. Placed like a board across two chairs her body easily supports the hypnotist who weighs 168 pounds. This is a favorite trick with the stage hypnotists



The hypnotist announces that a mouse (nonexistent) is running toward these three girls. The girl at left, who kept white mice as pets when a child, reaches down to pat it. The girl at right registers horror, while the other girl seems shy but amused





Above, told that the room has become very cold these subjects' teeth start chattering and "goose-pimples" actually appear on their bodies. One girl developed a cough and sore throat. Below, the hypnotist made this girl drink a glass of water and told her it was whisky. The result was a laughing jag



into a trance from the sound of Klein's voice was one of the most startling experiences I've ever had," said Elman afterward. "He could make them laugh, cry, or see visions. They believed implicitly everything he told them. If we had ever allowed Howard to go over the air waves, there's no doubt that he could have put a large part of the nation to sleep. Since then, an English hypnotist has been presented over the B.B.C. television network. The results were so startling that the British passed a law forbidding any hypnotist to broadcast again."

Klein believes there are two forms of hypnosis: "informal" and "formal." Informal hypnosis is tried on us every day of our lives. The radio commercial that monotonously repeats the same idea, the mother who croons the same lullaby over and over until her baby falls asleep, the dictator who constantly screams the same lie, the officer who drills troops until they obey his commands instinctively . . . all are using informal hypnosis. It is simply the power of suggestion. It may be used for good purposes or for bad.

The hysteria of a lynching mob is due to informal hypnosis. But so is the courage of "green" troops bravely attacking an objective.

The difference between "informal" and "formal" hypnosis is the difference between a gentle push and a knockout blow. Formal hypnosis depends for its power on the trance state. No one has ever been able to explain what happens to the mind during the "hypnotic sleep." This sleep is induced by a combination of eyestrain and suggestion from the hypnotist.

The old-time hypnotists used to induce eyestrain in the subject by telling him to stare into their eyes. Actually, the eyes themselves have no hypnotic power. Modern hypnotists usually have their subjects stare at a bright coin or at a spot in the ceiling. To facilitate relaxation, the subject is told to breathe deeply and at a definite rhythm. This is why "breathing exercises" are such an important part of yogism, which is based on self-induced hypnosis. These physical conditions, coupled with suggestion, cause the "hypnotic sleep." Why, no one knows.

A Theory of the Subconscious

The deeply hypnotized subject can open his eyes, talk, laugh and even walk about while still fast asleep. He will obey almost any command the hypnotist gives him and usually believes anything he is told. Psychologists do not fully understand why this is. Some doctors think that hypnosis dulls our ordinary conscious mind. Then our subconscious mind takes over. This mind is so used to taking orders from our conscious mind that it automatically obeys any command it hears. This seems to be as good an explanation as any.

The hypnotist not only controls the subject's thoughts. Through the subject's brain he controls the entire nervous system, especially the five senses. If a subject is told he cannot feel pain, he will allow a major surgical operation to be performed on him. He will even help the surgeon by controlling certain involuntary muscles he would not be able to control ordinarily. If the hypnotist tells him a glass of water is ammonia, the subject begins to gasp, water at the eyes, and will even become sick unless the hypnotist removes the suggestion. On the other hand, the subject will smell a glass of powerful laboratory ammonia a show no effects at all.

At the hypnotist's command, he w cheerfully eat a lemon. But when t suggestion is removed, his mou puckers up and he may become naus ated. His hearing can be made acute that he can hear a pin dr a hundred feet away.

"To show how the sense of sm can be increased, I sometimes blin fold a subject and collect some han kerchiefs from the audience," Kle explains. "Then I remove the blin fold and tell the subject to return t handkerchiefs by sense of smell. H will walk down the aisle of the theate sniffing at the handkerchiefs, until h locates their owners."

Human Body's Latent Powers

No one knows how much our min can influence our bodies. But there no doubt we all have many powe that we do not use. Hypnotism e ables us to use these powers. A hypn tized subject may be able to contra his veins and arteries so as to st blood flowing from a wound. Kle occasionally gives exhibitions of th curious power. He makes two sma incisions in a subject's hand. Whi they are bleeding, he instructs the su ject to stop one of the cuts. The blo instantly ceases. He then tells t subject to allow that cut to bleed a stop the other one. The flow of blo is promptly reversed.

Doctors are beginning to use hy nosis to help patients control the involuntary muscular systems. prominent Philadelphia oculist, w has requested that his name be n used because of the popular prejudi against hypnosis, has used Klein help him treat children.

"Recently, we were able to help 17-year-old boy by a curious system said the doctor. "The boy had su a bad squint that he was able to rea only the big, four-inch letter on t reading chart. Klein hypnotized hi Apparently it did no good. "The Klein told him that the chart was co ing nearer. As the chart supposed approached him, the boy was able read one line after another until h had gone down five lines. Even mo surprising, he retained this power aft coming out of the trance."

The doctor thinks that the hypnos helped the boy by relaxing his e muscles.

The boy was able to retain the ben fits of the hypnosis because of a amazing phenomenon called "pos hypnotic suggestion." A trained hy notist can do a great deal of good wi it. But because the hypnotist is playi around with deep, basic forces in t human mind, he can also use th power unwisely.

Klein frequently uses a harmle form of posthypnotic suggestion in h act. He tells a hypnotized subje "When you awake, you will have a uncontrollable desire to sell new papers. You will grab up a bundle papers and try to make everyone the audience buy one. This desi will pass when I shout 'Zero!' "

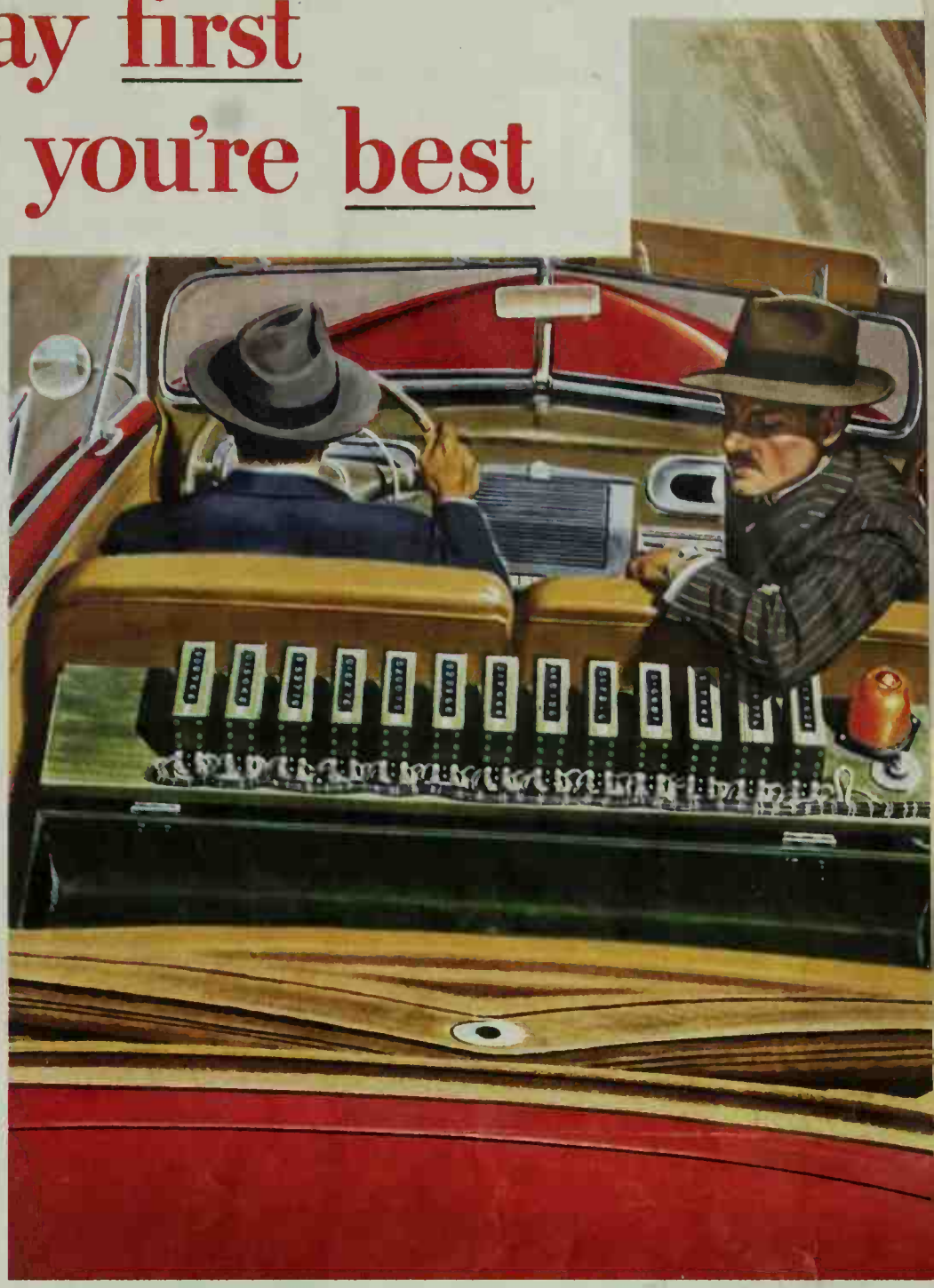
When the subject awakes, he has memory of this suggestion. But aft a few minutes he becomes restles Finally, he says anxiously to h friends, "There is some big news in t papers. Everyone should know abo it." Then he snatches up a bundle papers Klein has left on the stage a runs through the audience shoutin "Extra!" At Klein's order, he sto looks sheepish, and sits down.

(Continued on page 30)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

You don't stay first *unless* you're best





You sat on the floor in the rear of your car, oof! There wouldn't ny seat cushions to soften the bumps. If your tires didn't give you ooth, comfortable ride, you'd know it *fast!*

isn't necessary for anyone to put this strain on his anatomy in the rest of science.

or Goodyear has developed a test that makes certain that Goodyear give you the smoothest, most comfortable ride of any tire made.

ere's how it's done . . .

The Ride Meter, shown here, is a sensitive instrument—developed by Goodyear to measure the smoothness of a tire's ride. Attached to the body of a car, it registers the many jolts a car gets on the road.

The Ride Meter shows, scientifically and accurately, exactly how smooth a ride Goodyear tires give you.

The results *prove* that Goodyears are as far out in front in riding comfort as they are in mileage and dependability. Still another of the many reasons why Goodyear has been America's first-choice tire for 32 consecutive years.

MORE MILEAGE FOR YOUR MONEY

New tires deserve new tubes. Get *both* from your Goodyear dealer—your Tire Service Headquarters.



First–every year for 32 years

GOODYEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

28

A HOUSE ABSOLUTELY FREE

BY HENRIETTA FORT HOLLAND



"Be sure to keep the burglar lock on all the time," the voice said brightly

I DON'T know how she does it," Mrs. Vedder said, turning from the telephone after a long, ecstatic conversation. "If only it could happen to us!" she sighed, looking over at the fake fireplace with its electrically lighted logs.

"Who does *what?* If what could happen to us?" Mr. Vedder said absently, from behind his newspaper.

"Why, George," Mrs. Vedder said, "didn't you *hear* me talking to her?"

Mr. Vedder remarked that he certainly had. "Sounded as though somebody had been given a house," he said. "But, of course, that's impossible, so I just stopped listening."

"But Claire Merill *has* been given a house," said Mrs. Vedder. "Not just one, but two. And absolutely for free. The first one for two months here in New York—"

"Yeah," said Mr. Vedder. "Go on—"

"The other house is in Boston. For six months. Until the fall, when she always goes to the White Mountains to paint, anyway." She sighed again, glancing at the yellow screen that hid her electric grill and pots and pans. "If only we could get a break like that!"

Mr. Vedder put down his paper and began to tap out his pipe.

"George!" Mrs. Vedder said. "How can you be so impervious to news like this in a year like this? It scares me; it's as if you were resigned to being cooped up yourself, forever!"

"Claire hasn't accepted the houses yet, has she?" Mr. Vedder said.

"Of course she has," Mrs. Vedder said. "She's moving into the New York one tomorrow."

"Isn't that rather hasty of her?" Mr. Vedder said mildly.

Mrs. Vedder strode, in an icy rage, toward the bookcase, from which a few books, an ivy pot and two Dresden figures had to be removed each night when the bookcase was brought down out of the wall to become a bed.

"I suppose *you* would rather stay in a ridiculous place like this," she said bitterly. "Even if a house were offered you, *you* wouldn't want it."

"Not until I found out what the joker was," Mr. Vedder said.

"Joker," said Mrs. Vedder, clutching one of the Dresden figures and controlling a wild desire to throw it. "There's no joker in this. Horatia James is going to the West Indies. And since she's one of Claire's best friends—"

"Yeah?" Mr. Vedder remarked again.

"I think," Mrs. Vedder said, "that you are out of your mind." She went to the foyer that also did duty as a dining room and took her coat from the closet. "I'm going down to Claire's," she said. "She may need help."

"Already?" said Mr. Vedder.

"With her packing," said Mrs. Vedder icily. "And you needn't wait up." She closed the door, without slamming it, and started down the street.

SHE looked up at the remodeled brownstones that she passed on the way, behind whose lamplighted windows people were attempting a wretched compromise at living, like herself and George. Yet he does seem so *resigned* to it, she thought. If just for eight months, *we* had a little space to move around in—

"Jeannette!" It was Claire Merill, coming out of the door of the hotel. "Darling, how lucky! If you could, if you would, do me a favor?"

Mrs. Vedder said that was what she was there for. It occurred to her that her friend looked a little distrait, her blond hair, usually so tidy, hanging in wisps around her face.

"You see," Claire said, "Horatia's secretary is going to call me tonight at the house about last-minute instructions. So if you'd be a lamb and go up and take the call for me, I can finish my packing here."

Mrs. Vedder was somewhat taken aback but she decided it would be fun to see the house—a Victorian jewel, Claire said, pressing the key into Mrs. Vedder's hand. It was on East Seventy-second Street, one of many small houses but, inside, when Mrs. Vedder had found the light switch and pressed it, she stood enchanted.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly. "It's the kind of house you read about in—in Balzac!"

The living-room walls were done in a pale violet silk, ornamented with tiny yellow flowers. The Aubusson carpet repeated the same delicate colors. Reverently, Mrs. Vedder tiptoed around the room, touching the chairs whose frail gold woodwork was carved with cupids and roses, the yellow and violet brocade upholstery.

She was thinking: If I could live here, even for a week—when from behind her somewhere a bell rang insistently. She started violently, then she found the telephone in the little hall.

"Mrs. Merill?" a crisp voice said.

She started to say, "This isn't Mrs. Merill," but thinking of lengthy explanations she merely said, "Yes."

"There are just a few things I want to tell you," the voice said. "About the dogs' food. It's on the third shelf in the pantry."

"The dog?"

"Two," said the voice. "They're at the vet's tonight but they'll be back in the morning. I'm sure you'll have no trouble with them, if you just take them out separately."

"Oh," Mrs. Vedder said. "I see."

"They are called Izzod and Issop," the voice went on. "And sometimes they quarrel violently, but that is because the—ah— person with them does not display tact. Never feed one when the other is near by. Izzod is the more jealous of the two. Keep your eye on him. He is also the one," the voice added, "that likes white of egg on everything. Beaten stiff."

"Was there anything else?" Mrs. Vedder said, faintly.

"Oh, yes," the voice said brightly. "This is even more important. Be sure to keep the burglar lock on all the time. The minute you get to the door rush in and slam it. Especially if a man follows you up the steps."

"A man?" Mrs. Vedder quavered.

"Yes, a mysterious man has been hanging around for a month. Mrs. James has had some threatening letters. Of course, the police know about it; then, too, the fiercest of the dogs could presumably drive any prowler away."

"Izzod?" suggested Mrs. Vedder.

"Issop," said the voice. "Well, goodby. I'm sure you'll get along all right."

"Goodby," Mrs. Vedder said. She replaced the receiver on the hook, turned, then gave a little scream. The front door was opening. . . .

"Darling, did I scare you?" Claire came in, with two suitcases. "I finished my packing sooner than I thought, so I came on up. Have two sets of keys, you know. Isn't it a dream house?"

"Yes," Mrs. Vedder said hesitantly. "Only—"

"Only what?"

Mrs. Vedder handed her the list she had jotted down. *Front door, close quickly, safety lock, Izzod, Issop watch for fights, beat white of egg prowlers.*

Claire glanced through it. "Is *that* all?" she said. "Look what comes with my Boston house." She handed Mrs. Vedder a letter. "Go on, read it," she said, grimly.

"WELL," yawned Mr. Vedder an hour later, from the depths of the in-a-door bed when his wife came in, "what's the joker?"

"Suppose, next year, we had electric coals in the fireplace instead of logs?" his wife replied. "It might be—cozier."

To Mr. Vedder, this reply was not ambiguous. "Swell," he said, with a contented sigh, turning over and going back to sleep.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KENT

SET FOR A TASTE TREAT...

Now for a Milky Way to make the fun complete! The moment you take your first bite, you will enjoy that thick milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk.

All together, a thrilling treat—right down to the last delightful flavor that lingers in your mouth.

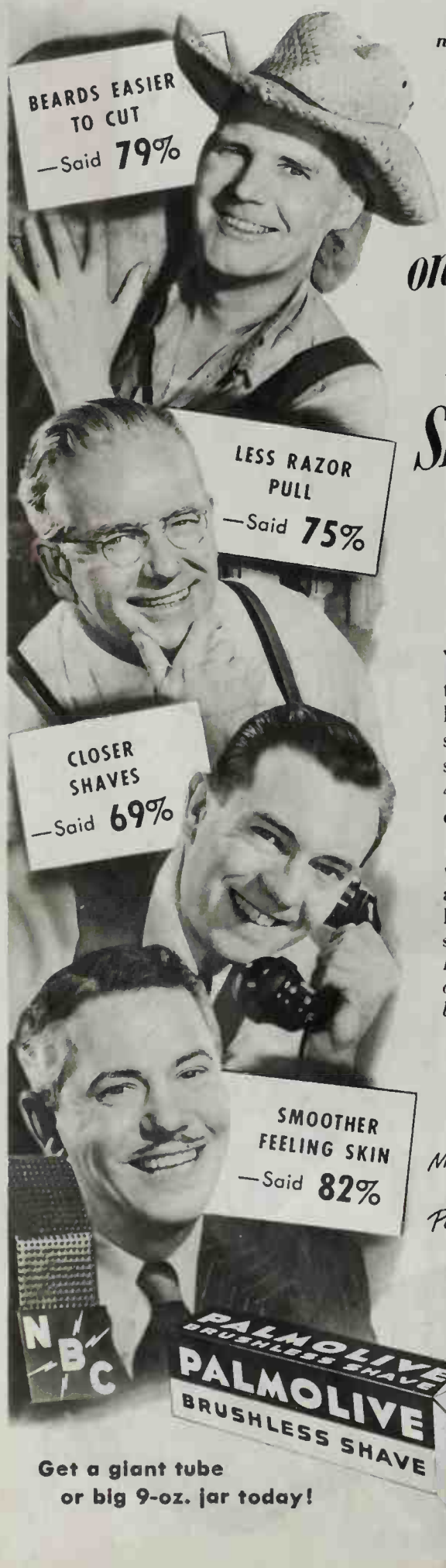
When you crave good candy, eat a **Milky Way**



PROVED!

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of Every 4

No matter how tough your beard, how tender your skin— *no matter how you shave*—here's actual *proof* of better shaves the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way!



only PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS SHAVE CREAM Offers You This Proof!

Yes, it's a proved fact! 1297 men tried the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way to shave—and reported *amazing* results! Actually, 3 men out of every 4 tested reported smoother, more comfortable shaves!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO: Wash your face with soap and water! Rinse! Soap face again. Do not rinse! Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into your beard. *In this way, you will get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave —and discover *real* shaving comfort!

Get Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves—the Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way!

Get a giant tube or big 9-oz. jar today!

DO AS YOU'RE TOLD

Continued from page 26

A posthypnotic suggestion can extend over a long period of time. A hypnotist can tell a subject: "One year from today, you must return to this room and make a pencil mark on the stage." The subject will live the entire year without remembering the suggestion. But even though he may have moved to another city, on the prescribed day he will feel nervous. Finally he will have an uncontrollable urge to travel back to the room and make the mark. Curiously, the subject will always invent some logical reason for his decision. He may tell his family, "This mark is to guide engineers in setting up a new building." Once having invented this idea, he will believe it devoutly. Apparently no one likes to believe he is being influenced against his will.

Posthypnotic suggestions are often used to cure patients of nervous habits, such as nail biting. They can also be used to cure some character defects. A juvenile delinquent can be given a suggestion that he no longer wants to hang out with his gang. The boy will obey. But the sudden, unnatural break with his old life may do him more harm than good. Psychologists who used posthypnotic suggestion try to cure the patient by other means. Then they use the suggestion to give the subject confidence in his own powers of self-control.

Because hypnosis depends on the personalities of the hypnotist and the subject, no two cases are ever exactly alike. But here are the general rules:

Variations in Susceptibility

Everyone has a susceptibility to hypnosis. But some people unconsciously refuse to "let themselves go." Often a patient who cannot be influenced by one hypnotist can be instantly hypnotized by another. Some patients have gone to eight hypnotists before finding one who can hypnotize them. You also vary from hour to hour in your susceptibility. Worried people are very susceptible to hypnosis. This is why "spellbinding" demagogues are likely to appear during times of national anxiety. Men and women are equally susceptible, but children are more so than adults. It is almost impossible to hypnotize feeble-minded people, because their minds are too dull to respond. Klein can usually hynotize about 70 per cent of his subjects.

Generally speaking, you cannot be hypnotized against your will. There are exceptions. John Calvert, a well-known stage hypnotist, once hypnotized a man who was walking up the aisle by shouting, "Stop! You can't move!" The man w frightened, and so was very suscepti to suggestion. He stood literally roo to the spot, begging Calvert to rele him. A New York psychologist hyp tized a defiant patient who told him, " bet a hundred dollars you can't hyp tize me!" The doctor told him, "Fi Just keep on fighting me!" After a f minutes the man was so worn out m tally that the doctor was able to hypnot him easily. But these are unusual ca

A hypnotized subject will not do erything he is told. The subject's subc scious mind is always functioning and will do nothing against his moral co Neither will he do anything that wo endanger himself. A girl cannot seduced under hypnosis. A man can be made to jump out of a window. I h seen this demonstrated. A girl told commit an immodest act instantly ca out of the trance with a vague feeling anger. A businessman told to sign a bl check fought the suggestion as long he could and finally scribbled an intelligible scrawl. In some strange w the subject always knows what is go on, even though he is apparently co pletely controlled by the hypnotist.

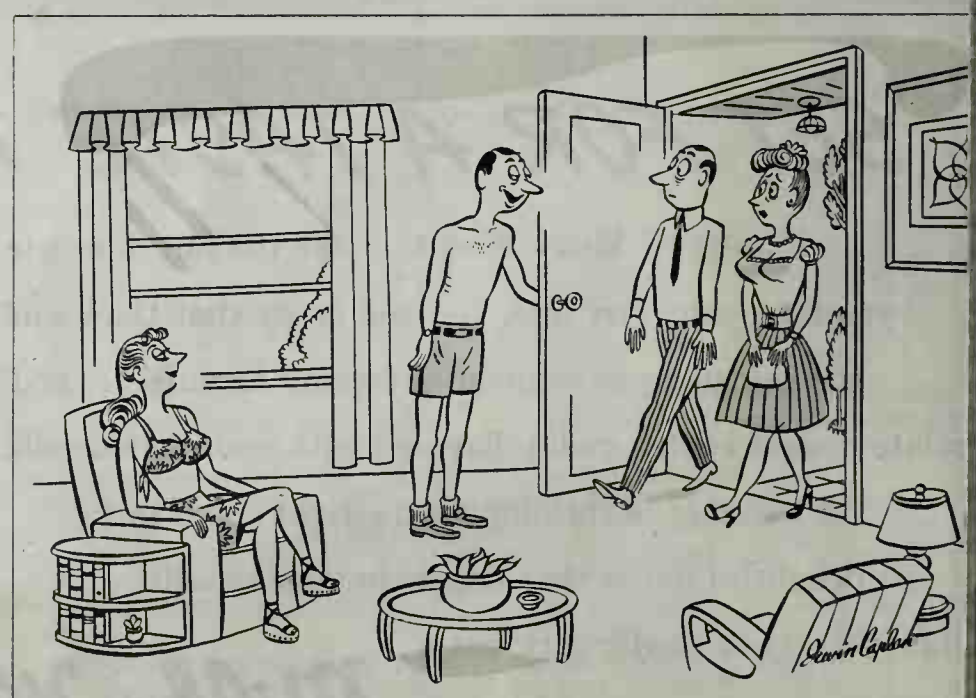
Subjects react differently to s gestions, depending on their ethi codes. While giving a demonstration i prison, Klein told a group of hypnoti convicts that a crate of potatoes w gold nuggets. The next second, the cr was smashed. The convicts fought another for the potatoes. Klein stop one burly con whose coat was bulg with potatoes.

"Seen any gold, bud?" asked Klein.

"None around here, mister," said convict, innocently ducking away.

If you are hynotized once, you can necessarily be hypnotized again un you want to. But the hypnotist can g you a posthypnotic suggestion that will always go to sleep when he order This is often done if the subject is to hypnotized a second time. A cert stage hypnotist hypnotizes his subj beforehand and gives them this s gestion. Then when they come up on stage they pass out instantly when speaks to them. But if the subjects that they should not be hypnotized ag they can throw off the posthypnotic s gestion just as they can any hypnotic s gestion they feel is wrong.

It is not true that sometimes a hyp tist can't bring his subjects out of trance. Even if the hypnotist drop dead, the subjects would wake up aft short nap.



"Come in and let me take your wraps"



"Hello. I live next door and I'm available as a baby sitter"

COLLIER'S — DICK ERICSON

Sometimes you can be hypnotized hout knowing it. A doctor told me he ce found it necessary to hypnotize a man patient who refused to co-erate. The doctor asked her to watch ile he hypnotized another woman. The ient became so interested that uncon-ously she was hypnotized at the same e. While Klein was in the Army, he s giving a USO show with two MPs on stage to keep order. While he was notizing the volunteer subjects, he rd the audience howling with delight. e two MPs had accidently become notized while watching. Klein mptly woke them up. "You sure ssed the chance of a lifetime," all the l.s sadly assured him.

There probably is such a thing as mass notism. Crowds usually are con-lled only by informal hypnosis. But ring Klein's shows people in the audi-ce frequently go into a trance while he ypnotizing the subjects on the stage. uring one of his Army shows, Klein d any members of the audience who t that they had been hypnotized to nd up. Three hundred and fifty men e. Klein had to make them march past n in single file in order to wake them individually. "These men were tired m a long day's drill," explained Klein. hey were highly susceptible. That was closest I ever came to hypnotizing a ole audience."

Trying to find a doctor or psychiatrist o will endorse hypnosis is, to say the st, difficult. Although Klein is work-with five doctors, only one of them uld allow his name to be used in this icle. Dr. M. M. LeVine, dentist, of iladelphia, Pennsylvania, uses Klein to notize patients who dislike taking gas l have a dread of injections. "Also, ne people cannot form a normal blood t after an injection," Dr. LeVine ex-ins. "As a result, healing is very slow. a subject is susceptible to hypnosis, it he perfect anesthetic."

Not many medical men are as frank as . LeVine. Recently Klein, working der the direction of physicians, cured patient of stammering in two treat-nts. This patient had been unsuccess-ly treated by a specialist in speech iciencies. The specialist admitted the e, but added, "I personally will have hing to do with hypnotism." The ident physician of a well-known chiatric clinic told me, "We never use notism." Yet I had read statements that doctor recommending hypnotic atments in certain cases.

At a medical library, the librarian told that a certain doctor came in daily to books on hypnosis and discussed the es with her. When I went to the clinic ere the doctor was working, I was told, this is for publication, say that we er used hypnosis in any form."

Doctors who use hypnotism like to call it "psychopeutic therapy" or anything except hypnotism. In the last few years, a new technique of using hypnosis in psychoanalysis has been developed. Usually psychoanalysis takes so long and is so expensive that few people can afford it. The process can be greatly shortened by hypnotizing the patient and suggesting that he talk or dream of the problems bothering him. These dreams frequently reveal the basis of his conflict and point the way to the cure.

A leading exponent of this "hypnoanalysis" is Dr. Lewis R. Wolberg of New York City. Dr. Wolberg also uses hypnosis to help a patient recall forgotten childhood memories. The subconscious mind never forgets. Under hypnosis a subject can vividly recall any incident in his life. A man told to relive his fourth birthday will toddle around the floor, laugh with delight at an imaginary cake and speak to people long dead.

Haunted by an Egyptian Mummy

In his book, Hypnoanalysis, Dr. Wolberg cites the case of a girl who was unable to keep food on her stomach. She had gone to doctors, who could find nothing wrong with her. She seemed happy and well-adjusted, but under hypnosis, the girl recalled that as a child her father had once forced her to touch an Egyptian mummy he kept as a curio. Ever since, she had been tortured by nightmares of the mummy chasing her. The dreams were so hideous that her waking mind refused to allow her to remember them in the morning. She was suffering from nervous indigestion.

A Baltimore psychiatrist told me that he used hypnosis but refused to advertise it. "Patients would drop in on me and say casually, 'I'm having trouble sleeping. Give me a posthypnotic suggestion to sleep.' They seemed to think they were stopping at the corner drugstore for a couple of aspirins. Of course, I could give them a suggestion that would make them sleep. But I wanted to know *why* they were having trouble sleeping. Otherwise, it would be like giving a man chloroform for a broken leg."

There is probably only one hypnotist in the country more successful than Howard Klein. That's the famous Benny Finkle, who, for a consideration, will put the hypnotic eye on any boxer, wrestler, or race horse you want to have lose. Benny claims he can't make them win, but he has a hypnotic-hex that is sure to knock them out. Klein shakes his head sadly when he hears that someone has paid the little hex-maker $500 to make a horse fall down. "Benny's certainly got somebody hypnotized," says Klein regretfully. "But it's not the horses."

THE END



Of America's leading cigarettes, PALL MALL—and only PALL MALL—is "Outstanding"!... For PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke... filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... gives you outstanding smoothness ... mellowness ... mildness.

OUTSTANDING

-and they are mild!



The girl had taken care to hang a lantern high up in the door of the cabin to guide him back. As he approached she ran out and helped him the last few yar

THE GOLDEN MESH

BY KENNETH PERKINS

The swamp was a natural mantrap—and so was the girl from New Orleans

WITH the exception of one Kentuckian they all gave up the man hunt and started for New Orleans. The Kentuckian, Ethan Trigg, was a born tracker and having fought under Old Hickory in the Creek campaign, he knew how to get along in the woods and on water. But the marsh is a strange mixture of both; it is neither sea nor land.

There were no hyacinths choking the bayous in those days, but there were mangroves and floating turf and marshfire. And worst of all, if he were lost there was no one to show the way out, except an occasional Cajun trapper—Frenchmen, who couldn't understand a word of Kentucky English. He ran into one who was paddling a hollowed-out cypress log.

"I've got to have your pirogue," Trigg said. "I'm chasing somebody. Maybe you've seen him—an Englishman in trapper's clothes?"

The answer was a respectful smile.

"Can't you understand? This Englishman dressed like a trapper—he killed one of our party with a musket—bang, bang!" Trigg pointed to his chest.

The Cajun seemed impressed with the chest and with Trigg's rifle gun, powder horn and tomahawk. And he may have been impressed with the Kentuckian's rawboned face and the mane of hair to his shoulders. The trapper got out of his canoe.

But it did Trigg little good; he could paddle only a short distance. The stretch of water he crossed might be called a prairie—as good a name as any, considering the upside-down country. The island where he landed would be called a bay.

Here he caught a glimpse of the fugitive fleeing on foot through the moss-hung oaks. Trigg followed, wading now in the ooze, floundering on quaking ground, crossing a mud shoal. In the swamp grass on the other side, there was no sign nor track nor hair nor hide of the fugitive. There were only the muskrats nesting in the roots, mallard whistling by like bullets—and then darkness.

The darkness was peculiar, with more light reflected in the east off some body of water than in the west over New Orleans. Trigg was completely lost; he decided to make Indian camp. He caught a catfish and a gaspergou, which astonished him, for these are fresh-water fish. If he had caught a goggle-eye or croaker he might not have been so sure that he was heading inland instead of to Lake Borgne and Mississippi Sound. But in the swamp country when fresh bayous turn salt it does not always mean the sea marshes are nearer.

The clouds had come down low; mists turned every blade of grass and rotting root and scrub palmetto sogg Unable to start a fire, he had s cherries for supper and then the col got through his wet homespun shi and pantaloons and into his bone He felt a good case of chills and fev coming on. That was why he ke walking. He had no direction in min except for a glimmer of light far awa through some moss-hung oaks. . . .

It was not the glow of decayin vegetation, he found out when h shouldered his way through sea ca and waded across another prairie. Th light came from the unshuttere window of a cabin of cypress, mu and moss. A canoe lay half in th water, half in the cane like a sleepin alligator. The man who opened th door to his knock was of that incor gruous breed called a webfoot.

There was no point in just commar deering the canoe, for it was usele

(Continued on page 65)

ILLUSTRATED BY GASTON SUDAKA



With the new Kodak Reflex

You see your subject in the reflex finder-
actual size, bright and clear—as you sna
It's easy to get in what you want—
keep out what you don't



Black-and-white snaps are 2¼ x 2¼

Kodacolor Prints are 2⅞ x 2⅞

Kodak Reflex—Twin *Lumenized* and color-corrected Kodak Anastigmat *f*/3.5 lenses, 1/200-second Flash Kodamatic shutter, give you clear, crisp shots of lively youngsters, fast sports action . . . good pictures even in bad weather . . . superb "flash" and color shots. Big ground-glass finder shows you your picture while you're snapping it. To focus, simply turn focusing ring until the image shows up sharp. Built-in flash synchronization; just add inexpensive Kodak Flasholder and you're ready for round-the-clock photography . . . EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

The fast twin lenses, the ½₀₀-second flash shutter, among Kodak's finest, let you take just about any picture, any time, anywhere

Color and "flash" shots with these models, too

Kodak is making more cameras than ever before but the demand is greater too. Consult your dealer.



Kodak Vigilant Junior Six-20, Kodet lens—Capability at unusually moderate cost.



Brownie Flash Six-20—A favorite everywhere. Available with or without Flasholder.



Kodak Bantam (*f*/4.5)—Smallest of Kodaks; expert in color or black-and-white.



Kodak 35 (*f*/3.5 with range finder)—Built to highest precision standards.

$10,000.00 PROTECTION FOR $10.00



Q Suppose my dog bites somebody?

A It is covered, on or away from premises.



Q I ride a horse. Suppose I injure someone—am I covered?

A Yes, your legal liability is covered up to $10,000.



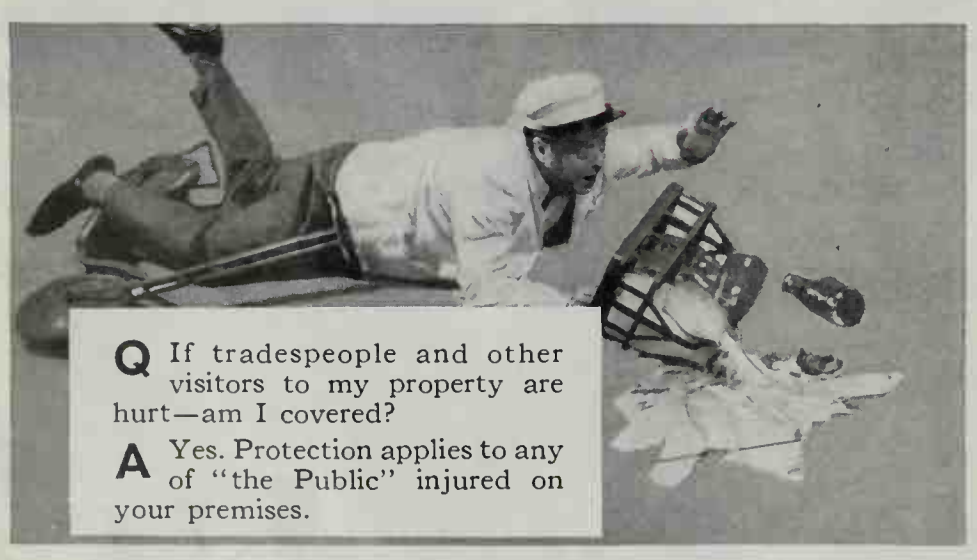
Q Are medical payments included?

A Yes, $250 medical payments are provided for others than those insured, irrespective of your legal liability.



Q Suppose my son injures a playmate?

A All members of your immediate family are covered.



Q If tradespeople and other visitors to my property are hurt—am I covered?

A Yes. Protection applies to any of "the Public" injured on your premises.



Q Am I covered, if someone is injured while making repairs to my home?

A Yes, construction, alteration and repairs on premises are covered.



Q If I hit someone while playing golf—am I covered?

A Yes, participation in any sport or game is covered.

Is it worth $10.00 to be covered up to $10,000* if you, or any of your family residing with you, are sued for bodily injuries caused others? (*Except claims arising from business pursuits or the use of automobiles or aircraft.*)

Is it worth $10.00 to have the experienced and competent claims personnel of one of the biggest insurance groups in the world at your service to handle claims and pay court costs and legal fees?

Is it worth $10.00 to be protected against a judgment which might wipe out your lifetime savings?

Is peace of mind worth $10.00? If you think so, fill in the coupon and we will put you in touch with our nearest agent or broker.

**Higher limits obtainable.*

The Fidelity & Casualty Company of New York—80 Maiden Lane, New York 8, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Without obligation, have your local agent or broker contact me.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

THE FIDELITY & CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Bernard M. Culver, *Chairman* — Frank A. Christensen, *President*

Member Company of

America Fore INSURANCE GROUP

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT

Continued from page 17

could handle the senators and the congressmen. We could get bills passed. Then we could all go home and go fishing."

We had to laugh at that.

In February I made several long trips, during which I sounded out sentiment on the Administration and on 1940. I can best sum up my political observations on these trips by quoting from a memorandum dictated at that time:

"My own opinion is that the leaders of the party, with few exceptions, do not want Roosevelt to run for a third term. All these stories which are coming out of Washington about the group around the President—Wallace, Corcoran, Hopkins and the rest—have alarmed party workers. They feel that the real leaders of our party are not being given proper consideration and credit for their part in the party's achievements. They feel that someone else should have an opportunity at the White House.

"They are all grateful for what Roosevelt has tried to do for the country and the things he has accomplished, but they do not want to go through a bitter campaign trying to defend a third-term candidacy. That is the attitude of nearly every responsible leader I came into contact with, except Governor Olson of California and Mayor Kelly of Chicago."

At this time Roosevelt was beset by foreign and domestic troubles. I did not see him for a chat alone from January until March. On March 29th, the President called me over to the White House, where we talked about stamps and patronage and finally about 1940 politics.

Dewey Criticized as Arrogant

He asked me about the Legislative Correspondents' dinner at Albany, particularly after the speeches made by Lehman, Mayor La Guardia, Al Smith and District Attorney Dewey. I told him that Lehman, La Guardia and Smith did all right in short speeches, but that Dewey talked for 17 minutes and took some pot shots at Republican Leader Simpson, which I considered unwise from Dewey's point of view. I added that I couldn't be fair with Dewey because his arrogant attitude irked me.

"That's exactly how I feel about him," the President said. "He's arrogant and ambitious. He wants to be President or thinks he can be. By the way, what do you think of your friend Paul McNutt's campaign?"

"McNutt is your friend," I reminded him. "While I have no feeling against him, I can't forget that he and McHale (Frank McHale, National Committeeman from Indiana) kept over twenty delegates from supporting us in 1932."

"Not that I take him seriously," the President confided, "but I consider it bad taste on his part to let his name be announced when he is still a member of my Administration."

"Boss, I am constantly being interviewed by newspapermen about 1940," I said, "and I have told them consistently that anyone who made an announcement until you have spoken ought to have his head examined."

"That's right, Jim," he observed. "Incidentally, what do you think of Garner's candidacy?"

"To be wholly frank, I don't think Jack is a serious candidate at this time," I answered. "I talked to him recently and he brought up, entirely of his own accord, the Presidency. With tears in his eyes he told me he hoped that nothing would happen to you, so that he would not have to take over the reins of the government. I know that he was absolutely sincere. He has a very deep affection for you, Boss."

"I'm glad to hear it," he said. "I'm sure Garner is speaking from his heart when he says he doesn't want to succeed me."

On June 7, 1939, I was called by the President as I was having dinner in my Mayflower Hotel apartment in Washington. He was in the friendliest of moods.

"Jim," he began, "I'd like to have you and Bess join me over the week end on the Potomac for a cruise."

This was the first invitation Mrs. Farley and I had received for a cruise aboard the Presidential yacht, although I had been in Washington for more than six years. But I had to refuse.

"I'm sorry, Boss, but I agreed a few weeks ago to present a watch to Joe McCarthy, manager of the Yankees, in a ceremony at the home plate in Yankee Stadium Sunday. I appreciate the invitation a lot, but I don't feel I can change my plans at this late date, much as I'd like to."

"What about the next week end?" he pressed.

"I have a lot of work cut out for me that week end," I said. "I'm going to attend a postal convention in Maine a week from Sunday. Maybe I can pull the state into the right column in 1940 and leave Vermont all alone."



"I don't feel like shopping this noontime! Let's have lunch instead!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

"Always proselyting, Jim," he laughed.

On June 23, 1939, I was called to the White House for a conference. As usual we began by discussing stamps. I reported receiving a letter from a Mrs. Casper Whitney suggesting a Cape Cod postage stamp.

"Jim, there's no Democratic vote at Cape Cod," he laughed. "I think the next stamp we issue should be for Farley and Roosevelt."

"Just a minute," I cut in with a laugh. "I'd just as soon that stamp won't be issued for a long, long time. Unless you could have the law amended to permit living persons to be portrayed on stamps."

"Objection sustained," he chuckled.

A few days later, when he was entertaining King George and Queen Elizabeth, he was cold and distant. Along with other Cabinet members and their wives, Mrs. Farley and I went down to Mt. Vernon aboard the Potomac. The day was hot, but there was ice in the President's manner toward me, a haughtiness, perhaps, which may have been the result of his hobnobbing with royalty. Anyway, I felt a good and faithful servant should have deserved friendlier treatment.

I enjoyed the visit of the King and Queen and thought they handled themselves extremely well under trying circumstances. I nearly died laughing at the famous British Embassy garden party, when Jack Garner slapped the King on the back in telling him a story—not so much at the gesture or the story as at the faces of the astounded Britishers. Mrs. Farley and I were not invited when Roosevelt entertained the royal couple on his family estate.

In July, as I was preparing for a European tour, I went up to Capitol Hill for a lunch with the Vice-President. After dessert, he pulled out one of his long cigars, lighted it carefully. Through the swirling smoke and out from under his bushy eyebrows, he studied me and then plunged into the heart of his subject.

"Jim, I will lay all my cards on the table," Garner began. "I want to let you know just where I stand and exactly how I feel. I mean on this third-term business. Jim, I can't support a third term and will fight any third-term bid for the good of the party. First off I want you to believe me when I say I don't want to be President. God knows how true that is."

There were tears in his eyes and his voice was charged with conviction.

"Jack, if you tell me you don't want to be President, then I do believe you," I said. "Your word is good enough for me."

"Thanks," he said. "But I have been in politics for forty years and at this stage of the proceedings I can't let down the people who have helped me. I particularly can't let them down by silence on such a vital and far-reaching issue as the third term. At the moment, I feel I'm the only one who can head up any opposition. I owe it to my friends and to the party."

"That is so," I acknowledged. "However, I'm not sure when a decision has to be made. I did think August 1st was the deadline, but now I feel that we might wait until January."

"On the strength of that 'we,' I want to ask you a question," he said. "If it's out of order, you don't have to answer. Jim, are you against the third term?"

"Yes," I answered, "but don't tell a living soul."

"I won't and I appreciate your confidence," he said earnestly. "The two of us can pull together to stop Roosevelt."

"I'm not sure that we will need to," I said. "If the President doesn't talk to me by the early part of January, I'll have to go to him as chairman of the National Committee and ask him what his plans are. I must confess I am a bit piqued over the kicking around I have been getting."

"Why, Jim, you mean to say you don't know why you are out in the cold?" he asked. "The plain and simple truth is that he's jealous of you, Jim. You have grown tremendously in office and before the country and he is just downright jealous of your popularity."

"I find that hard to believe," I said.

"Well, just think it over," he said. "He's jealous of Hull for his standing before the public. And he's jealous of me for my popularity in Congress. He ought to be glad to see men in the party coming along and he fancies that he is, but actually he doesn't like it."

A few days later I was in Columbus, Ohio, for a postmasters' convention. When I put in my daily call to the Post Office Department, I was told that Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago was having lunch with the President and had asked to see me. My call was switched to the White House, and the Cardinal asked if I could call on him when he visited New York. I said I would be glad to do so.

A Visit to the Cardinal

I found the Cardinal reading his breviary in the spacious living room of his hotel suite. He laid it aside, tucking in a ribbon to mark his place. We were left alone after I was ushered in.

"I had a most enjoyable visit with the President," he said. "He is truly a great man. I think it is most fortunate that he is where he is and I hope he remains. It is my belief that he will run for a third term."

"Did he say so?" I asked eagerly.

"No," he said slowly. "No, but I hope that you will support him if he does. The President was extremely generous—I feel that I can tell you this—in his reference to you and spoke of you in very flattering terms."

"I am glad to hear it," I said. "I wouldn't mind hearing it from him."

"James," he studied me earnestly, "you have always been most frank and open with me so that I feel entirely free in broaching a most confidential matter to you. It is my sincere feeling that a Roman Catholic could not be elected President of the United States at this time or for many years to come. I hope, therefore, that you will do nothing to involve the Catholics of this country in another debacle such as we experienced in 1928."

I made up my mind that I was not going to be persuaded into taking a course contrary to my better judgment. I was aware that the Cardinal had just come from the White House, where he acknowledged he had fallen under the charm of the Boss.

"Your Eminence, I have my own views, definite views, on the third term; but I do not think this is the proper time to air them or that you are the proper person to hear them. I do not feel at liberty to discuss my views until the President has told me what he will do.

"Last winter he indicated he would not be a candidate again. But he maintained that if a losing ticket were nominated in 1940, he did not feel obligated to support it. I find such an attitude difficult to understand. I cannot imagine him upsetting American and party tradition to be a candidate for a third term."

"I am satisfied he is going to run," he said.

"I can't believe it and my belief is based on his own intimations and hints. It may be that he is willing to let it develop and see if it is possible and then announce what he will do. Until he speaks, as I think he will speak and should speak, I must rely on his intimations.

"Now for myself, I frankly do not care what happens to me politically. A place on the national ticket does not concern me too much. My wife and children would be far happier and without a doubt better off, if I forgot all about public life. I hope you will believe me."

"I do."

"Now I want to be as free as though I

were in the confessional. It is not a matter of great concern to me that Roosevelt does not regard me as qualified for the office of President. It would be difficult for him to find anyone qualified but himself. I do not say that unkindly, because it has been so with every President, Democrat and Republican and Federalist and Whig. There are many other people of intelligence, wisdom and ability, whose judgment is above question, who believe I am qualified. I do not think the President should take the position that I am not."

"Why don't you tell the President how you feel?" he suggested.

"I would if he ever raised the question."

"James, I do not believe a Catholic could win," he stated.

Reasons for Al Smith's Defeat

"A great many people, among them the Vice-President, senators, representatives and party leaders, feel differently. Men who know something about politics. Conditions are not the same as they were ten or twelve years ago. When Al Smith ran, the Democratic party was not in power; Smith was leading the fight for repeal of the prohibition law; the country was prosperous; Smith's choice of Raskob, a Republican, for National Chairman was an affront to the old-time Democrats; Smith's conduct of the campaign was anything but skillful and diplomatic. It was doubtful that any Democrat could have been elected in that year, and the religious issue alone could not be blamed for Smith's defeat.

"On the other side of the picture, there is no reason to believe that the Democratic party will not win in 1940; the party is now in power; there are hundreds of thousands of Democrats on government pay rolls and, whether or not they like the name Farley, they could not vote themselves out of office just because the candidate was a Roman Catholic. There are thousands and thousands of persons, with no set political affiliations, who work for the government and who would vote for me feeling reasonably certain they would keep their jobs if the Democratic party remains in control.

"Regardless of what anyone may think, I am known, respected and trusted, and I have no hesitancy in saying, without egotism, that no other Democrat has any better chance than I have. Actually I am not planning to secure the nomination for myself. Nonetheless I will not let myself be kicked around by Roosevelt or anyone else.

"Loyalty is not all on one side," I continued. "It's time for the President to be loyal to me. For the last year and a half he has not consulted me on appointments. Within six months two appointments have been made in New York, my own state, which have been most displeasing to me. I have been made some very attractive offers 'if I would forget Roosevelt,' and a huge fund could be mine if I would get out and fight Roosevelt, which I do not for a minute propose to do. I am still being loyal and loyalty should work two ways."

The Cardinal repeated that I should talk to the President. He said he hoped that I would support the third term he was certain the President would attempt.

"If I talk to the President, Your Eminence, should I tell him that you talked to me?"

"I hope you will not do so," he urged.

I had the feeling that the President had asked him to speak to me—that he had flattered this Prince of the Church into doing his bidding.

"Before I go," I said, looking him full in the face, "I want to be as free and open as I know how, Your Eminence. Perhaps you will not like this, but it is in my mind and you should know it. You are the first person in the Church who has ever attempted to influence me on a political matter, and I have been in politics for thirty years."

"It is only because I am interested in you," he said. "I have something which I hope you will not object to my mentioning. I understand there has been some criticism of Mrs. Farley—some things she is supposed to have said about the President."

"That's all right," I said, wondering if he was carrying this complaint from the White House itself. "I'm glad you brought it up. Mrs. Farley is a loyal wife and feels strongly resentful of what has been done to me. She has never forgiven the President for the way he acted when Huey Long attempted to bring about an investigation of me. Long was not aiming at me, but was trying to get at the President. Long was aware he would injure Roosevelt if he could tear me down.

"Mrs. Farley could never condone the President's silence in the face of Long's accusations. Even after the Senate vindicated me Roosevelt said nothing in my defense. She felt that in view of my services he should have rallied to my support, even if he were not moved by loyalty and friendship. Then Bess feels that we have been treated like poor relations. We are never invited to the White House except for purely official functions; we have never spent a night in the White House; we are never invited to birthday parties and similar social functions. In short, I am a bottle of tonic to be taken when needed and then shelved until needed again. Now I have come to the point where I don't care to be shaken well before or after using. The President has never written me a word of appreciation or thanks for what I have done since 1930, and I have given freely of my strength, my time and my ability."

I left, fully convinced that the President was disturbed as to what my attitude would be and that he had held a heart-to-heart talk with the Cardinal, looking for light, if not actually enlisting the prelate to work on me.

In the days that followed, the newspapers and magazines were full of stories of a rift between myself and the President. As evidence of a rift, my infrequent appearances at the White House were cited. When the speculation showed every sign of increasing rather than abating, the President summoned me to his home at Hyde Park. It was the summer of 1939.

After dinner Roosevelt and I headed for the small study in the north wing. He hopscotched over the political situation. He talked about the purge, explaining that he started it because conservatives were hamstringing his program and he felt the Democratic party must be liberal to be successful. He spoke particularly of his fight against John O'Connor, the New York congressman who had opposed his wage-and-hour legislation. "You know, Jim," he said, "Tommy Corcoran feels you did not go along all the way in the fight against O'Connor." He cocked his head and measured the effect of this shaft out of the corners of his eyes.

"To be entirely frank, I didn't," I acknowledged. "I explained my position at the time of the purge and you approved my determination to keep my hands off. There is no reason why Corcoran should expect the party chairman, whose first consideration is to maintain party harmony, to do his dirty work.

"Between you and me I'm getting a bit fed up with Corcoran and his crowd. I know they haven't got the influence with you which is attributed to them, but I don't think it healthy that the impression of their influence prevail. They're merely peanuts in a sugar barrel."

Roosevelt was slow in getting to the point which I knew must come—the 1940 campaign. He began by considering the candidates.

"To begin with, there's Garner," Roosevelt said, as though he were counting on his fingers. "He's just impossible."

"Just a minute," I cut in. "I am sure that Jack is not interested in being a candidate. He is willing to let his name be used, if necessary, by those opposed to a third term."

"Maybe so," he acknowledged. "Then there's Wallace. What do you think of Henry? I don't think he has IT."

"I have a personal liking for Henry," I said, "but I frankly don't know where he stands from day to day. I must confess I share the feeling around the country that he's a dreamer."

He then brought up the name of Paul McNutt and turned down the thumb of his right hand. He did not mention Hull, Jesse Jones, Robert Jackson, Frank Murphy, Harry Hopkins or myself as candidates. Finally, we reached the third-term issue, when he talked of the necessity of saving democracy.

"We must save democracy," he said in ringing tones as though he were on the platform. "It's the only way to save the country."

"I think the Democratic party has to be successful in order to save the country," I put in. "And I am more concerned with the country than with the party, because success will come to the party if the country is secure and prosperous."

"Jim," he said, dropping his voice and speaking slowly for emphasis, "you and I have got to work together in 1940 for the good of the country and the party, just as we have in the past."

I said nothing, waiting for what was to follow. He fixed his eyes on me most intently and set down his cigarette.

"Jim, I am going to tell you something I have never told another living soul," Roosevelt dropped his voice to an impressive whisper: *"Of course I will not run for a third term.* Now I don't want you to pass this on to anyone, because it would make my role difficult if the decision were known prematurely."

"Mr. President, you have my word of honor on that," I said as solemnly as I could.

"Thanks, Jim," he acknowledged. "But you must understand one thing. *I do not want to campaign for a losing ticket.*"

"Boss, as the party's leader you'll have to campaign for whatever ticket is selected," I argued. "We cannot compromise on the platform; it must be a wholehearted endorsement of your Administration. In turn you will just have to go along with the party."

He made no answer.

I then asked bluntly what kind of candidate he wanted. His answer was: "All I have to say is that I hope they don't nominate just a 'yes man,' but pick someone who is sympathetic to my Administration and who will continue my policies."

At this point he switched to a consideration of the picture in the Republican camp. He named Dewey as the most important figure. I disagreed, feeling that the Republicans would choose Senator Vandenberg.

"Dewey might get second place," I said, "but I can't see him in first place, because he is such a middle-of-the-roader—a liberal when among liberals and a conservative when among conservatives."

"You've got him figured just about right, but I still think it will be Dewey, and he will make a formidable opponent," the President said. "That will make it all the more necessary for you and me to work together in 1940."

I made no answer to this. It was my turn to change the subject.

Mr. Ickes Raises a Laugh

"Boss, before we get off politics, I want to show you something which may give you a laugh," I said, reaching into my brief case for some correspondence I had had with Oliver Quayle, treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. "Here's a letter from Quayle to Ickes asking for a $100 donation to the party and here's Ickes' answer saying he could not afford such a large donation and asking that all further correspondence should be addressed to him at his office."

"Don't you just love it!" he laughed. "And isn't that just like Harold? You know he is serving his purpose as far as the Administration is concerned because he makes the kind of speeches no one else can make, but sometimes I think they may be more detrimental than helpful. And the same goes for him."

The next morning I joined Mrs. Roosevelt at the breakfast table.

"I have a very direct question to ask you and I want a direct answer," she challenged. "Someone has told me that in some way or other I snubbed Bess."

"Now, Mrs. Roosevelt, you know you would not do a thing like that to anyone," I protested.

"I'm sure I wouldn't do it intentionally but if I ever have hurt Mrs. Farley in any way, I would do anything I possibly could to straighten it out," she said earnestly.

"Please forget it; the report just isn't true," I said.

After breakfast I went to say goodby to the President and found him about to hold a press conference. I remained for the show. He was in high spirits. When he was asked if I was going to resign, he tossed his head back and snapped, "He is not!" as if the suggestion of any friction between himself and me was the most ridiculous idea in the world. I could not help but consider how the reporters would love to have sat in on the conference of the night before and how the country would have relished the story.

Next week Mr. Farley takes you behind the scenes at the famous "showdown" conference with F.D.R., reveals the President's stand on the third-term issue and declares his own intentions.



"Now it's understood you'll vacate when we reach Pittsburgh"

COLLIER'S — SUSI STEINITZ

OLYMPIC FEVER

Continued from page 21

several feet better than the nearest American.

If Bob Fitch of South Dakota competes in the discus, we should win that event, since this large surprise-package calmly broke the world's record twice last year with tosses of 180 feet 2½ inches and 179 feet. If Fitch doesn't compete, we have a good chance of being shut out of the big points. Consolini of Italy is a 178-foot platter-heaver, Tosi of Italy is just a foot or so behind him, and Ljakov of Russia has a 166 foot 5¼ inch mark, which is more than two feet better than the best heaves of Billy Bangert last year.

Finally, says Von Elling, we appear to have no chance whatever in the hammer throw, unless a boy named Seymour Cohen of Philadelphia comes along. Two years ago, when Cohen was in the Army, he wandered into the Balkan Games at Constantinople, and won the hammer throw with an almost-unbelievable heave of 185 feet 3 inches. This puts him third in performance behind a 187-foot 1 5/16-inch toss by Johansson of Sweden, and a 185-foot 7 3/16-inch mark by Ericsson of Sweden. No one knows if Cohen can duplicate his prodigious throw, and if he can't there is a solid block of Hungarians, Swedes, Finns and Russians before you get to the next American, Bob Bennett of Brown.

This completes the picture, except for that minor matter of who is going to be the Olympic coach. The leading candidate for the job is sometimes referred to as "The Rockne of Track," but the resemblance to the great Notre Dame football coach is not marked. Von Elling is a short, gray-haired, undramatic man, who chews cigars and wears thick spectacles, heavy flannel shirts and a 30-year-old gray felt hat.

His First and Only Pep Talk

Von Elling never gave a pep talk in his life, except for a mild discourse with his two-mile relay team in the last indoor Intercollegiate championships when everything seemed to be going wrong for NYU. No one knows what he told the four discouraged youngsters on that occasion, but the talk lasted only nine seconds, and the relay team went out to score a smashing surprise victory against Fordham and turn the tide in NYU's favor.

Von Elling continually astounds people by this total inability to act like the classic coach of Hollywood legend. "I do not care," he says, "to be a nursemaid for grown, mature men."

Von Elling himself enjoyed none of the advantages of enlightened coaching methods in his day. He was born on New York's lower East Side on March 30, 1883. When young Emil was eleven, the family moved to the country—which is now the Harlem district of New York. As Harlem got more populated, the Von Ellings moved farther out into the country—to the Bronx, which was the center of athletic activity for the whole of New York City.

At that time—in the 1890s—every athlete competed for a club. At fourteen Von Elling already was a club athlete. He spent one year at the College of the City of New York but had to leave college to go to work. For athletic diversion, he joined the Mohawk A.C.

The 135-pound Von Elling got buffeted about on the football field by a six-foot three-inch giant named Pete Waters, later the track coach at Manhattan College; and he ran into a constant nemesis on the track and the baseball field in the person of Lawson Robertson, the big star of the Irish-American A.C., who is now track coach at the University of Pennsylvania. Legend has it that Robertson dumped Von Elling no less than five hundred times during the fifteen years or so that they competed against each other. The truth of the matter is that Von Elling never was a very good athlete, but he always was smart enough to be the quarterback or the coxswain. Soon he emerged as the coach of the Mohawks and of several other clubs.

Von Elling became assistant track coach at NYU in 1915 and head coach and football trainer in 1918. He finally was able to shake his football duties when Coach Chick Meehan arrived at NYU in 1926. Three years later, Von Elling's team of unknowns had won NYU's first Intercollegiate championship.

For 32 years now Von Elling has consistently developed great track stars out of unknown kids. No less than ten of Von Elling's former runners are New York City high-school coaches now, and they operate a sort of farm system for the old man. Not only did NYU dominate the recent Penn Relays, but most of the important high-school titles, too, were captured by a pair of NYU "farms"—Boys High School and Morris High School.

Putting Men in the Right Spots

Von Elling has an uncanny knack of channeling talent into the correct event. Many of his finest stars competed in something entirely different in high school. In 1930, for instance, Von Elling spotted a boy named Jim Maloney shagging flies in NYU's outfield. He persuaded him to come out for track. In 1932, Maloney was one of the mainstays of NYU's championship two-mile relay team.

About the same time, Von Elling saw a mediocre high-school swimmer named Milton Sandler. Sandler developed into one of the best middle-distance runners of the 1930s. Joe Healy came to Von Elling as a quarter miler. Von Elling made him run the hurdles, which Healy hated. Healy failed miserably to make the 1932 Olympic team in the quarter mile. He made it easily in the hurdles.

Curtis Giddings, a fine half-miler, came to Von Elling as a javelin thrower; Mort Reznick, once the country's best 35-pound weight thrower, showed up as a shot-putter. Von Elling's greatest mile relay team—the 1943 combination—consisted of Arthur Herrforth, an ex-pole vaulter; Charley Grohsberger, an ex-sprinter; Walter Welch, an ex-swimmer; and Frank Cotter, who never was an athlete of any kind before.

This reminder of the unpredictability of track leads Von Elling to one final word of caution concerning his Olympic predictions—and all other Olympic predictions. "Olympic competitors," he says, "are chosen on the basis of what they do in a single Olympic tryout meet. Thus, a man can break world's records all year, but if he happens to be off the day the Olympic tryouts are held, he simply doesn't make the team.

"Another thing," Von Elling continues, "is that no matter how carefully you work out form charts in advance, some unknown kid from some unexpected country always comes along to upset the dope. No one ever heard of a skinny Canadian youngster named Percy Williams before the 1932 Olympics, and precious few people have heard of him since. Yet he smashed through to win both Olympic sprints in 1932, against one of the strongest fields that had ever been assembled.

"Olympic fever," says Von Elling. "It is almost as bad as trying to speculate on who is going to be the next Olympic coach."

THE END

JOCKEY MIDWAY

... is back !



• Yes, popular Jockey *Midway* is back again . . . in the fine, unexcelled pre-war quality that has made Jockey famous the world over. Remember, *Midway* is the trim mid-length model with all your favorite Jockey comfort and support features *plus* the smooth, snug-fitting thigh protection.

If you've had to accept substitutes, you will realize old friends are best and warmly welcome the return of *Midways* to your friendly dealer's counter. So call on him today and ask for Jockey *Midways*.

THERE'S ONLY ONE JOCKEY

MIDWAYS ARE BACK AGAIN

in fine combed knit cotton at only....$1.00
Heavy weight cotton.....$1.25
De luxe mercerized cotton.....$1.50
with all these famous Jockey features:
• *V-Front* . . . for scientific masculine support.
• *Friendly Pouch* . . . cradled for gentle, bracing, buoyant uplift.
• Convenient No-Gap Opening
• All-around Elastic Waistband

Jockey Midway now joins the popular Jockey Short, which has been available in limited quantities throughout the war.
Jockey Shorts.....$1.00

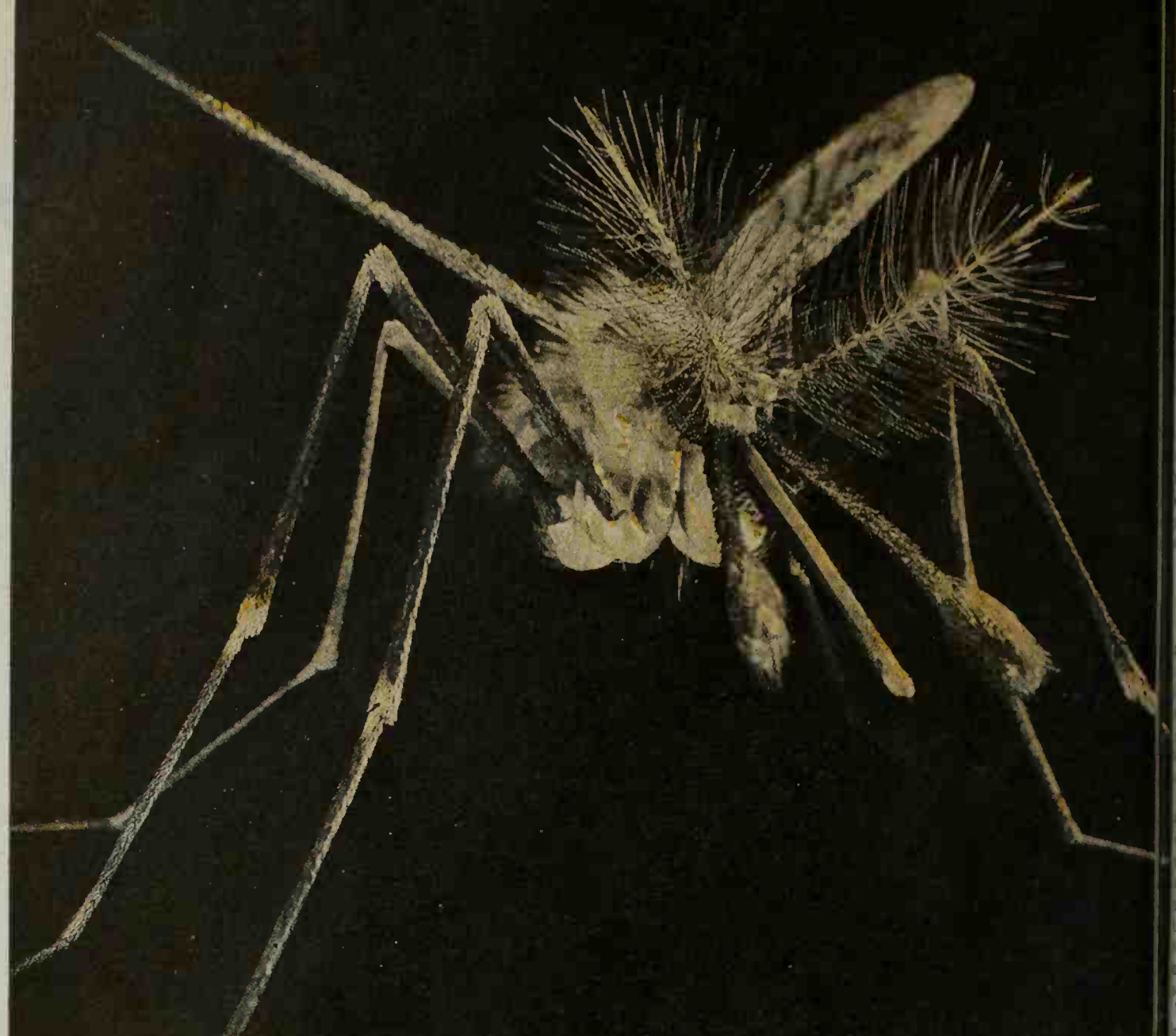
It's a Brand...It's a Trade Mark...It's Made By

Coopers Inc.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

Underwear • Sportswear • Hosiery

Licensees for Canada, Meadows; for British Isles, Lyle & Scott; for Australia, Speedo Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; for Switzerland, Vollenweider

Here are the lurid details of the private life of the gallinipper. It's up to you to stop harboring this unprincipled villain in your own back yard



UNMASKING THE MOSQUITO

'FOR THOM

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

MOSQUITOES are very beautiful. This reluctant admission must be made after glancing at the scientific drawings which are the only close-ups of mosquitoes in existence, as no live mosquito has ever been properly photographed.

It seems you can't just step up to a mosquito, say, "Look pleasant, please!" and get any results. Last year (1946) $50,000 was spent in vain efforts to get a good close-up of a live mosquito. This failure is regrettable because though a dead mosquito does look good to most people, a live one is full of delicate grace and subtle color and wears a large feathery headdress strongly reminiscent of those sported by Ziegfeld Follies girls in the early glorifying productions.

There are almost as many races of mosquitoes as there are of humans, and most of them are no more likely to be encountered than an Eskimo on Main Street, even though they may be living right in your neighborhood. Among these are, for example, the playful Mansonia titilians which tickle but never bite; the fat, clownlike Cancer, so named because it lives in the holes dug by land crabs; and the swishy mosquitoes so dainty that they breed only in the chalices of wild orchids.

Let us begin with the most widely advertised though least harmful of the condemned species, the Aedes taeniorhynchus — salt-marsh mosquito to you.

He is not, as most people suppose, Public Enemy Number One of the mosquito world, but merely the most offensively aggressive: the guy who takes the joy out of joy rides, makes fishing, hunting, picnicking, necking on the beach and other outdoor sports more scratched than any horse race entry. Though a crashing bore, his bite is harmless unless it becomes infected. But the breed so greatly outnumbers other mosquitoes that getting rid of it is a chief concern of most communities. Yet scientists know comparatively little about marsh mosquitoes, since they refuse to breed or survive in cages.

Their love life begins much like that of the Homo sapiens, with the male reaching maturity and deciding he wants to find out about the facts of life.

In common with some men, he is a romantic coward and prefers to do his preliminary dame-hunting in groups. In short, he hangs around with a gang and whistles. If a skirt heeds the wolf call, he becomes detached from his pals, goes off with her for a while and then returns to the gang. If no ladies appear, however, he turns homosexual. Mr. Marsh Mosquito is definitely not a nice person.

To be slightly more technical, the marsh males gather together in a large, compact group about the size and shape of a medicine ball, to dance and sing in order to attract the ladies. If you have ever, at twilight, seen a "ball" of mosquitoes whirling at about head height, over some lonely spot, then you have seen a mating group of male swamp mosquitoes.

The ladies fly alone. Maybe, being females, they don't trust one another. At any rate, a marriageable girl, aged approximately five whole days, will zoom into sight, dart into the chorus of singing boys, grab one in a lighting decision and fly off with him.

Although the male is a lusty fellow, he is strictly a vegetarian. After his marriage he hies himself to the nearest bar (sand), finds an aquatic plant, takes a few straight shots of nectar, and goes back to rejoin the boys and whistle at the next flighty dame. He never bites people or other animals and never travels more than a few yards from his equivalent of the drugstore corner.

Mrs. Salt Marsh, on the other hand, is faithful to her spouse. So far as we know she does not marry a second time mainly because she is full of business, including eggs, so she starts on her honeymoon alone, traveling great distances and never coming home.

Matrimony gives Ma Mosquito a taste for blood, a trait which has also been noted in the human race. Anyway, she promptly turns carnivorous, and she will go to any lengths to get meat. Lady mosquitoes have been proven to head straight from a desolate breeding place to a ship 30 miles out at sea and there pick up the sailors.

A blood meal is necessary for the production of her eggs, and once she has had a bite of baby or a snack of sunkissed farmer, she proceeds to her ultimate destination: a nice dry marsh which she considers as good a place as any to lay an egg. In point of fact she lays 50 to 200 or so, and some really husky girls lay several such batches, sometimes singly, sometimes at a sitting.

The eggs lie on the dry surface and wait for water. Ma goes away. After all, she has her own life to live and there isn't much of it. In five weeks mosquitoes become senile; in six, die of old age. But usually a dragonfly has eaten them long before that.

How Baby Skeeters Are Born

The eggs just lie there safely for days, weeks, even months. Then it rains, or there is an extra high tide, and within a few moments the eggs hatch. The emerging larvae, or "wigglers," know what to do. They take a swim, scurrying about in the water like frightened babies.

Then right away they start eating a balanced diet of greens, animals, and organic matter; all of which Mother Nature, who apparently does not know any better than to take care of infant mosquitoes, has reduced to a well-prepared baby food which the young mosquito strains through i own personal strainer, installed in i individual mouth.

Food strainers are not the only m chanical devices with which infa mosquitoes come equipped. They al possess a sort of periscope for obtai ing air. They are born free-swimme but like the rest of us must come u for air once in a while, and when th can't by reason of scum on the wate they use this handy gadget. They al do their own changing. They outgro their suits faster than a boy scout ca wear out shoes, and during their chil hood, which lasts four to ten day they change their outer skin fo times.

The next, or Bobby-Sox-Hoodlu stage is the pupa, which period las about two days. At the end of th time they emerge from the water full-fledged drips of mosquitoes, d their wings, rub down their legs a fly away to start the whole darn' bu ness over again!

This same routine is followed by familiar types of mosquitoes.

One of the meanest species is t Aedes aegypti, which hailed origina from Africa. It is the real gangster mosquitodom, the killer, the sneak upper, a potential poisoner of o national life and happiness.

Like many another dangerc

ugee, the Aedes aegypti, or yellow ver mosquito (which is one of the miliar house mosquitoes), has a morous appearance. It possesses e bejeweled beauty of an E. Phillips ppenheim lady spy. But as with ny another undercover group, no- dy pays much attention to them un- their filthy work becomes evident nobody, that is, except those F.B.I. en of the insect world, the public alth directors and entomologists hose business it is to see that the eatures are kept in control.

Fortunately the aegypti are one reed of mosquitoes at which scien- sts can get a really good gander, as ey (mosquitoes, not scientists) can e mated and raised in cages. For the ood of all, their private life is now o secret.

Beware of This Beauty!

To get an idea of how pretty this suave-looking insect is, one has only to glance at its black, satiny skin, the silver bracelets worn on every joint, and the graceful silver lyre embossed upon its back. To get an idea of how dangerous it is, one has only to look at its record.

Yellow fever mosquitoes made the building of the Panama Canal all but impossible and the City of Havana practically uninhabitable, until they were brought under control. These facts seem slightly remote to us now. But the fact that the creature breeds every day in your own back yard and that you are probably helping it to do so is not at all remote.

Not too long ago, the Egyptian varmint took yellow fever into New York State, reaching as far up the river as Albany. Although it breeds most commonly in the South, the yellow fever mosquito has a traveling mind and while its wings can take it only a short distance from its breeding place, the aegypti likes to take trains and planes; it has always taken boats and has been touring America since at least 1793 when it killed off 10 per cent of the people in Philadelphia with yellow fever—a total of 4,000 persons. Since then epidemics of yellow fever have occurred in Florida, Alabama, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Arkansas, southern Texas, Louisiana, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Indiana, New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, Ohio and Missouri.

The aegypti also carry dengue or breakbone fever, which is exactly what its name implies.

The aegypti's partner in crime is the Anopheles quadrimaculatus, which is the hard way to say malarial mosquito. It is an inhabitant of swamps and pools formed along highways and railroad tracks. Malaria is really a rural disease not acquired in big cities. A lot of us think of malaria as just something which gives people a yellow complexion and an excuse to drink whisky. But malaria is actually a very terrible disease.

In India alone, right now, it kills more than a million people a year. And prior to the beginning of mosquito control in America there were 5,000 to 6,000 deaths from malaria annually in this country.

The Culex quinquefasciatus, another house mosquito, brings us filariasis, a tropical disease which, if unchecked, develops into human elephantiasis. What else this Culex spreads, we don't yet quite know.

As recently as May, 1946, San Antonio, Texas, its population swollen by military personnel, suffered a minor epidemic called encephalitis, attributed to another species, Culex tarsalis. At the time of the epidemic, little was learned about it, for the victims died so quickly as to make a study of the symptoms difficult.

However, this disease is not characteristically a human disease, as it occurs mostly in domestic animals such as horses and chickens. Only occasionally do people get infected, and then only if a mosquito has first bitten an infected animal.

But unless we are to look forward to a series of epidemic diseases with which our doctors are not yet prepared to cope, we must take prompt action against the insects most likely to spread trouble.

Bomb craters in England and Europe are still, at this writing, breeding disease-carrying types of mosquitoes by the billion.

Literally hundreds of planes from countries where yellow fever is epidemic come into New Orleans and Miami every week in the year. Mosquitoes can and do travel both inside and on the *outside* of planes. For once a mosquito decides to cling to something, nothing, not even a hurricane, can blow him off. Thorough spraying of all outgoing planes from mosquito-infested countries would definitely discourage this sort of stowaway.

The control of these pests is our obligation. Salt-marsh mosquitoes may properly be left to the public health department. But when it comes to battling the deadly germ-carrying mosquito, we must cease treating it like a household pet, and take a personal part in its extermination.

We can make the mosquito as extinct as the dodo, and with comparatively little effort. The first step is to clean up. House mosquitoes of all types breed in every tin can we throw into the vacant lot next door; in each container on our own rubbish pile; in anything which will retain a little water, such as a neglected depression on the back porch, a sag in an awning, a garbage can.

Not Choosy Where They Breed

Fantastic objects often prove fertile breeding places. A pair of old shoes lying in a back yard was shown to contain thousands of aegypti wigglers; an abandoned baby carriage, larvae sufficient to poison an entire county. One used-automobile-tire dealer was found to have a pile of 50,000 old casings, every one of which was a breeding place.

Only the private individual, acting voluntarily, can properly police his own premises thoroughly. He must also back his state and county in their mechanized efforts. This means voting the financing of adequate forces of fieldworkers, inspectors and pilots. These must be backed by modern machinery, such as dredges, high-capacity sprayers both for field and city work, planes, tractors and motorcycle oilers.

These armaments are now available. The necessary public funds are not. They should be made so immediately as a matter of common decency to the earnest health officials who have thanklessly enough paved the way to this important work, to the scientists who conceived it, and as a matter of common sense, for the rest of us.

If you have no mosquito control movement in your community, you can always get one.

Even if you have to—excuse me!—start from scratch! ★★★

ho best!



Behind every bottle is the quality-tradition of Park & Tilford and the knowledge gained in over a century of experience. That is why it is—

"the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America!"

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

LITTLE HICKORY NUT

Continued from page 23

"That?" bleated Mike, trying to remain a gentleman. "That—"

"It is not! The man where I bought it remodeled it for me. Look!"

She flung the door wide. The remodeling had consisted of nailing a solid board across the seat and erecting a clothes pole two feet above it.

"It was my own idea," she said proudly. "There's the perch, with the dropping board underneath, and room on the floor for their feed and water."

It was the dropping board that finished Mike. A chuckle creaked in his throat. He sat right down on the ground, awkwardly, and bent his head to his knee as the laughter gained on him. Around him the turkeys gargled madly; above him Lissie stood and gestured with the bucket of whitewash.

"Have you *tried* buying lumber and getting things built?" she demanded loudly. "Have you *tried* raising turkeys in orange crates and wire coops a foot high? *That,* if you want to know," she said, pointing with a measure of pride, "is a darn' clever idea, and one I'll bet *you'd* never have thought of, Mr. Smart!"

"No, I never would," Mike agreed, weeping and making whimpering sounds. "I'm s-sorry," he hiccuped, an eye on the waving whitewash pail. "I haven't laughed like this for months. Would you m-mind helping me up?"

HER blue eyes crackled, her cheeks flamed. "I wouldn't care if you stayed there all winter and froze!" she snapped, and strode stiffly back to her house.

But early next morning she charged up the slope to report tragically that her turkeys were gone. The red shirt was heaving, and her lips were squared like a kid about to cry. It was no time, Mike felt, to point out that even a turkey might leave home rather than live in a—

"You mean they're not in their new house?" he inquired with suitable gravity.

The whitewash wasn't dry, so she had let them roost in the big tree they had picked for themselves when their coop grew too small. This morning they were gone. Stolen, Mike thought, but limped off to look around the barns.

Frisky had been observing the conference with suspicion. Now he raced eagerly after Mike, flushing a rabbit to which he gave futile but noisy chase. Indignant gobbling answered him. Frisky braked, tore back to the garage and danced in front of it, uttering frenzied protests at the top of his lungs.

Mike's prewar car, splendid in a new cream-color paint job, was as far inside as it would go—its huge chromium bumper protruded a yard past the open doors. The turkeys, tails spread, wings scraping cruelly on the new paint, were advancing along its shining top, their necks stretched and fire in their eyes.

The smallest, a hen, launched suddenly forth in a winging arc that finished on the spot only just vacated by Frisky. The spaniel, cut off in mid-bark, cowered for an instant, then set his short legs pumping. The hen turkey took after him; the toms followed with the clumsy speed of ostriches. Frisky disappeared around the barn, yelping.

Mike tried to run and almost took a header. *"Do* something!" he yelled at Lissie.

They came around the barn with Frisky still ahead. Mike whistled and braced himself. Frisky, the whites of his eyes showing, swerved and leaped, a small black whirlwind, into his master's arms. Mike sat heavily upon the ground. The turkeys thundered past, braked and stood gobbling like maniacs.

Mike looked balefully around for Lissie. She was leaning against a garage door, her face averted. "Will you take your infernal birds home?" he yelled.

The red shirt was shaking with what he took to be sobs. Scared, he scrambled to his feet.

"You *would* let your dog chase my turkeys," she said. "You *would* make fun of my turkey house!"

But Mike's attention was elsewhere. "Look, will you!" he shouted. *"Look what they've done to my car!"*

"I know." She sagged weakly against the door, her mouth stretched out of shape and hardly any sound coming out of it. That was when he realized she wasn't crying. She was laughing her fool head off.

"Nothing sacred," Mike muttered. He shut Frisky in the tool shed, then limped back to survey the sacrilege. "Nothing sacred," he repeated with a despairing glare at his desecrated car.

Lissie sobered briskly. "Okay. Run it out and I'll wash it for you."

"Maybe you think I won't let you," Mike said grimly.

She slapped the wet chamois impatiently against a fender. "Everybody has combat fatigue," she said scornfully. "Your uncle and aunt; and your father, probably. My mother's sick abed of it—it's hard on older people."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't I? I've watched them doing more and more while every day they were getting older and felt like doing less and less—waiting for you men to come home and take over."

Mike looked out toward the fields at his uncle and aunt among the tomato rows. Baskets brimming with the late harvest dotted their path. His face burned.

"Why don't they quit?" he asked roughly. "The war's over."

Lissie gave a last wet swipe at the car, tossed the chamois on the grass and turned off the hose. "There, it's pure again. You can wipe it dry. Goodby."

"Hey—you don't expect *me* to climb that stepladder?"



"If something isn't done about swim suits, they'll be forced into the water!"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

He was too mad to tell her he couldn't run it out. His father had driven it down from the city, and Mike hadn't touched it since. The car was his prized possession, but of course he would never drive it again.

He got in now behind the wheel. It was possible to work the clutch with his right foot and operate the hand brake at the same time. The car moved out jerkily. Elated by the small triumph, Mike reclined on the turf and told her of his vanished youth when the car was new. He had been star of the freshman squad and a cinch to make the team his sophomore year. And then—Pearl Harbor.

IN THE ensuing silence Lissie moved the hose and the stepladder and began to decontaminate another part of the car. Her dungarees were rolled well up above satisfactory knees. "What were you studying?" she asked.

"Chemistry." He told her about his father's laboratories, where they were manufacturing sulfa drugs, and the administrative job he was preparing for.

"That's important," she said. "When are you going back?"

"I'm not going back."

"You're nuts," she said dispassionately.

"It's politer to call it combat fatigue."

She shrugged. "When somebody quits, someone else has to do their job whether they can or not. Come, *turk, turk, turk.*"

Silenced, he watched her swing off down the slope, her confounded turkeys strutting and preening behind her. He told himself she had a crust. He wished he had told *her.*

"You've got a crust," he said experimentally under his breath.

Crust belonged to Lissie like shell to the hickory nut. Throughout October, with unshaken nerve, she sat in the front seat beside Mike while he learned to drive all over again. She had only a bicycle and it was simply common decency to take her places. She nagged him into doing odd jobs, too, around her place—sharpening tools and fixing the power mower. He even put a window in the turkey house; but the three birds, to Lissie's vast annoyance and Mike's secret delight, refused to inhabit the place of their own free will. Evening after evening he would watch her chasing them in and out of the shrubbery and around and around the tree before she could get them housed for the night.

Then, by some means he could never explain, he found himself elected to the task. The thing was, Lissie was taking a business course and as the days shortened she could not get home before dark.

"Why don't you let them roost in th tree?" he asked sensibly.

"In November? They'd freeze. Ar their house is too small to keep them all day and they can fly over any fence

"You could clip their wings," he su gested.

"And spoil their beauty? Mike, wouldn't ask you if there was anyo else. My mother can get around a litt now, but she can't chase turkeys—"

"How about me?" Mike asked in vi lent indignation. "How about *me?"*

"All right," she said. "I'll have to s them."

For a startled moment he thought I saw tears in her eyes. "I should thi you'd want to—the noisy pests."

"They're not! They're as affectiona as Frisky. Maggie pulls my hair, a the big gobbler likes his neck scratched-he wouldn't give you any trouble, he s of squats when I go to catch him. A Maggie just runs a little to tease."

"But what are you going to *do* wi them?"

Lissie sounded goaded. "I suppo you never heard of turkey dinner Thanksgiving and Christmas?"

Mike admitted that it was a pleasa custom, and softened. "All right, y run along to your school. I'll guarant to see that they don't freeze."

He experienced a not unpleasa shock, for Lissie's gamin face turn beautiful. Suddenly he felt ashamed certain loopholes in the wording of h promise.

Well, he *would* see that they didn freeze, if he had to light a smudge p under their tree every night.

The first evening Mike made a dete mined effort. Sure enough, the big go bler spread his tail and wings and we into a dignified crouch at Mike's a proach. Breath whooshed out of hi when Mike lifted him, grunting. Twent five pounds, at least. And Maggie ga up after a brief, spirited chase. But t second tom—the one Lissie had fail to mention—cast Mike a wild, terrifi glance and ran.

They went around the tree, with Mi swearing under his breath. The turk broke for the back yard and went und a bush. Mike poked him out; he rac for the tree and circled it again. *Pa Walt Disney,* Mike thought sourly. H launched a flying tackle, misjudged i mark and fell sprawling. The gobbl with a wild, frightened cry, fled and hi Mike could not find him.

TOWARD dusk he went down aga The lone gobbler was aloft in t tree. Lissie would be furious. He felt l aching frame and thought about a la der and twenty-odd pounds of unwilli turkey.

"Nuts!" he said, his breath a wh cloud, and went home.

For almost the first time he slept t night; a desperate gonking woke him t dawn. Mike went to the window. T gobbler had left the tree and was on t roof, calling aloud that he was lost a deserted by his kind. Lissie, in a r bathrobe, ran out into the frost-rim yard, spun around until she located t sound, then beamed a look toward M that backed him precipitately away fr the window.

The tom took no harm from his ni out, as Mike did not fail to bring to L sie's attention when they were speak again; but to be outwitted by a turk was a matter which touched his pri He found himself giving the mat thought: he learned to combine strat with increasing speed, and did not r content until he could, at will, bear frantically struggling, twenty-five-po bird to its hated domicile and unce

moniously dump it in. After that, the whole thing got to be a bore.

Toward Thanksgiving, with the end in sight, Frisky woke him late one night with urgent barks. Mike thought of the unlocked garage and of his uncle laid up with rheumatism; he tumbled out of bed and dressed in record time. He was on his way downstairs, flashlight in hand, when his aunt looked out of her room.

"Be careful, dear, there's sneak thieves around the countryside."

"I'll just see if the car is all right."

But Frisky streaked off toward Lissie's turkey house. Dimly visible in the starlight, a figure ducked from cover to cover, heading for the highway. Mike felt a helpless fury. They had purposely mislaid his guns; he had only the flashlight—even his body no longer responded to his commands. But he had to try—

HE PLUNGED down the slope with an ease which surprised him until he remembered his daily contests with the second gobbler. A drag seemed to lift from his body and his heart, he felt power in his smooth strides. Exultance rose in his throat and he gave a muted war whoop, forgetting the sneak thief, forgetting everything but this new glory of motion.

A sobering bullet sang past his cheek. Mike dropped behind a bush, then raised to a crouch and surveyed the situation. The shadowy figure was poised, hesitating to pass him, scarcely ten yards away; a good distance for a spot pass. Mike lifted the flashlight, clicked it on and hurled it, with the cool precision of one of his bullet passes, straight into a blinded face. Then he dived. His shoulder thudded with beautiful impact into a flabby belly.

Everything under control, he exulted. He'd teach the slob to steal from helpless women—

Something descended on Mike with shattering force. *Lesson over,* he thought dreamily. *Teacher passing out. . . .*

Lissie was talking near by. "It was only this light poker," she was saying defensively. "You can see how soft it was—see how it bent."

Mike tried to drag his eyes open, but the light hurt them and, anyhow, the way he felt, he didn't care to see how it bent. His lips moved. *"Helpless women,"* he muttered under his breath.

She went on talking. "So the state troopers sent for an ambulance, but I told them to carry Mike here, because I'm sure he'll be all right, aren't you?"

"Well-l, he hasn't come to," Mike's aunt said. Mike thought she was trying not to sound too anxious. "I think I'll just telephone our doctor."

She went out of the room and Lissie sat down and began to cry. The sound was balm to Mike's confused resentment. He felt well enough to open his eyes.

"Don't cry," he said in a forgiving voice.

Frisky landed with a thud on his chest and scraped his chin with a warm tongue. Lissie looked satisfactorily woebegone.

"Oh, Mike!" she wailed. "I've nearly committed murder, but all I got back was a sack of chickens. They're gone—my beautiful turkeys are gone!"

For a minute Mike couldn't believe it. She wasn't crying about him at all. His head throbbed painfully, a hundred grievances simmering there were coming to a boil. He would teach her a lesson if it was the last thing he ever did—

He fixed her with a glazed stare. "What turkeys?" he asked. "Who are *you?"*

She stared back. "Mike, don't you know me?" she quavered. "I'm Lissie."

"Lissie who?"

She got up and ran out into the hall. "Tell them to send an ambulance!" she said in a breathless voice. "And oh, tell them to hurry!". . .

A pink dawn was breaking when Mike walked down the hospital steps to where Lissie was waiting, anxious-eyed, at the wheel of his car.

"Don't tell me," he said as he got in beside her. "It's all coming back. You're Lissie, the girl who cried over some turkeys but couldn't spare a tear for a one-legged man when she'd just bent a poker over his head."

She looked shocked. "Oh no, Mike! Not over *your* head. I just hit you a little tap by mistake. It didn't really bend until I hit the other man."

"Still, you never *have* had any sympathy for me—you and your crazy birds."

He shouldn't have mentioned the turkeys; she began to cry again. *"Of course* I sympathized with you, you lug! Not showing it was the hardest thing I ever did!"

Mike didn't get it. "I don't get it," he said. There was something important he was trying to remember. He wished she would stop that crying.

She stopped it. He seemed to have made her mad. "Do you think I wanted to spend my life taking care of an intersting invalid? *I* wanted someone to take care of *me."*

Mike looked at her in shocked disbelief; you simply didn't hit a man over the head with a poker and then practically propose. Even with a crust like Lissie's. She could blush, though, he was relieved to discover.

With utter inconsequence, it came to him—the thing he was trying to remember, and with it an irresistible impulse to tease. He still owed her something both for last night and for now. He might be only part of a man, but he was still man enough to do his own proposing if and when he felt like it.

"Lissie, I'm in a position to make you very happy," he said in a tender voice. He dropped an arm gently across her shoulders. "Come here, I've got something to tell you. No, look at me."

She looked at him and for a long minute Mike forgot to continue.

"You've got a crust," he murmured fondly. "I mean—it's all coming back. Yesterday I dug stumps in the north field. I took a nap before dinner and overslept. If you'll go home and look in that tree—"

SHE flushed and pulled away from him. "Mike, you hound! You left them out last night!" She reached for the starter and an expression of glowing happiness overspread her face. "My beautiful turkeys," she crooned, "that I almost lost. Now I *can* raise baby turkeys next year!"

"Thanks to me," Mike said virtuously, then checked. *"You can what?"*

"I suppose you wanted to eat one for Thanksgiving, you brute!"

"Surely they won't need *three* parents—what about that second gobbler?"

"That poor scared thing that made a new man of you? I'd as soon roast Frisky."

Mike glowered at her. "So help me, I believe you planned the whole thing."

"I intend to keep him forever," Lissie stated fervently.

Mike sighed and gave up. She was taking curves on two wheels just to get back to those confounded turkeys. *And he hadn't even known she could drive!*

"Oh, well," he said. "No doubt, like the character who carried the calf, I'll gain strength from day to day. Or I can go back to college and escape it all." He gave her a sidelong glance and finished in an inspired falsetto: *"Grandma, tell us again how you and the turkeys put the finger on Grandpa!"*

Lissie's lips curved, she smiled at the road ahead. She looked soft, but Mike knew better. Soft like a hickory nut. He used to like his women soft, but that was all over. Hickory nuts were the sweetest, and worth working to get.

A cork popped in Mike's chest and seltzer ran tickling through his veins.

THE END

Yes . . . he's used to the best!



He pays $100 for his Garrison fly-rod...

...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!



BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

Keep regular *without* harsh LAXATIVES

Try Lemon and Water — it's good for you!



JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

Lemon and water, when taken first thing on arising, makes harsh laxatives entirely unnecessary for most people.

This natural fruit drink – simply the juice of a lemon in a glass of water – is all that most people need to insure prompt, gentle, *normal* elimination. And unlike harsh laxatives, which irritate the system and impair nutrition, lemon and water is *good* for you!

Millions Take Lemons for Health. Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C, which helps to restore energy and to resist colds and infection. They supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. They alkalinize. They aid appetite and digestion. National surveys show 12,000,000 Americans now take lemon and water as a regulator or health builder.

Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has only enough tang to be refreshing: clears the mouth, wakes you up. Try it 10 days and see if you don't benefit.

California Sunkist

Keep regular the healthful way!

LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising



Johannes Bernhardt, boss of Spanish economy

THE MAN WHO MADE FRANCO

BY TED ALLAN

Using aid to Franco during the Spanish Civil War as an entering wedge, Johannes Bernhardt organized all Spain to support the Nazis in World War II. Now he's collaborating with us

WHEN I was in Spain last fall, word was brought to me by elaborately indirect means that one of the leaders of the Spanish resistance movement had a story which he wanted Americans to read. I agreed to meet the man and after taking all sorts of precautions to insure that I was not followed, I met him in the home of a Madrid businessman. If Franco's secret policemen discover the identity of the businessman he will go to jail for thirty years.

The underground leader told me that the resistance had information about a German businessman in Spain by the name of Johannes Bernhardt. He showed me some reports which Bernhardt had sent to Germany during the war and told me a great deal about Bernhardt's career. During the war, he said, Bernhardt was the secret power behind General Franco, the virtual economic dictator of Spain and the man who organized Spain's resources to support Germany's war machine.

He became one of the richest men in Europe through the operation of an economic empire which controlled 75 per cent of Spain's exports—all of which went to Germany. His operations in Spain and Portugal amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars and he employed a private army of spies and armed guards. No deal was made between Germany and Spain without him. Because of him a handful of Spaniards, including Franco's daughter Carmen and his brother Nicolas, became millionaires. Through him German capital made vast camouflaged investments in Spanish, Portuguese and Argentine industry.

Because of him Franco became dictator of Spain.

I took notes on what the resistance leader said, then set out to check his story through other sources. I talked with a German who had worked for "Sofindus," the corporation which Bernhardt had set up to handle his huge operations.

The German was frightened. "If Bernhardt discovers I have talked to you I will be dead. His private Gestapo is still working. He wants everyone to believe he was just a simple businessman. He works now for only one thing—the rebirth of Nazi Germany."

Next day I was contacted by my Spanish underground friend. "You don't have to go anywhere else for details," he said and shoved a thick pile of papers in front of me.

I started to read. The papers were in three languages, Spanish, English and German, and detailed almost the complete history of Johannes Bernhardt. When I had finished with the papers I decided to see Bernhardt himself.

A few days later I called on Mr. Bernhardt and he welcomed me into his modestly furnished office. He has a strong face, a disarming, pleasant manner. Only his eyes give him away. They are cold and hard, no matter how soft his voice or how friendly his attitude. We talked for two hours. He tried to assure me that he had nothing to hide, that his past life was an open book and his future life at the disposal of the British and American governments. He was so anxious to prove he is "our" friend he willingly agreed to give me his photograph (which I got two days later).

By the time the interview was over I had my story. By telling what he considered innocent facts he helped me put the pieces together. He did not deny helping Franco, or seeing Hitler, or organizing Sofindus. "Everything I did was done from a legitimate business point of view," he repeated again and again.

Here are the facts about his career:

On February 20, 1936, three days after the electoral victory of the Spanish Popular Front parties, a group of Spain's top generals met in Madrid with representatives of the Falange party and the landowners. Among those present were Generals Goded, Mola, Saliquet and Franco. At this meeting, plans were laid for the revolt of the army against the republic. It was decided that General Sanjuro, living in exile in Lisbon, would fly in to take command. General Mola was to lead the African army, and Generals Goded and Franco were to lead the armies concentrated in Navarre and Castile. The date was set for sometime in April and later changed to July 18th, 19th or 20th, depending on developments.

Conspiracy to Camouflage German Aid

On March 26, 1936, Johannes Bernhardt met secretly with Adolf Langenheim, SS chief for Spanish Morocco, in Bernhardt's house in Tetuán. Bernhardt reported on the steps he had taken in preparation for the "coming events." He and General Franco, he said, had discussed the entire problem of German aid. Since both men recognized the international complications inherent in open help from Germany, a private company was decided upon to be a clearinghouse for German munitions once the revolt had begun.

Bernhardt reported that he had already left the firm of the Wilmer Brothers, munitions agents, to set up the new company, called "Hisma." On Franco's suggestion he established the company in partnership with Franco's close friend and confidant, Colonel Fernando Carranza. Bernhardt also reported to Langenheim that Franco would need a plane to bring him to Morocco from the Canary Islands. Langenheim told Bernhardt he would cable Berlin to arrange for the plane.

On July 18, 1936, the Spanish army rose in revolt and proclaimed itself the government of Spain. A few days before, a Deutsche-Lufthansa plane had brought Franco from the Canary Islands to Morocco. On July 18th, Franco made a broadcast from Tetuán in which he said, "Spain has saved herself." Franco and his fellow generals seemed convinced that all of Spain would be under their control within thirty days.

But Spain's people had other ideas about being saved and rose in defense of their republic. Within two days it was obvious that the revolt was in danger.

On his way from Lisbon to take over command of the rebellion, General Sanjuro was killed in a m[y]terious plane accident. General Mola was chos[e]n by the army junta to replace him. A short wh[i]le later Mola met his death in the same way. Gene[r]al Franco then became leader of the revolt. (Spani[s]h Resistance Intelligence sources are convinced th[a]t Nazi agents caused the deaths of Sanjuro and Mo[l]a, but there is no proof of this.)

On July 20, 1936, Bernhardt, the Wilmer Bro[th]ers, SS Chief Langenheim, General Franco and [a] group of Franco's top officers met in Tetuán. R[e]ports were coming in from all parts of the mainla[n]d that the revolt was dying for lack of popular su[p]port. Drastic action was necessary. Franco h[a]d 30,000 troops in Morocco which were desperate[l]y needed on the mainland. But Franco had no shi[p]s or transport planes to move them.

It was at this moment that Bernhardt's value [t]o Franco was proved. He suggested that the Wilm[e]r Brothers cable their head office in Berlin, the Jur[a]ers Aircraft Company, to ask for thirty transp[o]rt planes immediately. The cable was sent that da[y]. The following morning a reply stated that the Jur[a]ers Company could not send the transport plan[e]s "without proper authorization."

The situation was now desperate. On the mo[r]ning of July 21st, Bernhardt held another meeti[n]g with SS Chief Langenheim. Bernhardt asked La[n]genheim to cable Nazi Foreign Party Leader Er[n]st Wilhelm Bohle in Berlin to arrange for Bernhar[d]t to see Goering immediately. Langenheim agre[e]d, and at noon Bernhardt left for Berlin in the sa[m]e plane that had brought Franco from the Cana[r]y Islands. The pilot of the plane was a close friend [o]f Franco's, named Captain Arranz.

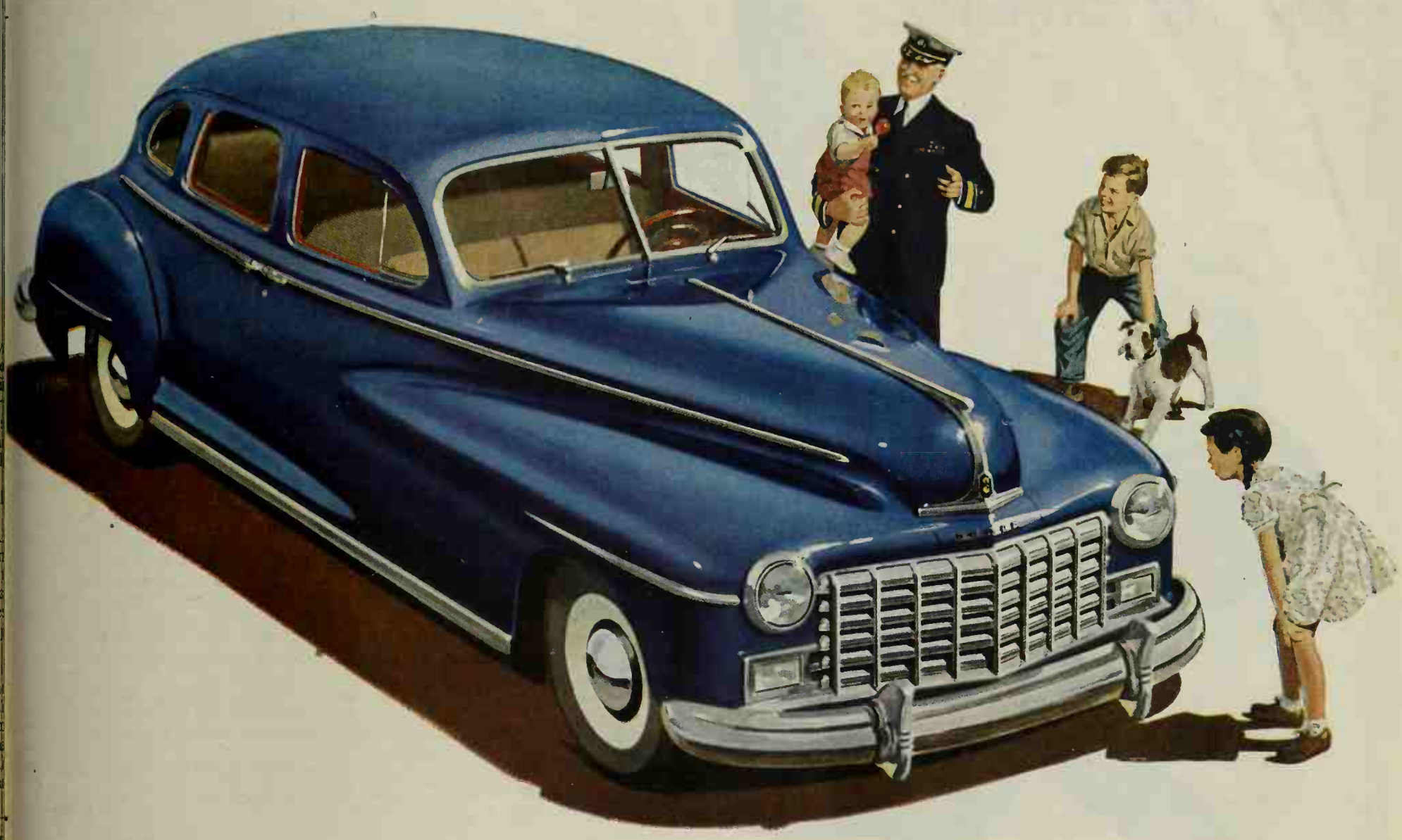
Bernhardt was met at the Berlin airport by Boh[l]e, who took him to Goering. That evening Goeri[n]g and Bernhardt drove to Berchtesgaden to see Hitl[e]r.

When Bernhardt left his Fuehrer late that nig[h]t, he had accomplished the following: Hitler promis[e]d to send thirty transport planes to Franco within t[h]e week. He further agreed on a long-term policy [o]f aid to Franco. A private company was to be est[a]blished in Germany which would parallel Bernhard[t]'s company in Spain. The German company wou[l]d ostensibly be a private one selling arms and mach[i]nery on a free market. But Bernhardt's Hisma wou[l]d clear the supplies through to Franco.

Bernhardt had also suggested that a token v[o]lunteer force be sent to Franco's aid as a "symb[o]l of solidarity." Goering was particularly enthusi[a]stic about this proposal, since it could serve as [a] training ground for German aviators. The pl[a]n was agreed on and the famous Condor Legion w[a]s born.

Hitler gave Bernhardt carte blanche to organ[i]ze the company in Germany which would deal w[i]th his company in Spain. And to show what he p[e]rsonally felt, Hitler appointed him to the rank [o]f Brigadier-Fuehrer in his Elite Guard, the SS.

Thus from every angle Bernhardt's trip to Ber[l]in was a huge success. He remained in Berlin for [a] days, during which time he *(Continued on page 6[0])*



"It's a Ship We're Buying"

So said the Navy Admiral as he took delivery of a brand new Dodge.

Dodge All-Fluid-Drive was nothing new to him. He'd sailed the seven seas on a fluid-driven warship. He knew the ocean of difference between the old power and the new, as Dodge supplies it.

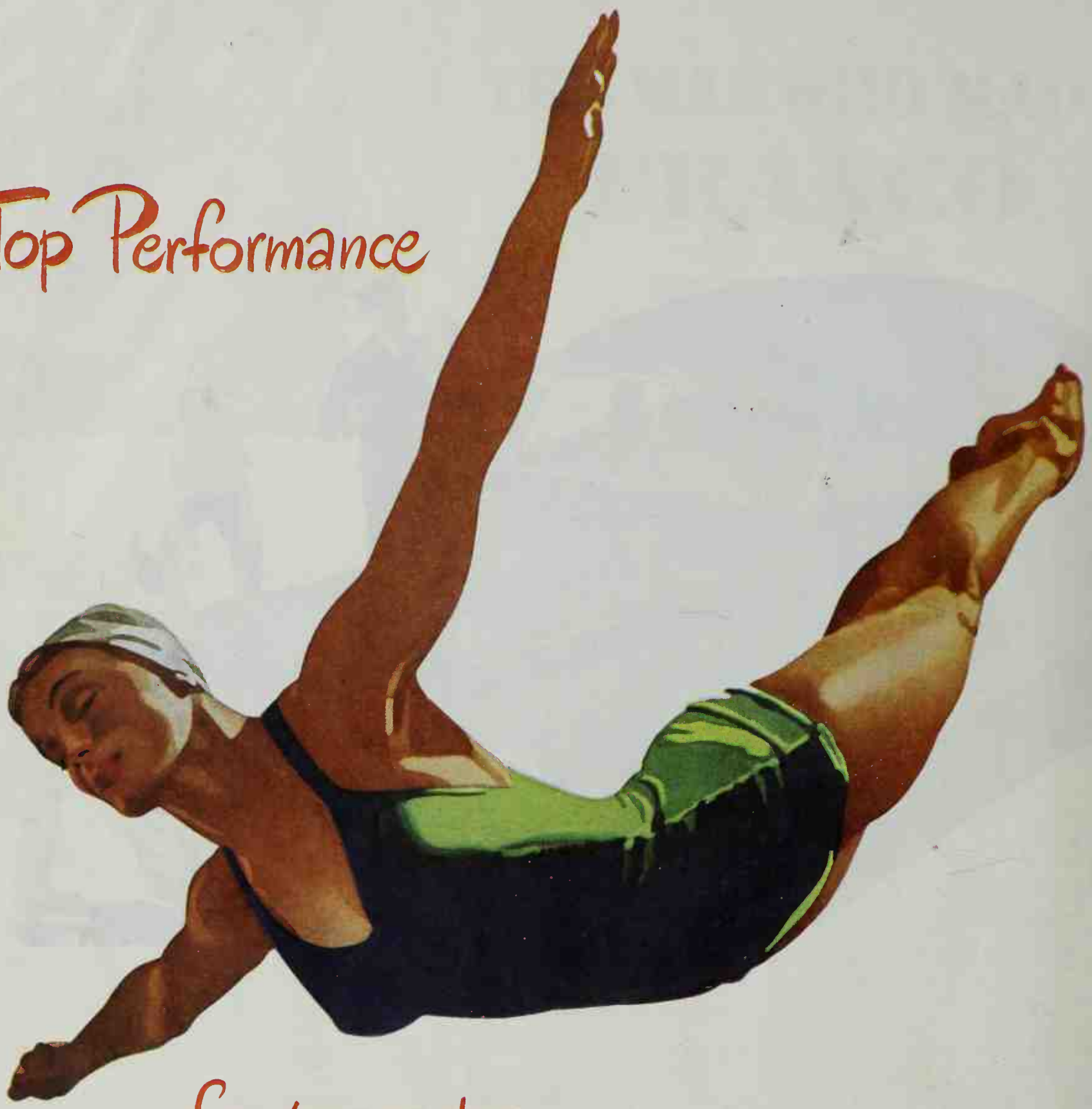
With great beauty, power, speed and economy the new Dodge goes about its business every day, adding new converts, new enthusiasts, new friends to tell the story of the smoothest car afloat.

Take a ride and a drive yourself in this car of the century. At our end, we'll thank you and fill your order fast as we possibly can.

NEW Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"

Top Performance



...for your motor



means HAVOLINE

Sailing along with smooth powerful strokes is the motor that's free from gummy sludge — thanks to Havoline, the oil that *keeps motors clean.* Upkeep dives as you save gas, oil, battery and other parts. Get into the swim of *modern* motoring, with this new double-duty Havoline — at Texaco Dealers everywhere.



...CLEANS as it lubricates

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES



Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

MERCHANT OF VALOR

Continued from page 13

eh man resolving to do his best for the nor of God and his shire. Right well d they do that day, to the delight of His ajesty, first at the prick and then at the ore distant target, the clout; but of all them Wat Tayloe had the best of it. he King was upon the very point of ssing him a purse as his prize when the yal eyes chanced to light upon my bulk I stood pridefully rejoicing in the nor which Wat had brought to our rmstead.

"Great lout," called His Majesty, "why st thou loosed no shaft? Thou hast ews and sinews for it. Why so slug-rdly this day?"

I doffed my headpiece and louted umsily. "God save Your Majesty," I ade bold to say, "I be no yeoman but a erchant's son from London town."

"Does that excuse thee, thou great f?" he said fearsomely. "Because thou st chaffer for farthings in thy shop es that forgive thee from the penalties our Act of Westminster? I trow not."

"Please, Your Majesty," I answered, "I obey the laws of the realm in all ings, nor do I neglect to exercise with w and arrow, or with sword and har-ss. But I cannot shoot against the men this shire without invitation."

"Then I bid thee, thou stiff-necked ox. nd if thou dost not uphold the merit of r London town against these yokels, I ll have thy bow broken across thy hulk-g shoulders."

NOW, though I be somewhat dull of brain and more inclined to ignore jury rather than fight over it, I felt my ger hot within me at such a bidding, d my slow tongue spoke with more eed than regard for the safety of my in. "That condition," I said hotly, "be ght un-English—that I equal or surpass e best archers of the shire or have a w splintered over my back. Nonethe-s I will do my best, and if I win or fail, eave Your Majesty to ponder upon the stice of it."

For a moment the royal face blackened and I thought upon the gibbet or the dungeon cell, but then he leaned forward in the saddle and there was a glint in his small eyes and a twist to his lips that might have been a smile. "Thy tongue is not like to gain thee preferment," he said dryly. "But, by Saint George, thou lackest not bowels. Shoot, then, shop-keeper, and we will see what to do about thine impudence."

"An some man will give me the loan of bow and arrows," I answered.

Half a dozen weapons were pressed upon me and I selected from among them. I was hot and cold, but most determined not to make a botch of it.

"Name the mark, Your Majesty," I said with dry throat, "and with the help of God I will have at it."

Thanking the saints for long hours laboriously spent at the butts, I awaited his command. But before he spoke again I glanced into the sky, and there above my head but within range of a well-sped arrow soared slowly a great, black bird. And because my heart was still hot within me, and because I owned more youth than common sense I put all to the hazard and drawing the string to my ear I let fly. The arrow glinted through the warming sunlight. A sigh went up from the throng at my foolhardiness, but fortune was with me, for my shaft transfixed the great bird and it plummeted toward the earth. Yet, because of my resentment, I was not content, and snatching a second arrow from the spot where I had stuck its point into the earth, I let go again, and by the grace of God transfixed the great bird a second time before it plumped at the King's feet.

And then, either because of relief, or because my anger would no longer restrain itself, I strode to His Majesty, first unstringing my yew. And I held it out to him and said with more boldness than was sensible, "Here be my bow, Your Majesty, and here my back. Have your will with them."

He snatched the bow as if he would belabor me, and then, as he stared at me

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S "This is a stick-up! I'll take some of them hoops, Mac"

"Very Good Number One Ties for Number One Men!"

If our Far East talk is out of character, blame it on our Far West enthusiasm for these *extra-special* Summer Ties.

They are tailored from "Rajah Shantung"—a royal rayon fabric that knots up to a potentate's taste, drapes superbly, and wears till the water buffaloes come home!

These Arrows are made up in light-but-crisp new shades, and they'll point up That New Summer Suit in a way to make your Number One Girl gasp with delight.

To look upon "Rajah Shantung" ties is to love them. To own them is to pay a mere $1.50 each.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



19,293 DENTISTS ADVISE

Smoke VICEROYS!



The Nicotine and Tars Trapped* by The VICEROY Filter

CAN NEVER STAIN YOUR TEETH!

"YES!" advise 19,293 dentists, "Smoke Viceroys!" The nicotine and tars trapped by the Viceroy Filter *can never stain your teeth.* No unsightly bits of tobacco can lodge between your teeth, cause more stain. Smoke Viceroys! No other cigarette gives you such a blend of rich, mild, *luxurious* tobaccos. No other gives you this *exclusive* Viceroy Filter.



Only Viceroy... no other cigarette... has this exclusive Viceroy Filter!

*No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.

I liked his face more than I had ever done. It was grave and even friendly, and he touched me lightly upon the shoulder with the tip of the bow.

"Thou art a too-bold fellow," he said gravely. "Yet I like me bold, honest tongues rather than canting and whining and deceptions. I think I could trust thee. Wilt enter my service?"

"Nay, Your Majesty," I replied. "I be a wool merchant and am content."

"Thy name."

"Peter Carew," I answered.

Cardinal Wolsey leaned and whispered in his ear. "Art kin to Malachi Carew, the London merchant?"

"He is my father," I said.

"Thy father," said the King, "has an honest son, but one so thick of head he will not climb in the world. Thou hast declined a bidding to service that many a man would covet. I ask no man twice."

"That," I answered sturdily, "is as God wills it. May He preserve Your Majesty and make you to prosper in all endeavors."

He frowned down at me and then he drew a ring from his finger and extended it toward me. "An thou will not be my man," he said, "thy pride cannot refuse this token. If an evil hour comes to thee, remind me of this day with this ring. Mayhap thou will find the justice of Henry of England is other than thou didst guess it to be this day."

With that he tossed a purse to Wat Tayloe, put heels to his horse and clattered away at the head of his fine company. It runs in my mind that there have been worse kings than the Eighth Henry of England.

There was a small tumult at the pavilion of the crone who had foretold my future and I halted to enquire into the matter. An ill-visaged lout who had upon him the mark of London bailiff demanded of me what concern it was of mine. I was of a mind to instruct him in that matter with a right hearty buffet and he blenched and cringed saying, "Softly, softly! Lay hand on me, great yokel, and it be the worse for you. My Lord Cardinal liketh not to have his eyes and ears mishandled."

"If," said I, "you are the eye of His Eminence it is like to be a black one. What hurly-burly is this?"

"We but want a word with this teller of fortunes," said the man. "She hath flitted."

"Does His Eminence, being himself so close to Heaven, crave to have his future unfolded before him?"

"Be on your way," answered the tipstaff, "and meddle not in high matters."

I TURNED toward home, puzzled as to why the Cardinal concerned himself with a fortuneteller, but right pleased with myself that I had stood cheek by jowl with a king and not come off the worse for it; and then, the mind being an uneasy thing, it veered off to think upon the hands of the old crone who had foretold my future. And it seemed a more marvelous thing, almost, that she had such hands, than that she could make me see pictures in a crystal ball. Because, now that I thought on it, they were very dainty hands and white and soft with long and slender fingers. Not like the broad fingers with blunt ends and withered skin such as you might expect of an old fortuneteller. There was magic in it and I liked it not.

So I strode along musing in this scatterbrained way as a young man will do till one came riding upon a sorry nag, and he shouted at me as he passed, wanting to be told if I had seen a foreign woman lurking in the forest. To which I answered no.

I may have gone another hundred paces when a sidewise, careless glance showed me a face in a bush, and without meaning to do so I made the sign of the cross, for it was no human face but some unnatural creature doubtless smelling of sulphur from the Pit, though my nose did not scent the reek of it. There were ears the size of a man's palm, and a mouth was slashed across almost from one ear to the other, and a nose like a great dumpling, but eyes so tiny that they seemed but dots.

Eye met eye, and seeing that he was seen, this gnome or pixie or whatever evil thing it was turned suddenly and ran into the forest, and I after it. For it is but natural than any human creature shall chase whatever turns from it in fear and flees. It seemed to me that if this imp or devil feared me I had no need to fear it, and besides I was young and bold.

He ran in such a comical, waddling manner that, in spite of my fear of his master, I was near to laughter and thought that the Devil might not be so bad as old wives' clatter made him. Because he had a sense of humor that could create so funny a familiar.

MY LONG legs overtook him and my hand descended on the collar of his leather jerkin, by the feel of which I knew he was no spirit but solid meat and bone. Which somewhat reassured me. I hoisted him squirming into the air, at which he snatched out a great knife and made slash at me with it; he could not reach, so I cuffed his ear gladly whilst he made treble bleatings and squirmed the more mightily. No flames or smoke came from his mouth so I felt better about it and gave him a hearty shake to teach him manners.

Then little fists beat upon my back between my shoulder blades and I craned my neck and saw a serving maid, who said with right savage voice, "Let him down, thou great ox. Harm him not or I will scratch out thine eyes," and she continued with right good will to pummel the back of me.

Now she had not so much as a kerchief about her head, so that her hair tumbled and it was the color of minted gold and her eyes which were either green or blue —I could not determine which—were making little flames. She was most brave and determined and I laughed at her which made her the more angry.

She was neither tiny nor large, but slender in her kitchen wench's gown, and it ran in my mind that she was comelier than was good for a maid of her station in life, nor did she speak the pleasant, rude words by which you may know the people of our shire.

"Put him down, Peter Carew," she said.

I was not, strangely enough, surprised that she spoke my name. So many marvels had befallen that day that I was past astonishment.

"Is he thy homunculus?" I asked. "Then bid him drop his knife."

She snapped a word at him and the knife fell into the high grass, so I set him on his feet and he scowled at me most grotesquely.

"What make ye in our forest?" I asked. "Art masterless maid and vagabond?"

"Aye," she said and cast down her eyes.

"There is hue and cry," I told her.

"Aye," she said for the third time, "but not for such as I."

"For an ancient hag, a witch, a dabbler in black magic who maketh pictures to come in a crystal ball," I said.

Now I am no fool, though often have I been deemed so because I think before I speak, and sometimes take overlong about it, so I wondered if kitchen wenches in other parts of the kingdom spoke in this fashion and with so brisk and clear a voice such as made one tingle at the sound of it.

"Thy name," I said severely.

"Betty or Molly, or Mary or Maude. Take thy choice, only go thy way and leave me to go mine."

"To sleep in the forest?"

"There be worse places than forests and worse company than the red deer." She brought her hands from behind her back and shielded her face with them, and

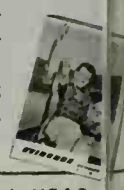
Boating's more fu with an...



—choose your Evinrud from seven great model

You'll enjoy finer performance — mor on every trip — if your motor is *just* for your boat. So choose from Evinr *complete* line of 7 models . . . the motor for smallest fishing craft to f outboard runabouts. Three famed 4-cyl models, including the top-favorite Z for thrilling performance on average See your Evinrude dealer—look for his in your classified phone directory under "Outboard Motors". For free catalog, write

EVINRUDE MOTORS
5521 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 9, Wis.
In Canada: Evinrude Motors, Peterboro, Ontario.



FIRST IN OUTBOARDS • 38th YEAR

seemed to me she was weeping quietly, it then I saw that she was peering at e between her fingers and I knew not hat to think. So I stared at her fingers d waited to see what would happen xt.

Now it is truth that hands have features faces have them, and no two hands e alike as no two faces are the same. have noted that you may recognize a an by his thumb as well as by his nose. nd I found myself staring at her hands at an old acquaintance and was might- upset by it. A man likes to know here his duty lies, and I was not at all ear about it.

"Who," I made query, "was the warrior black armor that you made me to see the crystal ball?" I spoke Italian.

Her brows drew together and her lips essed upon one another, but she was t frightened.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"By your hands," I said, and she ickly hid them in her skirt.

"I made you see nothing in the globe," e said. "It was you who made yourself see. I but made it easier for your sight. ne man was John of the Black Bands."

"But he is in Italy and I am in gland."

"Men have traveled."

"Why," I asked, "does the Cardinal ve to hang you?"

"Mayhap," she said, "he hath other entions. A red hat doth not make a n less a man—or so I have been told."

"What art thou?" I asked shortly.

"A kitchen wench," she answered.

"Witch-hag this morn," I said. itchen wench before sunset. What xt?"

"What will serve my need," she said, nd thank the Father all eyes are not so arp as thine!"

"I cannot abandon thee in the forest," aid grumpily. "Thou wilt die of a sick- ss or starve for want of food, or be ught and hanged by the Cardinal. So, lly-nilly, home we go. And kitchen aid thou shalt be to our Old Nonnie for y personal safety, and she will cuff ne ears and care for thee. And thy niliar here shall shear the sheep. What is name?"

"Giovanpietro," she answered.

"John-Peter. One apostle is not enough r him. I know the woodland paths. llow me and we shall reach the farm." So, because there was nothing else for r to do, she followed me, and John- ter waddled at our heels. And nothing blested us I took her into the kitchen Old Nonnie. . . .

We sat at table, the laborers and nches and John-Peter and the maid ose name I did not know, but who in- ucted Nonnie to call her Betsy, when re came a pounding upon our door. I went to see, and it was Hob Davis, hungry and weary from London town. Hob sets down rows of figures in my father's counting room; he brought me a thick letter from my father and a great heavy purse.

I read the letter once and then read it again to make certain I had missed none of its instructions, and then I stared at the maid who allowed us to call her Betsy and who showed dainty manners in eating her food. Because the letter made truth of her prophecy that I was to adventure upon a journey.

First, for two long pages, my father spoke of politics, and how the world was all upset because three jealous young men of warring natures quarreled to see who should be master of it. He discoursed upon long-nosed Francis of France who longed to be a hero, and of cold, thin-lipped Charles of Spain, who was Emperor, and of our own King Hal, whom I had encountered this day. Having so settled the point that all Europe was in turmoil and wars were raging and business unsettled, he came to the point. Which was that I should forthwith set out for Italy and especially Florence, there to collect certain large sums owed to our house, and to make wholesome arrangements with the Calimala, the wool guild, about shipments of woolen cloth to be refined. And to be sure to see to it that we took no unnecessary risk and got the money that was due us in spite of kings and the Pope, who was a Medici, and the plottings of Naples and Milan and Venice.

He instructed me forthwith to take horse to Rye, where a ship of ours was loading, and to proceed to Livorno, and thence to Florence.

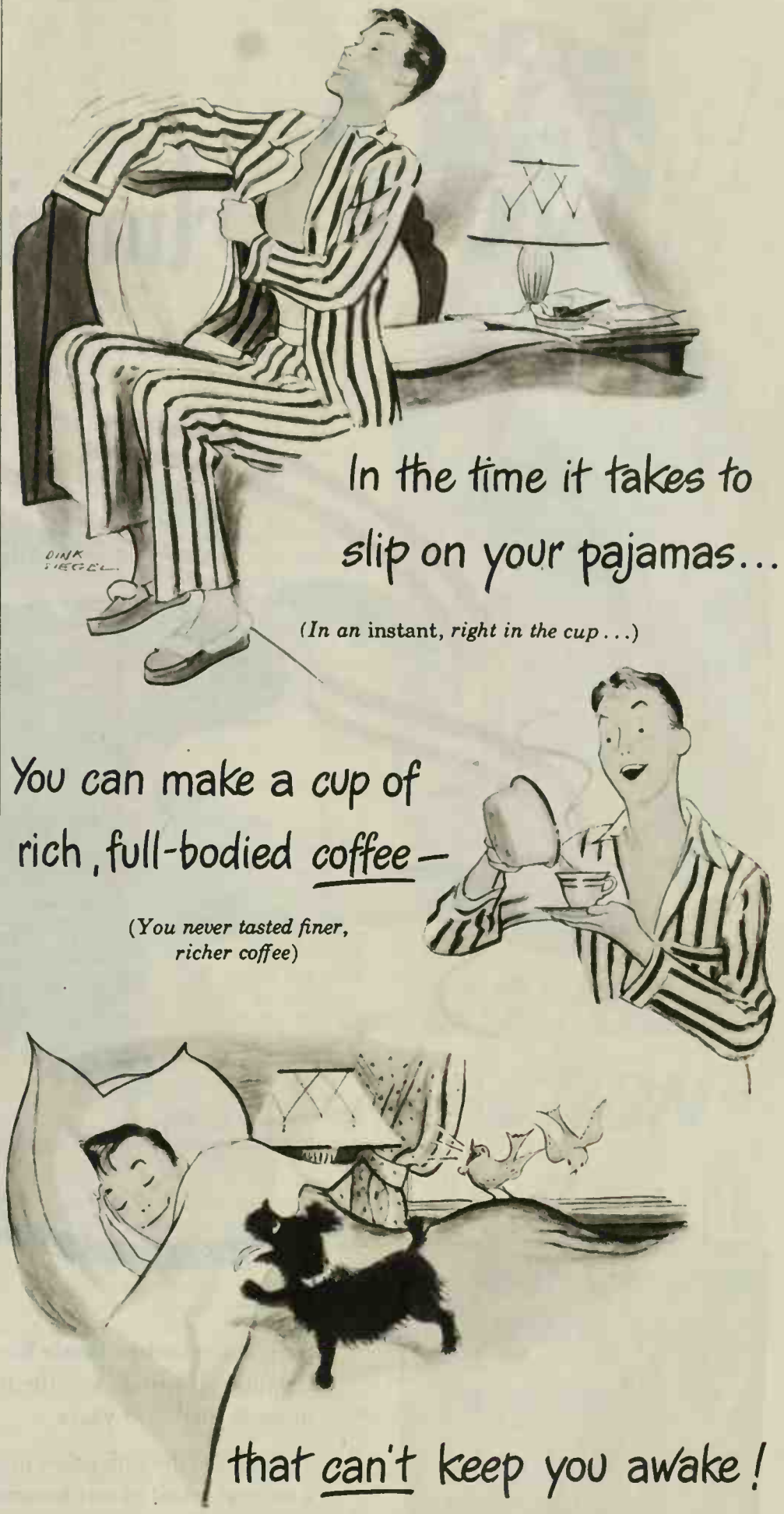
IN THE morning Old Nonnie and the house wenches were all in a bustle getting me ready to go; I was pleased with the prospect of it, and of seeing the world and the strange places and customs in it. In the midst of it all I bethought me of the prophecy made by the old woman in the pavilion—who had turned out not to be old at all—that I was going on a journey. So I took the girl aside into a corner of the kitchen near the three brass pots and the five hams hung from a beam, and demanded of her in a whisper how she had come to prophesy about my going to Italy, but she only smiled at me impertinently and told me that I must not enquire into matters that were above my understanding. And I, gullible as any youth of my age, was content to be amazed by a mystery, and never to suspect that I was being made a cat's-paw in affairs of state by a girl who cared not a whit what happened to me so long as she had her way of it.

So I got on my horse with all my gear,



"Does that sound reasonable enough, dear, or shall I get another estimate?"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY



In the time it takes to slip on your pajamas...

(*In an* instant, *right in the cup . . .*)

You can make a cup of rich, full-bodied coffee—

(*You never tasted finer, richer coffee*)

that can't keep you awake!

(*It* can't, *even though you're affected by caffein! It's 97% caffein-free!*)

if you use new



A Product of General Foods

INSTANT SANKA COFFEE

The only instant coffee that's caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!



American Originals



The American bald eagle, symbolic of the American independence celebrated on July 4th . . . an Original American holiday.



Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin is an inimitable American Original. It brings you the first basic improvement in gin-making in more than 300 years.

You can *see* the difference in its color of fine vintage champagne, a natural result of our leisurely, time-honored way of producing it.

You can *taste* the difference in the sippingly smooth flavor which comes from Seagram's exclusive process.

Look for this inimitable gin as it stands out from all the colorless gins on your dealer's shelf.



When available, our time-honored "ancient" bottle will replace the present "victory" bottle.

Seagram's
Ancient Bottle **Gin**
DISTILLED DRY

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

not until I had told the girl who called elf Betsy to demean herself modestly, to obey Old Nonnie, and to stay re she was until I came back. o all of which she replied demurely obediently, and kept her eyes on the as a kitchen wench should, until I not sure she was not making fun of behind her eyes. For she was a nen wench of a sort we never before seen in the shire, and her hands were y, and her face was above her sta-

at traveled with me, and we arrived y in Rye; there I had disclosed to part of the prophecy that had puz- me, wherein it had been said that I ld go on a ship in a port where es waited for fish. And I discovered ny further amazement that in Rye constantly waited three hundred es for the fishermen to come in with catch. With which the three hundred es made off quickly for London town nat people might be fed on Fridays. aid goodby to Wat on the wharf, and hip being loaded and only awaiting a tide, I was soon at sea and wishing tily I was ashore again. For the on of the waves so meddled with the esses of digestion that it would have better had I refrained from eating ll. I lay down among my gear and d about nothing in life except getting re again—not even caring whether y followed my admonitions about esty and diligence and staying safe at farm until I returned to make up my d what should be done with her.

E MADE harbor at Livorno late of a hot afternoon, and never was glad to set foot on firm ground again. e was much to-do with petty officials re I could search out an inn, which I ere I went to the house of my father's t there, one Jacopo Peruzzi, who re- ed me with deference. om the instant we passed the ancient rs of the *fortezza,* I, a young man rant of all lands but my native land, found myself in a state of ex- nent and delight, so strange and ex- g were the sights and sounds. Low arose behind the city itself, and the ly built Torre del Marzocco lifted it- above the other visible structures, ge to an eye accustomed only to our ish way of building. But it was the le jostling in the narrow streets that me that indeed I was in a strange , for there were Spaniards, Portu- e, Greeks, Germans, Hebrews, s, Armenians, Persians, all in their e dress. All these drawn here from most remote and heathen quarters of earth by a common loadstone, which trade—the desire to buy and to sell. y father's letter admonished me that course for a stranger to pursue in a ge land and in troubled times was to vith his eyes and listen with his ears, to mind his own business most tly. "These Italians," said my father, e the custom of quarreling one with ther. If you shall see several attack- one in the darkness, do not as an ishman would do at home and come e aid of the weaker party, but go y away and become not embroiled." aw no such sight in Livorno, though ing back to my inn after walking ugh the streets in the evening, I did w the example of others and walk nd the body of a lean man in a purple who lay dead upon the street, his eing eyes staring upward. Each na- to its own uses, say I, but this was that turned my stomach. ntered the main room of the inn, a , stone-paved apartment with a fire- in the middle of the room, not st a wall as our fireplaces are in and. I passed through the room and bed the stairs to my bed. My door ajar, and I heard a rustling within, approached softly and thrust the wide. A candle burned and I saw bending over my bundles a brown-robed figure, busily searching them.

I stood in the door and regarded him in some confusion, for it was a noteworthy thing to see a friar thus conducting himself as a thief.

"Brother," I asked, "is thievery a tenet of your order?"

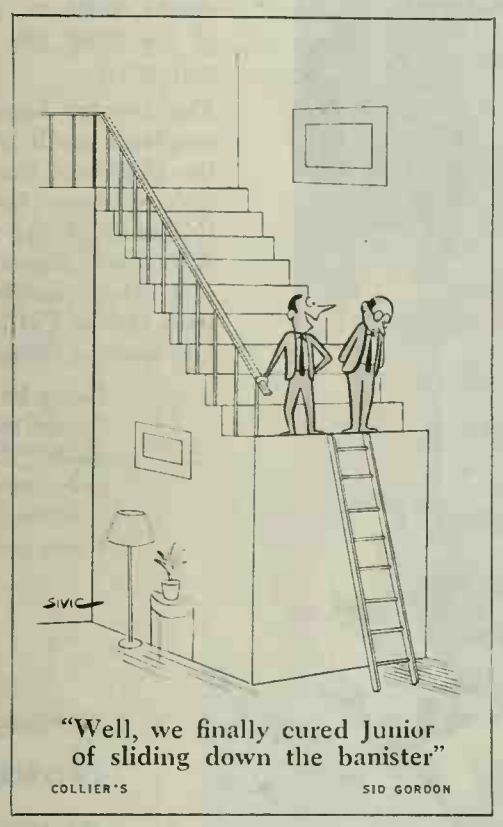
He straightened to his full stature and turned so that the candlelight fell upon his face which was round and hairless under his tonsured dome, and he blinked at me, grinning right merrily.

"Did none halt you at the foot of the stairs?" he asked.

"None," said I.

"I am most scurvily served," he said. "It is the times. Men are not what they were and no reliance can be placed in them. Or I had been warned of your approach in time. Well, Ser Englishman, the church hath been caught with its hands in the sweetmeats. Martin Luther could preach a sermon upon it."

He walked across the room and sat upon my bed and grinned broadly at me, not in the least embarrassed.



"Well, we finally cured Junior of sliding down the banister"

COLLIER'S SID GORDON

"I will instruct you, Ser Englishman. I will add to your knowledge, for you have a simple look. This is not a matter of thievery but of politics. I am frank with you. I act upon high precedent. Aye, English precedent, for did not your own Cardinal Wolsey send most skilled thieves to rummage the baggage of the ambassador of Venice before he took ship from Dover and steal letters and documents of high importance?"

"But I have no letters nor documents!"

He beamed upon me jovially. "Look you," he said, "a Pope must walk warily among kings. More especially a newly electeo Pope. And a Medici Pope. He must know in which direction many cats will jump. He must know if your English king will send armies to aid Bourbon against French Francis. He must know who is secretly with the Emperor Charles and who against, who bribes whom."

"These matters," said I, "are far above me. Woolen cloth is my trade."

"A wool merchant or a barber or a goldsmith may be a secret messenger," said the friar. "Therefore, and for some particular reason, His Holiness hath an itching interest in all who arrive from England—and in what they carry."

"Wherefore," I said, "you be no thief but a servant of His Holiness charged with searching the belongings of Englishmen. Well, you have searched mine—and found nothing. When next you see His Holiness, assure him of my veneration and inform him that I am errand boy for none but my father."

"I have rummaged your property," he said, "and found nothing of interest to king, emperor, duke or pope. But a letter is small. I have not searched your person."

"Nor are you like so to do," I told him.

"It might be well for the wholeness of your skin," he said, "if you implored me to do that thing. Then I could make sure report and there would be an end of the matter."

I WAS half of a mind to do it and so rid myself of suspicion, but my gorge rose against the thought of his fat fingers touching me and slipping in and out of my pockets like overfed mice. Besides which there is some kind of pride in a man which causes him to resent that sort of indignity, so I told him straitly that if the Medici Pope came in person and asked to slip his hands into my pockets I would not permit it.

He sighed merrily, if that be possible, and said that in his opinion it was more likely some woman would be entrusted with the errand than a man, and that his advice as a member of a celibate order was that I have no traffic with women, especially beautiful ones. Then he looked at me compassionately. "Thou art a huge simpleton," he said, "that should not be abroad without his mother. But I do not mislike thee. Thou wouldst trust the asp that bit the Queen Cleopatra." He gave off a great bellow of laughter. "Even me thou wouldst trust if I chose to talk thee into it, me but freshly caught rifling thy baggage."

"I have trusted more evil men than thou," I said.

He kneaded his paunch and looked at me thoughtfully. "Mayhap thy simplicity will serve thee for wisdom," he said. "I have a great liking for thee, great simpleton. Yet, if it served a purpose I would use thee; I would cheat thee; I would cozen thee and gull thee artfully. Therefore trust me not." He shook his head ruefully. "I might this day be a bishop, but for a weakness that is in me, and that weakness is a liking for my fellow man. Aye, and the pleasure I find in laughing at them. So, Ser Englishman, my advice to thee is to clothe thyself in a garment of suspicion. Put confidence in none. Follow this warning and thou mayst yet return intact to thy own land."

He spoke as if he believed what he said, and he was of greater experience than I—yet I could not agree with him. It would be an ill world indeed if there were none in it to whom a man might give his love and his trust. I told him so. "Even in this Italy of yours, with its Medicis and its Sforzas, there must be good men and true," I said.

"I know them well," he said, "popes and princes and cardinals and princelings—and of the lot there is but one. One only of all the multitude that is without guile. Only one who is too trustful, refusing to lift himself to power and the rule of a state."

"Tell me then," said I, "the name of this one true man who doth shine so brightly in a murk of knaves."

"It is My Lord Giovanni," he said in a voice of grave respect. "It is our great general, our young, great general. My Lord Giovanni delle Bande Nere."

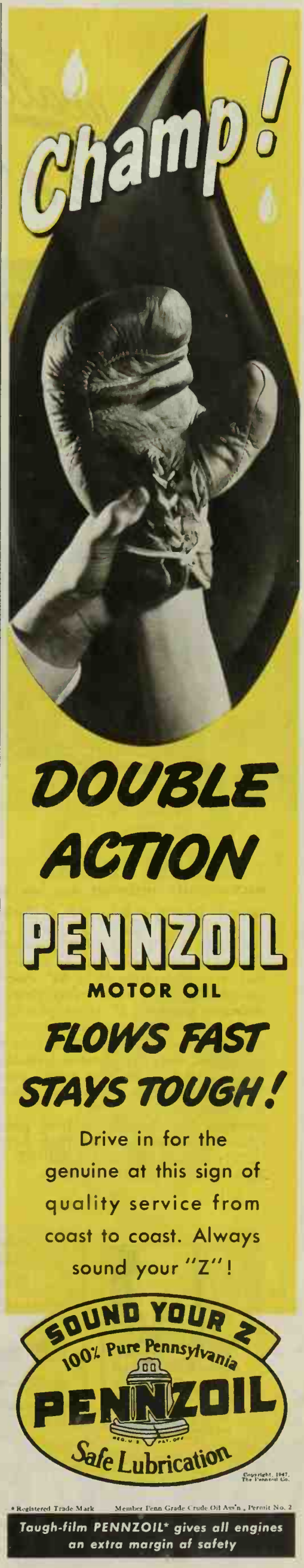
"John of the Black Bands!" I said. "His fame has journeyed even to England."

"His name," said the friar, "will travel higher and farther than your bleak island if he shall remain alive amidst the pestilence of malice and fear of him, and jealousy of him that doth surround him like an evil fog." He paused. "Has the ill news reached thee, Ser Englishman, that Bayard is dead?"

"The Chevalier Bayard!" It was grievous news indeed that this perfect knight was no more.

"Aye," said the friar. "Bayard is dead. In an obscure skirmish. Now only my Lord Giovanni remains to uphold the waning torch of chivalry."

He got up from my pallet and moved



you're really there with a CROSLEY Spectator television receiver



A WORLD OF ACTION . . . THE PANORAMA OF LIFE . . . YOURS TO SEE AND HEAR FROM YOUR OWN EASY H

It's a fact . . . if you live within range of a tel station, the Crosley Spectator enables you to enj *fected* television reception in your own home! Ev —every evening—the fabulous world of sports, m drama, fashions, news-in-the-making—the vivid pa of life itself fills the ether, waiting for you to and enjoy.

The Crosley Spectator is not an experiment! It's e umphant result of years of research and developm the electronic scientists who executed many of ou try's wartime television requirements. The clari brilliance of the pictures you see on the "Global Screen will amaze you. They remain steady, throug and other electrical disturbances; perfectly synch with lifelike FM Sound. It's just like being at the sp ing, hearing, living the action the instant it happe

Don't let another day pass without enjoyi *fected* television in your home. See your dealer. Let him show you the wonders been missing—and then ask him to deliv Crosley Spectator Television Receiver righ From then on, you'll really *live!*

through the magic of the CROSLEY *Global View* SCREEN as many as a dozen persons can watch bright, clear picture . . . *even in daylight!*

MECHANICALLY INCLINED? *Here are the Details:*

CABINET: Smartly-styled, made of Walnut. Overall size: 25½" wide x 15" high x 19" deep. "GLOBAL VIEW" SCREEN: Framed in darker Walnut for better visibility; 52 Square Inch Picture Area; dimensions 6⅜" x 8½". Protected with crystal-clear heavy sheet safety glass.

TELEVISION RECEIVER: 27 tubes plus 3 rectifiers. Lok-in-Tune Electronic Synchronizer automatically locks your SPECTATOR in tune with sending station, stabilizes pictures. Unusually bright, clear pictures are brilliant—visible even in daylight. AC Power Requirements: 105-125 Volts, 60 Cycles.

CONTROLS: All controls on front panel. All-13 Channel Station Selector; High Sensitivity, "DISTORTION-FREE" FM SOUND SYSTEM: Noise-free; not affected by static.

YOU and your guests are *part of* the action you see and hear with your Crosley SPECTATOR! So brilliant, so clear, so vivid are the pictures; so absolutely life-like the sound that every one of the dozen friends you can invite to watch feels transported—believes himself actually *living* the scene before him! Thank the modern miracle of Electronics for such astonishing performance—for the automatic Lok-in-Tune Synchronizer that "locks" your Crosley SPECTATOR to your choice of All-13 Channels; for true-to-life FM S without static or other electrical interf from appliances, door-bells, signs, etc. lieve the miracle of the Crosley SPECT and the Crosley "GLOBAL VIEW" Scree must see and hear for yourself! Do it Beautifully-grained Walnut makes the c of your Crosley SPECTATOR a han piece of furniture. Darker Walnut fram "GLOBAL VIEW" Screen – minimizes tion – gives the pictures even greater and brilliance!

CROSLEY Division—AVCO Manufacturing Corporation
Cincinnati 25, Ohio

© 1947,



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE CROSLEY SHELVADOR*

Gives you 28 feet of front-row food at your fingertips every time you open the door. Here's one refrigerator door that is a convenience instead of a nuisance . . . and it's exclusive with Crosley. Ask your Crosley dealer to demonstrate this "Speed Way For Meals" . . . show you all the improvements in home refrigeration that are yours in the Shelvador.*

FROSTMASTER — Compact cabinet provides thrifty frozen food refrigeration for 100 pounds.



GAS RANGES — Featuring the waist-high broiler and other conveniences for better, easier cooking.





THE RONDO— Smart and new from every view.

† PATENTED

MATCHLESS CARROLLTON PHONO WITH FM and Jewel† Tone System th "Goodbye" to needle chatter—hiss—and scrat records last up to ten time —and sound better.



ard me where I stood against the r. "Stand aside, Ser Simpleton," he . I opened the door for him and as passed through into the murky pas-, he turned and said a strange thing. No man," he said, "is completely lost vil if he still can perceive and admire ue in another."

lis sandals flapped along the stone ement of the passageway and down stairs and out of my sight. I stood e staring after him and scratching my k head in bewilderment. For there e been many decent and respectable whom I have liked less than this ked friar, caught red-handed by me neft. Maybe God hath a special pur-e in bestowing upon certain rascally, ng men the power to charm their ws and to cause you to love them knowing the evil that is in them. It matter too deep for me to fathom. A op or a cardinal might explain it but ubt if I should understand what they e talking about.

went back into my hot room and n I had removed my clothing I on the overshort bed and slept. . . .

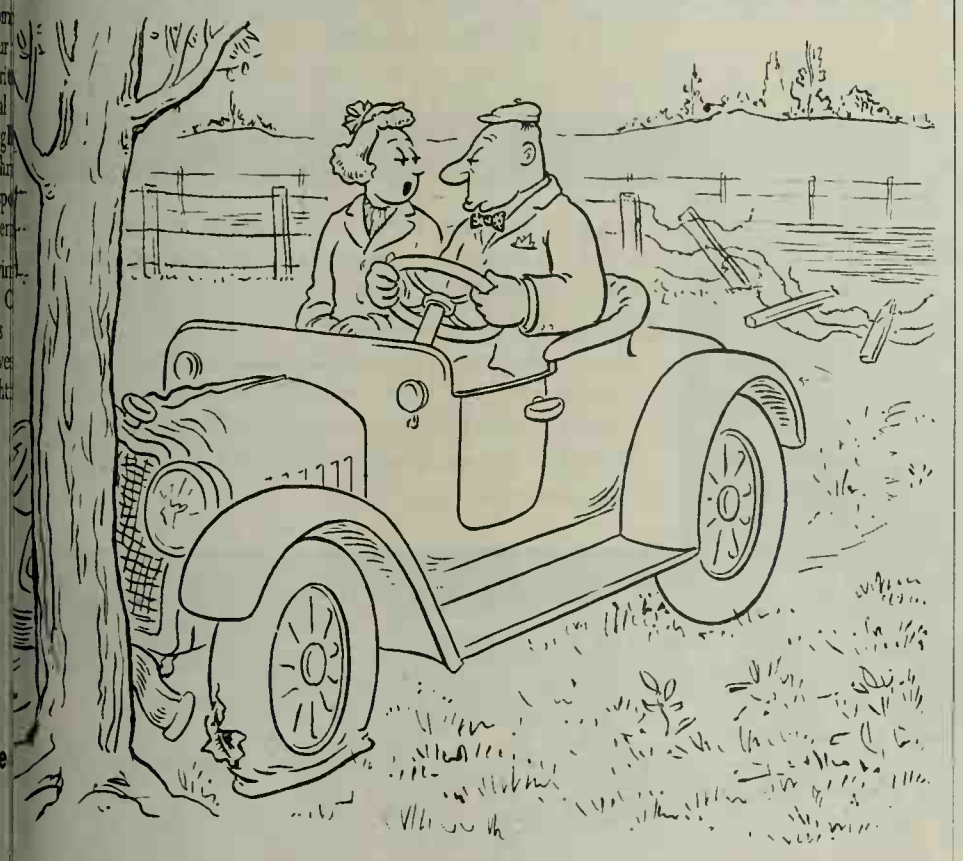
of the zealot Savanarola had ended in flames at the stake.

I found the house of Bratti, a small, dingy structure without, but clean within; and Bartolomeo was only the moment returned from the shop of his master. He was a tall and fleshless man, but with bright eyes and a friendly way about him. And glad indeed to have the extra soldi that I would pay him for lodgment. There was a goodwife and four children, but room was made for me and welcome given for my father's sake, who had lodged here some five years before.

His goodwife refreshed me with wine and food, and the older son, a lad of fifteen, led away my horse for stabling. The talk was of the wool trade with France and Flanders and of the interruption of it by wars that moved southward and might spill themselves over into Italy.

"We have no Magnifico," said Bratti regretfully, "to tread softly among dangers and to balance our enemies one against another, so that Florence may be kept safe. We have only the Pope, who hath sent the Cardinal Passerini to be guardian to young Ippolito and hold the

LFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Yes, Alfred, I'm quite sure it was a genuine blowout and not just an excuse to park"

OLLIER'S

n the second day thereafter, having ided myself with a serviceable horse, out upon the journey to Florence, g across the hot, humid plains of any in company with a train of pack nals bearing my father's woolens and wares and merchandise of other mer-ts. We were a considerable company glad of it, for the times were vexed, armies gathered and the roads were of the safest. Yet after days of jour-ng we accomplished the sixty miles of roads and saw against the evening the walls and towers and domes and ces of the ancient city of Florence.

e entered the city by the Porta alla e, having fulfilled the requirements he law, and with the descending sun ur backs, we clumped along, using dome of the great *duomo* as our e. My father's letter had instructed o find lodgings with one Bartolomeo ti, a worker in the employ of a mer-t of the Calimala with whom our e carried on considerable business. house was in the Borgo del Greci, h was behind the Palazzo Vecchio, h houses the government of Flor-, and before whose entrance the life city for the Medici until the boy comes to manhood. Thy father is wise, Messer Pietro, to look to the safety of his moneys."

"If the good God," exclaimed Bratti's wife, "had but given us, instead of Passerini and the Pope and the boy Ippolito, the Lord Giovanni, I would sleep sounder in my bed."

"Mind thy tongue, woman," Bratti said fearfully. "Wouldst have me stretched on the rack?"

"For all that," she said boldly, "if we little people of Florence had our way, Giovanni de' Medici would be our lord. It is rumored he is in the city secretly."

"It is no secret," Bratti said. "He is with his sweet wife in the palace of Jacopo Salviati, his father-in-law. His business, wife, is not to plot against Ippolito but only to raise money for the pay of the Black Bands, a troublesome task, and one to which he is not suited." So saying, he rose, and I followed.

I went to my small room under the tiles and removed my travel-stained clothing, and, because the evening was still young, changed into others of finer cloth, including a cap with a feather. I fastened on my belt and dagger, and as I gathered up my castoff garments from the bed I felt, in an inside pocket of my leather jerkin, a small package which had passed from my mind. It was the charm given me by Betsy in the fortuneteller's booth at the fair. Now I be not one to sneer at proper charms and talismans, because any man who has read books as I have knows well that such matters are best treated with respect. I have read it in both Latin and Greek. So it may be that this charm had aided me well to a thus-far prosperous journey. At least it had brought me no harm. Therefore I bestowed it tenderly in a pocket inside my finery and felt the better for it. I then went to the kitchen where the goodman sat whilst his wife and older children washed the dishes.

"Go you out at this time of night, Ser Pietro?" asked Bratti.

"To see your city by the light of the moon," I told him. "I have heard the moon doth enhance its wonders."

"Moon or no moon," said his goodwife, "our nights be not wholesome. But youth rides thy shoulders and I waste no words in telling thee to get to thy bed and lie in safety."

Bratti shrugged and got up from his seat. He went to a corner and returned with a stout cudgel, well-balanced and heavy where weight should be. "Then carry this for company," he said. "And where the shadows fall thick betake thee to the middle of the street."

So I unbarred the door, which Bratti barred after me, and made my way along the narrow street until I found myself in the great open space of the Piazza della Signoria, before the black, great frowning mass of the palace. I walked this way and that, pausing now and then as the moon touched with silver some sculpture from the hand of a master or some towering church or noble palace of huge, hewn stones more like to citadel than to city residence. I knew not where I was, nor cared, because of the glamor of it.

FEW were in the streets as I strode along, but suddenly there was turmoil, and I saw not less than eight men attacking two who placed their backs against the wall and defended themselves right manfully. The attackers wore black cloaks, and I saw that their faces were concealed by masks. So I knew they were in the wrong of it, because honesty does not mask its face. One of the two who were attacked already sank to the pavement, leaving the other to defend himself alone. About his left arm he had wrapped his cloak to serve in some measure as a shield while he held the ruffians at bay with a dagger. I cried him encouragement, for no Englishman can look upon so unequal a fight and lend no hand to the weaker party. And forthwith I fell upon the rear of the ruffians, swinging my cudgel with the strength which God hath given me. It was to their surprise and consternation, and their skulls cracked as sweetly. Whereupon five of them took to their heels, but three remained groaning.

The man who had been the victim of the onslaught bent over his fallen companion and made examination. Then he straightened and turned his face to me. It was a young face and noble, with the eyes of a commander of men, and the bearing of one who is no common man. His dress was rich, and a mustache covered his upper lip.

"He is sped," said this nobleman.

"As thou wert like to be," I answered.

"Who art thou," he asked, "that comes with so ready a cudgel to the aid of a stranger?"

"I am a merchant's son, of England."

"Thou hast mistaken thy calling," he said dryly. "By Saint Francis and Saint Barnabas and all the rest whose names escape me, thou art as out of place in a shop measuring ells of cloth as a lion would be in a cage of doves. Thy name."

"Peter Carew," I answered, and added

You needn't get



A "charley horse"



For ease and speed



Use this, of course



For the quickest, easiest, safest way to make dull traffic film disappear—try Du Pont No. 7 Polish. Just once over produces a brilliant shine, restores original color and lustre. Try a can today.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
No 7 POLISH
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Niagara attracts more than brides



1859 **Beautiful Niagara** has been a magnet to daredevils, as well as honeymooners, since Monsieur Blondin skipped across the Falls on a 3-inch rope. The name Corby's came to Canada a year before this French expert drew crowds to watch his chilling antics.



1899 **A little boat,** aptly called *Fool Killer,* successfully shot the Rapids. A few months earlier, when the name Corby's had 41 years' standing in Canada, a performer made the same trip in a barrel. He met death several years later by accidentally slipping on a banana peel.



1928 **Over the Falls** with no damage other minor bruises! Hard to believe, but i done in an 11-foot rubber ball in the 70th ye Canadian fame for the name Corby's. Others already dared breath-taking parachute jumps the suspension bridge.



1947 **Niagara Falls** still attracts publicity-hungry eccentrics. At least one man thinks it would be *fun* to take the drop in a new rubber ball—even though the law says, "No!" For a much more reasonable kind of fun, *share your good times with Corby's,* the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Whenever and wherever it's suggested, light, sociable Corby's rates an immediate "YES!"



CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

ectfully, "My Lord." For it was easy
e that he was far above me in station.
t comes not easily from the tongue,"
aid. "I am in thy debt, Ser Merchant.
ere an ill thing had I come to my
n in an alley at the hands of robbers."
Nay, My Lord," I said. "Not robbers.
e was one who stood somewhat aside
golden spurs were on his heels. Rob-
wear not such gear. It was an assas-
ion."
Eyes that see," he said, "and an arm
strikes—that saves my life. By Hec-
nd Achilles, thou shalt repent from
g a merchant. I will make it my con-
to find better work for thee."
Nay," said I, "I am content, and I
not forsake nor neglect the business
which my father sent me."
looked at me with displeasure, but
from around his neck a chain, and
moon glinted upon jewels. "Take
this, then," he said, "as a token of
hanks."
ow I looked him in the eye, for it
e me angry that he should offer me
rd for coming to his aid. It is not a
ce for which one may take payment
out loss of respect for self.
My Lord," said I, "that was not well
."
is eyes were fierce at the rebuke, but
moment he smiled crookedly.
t was not well done," he said. "I
ght I understood men. But all men
lifferent and worth studying. A com-
der who doth not know men is not
hold leadership. I would study thee,
use something might be learned.
n England, say you?"
Aye, My Lord."
Come then, and tell me about the
n of England. Doth thy pride revolt
rinking a glass of wine with me whilst
ossip?"
pointed at the man who lay still at
eet. "Your servant," I said, "is dead."
No servant of mine," he said, with
e a glance downward, "but the clerk
usurer. The watch will find him."
I saw a certain hardness in this
ng man that did not please me, for I
not know the whole truth of the mat-
I shrugged but was not content, for
all, men are men, and when they die
are not carrion like beasts, but enti-
to burial and the rites of the church.
have given you my name, My Lord.
not our English habit to drink," I
"with men who do not make fair
ange."
w he smiled, and broadly.
he name," he said, "is Giovanni de'
ici. Some prefer to call me Giovanni
Bande Nere."

"John of the Black Bands!" I said in English, and I was confused and abashed that I had spoken with such freedom to so great a lord and so famous a warrior, but he slapped me on the shoulder. "Come along, Ser Merchant, while I essay to make a soldier of you."

As we walked through the night toward the Salviati Palace, I busied myself with recalling what I knew of this young nobleman who had come to be acclaimed the first soldier of the age. In his veins ran the merchant-banker blood of the Medicis—the younger branch of that family who had so long ruled Florence without holding public office. But it was from his great mother that he derived those high qualities and warlike skills which had enabled him to revolutionize the art of war. His mother, daughter of the Duke of Milan, was a Sforza, a tragic, tremendous woman, who had wedded for her second husband Giovanni de' Medici, a bright, handsome man so dear to Florence that he was known as Il Popolano. And now her son, who walked at my side, had taken to wife Maria Salviati, granddaughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent. So, in their son Cosimo was united the strain of the older and the younger Medici branches. And that, in the complex politics of Tuscany, was a dangerous thing.

MY LORD took me to a room richer than any I ever had seen before, its walls embellished with marvelous paintings and tapestries, and there he seated me as if I were his equal, and called for wine. Though he was brusque in speech, nevertheless there was a quality in this young man which gave you ease in his presence and compelled your liking. It was this quality, I was to learn, that caused every soldier in the Black Bands to hold him as companion rather than as commander. Yet he could be terrible in his anger and merciless.

"Tell me of your English soldiery," he said abruptly. "I have never fought against them to test their mettle. What arms do they handle best? Accounts of your archers have reached my ears."

As best I could I described such matters, how our archers were required by law to shoot at the butts from childhood, and how all men were required to own arms and gear. He asked sharp, knowing questions and was impatient if my answers did not go deeply into every matter.

"And you," he asked, "have been so trained in the use of weapons?"

"As was my duty, My Lord."

"I suppose there must be merchants and bankers and churchmen," he said,



"Oh, just take it easy, get married, raise some children, get a different job, move to the country, and travel a bit"

OLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

How to be crazy
LIKE A SQUIRREL!



Smart motorists know that it's far from crazy to buy a South Wind Car Heater this summer. For, like the foresighted squirrel, you'll be ready for cold weather rather than disappointed like the 400,000 motorists who couldn't get South Winds last winter. This coming winter it looks like demand will again far exceed supply. So, be smart! Get your South Wind, now! *Here's why:*

- Right now, South Winds are available with or without defroster. Mechanics are also available to install them.
- You need not wait until you get your new car. Install a South Wind in your present car. It's easy to transfer later.
- A South Wind is ideal to take the chill off nippy summer and fall night drives. It's always connected—ready for use!

Hot Heat in 90 Seconds
makes South Wind the World's Largest Selling Car Heater!



CREATES ITS OWN HEAT...
NO WAIT FOR ENGINE WARM-UP
...FITS ANY CAR
ONLY $29.75
Plus small installation charge

2 MILLION USERS SAY..."90-Second Heat! That's up to 7 times as fast as ordinary heaters! It means quick comfort even on shortest trips—to work, to store, school, movies!"

NO OTHER CAR HEATER can use the exclusive South Wind "sealed flame" principle. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented, sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out the exhaust. Its safety has won the seal of Underwriters' Laboratories. Easy to install...no hose to cut...no extra thermostats to buy. Get your South Wind now! On sale at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages and service stations coast to coast. SOUTH WIND DIVISION, STEWART-WARNER CORP., INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA.

Its safety has won for it the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Proved on millions of cars and trucks!

South Wind
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
90-SECOND CAR HEATER

STEWART WARNER

COMING! The New South Wind "Custombuilt"—a Luxury Heating and Ventilating System for Motor Cars and Motor Transports—$99.50 Plus Installation.

Never before has there
with so many



CHEVROLET



Today's newest trucks—trucks you'll want to see, with **ADVANCE DESIGN.** They're new from roof to road, from headlight to tail light, with performance that will give you better and more profitable results on any delivery or hauling job.



New **INCREASED LOAD SPACE** in panels and pick-ups to carry the larger loads and shorten the longer jobs! More efficient loading in stake and high rack bodies!

Longer-than-ever **WHEELBASES** for more room in the cab . . . better load distribution!





Chevrolet's stronger, sturdier **FRAMES** with new su cargo capacity are designed to carry *greater* loads *gre* distances for a *longer* time. . . . Chevrolet's famous **FU FLOATING HYPOID REAR AXLES** are geared for y load on any road.

eeen a new line of trucks eatures to talk about!



Drivers will find new comfort and new safety in the cab that "breathes"—that "inhales" fresh air and "exhales" used air—keeps glass clear and free from fogging . . . plus a host of other new features that make these trucks a "must" for you to see—at your Chevrolet dealer's now!



evrolet's new **FOUR-POINT DRIVER COMFORT** gives a eak" to the man in the driver's seat: 1. The new cab that eathes" almost literally "inhales" fresh air—"exhales" d air. A constant stream of fresh air is *drawn in* from the side—heated in cold weather—and used air, smoke and nes are *forced out.** 2. Driver's compartment is wider and per—more leg room. 3. New, fully adjustable, bigger and re comfortable seats. 4. Wider, deeper windshield and ger windows increase road visibility from the cab by 22%, safer, easier operation.

★ ★ ★

evrolet's revolutionary **FLEXI-MOUNTED** B is rubber-mounted, cushioned against road cks, torsion and vibration; designed for ger cab life.

esh-air heating and ventilating system optional extra cost.

World's most economical for their size, Chevrolet's **VALVE-IN-HEAD TRUCK ENGINES** give extra power for extra profits!



Chevrolet's **HYDRAULIC TRUCK BRAKES**—with *exclusive* design for greater brake-lining contact—are brakes at their best—quick, safe and dependable!

New Advance-Design

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

FOR TRANSPORTATION UNLIMITED

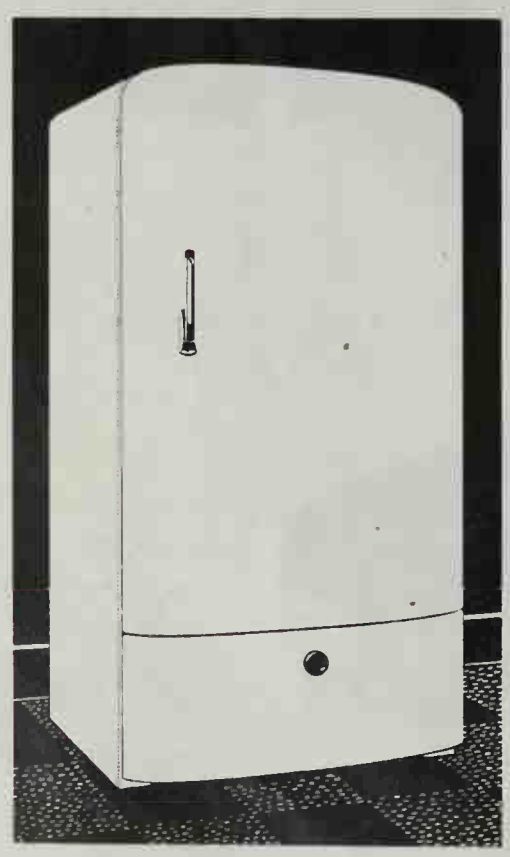
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



See your Chevrolet dealer. He can supply Chevrolet trucks, standard or with special equipment, to meet your hauling needs.

do you know...

that the beautiful modern air-conditioned *ice* refrigerator gives foods the *three essentials* of complete, scientific food protection—constant cold, proper moisture and clean-washed air? No breakdowns, no noise, no defrosting—and you always have pure, crystal-clear ice on hand for every cooling need. Inexpensive to buy . . . and economical to use!



Before you buy *any* refrigerator be sure to see the beautiful new post-war Ice Refrigerator. Just get in touch with your local Ice Company.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

"but they should be chosen from men of less stature and breadth of shoulder than you, Messer Englishman. God formed you for war, not for peace. It is a sorry waste of muscle."

As he spoke, there came into the room a woman, scarce more than a girl, with sweet, sad face and brooding eyes.

"My Lord," she said softly, "thou art safely returned!"

"Aye," he answered, "thanks to the cudgel of this young man whose name I ill pronounce. But for him it had gone badly for me."

She fixed sad eyes upon me and studied me as if she would read my inmost thoughts, and then she smiled and was beautiful. "I am bound to thee in gratitude," she said, "for my husband is most dear to me." Then as if were necessary that she understand the ins and the outs of it, she asked, "What moved thee to come to the aid of My Lord?"

"He was one, set upon by many."

"A strange reason," she answered musingly, "and one not easily understood." She turned away from me to her husband. "It is your nature to trust," she said gently. "Hast bethought thyself that this could be an artful manner of opening thy friendship to an enemy?"

"Thou shouldst have heard the skulls crack under his cudgel," he said gaily. "Therein was no sham. In all other things I may be simple, my Maria, but not in the reading of men's eyes."

She came closer to me and looked up at me as I stood, and she nodded thrice. "Indeed," she said, "it is a plain, simple face, without guile. It moves me to put my trust in him. When didst arrive in Florence?" she asked.

"This day at sundown," I answered.

"Thou had best leave it before sunup," she said gravely, "for thou hast thwarted some dangerous man and earned his enmity. No small man would dare attempt my husband's life. A rat doth not assail a lion."

"Among them was one with golden spurs," I said.

"My sweet Lord," she said to her husband, "thou art safer in the van of battle than in this evil city. Let us begone from it. I say to thee again: the Pope seeks thy death. Thy shadow is across the path of his ambition. This thing was done by creatures of the Cardinal."

HE SMILED disdainfully, "Passerini would not dare," he said. "The Pope knows I have no desire for the rule of this city, but only that in return for services rendered he shall grant me the lordship of some small state whose revenues will keep us from poverty." He glanced at me and smiled. "I have no skill with money. It doth trickle through my fingers."

"Why, My sweet Lord, doth Clement employ thee so constantly on perilous enterprises? For this one reason," she answered herself, "that he doth hope for thy death in battle and so save his hands from the guilt of murder."

"The business of a soldier is fighting," he said sententiously. "If I keep not my bands employed, who shall pay and feed them?"

"I know. I know. It were waste of breath to warn thee." The Madonna Maria passed sadly from the room, and I could see that she was not happy in her love for Giovanni, living ever in fear.

"Women! Women!" said My Lord ruefully. "But in one matter she has the right of it. Florence is not safe for thee." He came to me and clapped me on the back. "I like thee, Ser Englishman. Come then and take service with me, and I will advance thee, for thou hast the look of a captain in thine eyes."

"Nay, I may not," I answered. "I am charged with business matters."

"I have a feeling within me," he said, "that we shall see each other again, and that there is a bond between us. Shall I send escort with thee to thy lodgings?"

"There is no need," I responded. "Good night, My Lord."

He clapped my shoulder again. "Should the need come for sanctuary," he said, "thou will find it—and a welcome—with the Black Bands. Good night, Pietro."

Thus I parted from him and was shown to the street, and I passed along the Corso and toward the quarter of the city where I lodged. As I made turning after turning I was aware of a black shadow that followed at a distance, but it was only one, so I had no fear of it.

I AWOKE refreshed but bemused that I, a stranger and a merchant's son, could, by merest hap, have played a part in the things that befell last night; and that I should have sat in friendly talk with so high a person as My Lord Giovanni. I dressed and had my morning meal with the Bratti family and found the younger members thereof arrayed in fanciful garments and each with a little mask.

"The city," said Bratti, "makes carnival today to honor the orators of the French king."

By orators I understood him to mean what we in England call ambassadors, and wondered what business was forward between long-nosed Francis and the state of Tuscany.

" 'Twill be a joyous sight," said Bratti's wife, "and wondrous. With procession and booths in the piazza and all in high humor playing pranks. Find you an early station, Messer Pietro, that you may miss none of the spectacle."

"I fear," said I, "that I must give this day to my father's business."

"Florence will see scant business transacted this day," said Bratti. "The heart and center of it will be the piazza before the *duomo* whither the orators go."

Nevertheless, determined to forward my father's affairs, I went to the place where the Calimala carried on its transactions, and there, to my good fortune, I found certain important members of the guild and was able to discuss with them the moneys owed to our house as well as the shipment of woolen cloths to this city in the future. It was a beginning, and I was content. Wherefore it was with clear confidence that I gave the rest of the day to enjoyment and the marvels of the fiesta. The great piazza was a place to wonder at, for it was covered by a roof of blue fabric upon which was sewn a multitude of red lilies—the insigne of the city—and with numerous coats of arms. And everywhere were flaming banners in sheaves, and the faces of the buildings were hidden under draperies of all the colors of the rainbow. Troops of imps and demons and grotesques jostled through the crowd making merry with rough pranks, and none offered to halt them from their mischief. Also there were booths for the sale of trinkets and others for sweetmeats, and conjurers, and animals that performed with the intelligence of humans.

As I stood and gawped I saw a comic figure jostling and bunting and shouldering its way through the throng, and it was not easy to make out if it were human or ape. But for the high turban atop its pate it would not have reached to my waist, and its little legs were like two bows and its ears were so large they seemed to flap. The face turned toward me and the eyes, to my thinking, recognized me. Whereupon the dwarf butted an innocent citizen in the stomach and darted away as if in sudden alarm. As he fled I followed, for I be no Christian and Englishman if it was not the pygmy John-Peter, whom I had caught in our forest and who should at this moment be tending sheep on our farm at home.

At last I caught up with him and reached down for his collar to grasp it. Whereupon he turned and made to bite me on the knee, but I fended him off and clung to him as he squirmed.

They Fit Your '47 Car* and Match Its Beauty



FOG KING by Teleop
SERIES 100

*Except Nash, Mercury Lincoln, Studebaker

• For greater visibility — they' in size. • For Beauty, they're plated. • For durability, coppe and stainless steel door. • Sealec or silvered type. • White or

DEALERS: You con order your displa from foctory. Only $4.60 plus post cluding one light. Use your letterhe

BUY FROM YOUR DEALER OR JC
Prices Fair-Traded

THE Teleoptic Compa
RACINE, WISCONSIN

"UNBLOCK" yo DIGESTIVE TRA

And Get Genuine Relief Tha Makes You Feel Really Good A

Don't expect to get relief from headache, sou ach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and oth lizers if the cause of your trouble is constipati

In this case, your real trouble is not in the s at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% food is digested. And when the lower part gets food may fail to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is something block" your lower intestinal tract. Something it out effectively—help Nature get back on

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as d They gently and effectively "unblock" your d tract. This permits all 5 of Nature's own d juices to mix better with your food.

You get genuine relief from indigestion so feel *really* good again.

Get Carter's Pills at any drugstore today. "U your intestinal tract for real relief from indi

PULVEX "DDT" FLEA POWDER



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Kills the fleas *Quickly!* Keeps others off *for Days.*

Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.

Eith 25

STAMMER?

This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 46 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 4325, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.

INCREASE your income in spare taking care of new and renewal sub tions for this magazine and all pc publications. *Write to*—

Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Compa
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"How come you in Florence, John-ter?" I demanded.

He looked up at me insolently and ust out his great pink tongue at me d squeaked at me, "Unhand me, great imal. I know thee not."

But my fingers held him. "Where is tsy, thou imp of Satan?" I demanded.

"I wot of no Betsy," he squawled. "Let e go or I put a spell upon thee that will use thy hair to fall and thy flesh to rot, d donkey's ears to grow from thine ad."

This was no pleasant hearing, for he s unnatural, and who knows what evil ch as he may possess? But I persisted vertheless, protecting myself from ck magic with the sign of the cross. s she safe at our farm?" I asked.

But suddenly there was a great surge of ple, shoving and jostling, and I was t to it to keep my feet. John-Peter ve a mighty squirm and escaped from fingers, and before I could grasp him in he dropped to all fours and crawled ay between the legs of the mob.

Now here, I thought, is a mystery, and uld put my mind to nothing else in te of the coming of the procession. I rce saw the troop of men twenty feet l who strutted on stilts, or the company red demons with tails. I did take note the fine riders who followed, and of the tors dressed in the French manner d very foppish, and of the boy who de between them upon a white steed th his arrogant, sulky face and small es, and garments flashing with jewels. could be none other than the lad Ippo- who the Pope meant should rule orence when he gained sufficient years. gave scarce a glance to the narrow lfish face of the Cardinal Passerini, nt by Pope Clement to govern the city ile the boy studied his books.

I did not then guess that this Cardinal d I would have more business with ch other than either would get pleasure m.

Now here was a puzzle! Not that the l Betsy and her manikin had been clear a forest stream from the beginning, ough I had been too occupied with er matters to think much about it. As the way of youth. I had snatched her out of the woods much as I would ve done with a stray kitten in distress. I am not shrewd nor quick, and am like be deceived by smarter folk in the be-ning. But now I began to think on the tter. I saw that it had been a large ex-nse to have a pavilion at a fair and that no mere teller of fortunes would abandon such property out of hand. Also it became evident that the law would not trouble itself about a seller of charms unless there were grave reason for it, and I felt through my clothing for the charm which she had given me, and began to doubt if there were more politics than magic mixed up with it, and to ask myself ruefully if I had not been made a cat's-paw, and why my baggage had been searched by the friar, and what trouble I had let myself be drawn into.

In those days, with wars and scheming between nations, it was not so easy to travel from country to country. But here was the dwarf come from our farm to Italy almost as quickly as I had done, which meant he must have had powerful assistance and money in hand. And I much doubted if he would come alone. I bethought me that if John-Peter were here in this great throng, his mistress would not be far away. Whereupon I resolved to look into every stall, because if she had pretended to be a teller of fortunes once, she might be doing the like again. Because I wanted to rid me of the charm she had foisted upon me, deeming it an unsafe thing to carry, and to speak my mind to her forthright about taking advantage of my gullibility.

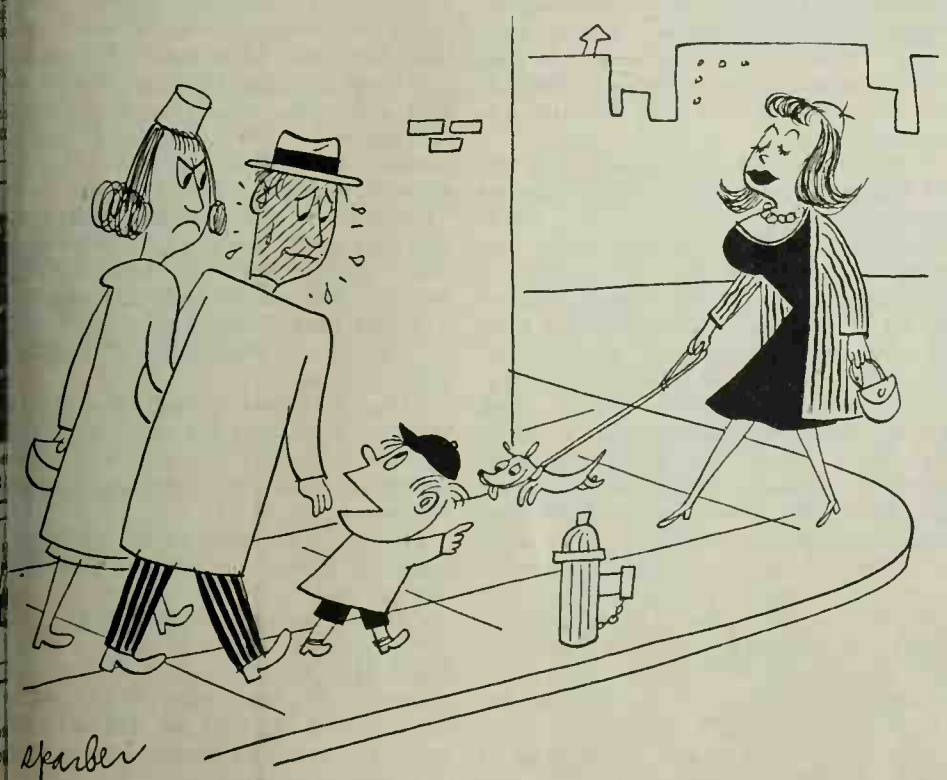
I THRUST my nose into every stall and tent and pavilion, and though there were many sellers of nuts and sweetmeats, and of sands from the River Jordan and pebbles from the foot of the True Cross and knuckle joints of martyred saints, and all manner of folk, none of them all resembled Betsy. Nor caught I another glimpse of her manikin.

The spectacle being over, the citizens of higher degree betook themselves to their homes leaving only the mob to make riotous use of the license common to a carnival. I stayed my hunger with milk and sausages and, vexed at my failure to find the girl, I turned my face toward Bratti's house sulkily. I walked southward, passing the house where the supreme Dante had lived, traversed the Piazza della Signoria and was halfway along the towering walls of the palace when I saw a long-legged apprentice boy leaning against the stones of the wall. His hood was over his head, hiding the most part of his face. As I came abreast of him he spoke in his soft, Italian voice.

"Englishman!" he said.

I halted and faced him. "What will you?" I asked.

TIMMY — by HOWARD SPARBER



COLLIER'S

"Daddy, here comes that rude lady who never turns around when you whistle to her"



It's for You! this Dan River Sport Shirt

You're going to like your Spunray* sport shirt. It's the kind of shirt that makes a man feel *good*. Cool, comfortable, neat yet casual. Absolutely colorfast, Sanforized not to shrink over 1%. Spunray is one of many he-man fabrics made by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.





*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Go no[illegible] home, Englishman," he said. "The street about Bratti's house is crawling with armed men."

"What is that to me?"

"Whether they be sent by the Eight," said the boy, "or the Cardinal, I know not. In the end it would be the same." He drew his finger across his throat.

"I have no quarrel with either Cardinal or Eight," I said. "These armed men, if armed men there be, have no business with me."

"Art a great fool," said the boy sharply. "One was found dead and three with cracked pates last night."

"How know you this?" I asked.

"What matter? It is sufficient pretext."

"Who art thou that warns me?"

"What matter?" he repeated. "So long as thou art warned. Take to thy heels and pass the city gate before sundown. Buy thyself a horse, if thy purse be full enough, and ride swiftly."

"I have no guilt. And there is important business for me in Florence."

"There will be important business for thee in heaven," he answered. "Thou hast meddled in things above thine head." He waved impatiently with his hand in the direction from which I had come. "Hast thou moneys?" he asked.

Now a hand, as I have said, bears features distinctive as a face if you but take the trouble to observe them. The hand of this apprentice lad was not stained with dyes nor calloused by the use of tools. It was slender, with fingers that tapered, and nails the shape of almonds. It was a hand I had seen and studied and remembered. I reached forth my own hand and pushed back the hood from his face.

"Well, Betsy," I said triumphantly, "it appears that I have found thee."

HER hair tumbled and her face flushed prettily. "A curse on thy sharp English eyes," she said shortly.

"In what guise wilt thou next appear?" I asked. And then, "Is it my skin that troubles thee, or the charm thou didst cozen me into smuggling out of England and into Italy?"

"It is safe? Thou hast it upon thee?"

"Aye," I said. I frowned. "What manner of lass art thou, first a witch, then a serving maid, now a 'prentice boy? I like maids that be simple and honest and modest."

"I am none of the three," she said.

"Thou art one," I said severely, "that would let the throat be cut of one who hath shown thee kindness."

"There be necessities in life," she said, "and one must use what tools come to hand. Give me the charm."

"Nay. If you speak truth indeed, and armed men await me, it may purchase my life."

"It would bring torture on the rack before death," she said.

"Let your eye meet mine so I may read if there be truth in thee," I said, and she looked with level gaze into my eyes. "Are there armed men? Is my life in danger?"

"In sharp peril," she answered.

"Which thou hast brought upon me."

"That is as may be," she answered.

"If I flee," I said, "whither shall I go?"

"To Trebbio," she said.

"Wherefore?"

"It is the castle of Giovanni de' Medici," she said. "Methinks thou hast made friend of him. His Black Bands will give thee sanctuary, even against King or Pope."

"Art not thyself in danger?" I asked.

"I am ever in danger," she said impatiently. "Haste thee." Then her eyes widened. "Quick! Give me the charm. Thou hast babbled till it is too late."

I was aware of liveried men wearing swords approaching from both ends of the street and saw there was nothing to do about it. Speedily I snatched forth the charm and put it in her hand.

"What can be done for thee shall be done," she said, and slipped away, and because she was but an apprentice boy and of no moment to anyone, the men did not stay her as she passed but came down upon me fiercely.

"Thou art the Englishman Pietro Carew," said their leader. "I'm bidden to invite thee," he said, "to dine with His Eminence, the Cardinal."

It went against me to show appearance of fear to any foreigner, so I smiled and gave answer, "Thanks to His Eminence for his hospitality."

Whereupon they placed me in their midst and led me away.

MY CAPTORS hustled me across the piazza to the Medici Palace. I was taken up broad stairs and into a splendid apartment, rich with tapestries and frescoes and the pictures of the great masters of the age which had been painted under the patronage of the Magnificent Lorenzo. In a chair before a wondrous desk inlaid with ivory sat His Eminence, Cardinal Passerini, and sitting sulkily, with silken knees crossed, was the boy Ippolito. I liked not his face, though it was not unhandsome. Arrogance and selfishness and self-indulgence were mirrored upon it, and I was sorry for Florence when he should come to rule it. The Cardinal peered at me through slitted eyes; it occurred to me that he seemed the result of the mismating of wolf with jackal.

Ippolito glanced at me with no great interest and ate sweetmeats. The Cardinal beckoned with white, jeweled hand for us to approach.

"The Englishman," he said in a soft, almost feminine voice.

"It is he, Your Eminence," said the captain of my guard.

He dismissed his ruffians with a gesture and his thick-lipped mouth twisted into the shadow of a smile.

"Is it thus you repay our hospitality, Englishman?" he purred. "By murdering our citizens within an hour of your coming?"

"Nay," I answered, not forwardly as would ill-befit my station, for one should ever show respect to those set so far above him. "I did no murder, Your Eminence. I stopped a murder from being done."

"It was not so reported to me. Reputable men inform me that you, being maddened by overindulgence in wine, did set upon peaceful citizens with murderous intent."

I remained silent, knowing it to be futile to deny his lie.

"Why art thou in our city, Englishman?" he asked.

"To collect certain moneys for my father, and to arrange for further shipments of woolen cloths," I informed him.

"It does well for a pretext," he said silkily.

"I be but a London merchant's son and have no business nor dealings not concerned with cloth."

"You were a convenient messenger," he charged.

"I be no messenger, nor otherwise than I have told Your Eminence."

He smiled upon me as if he would impress me with his kindness—as one who understands and condones the frailty of mankind, and especially the rashness of youth.

"Thou dost stand in great peril of thy life," he said. "I would see thee come to no harm. Aye, my child, I would see thee emerge from this matter with some fair reward. His Holiness hath a generous hand toward those who serve him and I myself am not powerless to grant favors."

"All I ask, Your Eminence, is to be set free to go about my urgent business."

"For instance," he said sleekly, "if thou would but tell me who placed in thy hands some letter or document, and to whom thou didst deliver it." He bent forward and his face was stern and awesome. "I say to thee, young Englishman, that a letter of prime importance from a great personage in Italy to a great personage in England hath been filched. It doth contain perilous words. There is in it that which is powerful to do harm to Church and State did it fall into certain unfriendly hands."

It was made clear to me now why the girl Betsy had been hunted and harried from her pavilion at our fair, and more. I remembered how, in foretelling the future for me, she had prophesied a journey to a far country. She must have known of my father's intention to send me upon this mission and, knowing it, had come to cozen me into being her unwitting messenger. Also it had been Wolsey's men who attempted her capture, so without doubt the letter had been stolen from him. My anger flamed against her for thus treacherously misusing me and bringing me to this pass. Yet, little as I liked her, I could not bring myself to betray her, for she was young and fair and very exciting to think upon. Also I was commencing to hate this man who toyed with me like a cat with a mouse, and stubbornly I resolved to thwart him if thwart I could.

"Thou hast had time to think it over, balancing the evil consequence of obduracy and the benefits of openness and honesty," he purred. "Come. I would stand thy friend."



COLLIER'S "Take that, and that, and that, you cad!" AL ROSS

"I repeat, Your Eminence," I sa[id] politely, "that I am but a merchant [in] woolen cloths and ignorant of matters [of] State."

Young Ippolito spoke for the first tim[e] "Thou'lt get nought from him w[ith] words," he said sulkily. "A few turns [of] the wheel will loosen his tongue." H[is] own pink tongue licked his lips as if [he] would take pleasure in my stretchi[ng] upon the rack.

The Cardinal disregarded him. H[is] eyes were glinting slits, and fury swell[ed] his neck. "Didst deliver that letter [to] Giovanni de' Medici last night?" he d[e]manded harshly.

"I delivered nought to him," I sa[id] stoutly.

"You went to him without delay up[on] your arrival in Florence."

"I went not to him," I said. "Our me[et]ing was by chance. Your Eminence," [I] said, "will have many eyes and ears [in] this city. They will have reported to y[ou] the manner of my meeting with him."

He drew a great jewel off his wh[ite] finger and held it so the light played up[on] it to make it sparkle. "This stone," [he] said, "would purchase a shipload of yo[ur] woolen cloths. It is thine," he sa[id] sleekly, "together with enough of its [re]lations to make thee rich beyond t[he] dreams, for the slender service of spea[k]ing the truth—which is the duty of ev[ery] Christian man."

"I have spoken the truth at no expe[nse] to thee whatsoever," I answered.

"Stubborn courage and loyalty to [a] master," he said, "are qualities of val[ue]. They are worth a price. What fee h[ast] thou already received? I will double [it]."

"I tire of so much talk," young Ippol[ito] said sulkily.

PASSERINI turned to him ind[ul]gently. "It is the business of one d[es]tined to rule," he said, "to learn the art [of] words. They are sharper than arro[ws] stronger than ramparts. It is more pro[fit]able to win a negotiation than a battl[e]."

"Here is neither negotiation [n]or battle," said Ippolito, "but a clown w[ho] has inside him information that we wo[uld] get out. If you want the meat from a [nut] you must crack the shell." He turn[ed] upon me and his insolent, cruel eyes w[ere] hungry. "Didst ever hear screams [of] agony come from the throat of [one] stretched upon the rack?"

"Nay, Your Lordship," I said.

"It is a sweet sound," he said, and ag[ain] licked his lips.

"Youth is impatient," Passerini s[aid] casually, "but sometimes, in the end [it] must have its way. For the last time [I] asking, wilt enter my service and [be] richly rewarded, or remain obdurate a[nd] have thy bones unjointed? Or choos[e] middle ground and but name the nam[e of] him in England who gave thee the le[tter] to deliver." Then, speaking more [to] himself in a musing sort of way th[an] either to me or to young Ippolito, he s[aid]: "There is one who burrows undergro[und] and stirs up the people and thwarts w[ith] made plans. Someone who doth s[teal] secrets. Aid me to find that one an[d] will give thee a lordship."

"I know not sueh a man," I said. "[I] know him not."

"I fear," he said catlike, "that My L[ord] Ippolito must have his will with thee."

"Not rack nor thumbscrew," I s[aid] earnestly, "can make me disclose w[hat] I do not know."

He made the gesture of washing [his] hands of it, and Ippolito grinned lik[e a] young wolf.

"To the Bargello?" he asked.

"Nay, My Lord, we must act within [the] law. It is for you, as it was for y[our] ancestors, to observe the forms, and r[ule] not by force but by love. He shall g[o] the Eight, lawfully chosen by the pe[ople] to dispense justice."

"A day will come," said Ippo[lito] sullenly, "when I toss away such shar[ds]"

Passerini sighed and rang a golden



Introducing Tek *De Luxe*

TOOTH BRUSH

o help you win, here's why Tek de Luxe is 4-ways etter. 1. Beoutiful! Hondle sculptured in Storlite.* . Woterproof Keton* bristles, won't get soggy. 3. cientific shape cleons every curve. 4. Unbreakable, lostic contoiner mokes o perfect travel cose. At oll rug counters, 50¢. *Exclusive with Tek de Luxe

GIANT PRIZE CONTEST

,536 AWARDS
ORTH $21,145

easy! It's fun! What a thrill to win one of e eleven, big Television-Radio Sets! Imagine ht in your home—big league baseball games, e fights, drama, movies! And this spectacu- ontest, introducing Tek de Luxe—*America's ys better tooth brush*, offers you hundreds of r valuable prizes!

get an entry blank (for full information and) at your favorite drug counter. Or, cut out the rick from this ad, and use it as your entry blank. ou do is fill in the last line of the Limerick. Then it, with the blue and red label from inside a Tek xe Tooth Brush container, to Tek Corp., Box 209, ark 1, N. J. Send as many entries as you please, ding a Tek de Luxe label with each. Contest s midnight July 31, 1947.

WHAT'S YOUR "LAST LINE"?

----------Here's the Limerick:----------

ek de Luxe," raved an actress named Jean,
s the best-looking tooth brush I've seen.
n its smart travel kit,
's a sure 4-star hit.

(fill in this line)

,536 PRIZE WINNERS. BE ONE OF THEM!

d Prize—$1,795 DuMont Television-Radio-Pho- aph Combination (illustrated, top right). Tele- n is sweeping the country. Here's everything want *now* and for the future. Think of it! The t in Television *plus* FM, Standard and Short e Radio *plus* Automatic Phonograph. 39 tubes! direct-view television pictures 12¾ in. wide! rich mahogany cabinet almost 4 feet wide.

econd Prizes—Each a $795 DuMont Television- o Set (illustrated, right). Bright, clear televi- pictures 10 in. wide. *Plus*—FM and Standard o Reception. 29 tubes! Natural mahogany cabinet.

hird Prizes—Each a $150 Benrus Embraceable h. Exquisitely styled, ladies' bracelet-watch ination. 14 karat gold, 17 jewels.

Fourth Prizes—Each a Hughes All-a-round Hair h, worth $7.50. The famous "deep-action" brush eautiful hair. Nylon bristles, Lucite handle.

0 Fifth Prizes—1 pair each, Airmaid Nylon Ho- . Worth $1.95 a pair. Full-fashioned, super- , all nylon—top to toe.

CORPORATION, NEWARK, N. J.



WIN THIS DU MONT TELEVISION-RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION



10 more Du Mont Television Sets



Exquisite BENRUS Embraceable WATCHES



All-a-round Hair Brushes



Nylon Hosiery by Airmaid



The dependable, automatic Evans has a specially hardened, cross-cut steel sparking wheel to strike an instant light on the spun glass wick that always lights but doesn't burn down. It is precision built, with roller-bearing, cantilever action for smooth, easy operation. At jewelry, department and men's furnishing stores. Please do not order from the factory.

EVANS CASE COMPANY
North Attleboro, Massachusetts
Makers of fitted handbags, compacts, cigarette cases and automatic lighters.

and the men who had fetched me came again into the room. He motioned toward me, "Take him to the Eight," he said. "I will advise with them how to deal with him." Then to me, "Thou hast brought it upon thine own head," he said with mock sorrow.

I was conducted from the room and down the stairway and through the courtyard to the street. The sun was lowering into the west and I wondered if I were seeing it for the last time, and was hopeless and most forlorn, and fear of torture and of death rode uncomfortably upon my shoulders. It did not seem that I could have saved myself even by telling the Cardinal what little I knew. It was not a tale that demanded belief: that a fortunetelling hag, who was none other than the girl Betsy, had given me a charm to protect me on my travels, and that it had been returned to her in the guise of an apprentice boy.

My thoughts were bitter toward the girl Betsy, whoever she might be and whatever devious game she played with me as a pawn. I thought most despitefully of her and her treachery to me that had brought me to such dire straits. Yet, despising her and hating her, I could not stop from thinking about her.

The ruffians, there were six of them, placed me in their midst and jostled me along, shouldering their way through the streets still seething with merrymakers.

AS WE reached the corner the crowd pressed in upon us until my captors bellowed oaths at them and ordered them to keep their distance. And then there was a sudden surge as of a great sea wave, so that we were thrust into a little knot, unable to move hand or foot, and the men unable to lift weapon against the mob, which began to belabor them with cudgels. I saw one great man with bloody butcher's apron striking with the flat of his ax. Then hands grasped me roughly and dragged me away, so that I was no longer a prisoner of the guard but engulfed in the mob itself. It was the huge butcher who pulled me after him; bewildered at the suddenness of it, I held back and resisted him.

"Halt not till we be well away," he said in his coarse, rough voice. "I take thee to her. She commanded thy rescue."

"To her!" I exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"How should I know?" he growled. "Except that she commanded and I obeyed." He laughed a great bellow. "Not that I held back. Nay. We of the little people love a tumult. We Florentines are a most tumultuous people. What is so joyous as a riot? They think they rule us, these princes and cardinals and popes, but it is only so long as it amuses us. Here we turn to the left. Lengthen thy pace."

We passed through the Mercato, which is the great market place of the city and then, after many turnings, and with evening descending, we came upon an open space surrounded by a wall, which was the Boboli gardens on the Via Romana, and opposite the gate of the gardens was some edifice obviously erected for the purposes of religion and we crossed to its entrance.

"What place is this?" I asked of my guide.

"This be the Annalena Convent where dwell the little Dominican nuns," he said.

"Friend," said he, digging a huge thumb into his ribs," these pagan Turks have customs we who are destined for the Kingdom of Heaven might most profitably imitate."

With that he drummed impiously upon the big door, which opened slowly to disclose a nun in the habit of her order.

"Fare thee well, prisoner," said my butcher guide. "My duty is performed."

I would have thanked him for his service to me, but he was gone.

The nun made me a sort of curtsy. "Follow me, sir," she said softly, and I passed down long corridors flagged with stone until the nun paused before a bronze-studded door upon which she rapped gently; she was bidden to enter. She opened for me the door and stood aside while I went in.

It was a vast, square room with towering fireplace, and upon the floor a deep Eastern rug; upon the walls hung tapestries and in niches stood statues of holy saints. There was a long table with tapers to light the apartment, and chairs of embroidered velvet and handsome candlesticks of the height of a tall man. But my eyes passed over these with but a glance to rest upon the woman who stood in the center with her slender hand resting upon the back of a chair. There was a tight cap of crimson upon her head, covering her ears, and where each ear should have been were three large pearls. The bodice of her dress was low so that a neck of rare whiteness and slenderness was exposed above her rounded bosom. The dress, of rich stuff, was broadly striped, the stripes traveling from floor to shoulder. She was lovely and stately, her oval face with eyes uptilted at the corners, and wondrous high cheekbones. It was not the face of a fortunetelling hag, nor scullery maid, nor apprentice boy. It was not an English face, nor did it seem Italian, but of some strange and foreign people who dealt in magic and hidden things, and understood the matter of love to rob away a man's brains. I stared at her and she stared back at me without smiling or welcome.

"Is it indeed Betsy?" I asked.

"That name or another," she said gravely. "Didst fear I had abandoned thee, great yokel?"

"I knew not what to think," I said, "save that I hated thee for what thou hast done to me."

"When did you ever know what to think?" she said scornfully. "You were not born for it. Leave it to thy betters."

"By what means do you command the mob of Florence?" I asked.

"Because they are simpletons like thyself," she said.

"Yet I did stand thy friend in time of need, and with evil did you requite me."

"Evil or good," she said, "here thou art without scathe."

"But my father's business!" I exclaimed.

"A fig for thy father's business," she said. "Dost think I saved thee to traffic in woolens, or because thy skin was precious to me?"

"Once more," I said straitly, "I do not know what to think, except that thou art of a most bewildering wicked beauty."

"Good or evil," she said, "there is no beauty like to it. Beauty is a most useful quality. It serves me. I rescued thee because I have use for thee."

"I will not serve thee more," I said stubbornly.

SHE took three steps toward me and lifted up her face to mine, and smiled. It was magic but I did not bethink me to make the sign of the cross. My blood turned to water and my bones were soft within me. I thought, but to no purpose, of the witch Circe who lured men to destruction. She smiled more tenderly and stretched out her hand toward me.

"Wilt not serve me?" she asked softly. "Wilt not serve me, indeed?"

From head to heels I was shaking as though with the Roman fever, and my mouth was dry and my head was spinning. I answered, and the answer was drawn from me by some power I might not withstand.

"Serve thee?" I said. "I know not what spell thou hast cast upon me, but it is stronger than I. Let me but be thy servant and I care little what comes of it."

"Good may come of it," she said. "Evil may come of it. But whichever it be, before thou comest to thine end, thou shalt have drunk deep of the cup of life."

(To be continued next week)



THE MAN WHO MADE FRANCO

Continued from page 42

the groundwork for the establish- t of the German corporation known Rowak." Its chief in Germany was lerick Bethke. Its representative in n and Portugal, the man who was to directly with Bernhardt, was Anton le. Both Bethke and Wahle were in the Nazi party and had known hardt many years before, in 1924, h all three had been machinery sales- in Argentina.

owak was to sell Hisma war mate- Some of the material would be openly. Some would be sent in s marked "machinery."

ptain Arranz flew Bernhardt back etuán on July 27th. Bernhardt had ed the good news to Franco a few before. When the two friends met embraced warmly. On July 30th, y Junkers transport planes arrived lorocco, piloted by crack Nazi avia- In one week they shuttled Franco's 00 troops to the mainland. The ch on Madrid began—it turned out e one of the longest marches in his- , taking over three years!

he first contingents of the Condor on arrived in Cádiz in mid-August, ed by General Hugo Sperrle and eral Wolfram von Richthofen. in a few months there were over fliers and technicians in Spain.

Gaining Power and Prestige

s the war dragged on and German itions shipments increased, Bern- t's power grew. Franco began rely- n him not only for supplies, but for e on how to run the economy of his areas. Slowly and efficiently Bern- t established a tremendous organiza- building into it German technicians businessmen.

e established a group of factories h dealt in raw materials that Ger- y needed—hides, minerals, wool, ury and iron. Germans were placed e head of some plants, Spaniards of rs. Bernhardt was always careful to hurt the national feelings of the iards. Although every factory he lished was owned by German capi- Bernhardt always recognized the e of nominal Spanish ownership.

vo examples of how he did this will ufficient. When he established the Shipping Company he placed Cap- Arranz, the pilot, at its head. When hardt set up the Mauretania Com- pany to exploit the iron ore of Morocco, he placed Colonel Fernando Carranza at its head.

By 1939, Rowak had shipped Hisma over 400,000,000 reichsmarks' worth of munitions, and Hisma had sent back to Germany some 200,000,000 reichsmarks' worth of Spanish raw materials. Thus Franco owed Germany 200,000,000 reichsmarks, plus another 100,000,000 reichsmarks for the cost of the Condor Legion. In addition he owed Italy about 150,000,000 pesetas.

Bernhardt and his fellow Nazis wanted Franco to win, but at no time did they let their enthusiasm cut into their profits. When Rowak sent shipments to Hisma, the German government, which owned Rowak outright, nevertheless charged it a fee for export licenses. Bernhardt didn't forget his own pocket either. He made a commission on every transaction handled by Hisma, in addition to his salary and his share of the profits as the principal stockholder.

It was not until Franco had won control of all Spain that Bernhardt was able to organize the whole of Spain's resources, the most important of which had been in Republican territory. One of the first things he did was to dissolve Hisma. In its stead he organized a new corporation and named it "Sofindus."

Sofindus and its affiliates controlled over 75 per cent of Spain's exports. In 1940 and 1941, Bernhardt established new mining companies, took over a well-established wine business in Málaga, and set up a fruit-juice factory in Valencia. To handle this vast empire, Bernhardt organized a complete transportation system. He took over established trucking and rail companies and brought in more trucks from France, Germany and Portugal. His fleet of trucks carried cotton, iron, wolfram, mercury, olive oil, leather, coal—every raw material Spain had. Sofindus functioned the same way in Portugal, establishing raw-material plants and shipping the material via Bernhardt trucks to Germany.

Bernhardt had the German transportation system at his beck and call. He ordered railroad cars to the Spanish frontier after France was overrun and shipped his material to the waiting cars by truck. His transportation companies had their own armed guards to fight off roving bands of Spanish guerrillas whose activities at the time were concentrated on blowing up the routes over which



"Watch this next guy. I saw him yesterday and, boy, can he hit curves!"

LLIER'S DAVE GERARD

IT'S FUN
to eat outdoors!



Coleman
POCKET STOVE

● Of course it's fun to eat outdoors! But for more fun, cook those outdoor meals on a Coleman Pocket Stove. It's the quick, clean and easy way to have more fun, less work on picnics, hunting and fishing trips.

Hot drinks and tempting food in no time at all. No fuss, no bother. The Coleman Pocket Stove is a real pleasure-making pal on any outing.

$9.95 Complete with 2-piece container ...in U.S.A. only

No bigger than a quart-sized fruit jar. Weighs only 3 lbs. 8½ inches high. Take it anywhere. Carry it in pocket of hunting jacket, picnic hamper, glove compartment of car. Burns any kind of gasoline, white or leaded. Light-weight aluminum case makes two handy cooking utensils. Ask your dealer to demonstrate it.

Write for FREE illustrated book telling about these and other Coleman Appliances. Address nearest office.

THE COLEMAN COMPANY, Inc., Dept. 210-C
Wichita 1, Kans.; 401 N. Broad St, Philadelphia 8, Pa.; Los Angeles 54, Calif., Honolulu, T. H. Toronto, Can.

Two Other Coleman Outdoor Favorites

BIG MEALS IN A JIFFY...



For cooking big easy meals out-of-doors, you'll like the Coleman Folding Camp Stove. Lights instantly. Two burners, instantly regulated. Burns its own gas from gasoline. Folds up and carries like a suitcase. It's the smooth way to rough it!

FOR LIGHT AT NIGHT



Another favorite on nighttime outings, hunting and fishing trips is the Coleman Floodlight Lantern. Lights instantly. Safe—can't spill fuel even if tipped over. Wind proof. Rain proof. Floodlights a 100-foot area. Make it a "must" in your outing equipment—always be sure of dependable light.

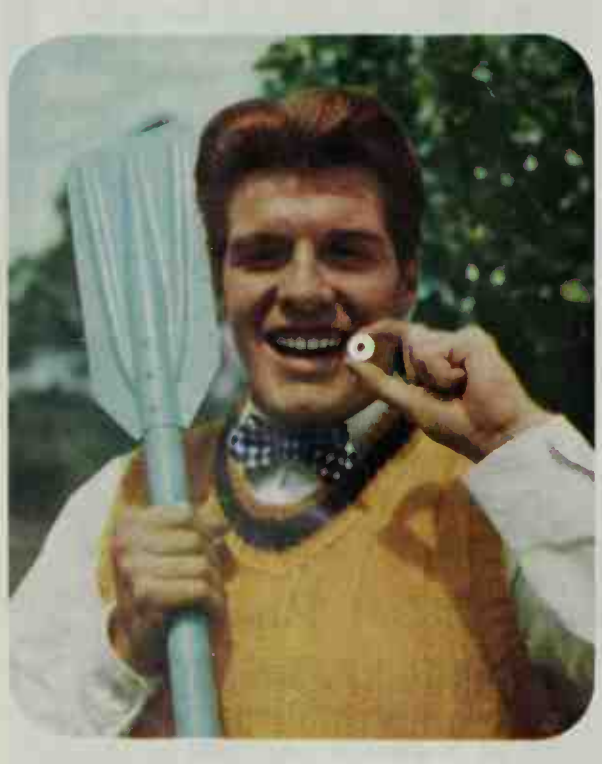




If she pouts like this



Instead of puckering like this



TRY THIS

MORAL: *Freshen up for close-ups! Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking. Always good taste!*



The candy with a hole—only 5¢

war materials were carried to Germany.

By 1942, Bernhardt had over 10,000 Spaniards on his pay roll, not counting the workers in the factories he owned. He opened a series of private bank accounts to pay off these Spaniards who were situated in various government administrative posts, the civil guards, the secret service and the army.

Thus Bernhardt found himself at the head of an organization which, in alliance with the Spanish Fascists and other Nazi organizations, ruled Spain. To cement this alliance, Bernhardt made sure that influential Spanish Fascists shared the wealth with him.

Among them was Dometrio Carceller, Minister of Industry and Commerce; José Antonio Giron, Minister of Labor; Carmen Franco, daughter of the generalissimo; Nicolas Franco, brother of the generalissimo; José Luis Arrese, general secretary of the Falange party; and General Saliquet, member of Franco's general staff and one of the group of generals who had first plotted the overthrow of the republic. This list of names is by no means complete.

Devious Ways of Making Tycoons

The manner in which Bernhardt helped make these Spaniards millionaires was not always direct. His factories, in one instance, controlled the output of cement. José Antonio Giron did not become a director of a cement factory; instead he became the owner of a construction company. This construction company was able to get a monopoly of the raw materials which were controlled by Bernhardt. Within two years Giron was a millionaire.

Dometrio Carceller was close to Serrano Suner, then the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Carceller had begun life as the son of a porter and had been a schoolteacher in his middle thirties. As Minister of Industry and Commerce he worked closely with Bernhardt. His ministry controlled the import and export licenses issued to all Sofindus affiliates. By 1942, Carceller entered the ranks of Spain's millionaires. Today he is one of Spain's richest men, and is a partner with the Socony-Vacuum Company in the Spanish oil company, Ciepsa. (Ciepsa, according to Socony-Vacuum officials, is a government monopoly in which the firm has a 50 per cent interest.)

Carmen Franco had her money invested in real estate. Nicolas Franco became a director in about twelve Spanish companies. The Franco family had been poor, but under Bernhardt's "guidance," Franco's daughter and his brother made "clever" investments and they too joined the ranks of Spain's new rich.

General Saliquet took over the factories which sold shoes to the Spanish army. Bernhardt's factories supplied Saliquet's factories with leather at good prices, and Saliquet became wealthy.

When the tide of battle began turning against the Nazis in Europe, Bernhardt prepared himself for the coming German defeat. He went to Lisbon where he changed pesetas into Swiss francs and hid large sums of money in Portugal, which the Allied powers know about, but have never found. He bought three huge haciendas in Spain under different names. Most of the factories which were openly controlled by Sofindus were given over in trust to Spaniards. He prepared as efficiently for defeat as he had for victory. He knew that Germany had made a comeback once before and he was convinced that she would do it again.

During the second week of April, 1945, while Red Army troops were racing through the streets of Berlin, a secret meeting was held in Bernhardt's offices at No. 1 Castellana, in Madrid. Present were Bernhardt, the Wilmer Brothers, Anton Wahle, and other top Nazi figures in Spain. A high Nazi official had flown in from Berlin to be present. I do not know his name. All I know is what t pired at the meeting. No notes taken but one of those who attende some unscheduled talking.

The decisions arrived at were t The assets which were openly own either German capital or the Ge state would obviously be taken ov the Allied powers. Bernhardt woul dertake to work with the Allied off giving them "full co-operation." would tell them what was obvious, them operate what remained of Sofi and await developments. The Nazis were convinced that the difference tween Russia and the Western would break into the open soon later. When that happened Bern and the other Germans in Spain v know what to do.

There were approximately 50,000 mans then in Spain. Some were bus men, some scientists and techni some were Gestapo agents, SS off members of the German Embassy. Allied powers undoubtedly would some of these men, and the m agreed that some would have t handed over. Some others were t into hiding and still others would be tected by Franco. In any event, th important thing was to hold on to they had as long as possible—unt war took place between Russia an Western powers.

About a week after this meeting, ish and American officials in M contacted Johannes Bernhardt. many's unconditional surrender w pected any day and the Allied P would soon be governing the co Bernhardt was asked to turn ove findus and all its books. He a According to these books, Sofindus trolled only 22 companies. The officials formally took these over, the exception of three mining comp The Spanish government refused to over the mining companies, cla they were owned outright by Sp capital.

After Germany's surrender, E and American officials moved in on Farben, A.E.G., and other well-k German firms in Spain. By placin or more directors on the boards th lies established "informal interver in these companies.

Spain Protected German Asse

In a few cases the Allied govern had actual proof that shares of were being held by Spaniards in tru Germans. With this proof they able to move in and take over factories. But where we did not documentary evidence, the Spanish ernment refused to give up a German-owned or German-cont factory. If we recall the close rel ship between Spain's leading F and German capital we will unde how difficult it will be to take over German assets. Allied officials in are still trying to unravel the vas work of Bernhardt's secret empire. doubtful that this will be accomp so long as Spanish Fascists rem control of Spain.

About one hundred Spanish fa which we know to be directly or rectly controlled by German capit still the subject of negotiations Franco. Probably an equal numb camouflaged companies exist whos nections we cannot trace and will able to until a democratic gover replaces Franco's.

At this writing all the German tists and technicians who work Bernhardt's factories or in I. G. F and A.E.G. plants remain in Spai are continuing their work at their f salaries. The apparatus which Ber organized remains working nearly ficiently as ever.

At present Franco is offering

American businessmen great con- ons in Spanish industry. American al has moved in on the shipbuild- ircraft and communications indus- British capital has always had huge tments in the north of Spain, in and copper mines, in hydroelectric s, and it is increasing its invest- s.

is poses a choice for British and ican businessmen. Shall they stop business with Franco's Spain and profits, or shall they continue to do ess and make profits, and also, inci- lly, strengthen Spanish and Ger- Fascism?

annes Bernhardt believes that Brit- nd American businessmen *should*, l means, continue to do business Franco. He told me so during our iew in Madrid last fall. Bernhardt nvinced "it is of the utmost impor- that Britain and the United States to an immediate understanding Spain."

y is it of such importance? Be- , answered Bernhardt, of the com- ar between Russia and the Western rs. "I am sure there will be a war en Russia and the United States. uicker it comes the better, because is on the side of Russia and Com- sm."

erefore an understanding with Fas- pain is important if we want allies is war against Russia, Bernhardt ed out. He organized the economy ain during the war and placed it at sposal of the German war machine. he tacitly assures us, he can do the same thing for Britain and the United States.

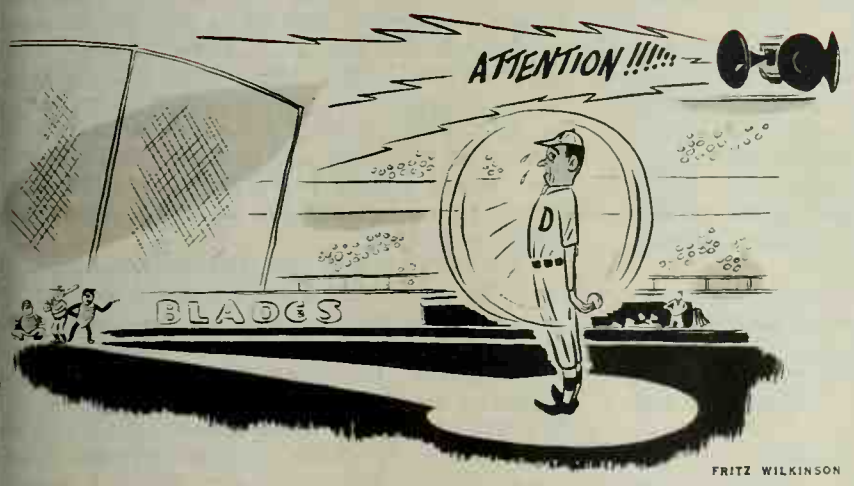
Bernhardt gave me a statement for the United States and Britain. The statement is as follows:

"I was loyal to the German government, and now I am loyal to the Allied Control Council, which is now the legal government of Germany. I would like to be considered a friend. There is much we Germans can do. We are anti-Communists. We are people of culture. And we wait for the time we can work together for the common good. You must remember that Germany didn't want the war. All we wanted was to go as far as the Volga and stop there. We never wanted to fight England and the United States. We always wished an accord with Russia, but not an accord as equal to equal, but an accord that would recognize German moral and economic superiority. The Russians are Asiatics. We wanted to bring Russia under European influence. Perhaps it is not too late to do it."

Readers of this article may ask how this German, who played such a historic and decisive role in Spanish and German affairs, managed to keep his activities such a secret. One answer is that he was able to cloak his activities cleverly and he was always content to remain in the background.

The other answer must come from the British and American governments. The whole story of Johannes Bernhardt is locked in the files of the British Foreign Office and the U.S. State Department.

THE END



FRITZ WILKINSON

SPORTING ODDS

Ken Hicks, just out of the Army, was pitching a close one for Los Angeles. With a runner on first, he was all set to pitch to the next batter when the loud-speaker boomed out:

"Attention! The next . . ."

The Army had done a good job on Hicks. Instinctively, he froze into rigid military posture.

And the umpire had to call it a balk, moving the runner to second.

The New York Giants were playing Pittsburgh in the early days of Billy Terry's managership. With two on and Paul Waner, then hitting a cool .386, coming to bat, Terry and the entire infield huddled around relief pitcher Hy Bell.

"Pitch him outside," said Terry, who didn't want to get drilled by a line drive down the first-base line.

"No, I think it would be better to pitch him inside," said Johnny Vergez, who was thinking of what one of Waner's shots down toward third would do to his shins.

There was silence for a few seconds, and then Terry asked, "What do you want to do, Hy?"

"I think we'd all better scatter," said Bell gravely.

—Fred Russell, Nashville, Tennessee

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

any ice today, mister?



Mister, it's not a mirage!
Here are Van Heusen sport shirts that feature something *more* in coolness. Not since the ice age have you seen deep-freeze, crushed-ice colors like these.
Look for them in light-hearted, air-conditioned styles at your nearest dealer's. Go see for yourself!

ice-cool comfort in Van Heusen sport shirts

PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., NEW YORK 1
MAKERS OF VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS, TIES, PAJAMAS, COLLARS, SPORT SHIRTS

...ERE COME THE BRITISH!



The Avro Tudor is about the size of our DC-6

BRITISH COMBINE

IN JANUARY, 1943, the war in Europe was beginning to look a little better for us and people over here began to dream about post-war international air-line possibilities, but in bomb-wrecked London, His Majesty's government decided it was time to do something *then* if Britannia eventually was to rule the world's commercial airways as it had ruled the waves.

America stood between her and this goal. War-planning had prevented Britain's aircraft industry from building transport planes capable of development into postwar air liners like our DC-4 and Constellation, but we had the materials and workers to produce many such planes in addition to fighters and bombers.

Further, our growing Army Air Transport Command and Naval Air Transport Service at that time were opening up airways over most of the globe, many of which would have a high commercial value after peace. Our two- and four-engined landplane transports were amazing everyone by hopping oceans as easily as they hopped continents and the British reasoned that air lines of all nations would find it economical and advantageous to use this bountiful supply for a while after the war. So in January, 1943, was born the British plan and policy to take from America its leadership not only of globe-circling air liners but planes for shorter hauls on the Continent and in other parts of the world.



While the British were working on this, they concluded they'd have to buy American planes for their North Atlantic and European services and this they subsequently did by acquiring Lockheed Constellations for the New York-London route and war-surplus Douglas DC-3s (renamed Dakotas) for their European service.

Then they called in their foremost aviation standard bearer, an estimable gentleman named Lord Brabazon of Tara, the first Englishman to acquire a pilot's license, nearly 40 years ago. He flew with the Royal Flying Corps (predecessor to the RAF) in the first World War; subsequently served as Minister of Transport and is now president of the Royal Aero Club.

Lord Brabazon was directed to head a committee to draw up a program of types of civil air liners to be produced after the war for use by the government-controlled British air lines. However, the long, painful and expensive development work had to begin at once—provided it did not interfere with the war effort—and in short order His Lordship reported back a slate that embraced this startling objective:

One-hundred passenger, New York-London nonstop air liners, one each of landplane and flying-boat types, and weighing nearly 300,000 pounds or nearly three times as large as the Constellation. (Airplane people use gross weight poundage as the index to aircraft size.) The committee also determined upon an assortment of smaller air liners for the British Empire routes, Continental business and service within the British Isles.

When details of the Brabazon program filtered back to America, the initial step—to build the first planes with piston engines and propellers—was all but overlooked as excitement centered around a later and more audacious plan to equip these new air liners with pure jet-propulsion engines or prop-jets —jet engines whose hot-air exhaust spins a turbine attached to a shaft which turns the propeller. (The advantage of prop-jets over the standard piston engines is in greater power for less weight; smaller number of moving parts; compactness for streamlining and installation.)

The British are thoroughly qualified to attempt such a job for they developed and flew the first Allied jet-propulsion engine in May, 1941. As the war ended, they cut themselves another big slice of international prestige in jet-propulsion progress by shooting their Gloster Meteor twin-jet fighter to the world's absolute speed record of 606 miles an hour which they later raised to 616.

Then, just a year after V-J Day, they revealed the world's first air liner to fly on pure jet-propulsion power. It is a converted Lancaster night bomber, named the Lancastrian. Two of its four Rolls Royce Merlin piston engines were replaced by two Rolls Royce Nene (named for a river) jets. For take-off, all four were used, then the Merlins were shut down and the Lancastrian flew on the Nenes with an increased speed of nearly 100 miles an hour. Weighing only 1,630 pounds the Nene develops a thrust horsepower of 4,000, flying 300 mph at 10,000 feet.

Last December, the British prop-jet engine called the Theseus, after the Greek mythology hero, passed its government endurance test with a faultless run of 127 hours and is the first such engine in the world to achieve this high record of reliability. It holds Number One certificate of approval from the British government and already has flown extensively in a heavy bomber. It is the foundation at the moment upon which Britain's future air liners will be built.

Nothing that good has yet been done over here.

Our prop-jet engine was developed by General Electric and first flown in an Army Convair experimental fighter plane, the XP-81, in January, 1946. One year later it was flown in an experimental Navy fighter plane, the Ryan XF2R-1, but the remaining few planes and engines on order for both types were canceled because of limited experimental funds.

The Brabazon Committee's program was no smoke screen. It is an almost terrifying threat to American aeronautical ingenuity and if we don't begin to move now, our older and more stable aviation people see a fleet of Queen Elizabeths of the Air in operation in five to ten years.

America's aircraft industry, however, cannot privately undertake as ambitious a program as its British competitor. The millions of dollars involved in experimental and development work on just one new type are not in the treasuries of our plane builders. Their only hope is to adapt jet or prop-jet engines to existing models—no overnight job—and for engines they may have to turn to the British until our jet-engine industry catches up the lag, variously estimated as being from 18 months to five years.

Just as Britain had to pocket her pride and, even worse, spend scarce American dollars for Constellations, so are we going to build the successful Rolls Royce Nene straight jet engines over here under British license. Rolls Royce has selected Pratt & Whitney Aircraft of East Hartford, Connecticut, and has given it all manufacturing and sales rights for the Nene in this country.

Neither Pratt & Whitney nor Wright Aeronautical Corporation, our biggest builders of piston engines for air liners and combat planes, was permitted by the government to indulge in major research on jet engines while the war was on because of their heavy production work. This assignment instead was tossed to General Electric and Westinghouse, famous for their work in turbines, the heart of the jet engine. The latter will continue with their program of development while both Pratt & Whitney and Wright Aero move into the jet field with designs of their own.

The only way our aircraft industry, under present policy, can build new and radical jet and prop-jet air liners is through bigger and better Army and Navy contracts for jet combat aircraft, notably bombers and military transports. From these they can "extract" commercial versions for sale to air lines at reasonable prices, since the government pays the initial heavy development costs for the mili... model. That's one reason the Boeing Stratocru... our newest, biggest and fastest air liner, now b... made ready for commercial service can be sold ... $1,250,000. It was developed from the Army C... troop and cargo carrier which in turn was evo... from the war-proved B-29 Superfortress.

The policy being followed by the British to c... out the Brabazon plan is an open, direct subs... The manner in which American builders are to ... competitive planes is also a government subs... but Britain's is productive of quicker results.

British hopes to capture the coveted and pr... able New York-London air trade are geared to ... gigantic and originally designated Bristol M... 167 now under construction and which since ... been named the Brabazon I in tribute to that ... defatigable pioneer airman, Lord Brabazon.

The Brab One, as it is popularly termed, is ... pected to fly early next year. The first model ... be powered with eight 2,400-horsepower pi... engines and propellers but the next, the Brab On... is to be equipped with eight prop-jets.

An important trump card up the British slee... the huge 290,000-pound Saunders Roe Model ... also known as the Saro, a 100-passenger flying l... to be sped through the air by 12 prop-jets at ... miles an hour. The British have kept the fl... boat in their program, though we appear to h... abandoned it for commercial use.

The Brabazon Committee had its eye cocke... the direction of America when it laid down pl... of lesser size and performance to block out Am... can competition not only on the prize N... Atlantic run but on more leisurely routes.

Built and flying are such types as the Vic... Viking twin-engined 24-passenger, 200-mile ... hour air liners in which the King and Queen ... on their South African tour earlier this year. T... are a worthy competitor in the foreign trade (an... British prices together with British trading meth... of the Martin 2-0-2 and Convair 240 medium t... engined transports now being pointed for air-... service later this summer. Already the Vikings ... replacing the Douglas DC-3s used since the wa... British European Airways' continental services ... by August this famous American air liner wil... gone. Also in commercial operation is the DeH... land Dove, a little twin-engined, short-range ... liner carrying 8 passengers in cozy surrounding ... 200 miles an hour.

Now under test is the Airspeed Ambassadc... perfectly streamlined twin-engined beauty ... wing atop the fuselage so its 40 passengers can ... the ground from any window as they cruise at ... miles an hour. Its route assignment is not as def... as that of the new Handley Page Hermes IV, ca... Britain's fastest air liner (cruises at 250), 25 of w... have been ordered for British Overseas Airv... Corporation's Empire routes from London ... South Africa, India, Australia and China. The ... model of this type is to be the Hermes V, with p... jets which, they say, will give it a cruising spee... nearly 100 miles an hour faster and a range of n... than 3,000 miles with up to 63 passengers at 30... feet. This is an added menace to the North Atla... business with the distance between Gander, N... foundland, and Shannon, Eire, only 2,000 miles.

The Avro Tudor I and Tudor II, in general al... the size of our DC-6 but 60 miles an hour slo... are now flying and undergoing further develop... with piston engines and propellers.

Another attractive model now flying is the sr... four-engined Miles Marathon, with seats for ... speed of 200 and range of 1,000 miles. It is sl... for prop-jet engines in its next edition.

Half a dozen or more other small to mediun... liners are being built, some as combination pas... ger and cargo, others as freighters. They are ... part of the Brabazon program yet they are c... petitive to American types and already are gi... us a fight in the world market.

BRITISH CO...



DeHavilland ... ries eight a...

THE GOLDEN MESH

Continued from page 32

out a guide. As for this little man the earrings and the muskrat face, he t be French and listen to reason. Spaniards did not like Americans. were under the impression that siana, if it were given up, would be ned to Spain.

igg looked behind the man with the ngs. Under the hurricane shade of tern stood a young girl. She was not the Creoles with their chalky faces coal-black hair, but blue-eyed and cheeked. And the ringlets were light n. "Yes? You are looking for one?" she asked brightly.

ust looking for my way out of this np."

here's no way out at this time of . You better come in. Don't mind ud on your boots and your clothes. he more reason for you to come in et warm."

took another look at the man with arrings. Either dumb, or at least le to speak English, the webfoot ed his snuff-clinkered teeth in a grin, slipped around Trigg and jumped to the shell beach outside.

hat little fellow," Trigg said as the ook his fox-skin hat, "he seems to g here, but you—I didn't know were ladies in this swamp."

came to see one of the family who he swamp fever."

e of the family would be an English- not an American, judging by her t. "Then there is someone else in abin besides your—your servant?"

have no servants. I keep a millinery in New Orleans. There is no one See for yourself." She nodded to an-to, which was filled with muskrat fishing gear, a trawl hanging over atten door. "No one around here t old Po-po. He is a Cajun and has olitics. An American is as welcome yone." She went to a window and l out: "Po-po, come in here and s some coffee!"

e is not the one who was sick?"

he one who was sick is well now and one on his rounds to see other ers. He is a fur buyer."

e Englishman he was pursuing was ld enough to be her father, Trigg nbered. But he could be her brother.

E Cajun hobbled in and ducked into e kitchen, where he put on a pot and d a brandy bottle. When he brought cups he put the final touch to the e coffee by squeezing the juice from n orange. He might squeeze some- else into it, Trigg thought, if he s what brought me this far down he marsh. Aloud he said, "Thank ery much, no coffee. I can't lose me. Must get to New Orleans."

t night?" the girl laughed. "How you get anywhere?" Her laugh d her teeth and a dimpled chin.

you could just set me right about rection—"

ou wouldn't believe the direction I ou. New Orleans is west, but to get you must first find the St. Francis ." She pointed north toward what Bayou Bienvenue. "It would take g time if you started tonight. It take forever, because you would get there. You must have supper s, then Po-po will fix you a bunk."

po was already slicing garlic and s in the kitchen. "That little fellow ide me," Trigg said. "I'll pay him." ok some Spanish dollars from his y belt.

called to the kitchen, translating ggestion into Cajun patois. Po-po wer twisted the cork out of a bottle is teeth as if killing a chicken. "He oney enough, he says."

gg caught the spicy smell of jambalaya simmering. The salty sea cherries he had eaten had merely sharpened his hunger. "You are very hospitable, but I simply cannot stay for dinner."

"Or for breakfast, I suppose you think?" She was very cool about it, her smile seeming to say, "You will go when I let you go." It started a panic in his chest—the panic of being trapped. He took some more dollars from his belt and stacked them on a table like a gambler sweetening the pot. "I'm taking that pirogue I saw under your window."

"Then you can have your coffee when you come back."

He swallowed an oath. There she went again, taking it for granted he couldn't get away. She was right, he discovered, when he went out on the shell beach. The canoe was not there.

He swore aloud this time, then wiped the sweat from his forehead. He had felt hot and loutish when that girl stared at his tangled hair and hunting shirt and mud-soaked pantaloons. Now she had proved him a lout! He circled the cabin toward the kitchen door, intending to



"The passengers are growing ugly. Our club soda is all gone and there's something wrong with the movie projector"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

throttle that little muskrat; but under the window he caught the smell of thyme and bay leaves boiling. At that moment Po-po was pouring in the shrimp which he had already shelled and fried. Trigg's mouth watered as he remembered the jambalaya he always had when he flatboated down to New Orleans.

He could tell her the truth. She knows it all anyway because her brother—he was sure that's who it was—must have come here and warned her that he was on his trail, told her to hold him.

He circled the mud shoals in a vain search for the canoe. He could come right out with it and say: "Look here! We ran into a man dressed as a trapper. When we called to him he answered in good English that he had no time to talk to us. We chased him and he killed one of our men. We opened fire but he escaped—"

No, there was no use telling her all that. Even if she already knew it, it would be a reminder that her brother would be shot when caught.

"Yes, come in," she said when Trigg knocked once again at the front door. "Supper is ready."

She had changed her calico for a sack chemise. Perhaps, like her countrymen, she always changed for dinner; at any rate being a milliner, she knew how to look fashionable even in a trapper's mud-and-stick shanty.

Trigg said nothing about the vanished pirogue. Instead: "That member of the family you mentioned—the sick one who got well with your nursing—he was your brother, I reckon."

The blood drained from her cheeks, but her voice was steady, "What made you think that?"

"If he buys furs from these trappers he must know his way around at night. Thought I'd wait for him."

SHE took a moment to answer, getting a small box from the cupboard. "Then you may as well make yourself comfortable. Try some of this perique tobacco in your pipe."

Po-po, wearing a flower behind his ear, brought in the jambalaya. The girl sat down at the table, motioning Trigg to the opposite chair. A pretty girl and jambalaya! He swallowed hard. But, convinced that he would have to come to close quarters with Po-po sooner or later, he refused. It would not be right to accept their hospitality and then tomahawk the cook.

"But you will have some of this *pomal?*" she asked, filling two cups with Burgundy.

"I can't drink on the eve of battle."

She smiled from the side of her mouth. "I heard your general said he had never heard of a Kentuckian without a gun and a pack of cards and a bottle of whisky."

"So you found out I was a Kentuckian?"

Her eyes dropped guiltily. "It's your long hair and the color of it. I wonder how you would look with it trimmed. I'm a milliner, you see, and hair either on a man or woman is very important."

He stuck to his own subject. "Will you ask Po-po where he hid that pirogue?"

She turned to the webfoot and talked in gumbo. Po-po stood biting the stem of his flower thoughtfully.

"He said you must have seen a cypress log. There was no pirogue on the beach."

Trigg almost believed this lie. The canoe had looked like an alligator, he remembered. But it occurred to him that she might have interpreted the webfoot's remarks to suit her own ends. Trigg circled the dining table and followed Po-po into the kitchen. Holding out a handful of dollars, he said, "Pirogue."

Po-po took one of the coins and bit it; then, closing one eye, he put a finger to his lips. The finger—a mere bone eaten by shrimp juice—pointed to the shell beach outside the window. It was signal enough for Trigg to meet him out there.

"Did he accept your bribe?" the girl asked as Trigg crossed the main room.

"Yes, for a pocketful of dried shrimps."

"You will never taste shrimps again if Po-po takes you away in his pirogue."

"I'll sit behind him with this."

"You'll need that tomahawk for the plat-eyes and witches and moccasins."

"Thanks for the warning." He took another hard look at her. . . .

When he went out on the beach he found Po-po dragging the pirogue out of the cane.

Trigg got in, holding his tomahawk in readiness as he recalled that a pirogue can roll over as easily as the log from which it is hewn. Every stroke of the paddle almost capsized them; so did the tangle of branches and roots that scraped them.

Po-po kept paddling steadily, first along the winding bayou, then into a maze of alligator trails in which he seemed to smell his way, for there was no other sense which could have guided him. He worked skillfully and hard, and just as skillfully he suddenly capsized the pirogue and shot it through a mass of rotting roots into clear water.

Trigg was left far behind, waist-deep in the thick ooze, the mangroves reaching for him like live things. He wriggled out of the mire only to flounder through the murderous swamp grass which sliced his cheeks and hands and even his homespun. He longed for something solid to stand on or cling to but there was not even a floating log. As for that hollowed-out cypress log, the pirogue, he never saw it or the Cajun again.

But he saw the girl. She had taken care of that, hanging a lantern high up in the door of the cabin to guide him back. I'll go back to her or else just lie here and let the carrion crows pick my bones in the morning, he thought bitterly. She came out and helped him the last few yards.

"The jambalaya is hot," the girl said when he staggered in. Trigg wanted to accuse her of ordering her man to drown him, but as he opened his mouth he remembered she had given him fair warning after all. His open mouth must have made him look like a landed fish, he thought. The resemblance was probably heightened by his face, puffing and on fire from the grass cuts. The poison grass, the chills brought on by his long trek in the marsh and finally the ducking in the swamp ooze made him shiver and burn as if in a raging fever.

"An accident—pirogue turned over," he mumbled as he slumped to a chair.

"I'll fix your face and hands to stop the poison," she said, turning to the kitchen.

HALF unconscious, his chin on his chest, he was vaguely aware of her fingers rubbing his face with lye and bacon grease. It was her laugh which brought him out of his stupor. "I wish I could cut off this hair. Just two snips would fix it—"

"Oh, no you don't!" He struggled up, but ashamed at his sudden panic, he sank back again almost in her arms.

"That's it, rest your head back."

"I'm not going to sleep! You won't get my tomahawk or my hunting knife, if that's what you're chuckling over!"

"I was only chuckling at your face. You don't look like a Kentuckian any more. You look like a webfoot. I'll get you some dry clothes, then we'll eat."

He shook his head groggily. He was too sick to eat supper.

"Then take this and you'll feel better." She held a cup to his lips and without

thinking he let the *pomal* fill his mouth. He swallowed it and the pleasant burn spread down his chest to his stomach then up to his head. It was then that he noticed her eyelids like velvety black moths fluttering. When she spread his hair back so she could rub the ointment on his forehead, he said, "That's one way to keep me here, rubbing my forehead. You should've thought of that the first time."

She pretended not to hear his mumbling. "You Kentuckians wear your hair so long—for strength, like Samson?"

"You'll find out about Kentuckians, you and your little man, if you try to hold me prisoner." He thought he had shouted at her, but like voices in a dream, no sound came out. He knew he was a prisoner, for there was no hope of escaping the swamp without her help. He felt he was her prisoner not just until morning but forever. He was sure of it as he sat across the table, watching her fill his plate with jambalaya.

HE SHOVED the plate away, too sick for food, then reached for the cup she had just refilled. A good swig of the Spanish *pomal* worked on him until he reached for a shrimp, nibbled it. The taste of thyme and peppers made his mouth water. He finished the shrimp, then another. He was suddenly raging hungry and also dead sleepy both at once.

She could have drugged that Burgundy—but where would she get the drug? She's not like those women in New Orleans who rob a flatboatman for his money, he thought. She's doing this so I won't kill her brother.

He lifted his head and tried to focus his eyes on that dimple in her chin. This seemed to drive her off, for she got up and he noticed the tilt of her nose and the young throat as white as the crepe myrtle he had seen in New Orleans courtyards. She got behind him but appeared again on the other side, circling him for no purpose he could imagine except to spin a web.

He stood up and balanced himself. "You could do it when I'm asleep," he mumbled half to himself.

"Do what?"

"Cut my hair—and get my knife and rifle gun in the bargain. Perhaps you've got my bullets already." In a panic he fumbled for the bullets in his pantaloon pockets. "But I'm not going to sleep—not here."

He went to the door, jumped aside as he saw a thin figure stalking in mud. "Your brother—" He ran to the window, lifting his rifle gun.

The girl burst out without thinking: "It can't be my brother! He's not coming back!"

"No, he's buying muskrat furs, you said, or else taking information to the invaders."

Trigg should not have taken the time to jeer at her even though the man out there had not reached the shell beach. It was the girl who made the moment count, for when Trigg snuggled the cherry stock of his gun against his shoulder and beaded on the silver sight, a rope whipped down on his head—not one rope but many as the girl yanked a trawl over him from head to knees.

He swung around, flaying his arms—which merely entangled him further in the net. It acted like swamp grass. He was a fish for sure now, a crappie flopping on the floor boards of a skiff. Although he upset benches and tables, the girl stood by calmly, doing nothing until he tried to untangle himself with both hands. Then she slid his rifle gun out from the web and stepped to the door.

"It's not my brother," she repeated without a change of voice. "But you would be lucky if it were. My brother would give you a chance—but not this redbone." She turned to Trigg. "You get into that lean-to." He struggled to his knees, trying once more to free himself from the bag net. "Get in there you!" she shouted. "That redbon guide for the British hunting partie he'll know what you are with that hair of yours!"

Trigg was not so sure he didn't the redbone to this Delilah. Ther no doubt about the girl's breed, wh a redbone was neither black nor Indian nor Spanish but a mixture Undecided for the moment, dragged himself and the trawl in lean-to and the girl closed the doo

"I heard trouble in there!" a shouted from the beach.

"I tripped, chasing a muskrat," t called back. "What do you want Enrico?"

"I want a pirogue. A Dirty Shir mine." The man's voice was suc amplified as he stepped up to the platform. "I smell jambalaya!"

Through a knothole Trigg cou him now, skinny and bulletheade piebald—the redbone who had pret not to understand English when commandeered his canoe. Evider had waded and swum part of the for his smock dripped water and oc

"Today your brother ran into pickets and they shot him and hit the arm—oh, you seem to know. he came here?"

Trigg could not hear the girl's a but he saw her nod.

"He had a dispatch for Pakenha he could not use his arm to paddl gave me the dispatch. I'll tell you

"No!" she interrupted quickly. tell me anything!"

"This general, Don Andres Jack is boxed in without hope. I can t that much of it."

Ethan Trigg cut one of the stra the trawl, then another.

"Why don't you sit down with the redbone asked. "You're the p thing ever seen in this marsh. No are you turning away?"

"I am going to boil some coffe

"What's wrong with this *pomal*?

"All right, have a glass, but n much."

There was a gurgle of the bott a belch. "Your brother lives hig

"I said, please not too much. have already had some tafia ru know anything."

TRIGG'S mind was racing squirmed silently out of the What the redbone had said stir blood and made it pump and sing head.

Just beyond his door he hea man muttering in an injured tone. do you draw your hand away like

"Because you are as drunk a gull, that's why."

The man asked suddenly, " Po-po in the kitchen?"

"No. Must be the muskrat aga go my hand, Enrico."

"Where did you get that rifle g

"It belongs to a Dirty Shirt. Carroll's men, or maybe Coffee's chasing my brother."

"Let me see it."

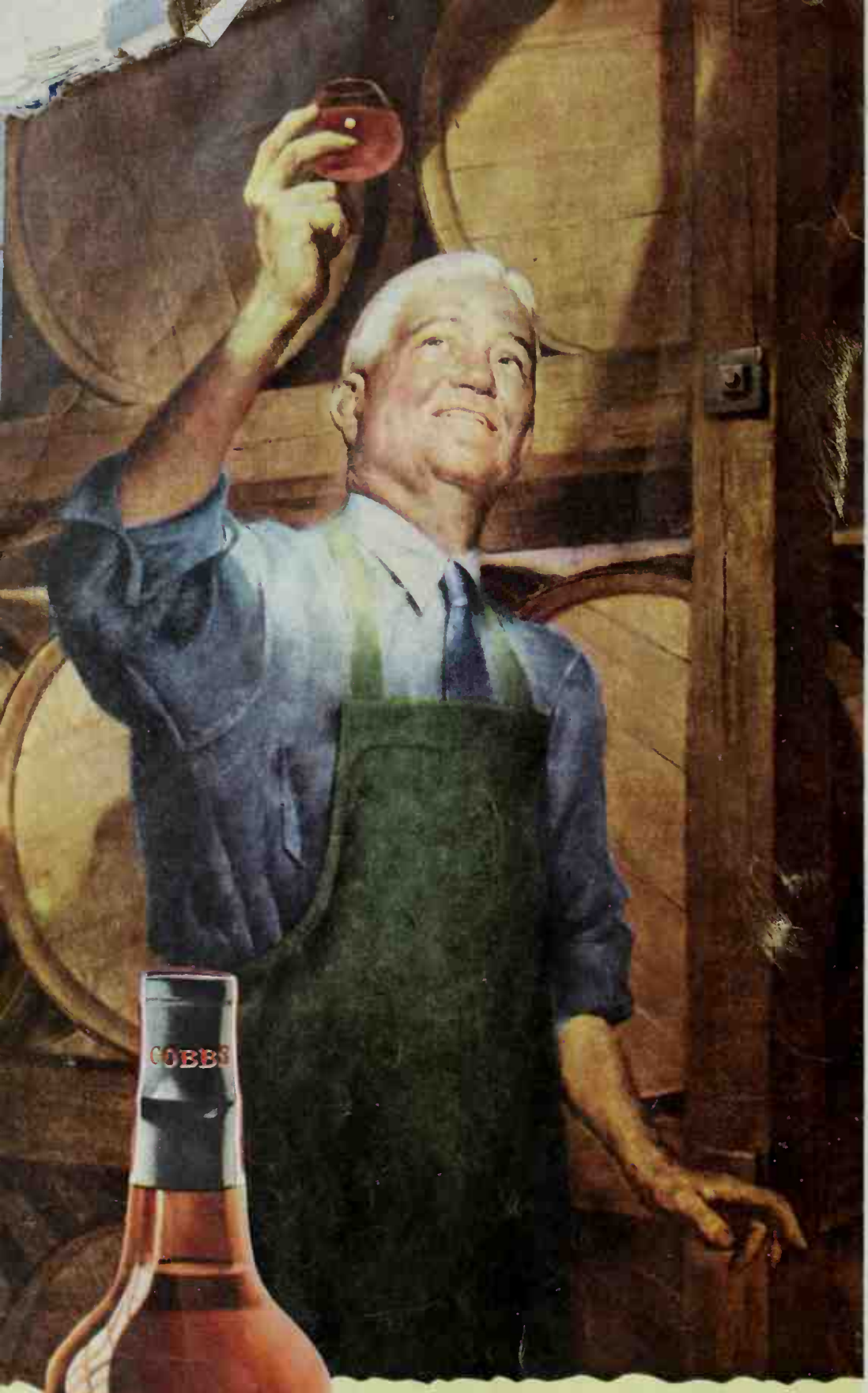
"No." There was a scuffle.

Trigg took his tomahawk from Let her think I'm doing this for h little hellcat! Let her think it's c not common sense!

He inched the door open. "W doing, redbone, tussling with lady?"

The redbone gaped like a gigg He lifted one hand to ward off th hawk, his other fumbling for the p his belt. Fire blazed from the ni barrel as the tomahawk landed; a ball roared, lopping Trigg's ear.

The pain came later, delayed pain from swamp grass. It can the girl had fled and the redb with the tomahawk inch-deep in h Trigg sank heavily to his knees, p by his arms, head hanging so



COBBS

A Blended Whisky of superior quality
Blended and Bottled in Philadelphia, Pa.
COBBS DISTILLING CORPORATION

The Master Blender

FILLS YOUR GLASS
WITH FINER WHISKY!

COBBS offers you a matchless whisky so skillfully blended that you get new heights of flavor, richness, smoothness. Definitely extra-fine whisky. And the moderate price is an added pleasure.

COBBS

BLENDED WHISKY

The Master Blend



86 PROOF • 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • Cobbs Distilling Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

d drops splashed one by one on the one's smock. He searched the smock the cottonade breeches, hunting with ingers—his eyes were blurred with ever and the wound had made him .

ike a gull picking shrimps from a oise's back," the girl said.

igg wondered how she happened to n the room until he opened his eyes blinked stupidly at lantern light. He have been unconscious for a long , for he was sitting in a chair. When ied to get up he discovered his arms knees were bound by the wisteria h they used in that country for boat s. Samson was helpless at last— id with seven green withes.

his eyes cleared he saw the girl's white as a wax candle, then a darker ver her shoulder. This was the Eng- an, his arm in a sling.

ere's something wrong with my , Trigg thought. It's not this bandage ed with *pomal* that makes it feel so —and so empty! He looked down at shoulder then the other where his hair should have reached.

ot him gutted and gilled for mar- ure enough!" the brother said with- smiling. "But if he was picking gh Enrico's clothes he might have d something."

searched his pockets. That's why I him up—so I could search him."

e brother knelt down by the red- 's body. "The dispatch—it's gone!" rned and with his good hand started ng off Trigg's boots. "I'll find that tch if I have to take off every stitch ur clothes."

is might have been the reason for irl's turning to the door. Whether it a premonition of danger or modesty, urned just in time to see what was ng. "A hunting party! Horses!" She d harder. "Americans!"

e brother lifted his gun, pointing at g's chin. "You'll tell me where you hat dispatch, or else get this—"

e girl jumped in front of him. n't, Hal! He's my prisoner, not s!" She chattered wildly, "He saved rom that drunk redbone and you t going to murder him! They'd find ispatch on his body anyway—"

e brother swore, repeating what aid under his breath. "Come on— this window!" he snapped. "My e's hidden outside."

he climbed over the sill the girl held glancing to the door on the other of the room. She could see the oons clearly now, as Trigg could see , wading their horses across the u.

ant to take me with you?" Trigg ed. That might have been in her , considering the certainty that he the dispatch in his clothes. "You to keep me prisoner for life, is that Can't give me up?"

ou'll be a prisoner when I see you again in New Orleans," she taunted, darting to the window.

"When I see you there they'll still be singing Yankee Doodle!"

"Then drop into my millinery shop and I'll stick a feather in your cap!"

She climbed over the sill and by the time the cavalry pickets rode up to the cabin she was as safe as a muskrat in the cane.

Trigg recognized the officer dismounting at the door as one of Hind's Mississippi Dragoons. He had six men with him, one of them a swamp guide with a fuzzy marsh-bred pony—the kind they called half alligator, half horse.

"A dispatch," Trigg said before they could ask him what had happened. One of his boots was already off but he pointed with his chin at the other. "Inside my pantaloons—left boot."

THE officer found the dispatch and read it while a picket and the guide were casting off the knots in the wisteria. "It's to their general, Lord Pakenham, telling how simple will be the capture of New Orleans. Where did you get this, Trigg?" the officer asked excitedly.

"From the redbone on the floor—guide for a British courier."

"It gives the exact strength of our troops—Carroll's Tennesseans, Morgan across the river"—he ran his eye down the list—"Daquin's Negroes, the Choctaws, Lafitte's pirates, Coffee—" he grinned at the next item: "Total arms in New Orleans, twenty-five hundred muskets, seventy-five pistols! *That's* good news for Pakenham if he ever gets there!"

He folded the paper and tucked it in his blouse. "Get to your horses, men! And you"—he turned to the swamp guide —"take us straight to Chalmette!"

Trigg stretched the crick out of his legs as he stood up. The officer took his arm to steady him. "Tell us what happened while we're riding." He called to one of his men to help Trigg to a saddle. "What the devil happened to your hair?"

"It clotted my wound." Trigg thought up an excuse which might actually have been the truth. "The girl who doctored me wanted it cut even, being a milliner."

"And the wisteria ropes—who did that?"

Trigg blushed and lied, "She had a brother." Then suddenly he recalled a line of Shakespeare his mother had read to him as a boy . . . *a golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men.* But he swore to himself: When I'm with Old Hickory on the fire step I'll forget her.

But he contradicted this the next moment when the dragoon with whom he was riding laughed, "After the battle at Chalmette we'll make a spree in New Orleans,—a *bamboche*, as these folks call it. I know a girl—a Creole—"

"I can't make *bamboche,*" Trigg said, a captive forever, "until I go see a milliner and get a feather for my hat."

THE END

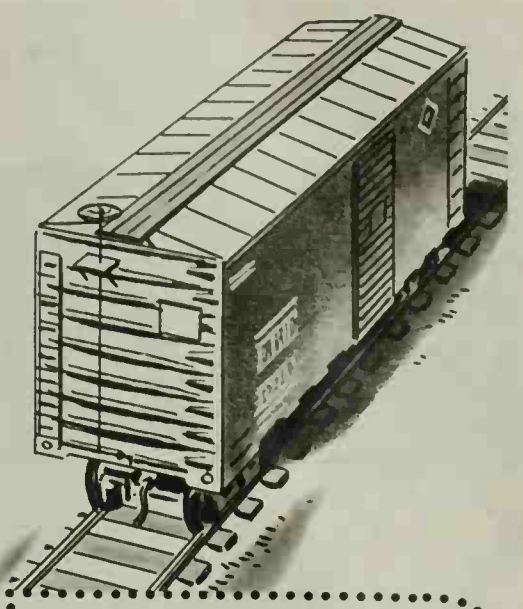


"The years have treated you kindly, Alice"

RAY HELLE

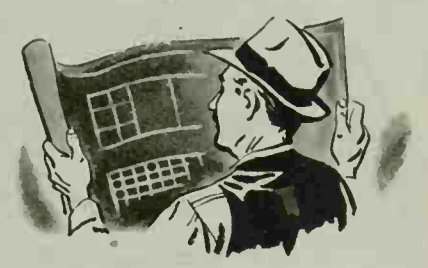
Inside story of Boxcar 82763

Solving the problem of the Broken Battery Cases

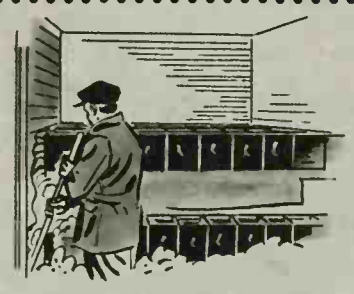




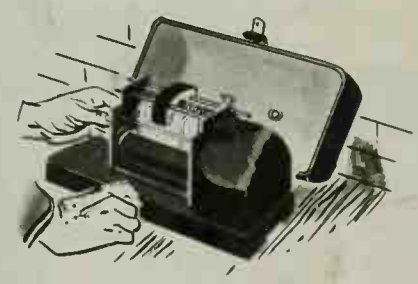
Prominent battery manufacturer plagued with broken shipments enlists the aid of Erie loading specialists.



The Erie assigned one of their loading experts to solve the problem. After close, personal observation and examination of several shipments, he planned a new method of loading.



He made sure boxcar floors were smooth and even, suggested containers be trimmed, changed methods of stacking the battery cases, recommended different blocking, bracing, and filling of empty spaces.



To check the effectiveness of this new loading method, a special impact recorder was installed that automatically registers and charts any handling that would affect the shipment.



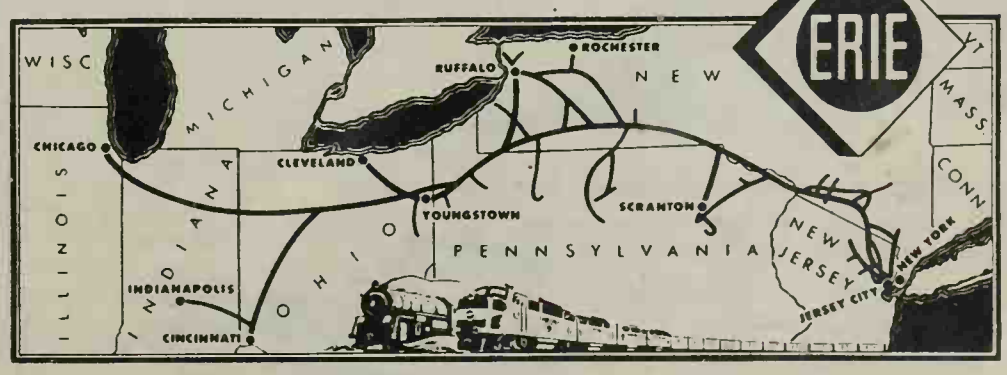
Personally inspecting the unloading of several cars, the Erie representative found his careful study of the problem and his recommendations had paid-off to the shipper's satisfaction.



These and other specialized skills and services are winning more satisfied shippers, and making more friends who say "Ship it Erie".

Erie Railroad

SERVING THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA



THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

convalescent home, X-ray machines, and every modern appliance. Then we had something to offer a doctor. Doctor is a graduate of Vienna—and very satisfactory.

ERIC P. KELLY, Chebeague Island, Me.

. . . I would like to add another reason for the shortage here in South Dakota. We have only one medical school in the state—a two-year one. That means every student must finish his training outside the state—if the out-of-state ones aren't too crowded. Once settled in another state many will not return.

MRS. FRED B. FOREMAN, Watertown, S. D.

COULD I HELP YOU, SIR, PLEASE?

DEAR EDITOR: Yes, it's a relief to be able to buy a spring chicken without having to pay for all the eggs the hen would have laid if she'd lived to a ripe old age. Lester Velie is entirely correct when he tells us The Customer Is Right Again (May 31st).

Why, to give you some idea of how things have changed, the other day I saw a sign that said, "All nickel candy bars, five cents!"

PARKER FENNELLY, Peekskill, N. Y.

Yes, but what this country now needs is a good five-cent nickel.

WOMAN DOCTOR

DEAR EDITOR: When I saw the name of Ralph S. Banay, M.D., I knew I was in for a treat. I sat down, although my head was in a rag (I was cleaning house at the time) and read The Husband Really Pays. I find him keen and refreshing. Modern fiction makes a silly ninny of most of its heroines.

Collier's of May 24th is good copy all through. Your fiction, although up to the minute, does never deem it necessary to go "nausty." Many of our national family magazines are getting smeary. Please keep Collier's clean.

KATE O'LEARY, Janesville, Wis.

. . . If no children have entered the picture then Dr. Banay's fairly accurate, except that men being the "boss" sex pick young flowers rather than faded ones—Do I make myself clear?

MRS. M. HIRAM KAGAN

. . . Millions of veterans will breathe a sigh of silent gratitude to Dr. Banay for not blaming the war for broken homes, as most crackpots do.

An open-minded study of Dr. Banay's work might be beneficial to the host of judges and courts who condemn men to perpetual financial support, regardless of grounds. For a nation as civilized as ours, it is a shame, injustice, and disgrace to tolerate the archaic divorce laws and practices that they have condemned men to for decades. . . .

GEORGE H. MULDER, Bellflower, Cal.

. . . We have a life insurance against death, why can't we have one against divorce? If we had divorce insurance, all cheating and lies would be outlawed.

(MRS.) JEWEL SCAREY, New York City

. . . The demand of public sympathy, the assumed attitude of defenselessness, the exaggeration of supposed physical weaknesses, the airing of marital grievances to the local sewing circle have made purely feminine attributes an undesirable quantity. Excuses have been made that woman is a creature of emotions, but no emotion ever conceived blackmail, which is woman's most potent weapon. The subtle, dripping-tap method of persuasion is the result of cold-blooded logic and is conceived in ice-encapsuled brain cells.

Don't stop now, Dr. Banay, you have a crowd of disciples only waiting for their ideas to be crystallized for them.

LEE WHITE, London, Ontario

TIMBER! 1948

GENTLEMEN: I don't know if there enough adjectives of PRAISE to exp the merit of your presentation of the of President Truman (A President Gi Up, May 24th). He should be re-ele "hands down," and you awarded Pulitzer prize for the year—HERE Now.

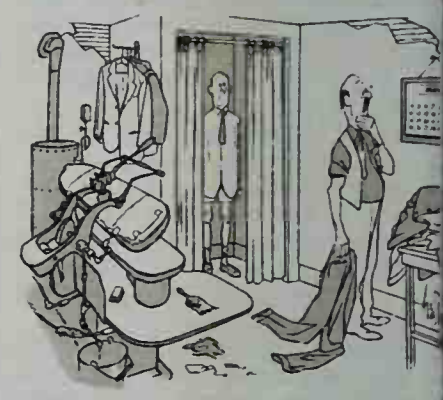
I know it does not mean anything cial, but the writer has been a loyal re of Collier's for over fifty years. Anyh it is a consolation that there are a minds that can rise above petty parti ship.

R. C. BUCHA

PLEASE EXPLAIN

DEAR SIRS: None of us could get the closed cartoon (May 17th). Are we plain stupid or have we no sense of mor? Would like explanation.

CARLOS A. SMITH, Bellaire, C



"Now, let's see—today is Friday, isn't it?"

Mr. Price asks any other befogged rea "How would you like to be caught your pants down over a week end?"

CHANGE PARTNERS

DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial, Is This Necessary? (May 17th), indicated that do not know that we have a divorce la Mexico inaugurated by President Car called "The Mutual Divorce Law." couple who wish to separate go befor judge and say so. It is not necessary one to incriminate the other. They fil pers, and the judge tells them to retu one month. At the end of a month return; the judge asks if they have changed their minds. If they answer n tells them to return in a month. The ond month the thing is repeated. If return the third time and still insist o divorce, it is granted. As they married mutual consent they may be divorce same way.

R. M. GOOD

Ensenada, Baja California, M

. . . I call your attention to the fact the state of Texas provides for a (30- "cooling off" period in its divorce Your editorial implies that the r adoption of similar provision by the of Tennessee is an innovation.

FRANK Y. HILL, Laredo,

IN THE DISCARD

DEAR SIRS: I enjoyed Architects in F ers (May 10th). But why does Ha Harrison have to drag in the old pr tive coloration theory?

It used to be argued that because e thing turns white in the arctic winte was protective camouflage. The th went overboard when it was found birds and animals were merely subje the law of physics which permits the retain their own body heat when th no warmth from the outside.

The French naturalist, Jean Henri F threw the protective coloration theor the window, with the remark that v one thing says yes, a thousand thing no.

A. A. PATRICK, Weatherford,



hey're putting
he bite on me!

Fleas are like poor relatives after a rich
icle—they're out for all they can get.
Mother told me there'd be days like
is—times when the best thing to do is
the me with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA
ap, followed by regular dustings with
IP-FLEA Powder. The powder con-
ins proved anti-flea ingredients, and it
ings fast relief . . . it's tested for safety,
. For economy, try the new 50c size.
Sergeant's 73 years of clinical research
d laboratory testing have developed 19
g care products, each of which helps
you to give your dog the
care he deserves.



• You can pick up a number of valuable hints on dog training and dog health in Sergeant's new Dog Book. It's FREE for the asking at drug and pet stores, or by writing to Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

Sergeant's

DG CARE PRODUCTS

ow She Shops
ash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

y sufferers relieve nagging backache quick-
e they discover that the real cause of their
e may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are
e's chief way of taking the excess acids and
out of the blood.
n disorder of kidney function permits poison-
tter to remain in your blood, it may cause nag-
ackache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep
nergy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness
the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills,
ulant diuretic, used successfully by millions
er 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will
he 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poison-
aste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

You Can Get
uick Relief for
Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Put two drops of Murine in each eye. Then feel your eyes relax. Feel that refreshing, soothing sensation that comes in seconds.

INE?
e is a sci-
c blend of
important ingre-
. . . so safe . . . so
. . . so soothing . . . so
It relieves the discomfort
es that are tired from over-
exposure to sun, wind, dust or
. Try Murine today.

MURINE
R YOUR EYES

THE GRAND MARCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Continued from page 19

discovered that weakness it would mean the end of the only career for which he had been trained. It would mean goodby to the Army in which he had served with honor, even with distinction. His own future would tumble silently around him, and he would be lost indeed.

The sound of radio music came insistently to his ears through that door in front of him, and somehow its measured beat brought him back to present reality. He lifted his hand and knocked on the panel he could not see.

The music stopped. Someone came with quick steps to the door and opened it. David Hammond, a tall man, found himself looking down at a young woman whose upturned brown face startled him with its unmistakable familiarity. He was astonished not so much by this recognition as by the fact that he remembered so clearly the original—the face of the boy he had last seen alive many months ago, and of which the young woman's face was a true but softer copy. Over her shoulder he saw three vague figures sitting motionless in a dimly lighted room.

"Are you—?" he began, then changed his question. "Is this the Taylors' apartment?"

"I'm Lucy Taylor," the girl said. Her eyes moved in swift appraisal of this stranger, this white man who wore the cloth, if not the manner, of authority. For the first time in years, David was conscious of his uniform.

"My name's Hammond. Captain Hammond. I've come—"

"Lucy," a woman's voice broke in calmly, "if he's from the station house, I already bought my ticket to the police benefit."

"Mama, this gentleman's an Army officer."

The pause that followed was curiously disturbing. David had again that sense of helplessness, as though the whole scene, and his purpose within it, were dissolving into illusion. The figures in the room were shadows, the girl scarcely more substantial except for the imprint of her face recalling that other face in his mind. He said, "You must be Buddy Taylor's sister"—and felt like a man who had smashed his way out of a dream.

"Buddy?" the girl said. "Why, yes. I—" Then he heard her catch her breath. "Buddy?"

"I knew him," David said. "He was in charge of a platoon of engineers attached to our headquarters near Pilsen, in Czechoslovakia. That was in May, '45."

LUCY TAYLOR spoke in a low tone that had the resonance of an organ note. "Come in, please."

He stepped into the room. It was lighted by a single lamp with a pleated, brown paper shade that stood on a card table near an overstuffed sofa whose springs dragged on the floor. On the sofa sat two women; a dark-skinned girl, with a baby asleep in her arms, and a big-bosomed, gray-haired matriarch in a black dress, with a proud black face that seemed to Captain Hammond wonderful in the lamplight. The only other person in the room was an old man wearing a stocking cap and a shabby, brown dressing gown tied with a string around his waist, like a monk's robe. He sat erect in a straight-backed chair at the window and stared out into the mild autumn night.

David had heard the door click shut behind him and now Lucy was standing at his side.

"Mama, this is Captain—" She glanced up at him quickly. "I'm sorry I didn't catch your name."

He repeated it for her.

"Captain Hammond," the girl said to her mother.

The gray-haired woman inclined her head but did not speak. David waited till the proud, challenging eyes again met his.

"Mrs. Taylor, I hope you won't think this is an intrusion. I've been looking forward for a long time to meeting you and your family. I got your address from the Army chaplain who wrote you about your son."

The eyes flickered momentarily. "I heard you say you knew Buddy." Then the matriarch resumed her impenetrable mask. "Lucy," she said, "introduce the captain to your sister and grandpa."

Lucy's sister was the girl with the baby. Her name was Mrs. Williams. The grandfather was the old man by the window. When Lucy introduced him he got up and bowed gravely to the visitor in uniform.

"Lost my son in the first World War and my gran'son in this one," Grandpa Taylor said, in a thin, sweet, wandering voice. "I was at El Caney in Cuba in '98, but I don't study 'bout war no more." He sat down again, and turned his wrinkled, leathery face to the night. "I got no comfort but my Jesus now," he said.

"Lucy," Mrs. Taylor said, "get a chair for the captain."

THERE was only one other chair in the room. Lucy pulled it into the circle of lamplight, then sat down on the sofa between her mother and sister. Facing them, David was conscious of a blurred symphony of noises coming up from the street and through the floor. But here was a stillness that would defeat him unless he overcame it. He said to Mrs. Taylor, "I've come to ask a favor—or rather to try to find something that may not even exist. It has to do with your son, and I—"

"My son is dead, isn't he?" the mother said.

"Yes."

"Killed after the war was over and done."

"Yes."

"Over and done," she said, with a finality beyond lament, beyond even bitterness. "I don't ask why. I got over asking why Buddy had to do that terrible work, whatever they call it—"

"Demolition."

"Whatever big name they call it, he was doing what the gov'ment told him. Gov'ment took him the way it took his father in '17. Carried him across the ocean, and Buddy hated it and was proud of it, too. Got blown up by a German bomb"—(It was a mine, David thought mechanically)—"a week after peace had come, and they buried him in foreign ground. What more does the gov'ment want of him? Why does it come bothering 'bout him now?"

David was puzzled. "The government?" he said. Then he understood. "I'm not representing the government."

"You said you wanted to find out something."

"I said *find*, not *find out*."

"Well, that sound like gov'ment."

It would have been funny if it had not been so completely and profoundly the reverse. He said, "I'm here for a purely personal reason."

"You wearing the uniform, so I thought—"

"I'm an officer in the Regular Army. I've just got back from four years' service overseas, including a seventeen months' tour of occupation duty. At present I'm stationed on Governors Island." He gave her these facts deliberately, and with still more deliberation

Meet "DEAR RUTH"



Whose love letters should have been mailed in asbestos envelopes . . .



. . . Whose sister got her engaged to five men at once.



Broadway roared at her for 680 performances, Chicago laughed for 13 months, Los Angeles hugged her for 252 Days. *Now it's a wonderful movie* and the whole wide world can love "Ruth" too.

Paramount presents

WILLIAM HOLDEN

and

JOAN CAULFIELD

in

"Dear Ruth"

with

BILLY DE WOLFE
EDWARD ARNOLD
MONA FREEMAN

Mary Philips • Virginia Welles • Kenny O'Morrison

Produced by PAUL JONES

Directed by WILLIAM D. RUSSELL

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Based on the Play by Norman Krasna

CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

d, "The last thing I did before I left
n was to visit your son's grave. I
ted to pay my respects to a man
t only once, but will never forget."
he three women simply stared at him
ly Lucy's wide brown eyes seemed
ll responsive—and David went on
ng against the stillness. "He was
ed in the Corps cemetery just out-
the city in a green and quiet place.
east it was green when I was there.
grave was well cared for and—"
es," Mrs. Taylor said without evi-
emotion, "the chaplain sent us a
re of it. Shows Buddy's name plain
he cross." Her look was remote.
was baptized 'Buddy.' I was afraid
wouldn't put that on the cross."
hey did."

HE mother nodded. She said, "We
ever called him anything else from
lay he was born."
randpa Taylor's reedy voice came
ringly across the room, "The Lord
, and the Lord taken away. Blessed
e name of the Lord."
rs. Williams' baby stirred and whim-
d with a tiny animal noise. She pat-
till it slept quietly again. Lucy said
avid, "Just what is it that you came
to find, Captain Hammond?"
looked at her with sudden relief.
r brother was a musician," he said.
Why, yes, he played piano."
le was also a composer, wasn't he?"
Why," Lucy said, "he was always
ng up tunes and playing them. But
't know that you'd call him a com-
."
would," David said. "But maybe
etter tell you my whole story. It
with a party we gave for the Rus-
at our regimental headquarters in
hoslovakia. I know the chaplain
t write you about that because he
't there. It was May 13, 1945."
cy glanced at her mother, then at
d. "The day before Buddy was
," she said.
he night before, yes." He tried to
as factually as possible. "We had
red Pilsen on the sixth, the war
d on the seventh and on the tenth a
of Russian officers, the staff of one
eir units opposite us, asked some of
a celebration on their side of the
Everyone was busy celebrating right
the victory, and three days later
nel Grace, my commanding officer,
ned the compliment. He invited the
ans to dinner at our headquarters."
e faces of his listeners showed only
t and puzzled curiosity. He hurried
The line between the two zones of
ation ran about ten kilometers east
sen and we were living in a country
not far from the line. The villa had
used during the war by a German
affe officer who had got out with-
oing any damage. It had belonged
nally to a Czech official of the big
works in Pilsen and was hand-
ly furnished. There was a grand
in the drawing room."
paused, aware that he had struck a
between the women's memories
is own. He said to Lucy, "I first
our brother sitting at that piano. He
t playing anything. He just sat there
his hands resting on the keyboard
is head turned as if he were listen-
something inside the instrument."
know!" the girl said. "I can just
" She did not finish the sentence.
e'd come in from the dining room
the longest and most tiresome din-
ve ever sat through." He was tell-
as he would have told it at the
rs' Club on the Post; any attempt
bellish or dramatize it for their
it would have been an inexcusable
scension. "We couldn't get to first
with the Russians. They'd been
hosts at their own party, but now
cted as if they were afraid or sus-
s of any friendliness. We'd had a
toasts—there was plenty to drink,
including vodka in honor of our guests—
but nobody seemed to loosen up, and the
whole thing dragged like a bad movie.

"They were combat men, just as we
were—some of them wore the Stalingrad
medal—and we admired them and made
half a dozen speeches saying so. They
made speeches, too, but I got the impres-
sion that they thought our contribution
to the victory was mostly technical and
mechanical. On the human side, we and
our Soviet friends were a long way apart.

"A couple of them spoke a little Eng-
lish, but they were cautious about using
it in front of their fellow officers, so
almost every word had to be translated
by interpreters. It struck me as a kind of
stupid practical joke that we should all
be eating the same food and drinking the
same drinks, that we had all fought the
same war for the same reasons, yet
couldn't speak the same language."

The old man at the window, in spite of
his assumed indifference, must have
heard every word, for now he said in his
piping quaver, "It all go back to the time
of Babel. The Lord mix up the language
then, and it stay mix up till yet."

The women paid no attention to this
interruption, and David said to Mrs.
Taylor, "As it turned out, your son had
the only language that was worth any-
thing. His music saved the evening. It
did something more. It spoke for us
Americans as we never could have
spoken for ourselves."

FOR the first time Mrs. Williams, the young woman with the baby, broke her curious, dreamlike silence. "How come Buddy was there?"

David said, "He'd appeared at a vic-
tory concert in the Pilsen Municipal The-
ater a couple of nights before. His
playing had stopped the show. Colonel
Grace heard of it—news like that travels
fast in the Army, especially a halted
Army—and he asked Sergeant Taylor to
come to the villa. I happen to know the
invitation was a request, not an order."

Lucy said, "Buddy would play for any-
body, any time, anywhere he could get
his hands on a piano."

"Yes," Mrs. Taylor said, and sud-
denly her great bosom heaved. "Oh, yes,
Lord! He was born with a misery of
music in him!" There was a kind of
anger in her eyes. "Why, when he was
just a little skinny boy, I'd miss him and
go looking for him and find him in the
corner saloon, in the back room where
they had the piano." She shook her head
in still-smoldering resentment. "Be sit-
ting up there on the stool screwed as high
as he could get it, fooling with his
chords."

"The chords come natural to him,"
Mrs. Williams said.

"Natural or unnatural," Mrs. Taylor
said, sighing, "Buddy grew up with his
head full of tunes and his fingers fixed to
play them. Taught himself by working
in bars or dance halls or any place they
would let him practice. Every new piece
he heard he was possessed to learn it.
But it was his own tunes that really dev-
iled him."

David leaned forward. "Did he ever
write them down?"

The blank look came back to the ma-
triarch's face. He turned to Lucy. "Did
your brother ever write down the tunes
he played? I mean his original composi-
tions?"

"No. At least I don't think so." Then,
aware of his eagerness, she said, "Why do
you ask, Captain Hammond?"

"Because I heard him play something,
on the night we entertained the Russians,
that I'd hate to think was lost. I'd hate
to think it was one more fine thing
lost—"

His voice was too loud. He controlled
it and went on quietly: "The party was al-
most over—I remember the windows of
the room were getting gray—when
Buddy stood up to make an announce-
ment.

"He said to Colonel Grace, 'Sir, now
I'd like to play something special for this
occasion. It's a piece I've been carrying
around in my head for a long time. I
call it The Grand March of the United
States of America.'"

It was strange how the rhythm of the words brought back to David Hammond the exact look and mood of that scene in the villa. He remembered the gray-green landscape taking shape beyond the windows and the lights in the room turning pale. He could see the Soviet officers in their dress uniforms, their blouses covered with medals and their shoulder boards giving them a stiff, square look. He could see their faces as Sergeant Taylor's long title was translated to them. Their expressions showed that they expected an outburst of musical boasting. Then Buddy began to play. . . .

Captain Hammond said to Mrs. Tay-
lor, "I'm a professional soldier. I know
little about music, except that I'm fond
of it. So I'm not competent to judge
whether your son's concerto, if that's the
right name for it, was as great as it
seemed to me. All I can tell you is that
when he'd finished—he must have played
for an hour—our colonel got up and
went to him and shook hands with him.
The rest of us followed, and so did the
Russians. They kept shouting 'Bravo!
Bravo!' and I saw one of them unpin a
medal from his blouse and shove it into
Buddy's hands. They had heard some-
thing that really moved them, something
they understood and respected."

He stopped, conscious of values be-
yond his power to project. He had told
it as well as he could in terms of fact;
but there was no way he could convey to
them either the quality of Buddy's music,
or the kind of truth it had let loose in
the room, a truth deeper and stronger
than words, that had broken the tension
between the two groups as a thunder-
storm clears the air on a stifling summer
day.

ONLY the music itself could bear wit-
ness to that truth, and now David
Hammond turned again to the girl whose
face in the lamplight was a link between
the living and the dead.

He said bluntly, "I came here hoping
to find the manuscript of your brother's
composition."

"Manuscript?"

"A score, if that's what it's called. Or
at least some notes—?" His bluntness
had become a kind of pleading.

"I see," Lucy said. And then, "Do
you have any reason to believe there
ever was such a manuscript?"

"Only that Buddy said he'd been
thinking about his Grand March for a
long time. Then, too, it seems incredible
that he could have improvised such a
complicated thing. He played it as
though he knew it by heart."

Lucy said gently, "He probably did,
but I don't think he ever put anything on
paper. I don't think he could." She
looked sidelong at her mother. "Mama,
was there anything like a music manu-
script in the package the chaplain sent
us?"

"No," Mrs. Taylor said. "It was just
my letters to Buddy and his watch and
a medal and some little things."

"What about the box he tied up before
he left? That cardboard box on the
shelf in his closet?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Taylor said. "I
never opened it or bothered it, except to
dust it. I don't know what's in it."

Lucy looked at David Hammond.
Then she got up and walked quickly out
of the room.

From his chair by the window
Grandpa Taylor spoke his ancient mind.
"The Book say, when the dead is at rest,
let his remembrance rest."

It was a ghostly warning, empty as an
echo; yet David was grateful when the
old man's protest was overborne by the
fretting of Mrs. Williams' baby. "You
better put that child to bed," Mrs. Taylor
told her daughter.

"In a minute," Mrs. Williams said.

Lucy came back into the room. She
was carrying a shoe box tied with a white
string. She sat down on the sofa and held
out the box to her mother, but Mrs.
Taylor folded her hands in her lap.

"You thought of it. You open it,
Lucy."

The girl tried to loosen the knot, then
broke the string and removed the lid
from the box.

David drew his chair closer, and Mrs.

Critical Comment from Coast to Coast on

THE GRAND MARCH OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BY DANA BURNET

"Burnet's story is a vivid treatment of a fundamental and patriotic theme and illuminates one of the most urgent national issues of our time."—Lee Casey, Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colorado.

". . . Inspired by something greater than insular or dated patriotism. Perhaps a black boy's march is a symbol of the leadership our powerful democracy must take in guiding the nations of the world into the promised land of peace."—Olga Owens, Boston Sunday Post.

"A profoundly beautiful story that clutches at the heart and yet never betrays the head."—Paul Jordan Smith, Los Angeles Times.

"Dana Burnet has magnificently dramatized eight essentials to our understanding of the troubled world today . . ."—Yandray Wilson Vance, Hartford Courant, Hartford, Connecticut.

"The visitor in the office said, 'Everywhere I go in the United States the people look as though they had lost the war.' He was an English newspaperman from Bombay . . . What have we lost? Nothing, if we catch the spirit defined by Dana Burnet in The Grand March of the United States of America . . . Here is a parable for the times."—William E. Hall, Toledo Blade.

". . . A message of reassurance and comfort to the people of a troubled nation."—Sam Raddon, Jr., Oregon Journal, Portland, Oregon.

"Dana Burnet's story is strongly appealing and affecting. Congratulations to Mr. Burnet and Collier's."—Frank Daniel, Atlanta Journal.

". . . Burnet story is a splendid expression of the value and nobility of the contribution by an unrecognized racial minority to the rich texture of total democracy . . ."—Marjory Stoneman Douglas, Miami Herald.

". . . A deeply moving story . . . It expresses without bombast or bathos the sort of patriotism all of us who love our country have felt."—Carter Brooke Jones, Washington (D.C.) Evening Star.

ICK RELIEF
FOR
SUMMER
TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums



Indian
WORLD'S FINEST
MOTORCYCLE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



CAT'S PAW
Finest Rubber Heels & Soles!

STOP Scratching
Mosquito-Other Insect Bites



Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.



Painful
TOE NAIL
GROOVE
Inflamed, Irritated,
Sore or Calloused Here?
Pressure of the great toe nail into the sensitive nail groove causes this painful foot trouble. A few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL quickly relieves soreness, pain. Softens and loosens embedded part of nail for easy removal. 50¢

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

Williams, mechanically patting her baby, craned her neck to see.

"I don't know why you had to break the string," Mrs. Taylor said.

No one answered. David watched Lucy's slow brown hand as it lifted and then replaced, one by one, the objects in the box.

There was a spinning-top, painted yellow with a red stripe and cracked down one side; a soiled cheesecloth marble bag; a wad of tin foil; a Christmas tree ornament in the shape of a swan; a slingshot; a small metal airplane; a jackknife with a broken horn handle; a greenish copper penny; a homemade baseball—the kind boys make by winding tar-tape around a hard rubber core; a mouth organ; and a small American flag furled on its slender stick. That was all.

Except for the mouth organ, there was no hint of Buddy Taylor's musical life, which apparently he had lived without record or visible symbol. . . .

"I'm sorry, Captain Hammond," Lucy said.

FOR an instant David was tempted to resist defeat, to continue his questions, his search for the manuscript he had pictured, so conveniently, in his mind. But now he knew, by the very tone of the girl's voice, that he had been cherishing an illusion on which she had pronounced a final judgment.

He stood up, not trying to hide his disappointment. "I'm sorry, too," he said.

Mrs. Williams gathered up her baby and rose from the sofa. With that gesture she seemed to recapture her air of detachment, to withdraw into a world that included only herself and her child. "Well, time to say good night," she murmured, and walked with easy languid grace from the room.

Mrs. Taylor got up and stood facing David.

"It was kind of you," she said, "to come and tell us about Buddy."

"No," he said, "it wasn't kindness. It was just—it was something that seemed important to me." But he could not tell her why. You could never explain the really important things, and yet he felt he must say something more. "You see, I'd counted a good deal on hearing your son's music again."

"I would rather hear his voice again," the mother said, "but I got to wait till the Judgment Day."

She said it calmly, without grieving or complaint; but the dark face, the dark stately figure seemed to Captain Hammond the personification of bereavement. He thought of the thousands of her sisters he'd seen in other lands, the shadowy ones to whom suffering had brought the final equality.

He thought of the great democracy of sorrow that made no distinction of kind or color in the faces it set its seal upon; and in himself he felt the fear that had nothing to do with cowardice, but was rather despair of a world unable to make the one distinction that counted—the simple, vital difference between man and man-beast. . . .

He felt the fear in his belly, and pity like a hand at his throat; and he turned away, and saw the old grandfather in his monklike robe getting up from his chair by the window.

"Ain't so long to wait till the Judgment," Grandpa Taylor said. He began a slow, stooping advance toward the sofa. "Anybody study Scripture know the first sign already been fulfilled. Like it say in the Book, hail and fire mix with blood going to be cast down upon the earth—and it sure been cast down!" He came into the lamplight, stopped and lifted his arms. They were like charred branches thrusting from the sleeves of his dressing gown. "Then the sun going to turn black, and the stars fall, and all us poor sinners going to hide from the wrath of the Lamb. For the great day of His wrath is come—" The frail voice gasped



COLLIER'S "But I really should have given you a ticket" VIRGIL PART

and broke, the scarecrow body drooped in sudden impotence, bent double by a twitch of pain.

"There now you see!" Mrs. Taylor said. She went to the old man quickly and put her arm around him.

"Crick in my back. Lord, Lord—!" His hand fumbled for the place.

"Yes, all right, Papa Taylor, you come with me. I'll rub it with the liniment."

One moment he was the inspired prophet, uttering solemn portents of doom; the next, he was a shriveled child being helped by a woman to the humiliation of his bed.

"Can I help?" David asked.

"No, but you will have to excuse us, Captain, please."

The old man was making the most of his infirmity. As she led him away he kept groaning and calling on the Lord and saying that the liniment was no good. Then the door closed on them, and David was alone in the room with Lucy Taylor.

He had a queer notion that she had not seen or heard anything that had happened since she last spoke to him. She sat in a kind of trance, staring down at the shoe box on her lap.

"I'm afraid I've upset you all," he said.

"No. . . . No, I'm glad you came. It makes me feel better about my brother." She didn't raise her head. "I miss him. . . . We were twins. I guess twins are specially close—" Her speech blurred, became clear again. "Now I can think of him always in that room, sitting at the piano the way you told it, the way I used to see him—"

"Well—" David said.

HE HAD put his cap on the table under the lamp and now he moved to get the cap. But the girl spoke again, and he heard in her voice the deep, resonant organ note.

"You said it was *important* to you, Captain."

"My coming here? Yes." He turned back abruptly, almost blundering into the chair opposite the sofa. "I've been telling myself it was my duty to make this call—to try to salvage a work of genius. But that was just an excuse."

"An excuse?"

"The truth is I was looking for something I seem to have lost. Something I had once—a feeling—a conviction—" His hands went out and gripped the back of the chair. He was like a blind man reaching for some tangible support. "Anyway, I think I should tell you that my reason for coming here was a selfish one."

She looked up at him then; and he wondered confusedly why the faces of saints were always painted white or ivory or rose. He had never seen any saintlier or more compassionate this autumnal face lifted toward h the lamplight.

Lucy said, "Selfish people don't about their selfishness, Captain mond. You seem more like some seeking."

"Seeking?"

"It's a word Grandpa Taylor sometimes. It means somebody se salvation. Seeking faith."

David said slowly, "I guess that word for me."

She said, "When you were t about Buddy, I thought there was thing bothering you more than just ing the music—"

"You're right."

He sat down again in the chair her. "Going back to the night victory party," he said; then pause sorbed in recollection, till the girl "Yes?"

He went on: "I've told you I th Buddy's Grand March was great The reason I thought so was that i me a feeling I'd had only once in m before. That was when I was cr the Channel on D-Day, when I sto the deck of an American transpor saw with my own eyes the powe greatness, of our America in actio

"The piece your brother played had that same greatness. Except t seemed to get at the thing behi ships and the planes and the gu thing inside the men, behind them, back to the factories and the hom farms and the streets they'd come The thing going back—the spirit, pose you'd call it—reaching all th back to the Hudson River rebelli Concord Bridge and Lexington . .

He had thought he could never or explain it to anyone, but it d seem impossible there in the room lonely night with Buddy Taylor's

"I don't mean that what we hea patriotic bragging or even a m march, though it was full of the of marching—"

"Oh!" the girl said softly.

"But it seemed closer to the m your own great spirituals . . . and how your brother was using that as a language to tell the truth America.

"Because it was the truth, ther discords that hurt your ears to lis But even in the discords you cou the note of power, the people forward and the greatness find self . . .

"I think that's what impress Russians; that, and the fact tha heard in Buddy's masterpiece a

ıry faith much older and deeper-
ed than their own.
They'd been taught that Americans
reactionaries, modern barbarians
were out to conquer the world with
ey and machines. Yet here was an
rican enlisted man, a member of
they call a minority group, telling
something different. When he'd
ned, and we were all crowding
nd him, I heard their ranking officer
o him in English. 'But this is revolu-
ry music!' And Buddy said, 'Yes,
Every good American is a rebel at
. Our people got the habit way
in '76, and they've never gotten over
Then he looked straight at the Rus-
and said, 'It takes a free man to be a
revolutionist, sir.' "
ptain Hammond leaned back, put
ands to his face and drew them
slowly across his eyes. "I remem-
what your brother said, I remember
mpression his music made on me,
he feeling I had about it is gone.
was strong and clear to me then.
ything was as clear as the sun com-
at the windows. Our victory was
there was truth and understanding
een us and our allies, peace was
ble. . . .
ut my faith in these things didn't
It got lost somewhere between that
and now. So I thought, if I could
Sergeant Taylor's music again—"

S hands were still. They covered his
eyes, and he sat very still, because he
earing it. There was a sound in the
that he did not identify at once be-
it seemed an echo suddenly re-
l from his own memory. Then he
ed that Lucy was singing, humming,
heme of her brother's American
rto.
y God, how did you know?"
did not answer him directly, but
as he dropped his hands to stare at
e low, vibrant voice drifted almost
ceptibly into speech. "I remember
Lucy said. "It was the summer we
ten years old. Fourth of July . . .
hey gave us the little flags and we
ed up Lenox Avenue to some hall
5th Street." Her lips smiled faintly.
s so hot the asphalt was soft in the
and there must have been hundreds
, kids marching in our Sunday
s and all our flags waving because
ept fanning ourselves with the
. . .
was thinking about the ice cream
promised us after the celebration,
ool it would taste, but they had a
for us to march to, and when I
d at Buddy I saw he was excited
the band. His eyes were big and
shiny the way they always got when he heard music, and he walked so light I knew he felt proud. One of his shoelaces came untied and I told him to stop and fix it, but he wouldn't break the step. I don't know why I should think of that. . . .

"I don't know why we were there at all, except it was election year and they had somebody big, a big man from Albany, going to make a speech. I guess the politicians thought it would be showy to have us children march, or maybe they figured it would help to get the parents out. Anyway, the word was passed down through the precinct captains, and you could go or not, but when I heard about the ice cream I begged Mama to let us go.

"It was hotter than ever in the hall and I felt sorry for the man from Albany. He was a fat man with a fat, red face that he kept mopping all the time. Drinking water and mopping his face all the time, and I guess I got to giggling, because Buddy grabbed my arm and told me hush, and then I saw he was listening to the speech, so I listened too.

"It was all about the first Independence Day and what it meant and what the flags we were carrying stood for. I suppose it was just an ordinary Fourth of July speech, but I remember some things the speaker said. He said the world had never had but two ideas about government: one that it should be master of the people and the other that it should be servant. He said the first meant slavery no matter what name you called it and the second was freedom. He told how America had made its choice for freedom, and how there were some who said it would never work and some who abused it and others who were afraid of it, but it was still the best idea anybody'd ever had, and someday it would lead human beings everywhere out of darkness into the light.

"Then it was over and we got our ice cream and had to eat it fast before it melted, and then we walked home. When we got to our building I was tired, and wanted to sit on the steps till suppertime, but Buddy said no, we were going to play the marching game.

"I said, 'What game is that?' and he said, 'I just made it up. Come on, I'll show you.' Then he told me to get behind him and we would march up the stairs to the roof, and I said, 'What for?' And he said, 'Because we have to. Because it's part of the game. I'll be the leader because I've got the flag.'

"Well, I'd lost my flag somewhere, but he still had his, so I didn't argue with him. I never did anyway. I just asked him who I was supposed to be. He said, 'You're the people. You're all the people, and you have to follow me because I've got the flag.'

"So then we started up the steps from the street and went through the hall and up the stairs past the door of our flat, with Buddy stomping in front and me marching behind him. It was black as night on the stairs and I heard him singing, 'Dark! Dark! Dark!'—not singing loud but sort of chanting it to himself; and then we came out on the roof.

"It was empty because everybody was down getting supper and I remember there was a breeze blowing and the sky was all red and bright with sunset. We didn't stop but went right on marching around the roof, and Buddy had the little flag held up to catch the breeze, and there was something about the way he looked, and the brightness and the wind blowing on my face, that made me want to cry. I began to think the marching game was wonderful, and then all at once Buddy burst out singing again, really singing this time, at the top of his lungs, like this!"

The girl lifted her head and sang:

"March, march, march, march, march, march, march!
Now all the people are marching in the light!"

The rich, full-throated contralto rose and soared and overflowed the room, triumphant and briefly joyous, repeating in that single phrase, that musical fragment, the great theme that David Hammond remembered, and would always remember now.

Then without any pause or false stillness she was speaking again: "We played the marching game every night for maybe a week or so, and then we didn't play it any more. But I guess Buddy never forgot—"

"No," David said, "I'm sure he never forgot." He leaned toward her, wishing that he could share with her his exaltation for something of value saved from the obscene waste of war and death. But all he could think to say was, "Thank you." And again, "Thank you, Lucy Taylor."

Her look was fixed on the open box that rested like a miniature white coffin on her lap. Her hand moved slowly, but with decision, among her brother's childhood treasures.

"I'd like you to have this," she said, and held out to him the gift she'd selected. "Please take it—and keep it . . ."

This time he couldn't thank her. He couldn't say anything at all.

GOING down the stairs Captain Hammond did not think about their darkness. Nor did he have now any sense of shadow within himself. The force of his consciousness was directed outward, flowing as a man's strength should flow in calmness and clarity toward the future.

Inevitably he thought of the test he had dreaded, the physical examination that he'd have to take tomorrow. By the time he reached the street, he knew he no longer was worried about it. He was no longer afraid of what the doctors would discover in his mind or in his spirit.

He was no longer afraid.

The night air was cool and good to breathe, it was good to be walking the street of an American city, the muffled, oceanic rhythm of which still came serene and unbroken to his ear. He reached the corner and turned south on Lenox Avenue toward the subway.

He was carrying the gift that Lucy had given him, the small American flag that had once belonged to Buddy Taylor. He carried it upright in his hand, clutching it tightly by its slender stick. He knew he must look ridiculous to the shadowy figures he passed on the sidewalk. But he didn't care. He did not feel ridiculous. He felt as if he were holding on to the one sure thing left in a fearfully shaken and vastly uncertain world.

THE END

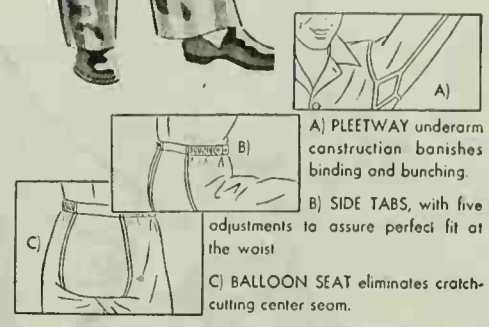


"Can I have the car tonight, Pop?" ERIC ERICSON



3 Rules for SLEEPING COMFORT

For sleeping comfort you've dreamed about, follow three rules! Have plenty of room to move your arms and body. Keep the waistline unhampered. Keep tight seams out of the crotch. Only Pleetway Pajamas have the 3-Way Comfort System that "sticks to the rules".



A) PLEETWAY underarm construction banishes binding and bunching.
B) SIDE TABS, with five adjustments to assure perfect fit at the waist
C) BALLOON SEAT eliminates crotch-cutting center seam.

PLEETWAY
World's Most Comfortable PAJAMAS for Men
Stadium Manufacturing Co., Inc.
Empire State Bldg., N. Y. 1, N. Y.



Always carry
BANK of AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Acceptable everywhere, self-identifying, insure your money against loss or theft. Backed by the resources of a five billion dollar bank. Sold by banks and travel agents everywhere.

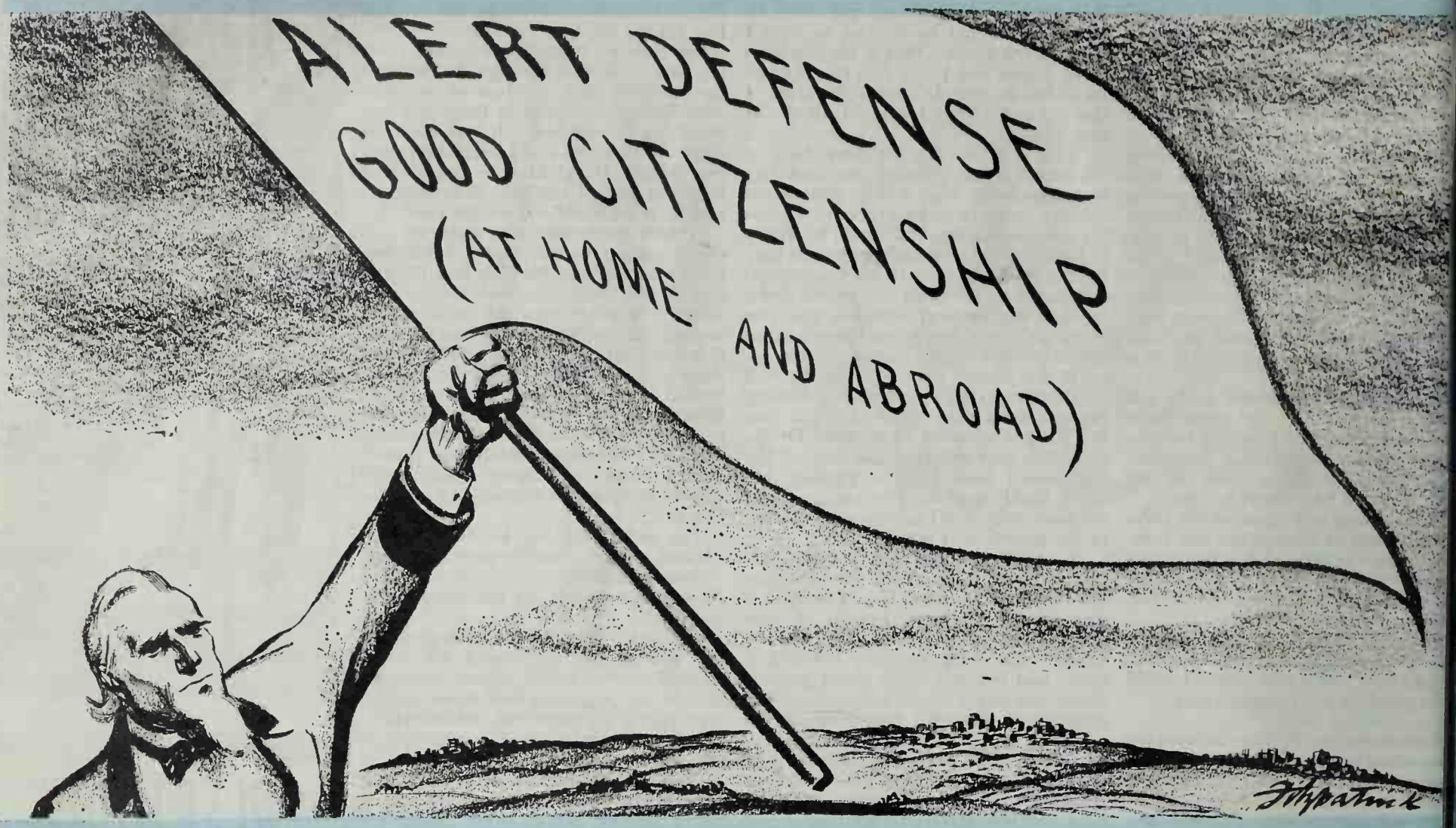
Issued by Bank of America N.T. & S.A., CALIFORNIA
INSURED BY THE FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
London, England Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.4

Fast, Dependable Performance
BOWERS
SPARK PLUGS



BOWERS
A Name to Remember
BATTERIES • SPARK PLUGS • RADIOS
BOWERS BATTERY & SPARK PLUG CO.
READING • PENNSYLVANIA

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor



DAY OF INDEPENDENCE

The Star-Spangled Banner bring hither;
O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave.
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave.
—*Thomas à Becket:* The Red, White and Blue (better known as Columbia the Gem of the Ocean).

NO POSSESSION is more valuable to a nation than its independence—freedom to make its own decisions and go its own way in the world. Any American who doesn't realize that fact might profitably spend a half hour or so on July 4, 1947, the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence, reading about how France enjoyed its recent German occupation or how the various nations under the Russian shadow relish their lack of freedom today.

With independence, a people can work out its own destiny, for better or for worse. Without independence, virtually all is lost.

We've been fortunate enough to preserve our freedom since the Revolution of 1776-83, against progressively more serious threats. The last time—1941-45—we did it by the grace of God and a great deal of luck, as invaluable aids to the fighting courage of millions of American warriors and the skill of a group of great generals and admirals, plus the immense productive power of our industries.

Why not make July 4, 1947, an occasion for renewing the resolve, so fervently and frequently voiced during the war, that never again will we let ourselves be caught unprepared or half prepared by any enemy?

We can work to make the United Nations a success; true. But the U.N. is a long way from being a success as yet.

Meanwhile, the possibility of further huge wars continues unabated; eternal vigilance goes on being the price of liberty; and it is still true that the best way to remain at peace is to be constantly prepared to fight.

We can't stay prepared merely by telling one another with loud, proud cheers that, "I am an American," or by putting a blind Maginot-line kind of faith in the atom bomb.

What we need are a first-class Air Force, a top-drawer Navy, and an Army of ample size—all of them tuned up ceaselessly, and as expensively as need be, to every new development in the art and science of war.

These are the essentials of national defense, and there are no substitutes for them.

And on this Independence Day, 1947, while we congratulate ourselves on our democracy's long life and good health to date, and renew our resolves to stay in training, we'd also do well to give some thought to a couple of rather important shortcomings of ours.

One of these is external, the other internal.

The external one has to do with the way too many of our occupation troops have been misconducting themselves in Germany. There is no need to go into the details here; most of us are well aware of them.

It is customary to blame this aromatic record of our German legionaries on the fact that these are new soldiers who saw none of the fighting in the war, the combat veterans having been brought home as fast as possible after V-E Day.

If that is true, then why is it that in Japan, on the other side of the world, our occupation troops have made such an admirable showing? These are new soldiers, too; MacArthur's veterans of Luzon and Okinawa are long gone.

We're not holding any brief for either the Germans or the Japs. But what is important to Americans is that the Germans by and large dislike us because of our occupation forces, while the Japs, again because of our occupation forces, are now potential allies of ours and think MacArthur is some species of god.

Since we preach democracy so loudly at home, the biggest job facing General Lucius Clay, our new commander in Germany, would appear to be to see to it that all of his boys—not just a goodly majority of them—practice democracy in the Reich, as M Arthur's boys do in Japan.

Our biggest internal shortcoming just now believe, is our handling of interracial relati mainly those between white people and col people.

A brutal lynching of a Negro is perpetrated gang of white men in Greenville, South Caro The governor of the state and the prosecuting a ney of the county bulldoze the affair to a trial. evidence is open and shut, consisting of confes by 26 of the men involved. Yet the jury ac them all.

The verdict gives aid and comfort to anti propagandists, Communist and otherwise, all the world; and, like the conduct of some of troops in Germany, it belies our democratic pr ments.

This episode is a tragically dramatic sym of a real disease afflicting our democracy. All of cures are suggested, from antilynch laws and discrimination laws down.

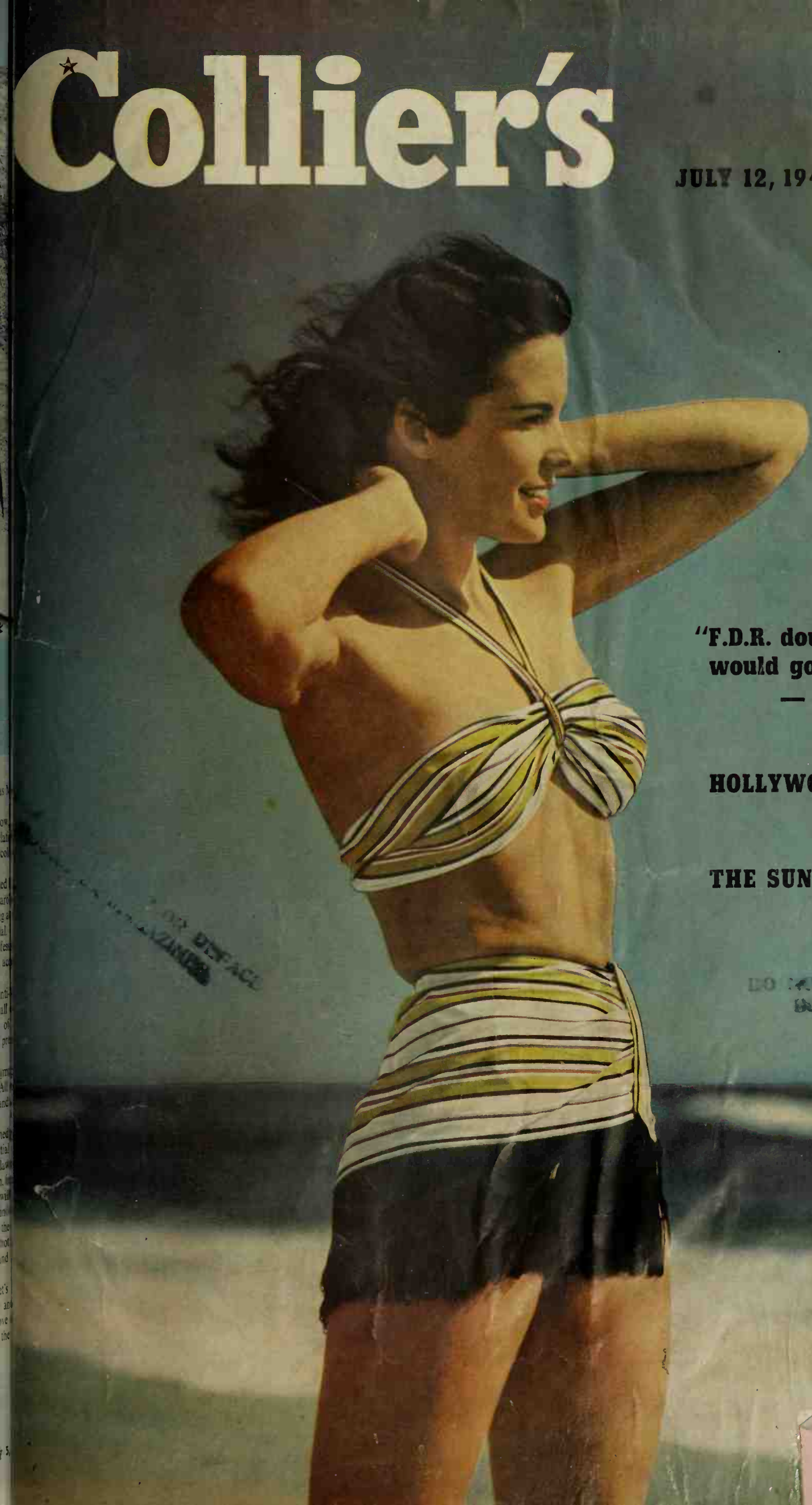
It seems to us that the most effective remed in the hands of decent, responsible, substantial ple in every community, rather than in law these people will take to letting it be known, i son and out, that they will not approve and will violence, hatred and intolerance of all kind think those things can be gradually cut to the ducible minimum in this country. If not, not we'll go on having lynchings, race riots, and nigh unbearable racial tensions.

On Independence Day, 1947, then, let's around for ways and means of making ar part of the grand old song mentioned above closer to 100 per cent true than it now is; the we mean, that goes:

Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make Tyranny tremble
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Collier's

JULY 12, 1947 TEN CENTS



"F.D.R. doubted that the British would go through for anyone"
— JIM FARLEY PAGE 24

HOLLYWOOD ON A SHOESTRING
PAGE 28

THE SUN TAN MYTH
PAGE 16

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES

PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

This Model Mother tries not to be glamorous

But that's not easy when you're a Powers Girl with a dazzling smile like Frances Nalle's

MRS. FRANCES NALLE CRIDER is one model who doesn't try to look glamorous. Because New York's modeling circles know her as the ideal "Young Mother" type of model. And she is: she has two adorable youngsters of her own. And she has the brilliant smile that's so important to *any* kind of modeling job.

"Model" Mother that she is, Mrs. Crider has already taught 5-year-old Amanda and 3-year-old "Bobo" to safegnard *their* smiles by following her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then brief, gentle gum massage.*

Smile-conscious as Frances (and *every* successful model) is, she naturally knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching—that a radiant smile depends largely on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.



Service with a smile—a *model* smile—for the Criders use Ipana—specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. And knowing how today's soft foods often rob gums of exercise, Frances' family helps keep gums firm and healthy with brief, gentle gum massage.



Two sparkling smiles coming up! Eight years a Cover Girl, Frances knows the importance of a dazzling smile. So she's taught her children the importance of gum massage, recommended by 7 out of 10 dentists, according to a national survey. (Same survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own personal use!*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.



The chimney goes here. Amanda and "Bobo" Crider seem to be rushing things slightly. But not "model" mother Frances when she teaches them proper care of teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, among adults, often herald their warning with "pink tooth brush"—a sign to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

o massage your gums. Gently massage at the gum line, always keeping ip in contact with the tooth surface. It's at the gum line, where teeth and meet, that so many troubles start—where gentle massage can be so helpful. *n regular visits to your dentist, help him guard your smile of beauty.*

Ipana Tooth Paste



Product of Bristol-Myers

for your Smile of Beauty



When you want a radio for your car, say

Motorola

1 My Daddy says that, year after year, more people buy Motorola Auto Radios than any other, so they must be *better!*

2 He says Motorola would be way out front on TONE alone, but that's not all—it matches the car you're driving too!

3 Dad says too, that with keeping me in double-dip ice cream cones, he can't afford a new radio every year, and his Motorola can be transferred to our new car when it comes. P. S.—I like our Motorola too!

Your Motorola dealer is listed in your classified phone book. See him today and BE SURE TO SPECIFY MOTOROLA.

Motorola AUTO Radio

MOTOROLA INC • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

COLLIER'S

July 12, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing E*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Dir*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photo*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*I*
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*I*
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	*I*
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Wea*
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	*I*

THIS WEEK

FICTION

THE FEELING IS MUTUAL — By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN — 14
Mabel believed in dreams. Joe put his faith in the Dodgers.

THE NUCLEAR FISSION OF EDWARD ANGUS GILMARTIN — By ALBERT POPE HINCKLEY — 20
The hat-check girl split the young professor's personality.

MERCHANT OF VALOR — By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND — 22
The Serial Story. The second of five parts.

STRANGLER FIG — By WILLIAM FULLER — 26
The singer stranger brought beauty into a life of dismal fear.

THE UNKNOWN — By GEORGES SURDEZ — 62
The Short Short Story.

CRATER QUEEN — By VIC SPIES — 66
Tula knew when to lead and, more important, when to follow.

ARTICLES

WASHINGTON SIDE SHOW — By HOWARD WHITMAN — 11
The human aspects of the Capitol and the nation's lawmakers.

THE SUN TAN MYTH — By SNOWDEN T. HERRICK and JOHN E. PFEIFFER — 16
Burning by Old Sol's rays won't make—or keep—you healthy.

HOW ARE THINGS ON OKINAWA? — By WELDON JAMES — 18
It gets along without unions, Communists and high cost of living.

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT — By JAMES A. FARLEY — 24
PART IV: SHOWDOWN WITH THE BOSS
What influenced F.D.R. to seek a third term.

HOLLYWOOD'S MILLION-DOLLAR SHOESTRINGS — By CAMERON SHIPP — 28
An easy way to become rich: Be an independent movie producer.

TELEVISION GETS A BOX OFFICE — By HERBERT ASBURY — 78
You'll soon have good programs—all charged on your phone bill.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIALS: *Tormented Palestine* • *The Whole Truth, Please* • *One Laugh—$2* — 86

COVER — By *LARRY GORDON*

THE WEEK'S MA

SONG OF THE FLORENCE NIGHTING

DEAR EDITOR: Our white caps are Howard Whitman's and Douglas In article Don't Curse the Nurse (May The true condition of nursing toda never been expressed more vividly.

Only when the public and the ho officials fully realize the seriousness o situation can the standards of the nu profession be raised.

SENIORS OF BECKLEY METHODIST HOSPITAL, Dallas,

. . . Another gripe about long hours, pay, help shortage and bad working ditions! When a girl becomes a nurs knows that she must like the bitter wit sweet—why all the fuss about ban and bedpans? During the war most nurses were so pampered and so h paid that they consider normal nu conditions below their standard. single girl with room and board can li $20 a week, yet these spoiled prima d expect $40, $50 and more!

MRS. ANN S

. . . My greatest sympathy lies wit student nurse. They are usually und directorship of wizened old maids, have no understanding of youth exce their own ancient standards. And advice follows the line of, quote: "I must sit on a man's lap, place a thic of newspapers over his legs first!" unc

GRACE TRENARY BILLS, Fox Lak

. . . I would love to place this arti most conspicuous places throughou hospital where I am employed, and a in the hands of each patient as well.

M. W., Calif

. . . I have found most nurses wond and considering what they do go th they really must love humanity to d it certainly isn't for the glory they re

HELEN M. DOANE, Pawtucket,

FROM BAD DIVORCE

DEAR SIR: Re Dr. Banay's The Hu Really Pays (May 24th). How man men know if they have grounds for di or not until they have a consultation their shyster? The first leading quest usually, "Think hard, didn't he ever h in all your married life, or throw som at you?"

These men promise anything just that decree and even double-cross other in testimony of their clients o stand.

Regardless of their promises,

(Continued on page 65)

Vol. 120, No. 2. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield Changes in address should reach us five weeks in of the next issue date. Give both the old and dresses. Entered as second-class matter at t Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Mar or art submitted to Collier's, The National should be accompanied by addressed envelopes turn postage. The Publisher assumes no respo for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Can you answer these questions about HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE?

Q. What is high blood pressure?

A. High blood pressure, or hypertension, is a condition in which the pressure of the blood against the walls of the arteries and their smaller branches shows a persisting and large increase above normal. A temporary rise in pressure, such as may result from physical or emotional strain, is a perfectly normal reaction, and is NOT high blood pressure. However, if such rises occur frequently and are excessive, they may indicate a tendency toward hypertension in later years.

Q. What are the causes of hypertension?

A. Sometimes high blood pressure is associated with kidney ailments, local infections, or glandular disturbance, but the cause in most cases is unknown. It *is* known that hypertension occurs most frequently among those who are *middle-aged or older*, those who have a *family history* of hypertension, and those who are *overweight*.

Q. How does hypertension affect your health?

A. Persistent high blood pressure makes your heart work harder and nearly always results in enlargement of the heart muscle. The arteries are usually affected, and there may be damage to kidneys, eyes, the blood vessels of the brain, and other organs. Fortunately, *if discovered early*, hypertension can often be controlled.

Q. How can you tell if your blood pressure is too high?

A. *You* can't, for high blood pressure often has no symptoms. But if you have periodic physical examinations your physician will check your blood pressure regularly. His guidance can probably help you keep your blood pressure down, or, if it should go above normal and stay there, he may be able to start corrective measures at once, before serious damage has been done.

Real hope for those with high blood pressure

anks to modern medical science, people with high pressure today can often avoid serious compli-ns, and enjoy a long and happy life...especially condition is discovered in its early stages.

many cases treatment such as diets, rest, elimi-n of infections, reduction of weight at least to al, and special drugs may be necessary. Surgery een used effectively in some instances, and psy-herapy has proved helpful at times in removing fear of the disease and lessening emotional strains.

Medical science is constantly increasing its knowledge of high blood pressure. Aiding in this work is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 150 Life Insurance Companies, which makes grants for special research in diseases related to the heart.

To learn more about this subject, send for Metropolitan's free pamphlet, 87-C, "Blood Pressure—Everybody Has It."

O VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

COPYRIGHT 1947—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Double winner! He's got P.A.*



P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Women say there's something romantic... something distinctly masculine... about a pipe that adds a lot to a man's appeal.

P.A.* means Prince Albert

Men say there's such a grand rich taste to Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco—and it's so mild and easy on the tongue! P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. No wonder more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco. It's a really *great* tobacco! Try P.A.—today.



A GREAT TOBACCO FOR ROLLING TOO. P.A. ROLLS UP FAST AND NEAT—FULL OF FLAVOR!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

John Cleves Symmes, in hundreds of lectures between 1818 and 1829, attracted world-wide attention with his claim that the earth was a hollow sphere whose interior was inhabited and could be reached through a large opening at the North Pole, since known as Symmes' Hole. Of several globes made to illustrate his theory, one is preserved in the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia.

For several generations, unwanted babies left secretly and without identification in the receiving crib of the huge orphanage in Havana have been given the surname Valdes in honor of a founder of the institution. Having this name, however, does not arouse suspicion of illegitimacy as it is one of the most widely used and highly respected names in Cuba.

Not long ago, a man committed a murder which he had carefully planned so every detail would indicate suicide. There were no signs of a struggle, the deceased had been shot with his own revolver and the windows and doors of his apartment were locked from the inside. But the killer made one mistake that led to his capture. He had aimed the gun so the bullet passed through the eye of the victim. No suicide has ever yet been known to shoot himself in either eye.

Despite years of opposition, American race tracks are still allowed by law to withhold the odd change called "breakage" in paying off winning bets, on the theory that their patrons dislike bothering with pennies and nickels. Although the amounts withheld range only from one to nine cents, they now total annually about $18,000,000.

The world's largest plow, now in use on a Texas farm, weighs ten tons, is 60 feet wide and cuts 88 furrows. Drawn by an 85-horsepower tractor, it can till 17 acres in an hour.

Until a century ago in Eng churchgoing was required by law consequently, many who atte either fell asleep or paid no atte to the service. To make certain, ever, that all heard the anno ments, the minister would read through a vamphorn, a metal n phone about six feet long, whic magnified his voice that no one c possibly ignore it.

The most peculiar eyelid kno that of a rare fish, the cuckoo (Raia circularis). This lid is rc has a large fringe and is located i the eyeball, directly under instea over the cornea.—*By Virginia bert, New York City.*

The personal papers of Abra Lincoln, given to the Library of gress by his son 24 years ago, wi made available to the public fo first time on July 26, 1947.

The strangest electronic musica strument, developed by Leon Th min, of New York, in the early 1 consists of an inch-high platf backed by a stand having a l speaker and two six-foot ver metal rods. As the pitch and vol are controlled by the waving of hands near these rods, a dancer forming on the platform can, by movements, produce her own acc panying music.

The world record for the lon run of a stage play is held by Drunkard, which will, on July 6, 1 begin its 15th year and be prese for the 5,257th consecutive time a Theatre Mart in Los Angeles.— *Eda Johnstone, Los Angeles, Cal nia.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fac cepted for this column. Contributions be accompanied by their source of info tion. Address Keep Up With the W Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted an items may be reproduced without permi



MODEL 140
Ask for demonstration

New 3-way Personal Radio



You'd never dream any 3-way portable could be so light, so compact, and still have such full tone, such ample power. You'll want this new G-E Personal Radio with you everywhere. At home, you play it on house current—either a-c or d-c. Away, you use its thrifty, long-life batteries. Handy as a wrist-watch—smart as a Hollywood fashion—remarkably low-priced. An ideal gift—a wonderful radio to own.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-F7

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

natural color tone radios



…vely automatic radio-phonograph. Mahogany ve-…ered 18th Century period cabinet. Natural color …ne from radio, and from records played by the …nazing G-E Electronic Reproducer. Model 326.



General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph—with automatic record changer. Glorious natural color tone radio. Amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer reveals new beauty even in familiar records. Model 304.



Superb FM-AM automatic radio-phonograph—You enjoy natural color tone from both radio and records. FM, standard, and short-wave radio. G-E Electronic Reproducer. 9 tubes plus rectifier. See Model 417.

A drive with beauty...



that never ends...

Simoniz gives your new car lasting glamour

How thrilling to own a new car. Can you imagine the finish even *more* beautiful? It will be if you SIMONIZ now. SIMONIZ adds to the richness of color . . . increases the natural brilliance. And as the years roll by, applying SIMONIZ "builds up" this beauty. Makes it permanent and more glamorous than ever. Stops ultra violet rays from fading colors . . . gritty dirt from scratching . . . corrosive airborne chemicals from dulling and destroying the finish. Always insist on SIMONIZ. Nothing takes its place. That's why . . .

Motorists Wise Simoniz



TO RESTORE NEW BEAUTY to dull finishes . . . use the Simoniz Kleeners—*liquid* when it's in average condition . . . *paste* when the finish is exceptionally dull. Then apply SIMONIZ to make that sparkling finish last years longer. Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores, garages and service stations.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

"SIMONIZ" . . . TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. & FOREIGN COUNTRIES

THE WEEK'S WORK



WHILE sniffing around behind the Washington scenes for their frenetic Washington Side Show (p. 11), the Messrs. Whitman and Knopf learned that once a year the D. C. fire laddies come charging up Capitol Hill and squirt water all over the Capitol, giving it an annual bath. "This we have got to see," cried The Boys, and contacted David Lynn, architect of the Capitol.

Mr. Lynn raised aged eyebrows, and allowed as how since the dunking didn't take place till fall, any other time would be highly irregular. However, if Chief Clement Murphy of the D. C. Fire Department was willing to send a truck, he wouldn't object.

Whitman-Knopf called Murphy, gave him a big line, and Murphy agreed to send someone over. The Boys sat around expecting maybe a little hose wagon, maybe bearing a short garden hose. "Instead, within ten minutes," Whitman says, "we heard sirens. Then bells. Then roaring trucks. Hans and I dashed out of the Senate wing—and clanging up the Hill was a whole fire company—chief's car, hose wagons, hook and ladder—the works!"

The works slammed to a stop, a battalion chief stuck a head out of a car window, yelled: "You from Collier's—what do you want us to do?" The Boys gulped their request and were darned if the chief didn't start barking orders.

Instantly hundreds of Washingtonians had sprung from the Capitol lawn and shrubbery and word had spread the Capitol was on fire with both Houses in full swing. Also at this moment, a senator chose to pass out on the Senate floor. An ambulance came sirening up the Hill to rush the lawmaker to the hospital. It promptly became jammed between two fire trucks. "It was confusion à la mode!" marvels Whitman.

Meanwhile the firemen had a stream pistoling toward the Noblest Dome of Them All. Unfortunately it fell short—just enough to inundate a congressman leaving the Capitol to enter his waiting limousine. He looked surprised, started an extemporaneous oration, but ceased hastily.

Just about now, Whitman caught sight of a fiery eye through the pressing mob. The eye belonged to Acting Captain Billy Ballinger, of the Capitol police, and he was snorting across the lawn at the head of a squad Congress constables. Whitman to sweat, and someone tapped the shoulder, saying, "I'm fr U. P.—where's the fire?"

"Yipe!" was Whitman's co

Meanwhile Hans Knopf w ing pictures as calmly as a k herring, and when Ballinger to throw the boys into jail, W realized he was in it over l head. "But we apologized pro says Whitman, "and said if th way Ballinger felt we'd refrai with from taking any more p But what the heck—we had pictures we wanted anyway." It can be more exciting outside itol than in; and never bathe t in the year. It's dangerous.

THE authors of The Sun Ta (p. 16), Messrs. Herrick an fer, started careers together a about four years apart, Herric ing Pfeiffer while cleaning hi after a football party. Since th ful day Pfeiffer has been scien medicine editor of Newsweek nical consultant for the Army now science director for CBS rick has been newsman and relationist in war and peace.

Both gentlemen have cor sun tan experiments on beach Ogunquit, Maine, to Miami, I and from Bari, Italy, to V "Pfeiffer went to beaches by ence," says Herrick; "I mostly quest of the U.S. Army! Pfeif without burning; his wife and son burn without tanning. I t burn and so does my wife!

"While writing about sunbu its pleasant points—such as th ery in the Peskin illustrations c 16," continues Mr. Herrick, summer comes, and the ine erythema, pruritus and desqua (see our article) afflict a sel sunburn expert, he gets even le pathy than the average suffere

This week's cover: Shescape Metcalf is the tidy bit with th midriff, and is wearing a France bathing suit. Larry Gordon m Kodachrome at Jones Beach York. Betty is a top Powers m talented pianist, has a flair for i decorating and is now ra around the world, using Pari hub, bub. . . . TED S

YOUR CAR WILL LAST LONGER
WITH A
PUROLATOR *MICRONIC* FILTER

. . . this airline uses Purolators exclusively

Purolator filters are standard equipment on airlines the world over.





Take a tip from the airlines. Protect your car the way they protect their planes. For longer car life and trouble-free motoring equip your car with a Purolator Micronic Oil Filter. Do it *before* performance starts to lag . . . *before* repair costs start to mount. The Purolator Micronic Oil Filter effectively traps the bearing damaging dirt, dust, grime and harsh abrasives that work into your lubricating oil when your car is running.

During the war, thousands upon thousands of Purolator Micronic Oil Filters were produced for the Armed Services and essential industry. Today they are standard equipment on almost every type of transportation vehicle.

If your car is *not* equipped with a Purolator Micronic Oil Filter ve your service man install one today. If it *is* equipped with a rolator be sure that every time you change the filter element you ll a genuine Purolator Micronic Oil Filter Element. Remem- only Purolator makes the Purolator—for your car's protection.

PUROLATOR Micronic OIL FILTER

OLATOR PRODUCTS, INC., NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY
In Canada: Purolator Products (Canada) Ltd., Windsor, Ont.



TOR FILTERS ARE USED ON MORE CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS, BUSES, DIESELS, TRAINS, PLANES AND SHIPS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF FILTER OR FILTER ELEMENT



It will be love at first touch—when you feel the magic comfort of the smart new furniture cushioned with **Airfoam**. For this incomparable latex cushioning is so buoyant, so "alive," it makes any chair or sofa luxuriously restful. That's be**a**use **Airfoam** contains millions of tiny air cells on which you literally float, cradled in softness. **Airfoam** keeps its plump, well-t**u**ned looks for life, doesn't sag or flatten with age. This wonder product of Goodyear Research will soon be availabl**e** in furniture, at prices less than you'd think.

Airfoam

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



Airfoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



AIRFOAM MEANS LUXURIOUS CUSHIONING IN FURNITURE, MATTRESSES AND ALL SEA

WASHINGTON SIDE SHOW

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

Besides the main ring where the elephants and donkeys go through their paces the Capitol has many attractions, some of which visitors never see

DAVID LYNN, graying architect of the itol, is a little weary of visitors to Washington, C., who want to know whether the statue atop the itol dome is the Statue of Liberty or a big cigar-e Indian. He patiently explains that it is neither. the Statue of Freedom, a determined lady nine-n and a half feet tall with a hat that the Fifth enue milliners will be copying any day, being nposed as it is of stars, an eagle's head, Indian thers, and six lightning rods.

Lynn also explains to the Capitol pilgrims that orge Washington never slept there, Harry Tru-n doesn't live there, and there is no guarantee t wishes made over the compass points on the pt floor will necessarily come true.

The Capitol being as big as it is (432 rooms with oor area of fourteen acres), Architect Lynn re-res a small army to keep it functioning. His ce has 1,088 employees, charged with maintain-the Capitol buildings (including the Capitol, the ate Office Building and the Old and New House ice Buildings) as well as the Supreme Court, the rary of Congress, several other public buildings, the 120-acre Capitol grounds.

Though he is in fact the Capitol's general custo-n, Lynn prefers the title "Architect," which has toric validity, since Congress has a penchant for ering or rebuilding its abode every few decades. the twenty-four years that Lynn, 72, has held the t, he has supervised new building and alteration ting $45,000,000. One of his latest projects was shoring up of the ceilings over the House and ate chambers, these having weakened with age the point where members of the Congress, fre-ently on the verge of hitting the ceiling, now were danger of having the ceiling hit them.

Besides the top-billed acts beneath the Capitol's top, there are many side shows, often tucked ay from public view. While the elephants and nkeys are disporting in the two main rings, the den recesses of the big top have their clowns and nblers, their roustabouts and barkers.

In a marble-walled suite in the Senate Office ilding quaintly known as the "Bathing Rooms," find a distinguished gentleman from Rhode and, Senator Theodore Francis Green. Green, is getting himself in shape for an afternoon bout h labor, taxes and foreign relations.

"Nothing like physical exercise," he remarks as swings a dumbbell with consummate vehemence. een is one of forty or fifty senators who, in off urs, come to the Bathing Rooms to work up a eat on the rowing machine, the chest weights, or what is undoubtedly one of the very few marble-lled handball courts in existence.

Doing an upside-down bicycle routine, Senator een declares, "This sort of thing makes my mind rk better. Never get tired."

Reluctantly he gave up wrestling and high diving ter his 76th birthday but he highly recommends miweekly visits to the Bathing Rooms for every an jack in the Senate.

Wellington Dangerfield Scott, an amiable Negro, esides over the Bathing Rooms as physiotherapist. e coaches the senators in their weight lifting, fixes e antiquated rowing machine when it gets stuck in idstream, and occasionally prescribes a dunking the tiny pea-green pool which, only ten by sixteen et, once prompted a visitor to remark that talking circles, not swimming in circles, is the Senate's ecialty.

After the workout Scott puts his charge on an cient marble rubbing slab, something like a orgue stone, and scrubs him with a stuff brush. his, in therapeutic language, is known as desqua-ation. It removes dead tissue and is, of course, not plied to the scalp. Scott is entirely neutral when desquamates and quickly spikes the rumor that epublicans have thicker skins than Democrats. With me it's unbiased. It's just like scrubbing the tchen table," he remarks.

After the scrubbing, Scott provides a rubbing wedish type) and sends the senators away full of ep and ultraviolet. The elderly status of most of

Valerie Popham tells visitors about Capitol's cast-on dome 180 feet above. Fifteen guides convoy bout 2,000 visitors through the Capitol each day

TO THE DOME

his customers does not dampen Scott's enthusi for the strenuous life, though, being 65 years himself, he chafes when the senators call him "s

At the other extreme of the Capitol building the New House Office Building, Pete Henderso former Army drill sergeant, maintains a somew more vigorous sweatshop for congressmen. H the favored activity is paddle ball, played v wooden paddles about midsize between a Ping-p paddle and a tennis racket.

In paddle ball you slam the ball with all y might, and Pete Henderson, along with the l psychiatric minds in the country, feels this is ideal outlet for aggressions. In smashing the with a great, brutal gesture the representative n for all he knows, be satisfying unconscious cr ings toward John L. Lewis or some colleague.

To congressmen who pay $5 a year to defray gym's expenses, Pete insists, "Politics is out dc here. If you want to argue whether the ball is or out, okay—but no politics."

So well has he hewed to a strictly recreatio line that Representative Karl E. Mundt of So Dakota was moved to state on the House flo "Pete Henderson has developed a canny Sco sixth sense. He arbitrates political arguments that members get practice in the art of disagree without becoming disagreeable. To this day, I not know whether Pete is a Democrat or a Repu can, so impartially does he steer the course of a m ter umpire in the discussions which reverber throughout the locker rooms near the end of e busy day in Congress." Pete, however, admits t certain mischievous satisfaction in pairing up bit House opponents as partners in a game of pad ball.

For men in a hurry, as any good senator sho be, the Capitol maintains an electric monorail r ning through the subway which connects the Capi with the Senate Office Building. In its early days t was dubbed the N.M.E.R. (Nation's Most Exclus Railway) inasmuch as all passengers had to be se tors. Today, however, it is open to all comers.

The N.M.E.R. comprises two 18-passenger ca which shuttle alternately through the 760-foot su way, making the run in 45 seconds and sometin hitting it up to thirty miles per hour. A mysteric crash and a mayonnaise incident figure in the h

Left: Shoes were too much for Jackie Allen after a 3 step climb up the Capitol dome. Some tourists (witho G.I. escorts) have fainted from the climb. Below: Gre of Rhode Island, 79, keeps fit in Senate Bathing Roo



of this railway. The former occurred in 1941, n someone turned up the throttle at night so when the power was turned on in the morning of the cars took off with a leap, raced through subway, jumped clear off the track at the Capitol and smashed noisily into a wall. The car was ty, but the F.B.I., livid with the thought of what nt have happened to a carload of senators, con-ed an exhaustive, if fruitless, investigation.

he mayonnaise incident occurred in April, 1943. aiter coming from the Senate restaurant with a of supplies dropped a gallon jar of mayonnaise the N.M.E.R. track about 100 feet from the itol end. Before the mishap could be communi-d down the line a car had already pulled out its full complement of senators and was speed-around the bend at its usual merry clip.

he waiter made futile gestures as the car sped view but, not accustomed to being flagged, the orman kept his throttle open and with a dull ish the party of senators and the pile of mayon-e met. All traction gone, the monorail splashed halt, its underside well garnished with salad ssing and its drive wheel spinning ineffectively n the tasty track.

he motorman threw her into reverse and made eral running starts up the incline, but each time car and its senators came to rest midway in the ar of mayonnaise. In high dudgeon the legis-rs finally got out and walked. Service on the M.E.R. was disrupted for twenty minutes.

o keep order under the big top, Captain Wm. J. derick has a force of 140 Capitol police. They e quelled ebullient "mothers" who stormed the itol lawn intent on burning Senator Pepper in gy. They have carted Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling to the District of Columbia jail. In the winter y have removed, by paddy wagon, such drunks have mislaid week ends on the Capitol grounds have been in danger of freezing to death.

o Lieutenant Billy Ballinger, who aptly hails m Death Valley, California, the arrival of ssiahs in the Capitol has become a source of notony. "We get 'em down here by the dozen," relates. "Every one of 'em comes down here to e the country. Napoleon, George Washington—say! Talk about Julius Caesar, I've had him here e or four times." Such visitors are given kindly treatment and routed back home for psychiatric care.

A few years ago an ailing veteran of World War I flashed a gun in the Senate gallery and had to be pacified, and back in 1916 a bomb exploded in the Senate post office where it had been checked inside a suitcase. These are the things Bill Broderick and his boys have to worry about. They are backed up by an arsenal in the basement stocked with sawed-off shotguns, tear-gas pistols and gas grenades.

Committee hearings have probably been the most popular side shows for visitors this year, what with such star billings as labor bills, rent control and Lilienthal. Visitors are admitted free as long as the public seats last, but guards have had their troubles with the overflow. Son e have resorted to barker techniques in an effort to distribute the crowds more evenly. When the Lilienthal hearing got all the play, sending an overflow queue snaking down the corridor, a harried guard paced back and forth chanting, "All right, folks, Armed Services hearing down the hall—immediate seating! L-o-t-s of room at the Armed Services hearing. No wait for seats!"

Chef Plans Menus for Aging Digestions

Scattered through the Capitol buildings are a number of restaurants and cafeterias for members of the Congress, employees and press. The most imposing is the Senate restaurant, ornate with gold leaf and crystal chandeliers, where senators can get a good lunch for 65 cents or a superior one for $1.75. Derwin W. Darling, formerly of the Clearwater Beach Hotel, Florida, is general manager of this establishment and prides himself on giving the senators plenty of fruit salad and no heavy food likely to impede their venerable digestions. His chef, Victor Lenzi, as temperamental as most chefs are, has been providing the fare since 1942 with no gastronomic disasters. His secret, he moodily reveals, is "lots of combination salad."

In the Capitol's nether regions are the maintenance shops run by amiable bachelor Arthur E. (Gus) Cook, the Capitol's supervising engineer. Here artisans of sundry callings see to it that the Capitol buildings' 124 elevators keep running, that the 200 lavatories keep flushing, that the $500,000 worth of copper on the roofs doesn't leak.

Thirty-five-year-old John Norton, like his father before him, is the Capitol plumber. The elder Norton spent twenty-five years guarding against burst pipes and leaky faucets. His son hopes to perpetuate a fine record, in which there was no greater diluvial disaster than a bursted shampoo hose which drenched a senator in the Capitol barbershop. The only two bathtubs in the Capitol, carved out of solid marble, are no longer in use and cause Norton no trouble.

Dean of the guides who elaborate on the points of interest to thousands of pilgrims every year is 80-year-old Charles Roger Evans, who was a congressman from Nevada from 1919 to 1921. Like an aged actor turned stagehand, Evans regales the visitors with intimate stories of the Capitol. He loves to stand on the "Whispering Stone" in Statuary Hall and sing Long, Long Ago almost inaudibly while the strange acoustics carry his song across the hall to the delight of his tourists. Evans will be 81 on August 9th and plans to celebrate his birthday by his annual climb up some 365 eight-inch steps to the dome of the Capitol.

To tourists with a taste for the macabre, Evans shows blood spots on the marble stairs leading from the east corridor of the House. These remain from a duel in 1890 between Congressman William P. Taulbec of Kentucky and Charles Kincaid, a correspondent of the Louisville Times. The congressman died of bullet wounds, and the newspaperman, with whom he had quarreled over a story, was later tried and acquitted.

The cornerstone of the Capitol was laid in 1793, and the building was first occupied in 1800. Its building and rebuilding covered six periods, including reconstruction of parts fired by the British in 1814; the present structure finally was completed in 1865.

To keep its Big Top ever shining, Chief Clement Murphy of the District of Columbia Fire Department sends an engine company over once a year to hose down the Capitol. They splash water all over it, much as you'd wash an elephant, and usually bring crowds to the scene including excitable people who think the British have set it on fire again. "Naw, we just wash it down to clear away the cobwebs," Chief Murphy explains. And he always has a quick answer for those who suggest he try the same treatment in Congress. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

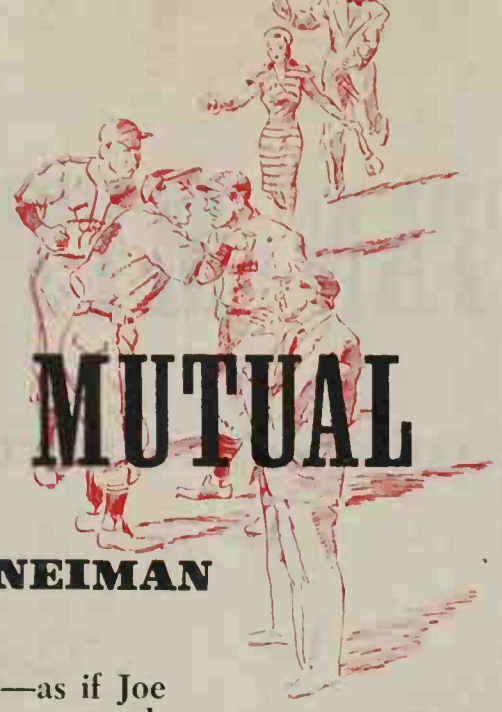
s Cook, Capitol engineer, views tomb intended for George Washing-. It's empty. Washington's heirs refused to move body from Mt. Vernon



Revilla Wright, of Piedmont, Calif., makes a wish by rubbing bald pate of Father Perez (who wished Columbus bon voyage) in bas relief on one of Capitol doors







THE FEELING IS MUTUAL

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

Mabel turns her attention to baseball—as if Joe and the Dodgers didn't have problems enough

TAKE any guy. I don't care if he's seventy years old without no teeth left, or two years old without no teeth yet, or any place in ween, with teeth. If he's a man of the male sex, got one big problem and that's trying to figure the women of the opposite sex.

can save them a lot of trouble because I got the wer. All you gotta know about the women is if 're married they wanna stay that way, and if 're single they wanna get that way. Anything that comes up is window dressin'. I'm talkin' m experience.

n my case, the woman is a redhead by the name Miss Mabel Stooler, my girl friend. We're sittin' er parlor this evening, enjoyin' a quiet evening ome, which is usually the quiet before the storm.

'Joey," she says, out of a clear sky, "what are interested in?"

'Huh?" I says.

'I'm interested in the future," she says. "How ut you?"

'Everybody's interested in the future," I says, ich don't commit me one way or the other. "Did read any good books lately?"

This ain't the best switch in the conversation I r dug up but it's all I can think of right then. don't switch.

'I don't mean just interested, like that," she says. mean finding out about the future, the way a ty can through psychoanalyzing his dreams."

'Dreams can't tell you the future," I says. "They just tell you you ate something wrong in the t."

'If you don't understand about modern science," says, "then don't brag about it." She gets a ughtful look on her face. "That's what I mean," says.

'What?" I says.

'Definitely," she says. "If one party is interested he future, and another party isn't interested, then akes it very hard to have mutual interests, the y everybody says you should for a successful rriage, especially when all the other party is in- ested in is baseball players, the way it looks me."

You see how she works it in? It starts out with at I'm interested in and the next thing I know 're preparing for a wedding with mutual interests. e thing about a wedding is, I'm in favor of it, but t yet. Not right away. Not so soon.

'Sure I'm interested in baseball," I says. specially the Dodgers, my favorite team. What's ong with bein' interested in the Dodgers?"

"Nothing," she says, but in a frigid way. "You ow what I dreamed last night?"

"Lemme see," I says. "You dreamed you was rried to Tyrone Power, and you had a million cks, and—"

"Joey," she says, real quiet.

"Okay, okay," I says. "You tell me."

"Well," she says, "I dreamed that about bein' married to Tyrone Power, only the important thing is the interpretation, according to the new book I got. Dr. Frank Freud's Magic Psychoanalysis and Dream Book."

"Hah!" I says, loud enough so she'll know what I think about this dream stuff, only not so loud that she'll get sore.

"The interpretation, in case you're interested," she says, "is that I am going to get a visitation from above in a romantic way."

I heard this line a dozen times before, each time a little different depending on whether she gets it from a fortuneteller, or from numerology, or something else like that. The idea is always that romance is comin' or she's gonna marry Tyrone Power.

"It wouldn't hurt you to get interested in dreams, also," she says, after givin' me all the details on the interpretation. "That way you would have a common interest with me."

"You could get interested in baseball with the same results," I says, feelin' pretty clever. "How about that?"

"It's a deal," she says, too quick.

"Now, wait," I says.

"I'll be interested in baseball and you'll be interested in the future," she says. "I'm glad you are finally takin' a favorable attitude toward our marriage."

Figurin' out the women ain't so tough. It's knowin' what to do about it once you get them figured that's the problem. There, I ain't doin' so hot yet.

SHE starts gettin' mutual with my interests a couple of days after this. It happens a guy who rides in my hack pretty regular gives me a couple of tickets to the Dodgers-St. Looey game, in a box, and Mabel jumps at the chance to go.

We're sittin' right back of first base watchin' the game, and the Dodgers are murderin' the St. Looeys, which is always a pleasure to watch. *I'm* watchin' the game, anyways. Mabel is lookin' around at the kind of hats the women are wearing, and complainin' about why the people yell so much, and gettin' me to buy hot dogs and ice cream.

At first I try to get interested in the game, but after she asks me a couple of questions, I give up. You know—"What's the difference between a pitcher and a grounder, Joey?" "Which is better, a strike or a fly?"—that kind of stuff.

The only other observation she makes is that the first baseman for the St. Looeys, a rookie named Bud Simmons, ain't a bad-looking guy. This is in the first inning. In the second inning she remarks that Bud Simmons has wavy hair; and in the third inning she notices he's got a dimple when he smiles.

"This is not an interest in baseball," I tell her. "This is an interest in Bud Simmons, which ain't part of the bargain."

"Me interested in a baseball player I never even met to speak to?" she says, with a little laugh. "Don't be silly." She gives the little laugh again, which is overdoing it.

The pay-off comes in the seventh inning. The Dodgers are two runs ahead, not to mention leading the league also. We're up, and Pete Reiser is coming up to bat.

"Watch Reiser," I says. "That kid is terrific."

"Is he for the Dodgers or the other team?" she says, looking very interested.

"Never mind," I says.

Reiser lets a couple of bad ones go by, and then he takes a big swing and the ball starts travelin'. It goes a long way, only practically straight up. When it starts comin' down, I can see that it's headed right for our box.

"Look out, baby!" I says. "Foul ball!"

Bud Simmons is racin' back to catch the ball. I start gettin' up to see if I can grab it for a souvenir.

"Is a foul ball the same as a curve ball?" Mabel says, with that interested expression.

IT'S the most intelligent question she asks all afternoon, but I got no time to answer her. The ball comes tearin' down. Bud Simmons makes a dive after it, right over the railing into our box.

Mabel lets out a yell, there's a smack when the ball hits a glove—a lucky catch—and Bud Simmons is lying in Mabel's lap. The crowd is screamin' its head off.

"Mabel," I holler, "are you all right?"

She don't even hear me. She looks down at her lap and says, "How do you do? My name is Mabel Stooler, and I'm pleased to make your acquaintance."

This Simmons gets back on his feet and gives her a grin with dimples.

"Glad to know you," he says. "I hope I didn't land too hard."

"Not at all." she says. "The pleasure is mutual." He gives her another sample of the dimples, then he throws out the ball to show he caught it, and jumps over the railing.

"Gee," Mabel says with a sigh.

"How do you like that jerk?" I says. "He could kill people like that. You sure you're okay?"

She's sittin' there with a faraway look on her face.

"Mabel," I says, "are you okay?"

"A visitation from above in a romantic way," she says, like she was talkin' to herself. "Come on, Joey. We better go."

"Never mind that dream doubletalk," I says, "and whaddya mean, come on? The game ain't over yet."

She stops lookin' dreamy and looks at me.

"I gotta have another dream right away," she says, "so I can get a further interpretation."

"Aw, now look—" I says.

"For goodness' sakes," she says, "I been interested in your interests all afternoon, practically. It won't kill you to let me do likewise for my own interests for the rest of the time."

So I take her home—in silence. At the door, she says, "Good night, Joey."

"Sleep tight," I says. I'm kinda mad. "Pleasant dreams." If I'd known what kind of pleasant dreams she was gonna have, maybe I woulda kept my big mouth closed.

I spend the rest of the afternoon tryin' to find a radio some place where I can hear the balance of the game. The Dodgers win, only I find out about it from the evening papers.

This same night, after I get to sleep about eleven, I'm havin' a dream. This is the result of all the ice cream and hot dogs I ate at the ball game. I'm hangin' up by my toes over a big pot of boilin' water, where people are gettin' cooked like hot dogs. When the bell rings, I'm supposed to fall into the pot. A bell rings, and I start fallin'. The bell keeps ringin', I keep fallin', only when I hit, it's the floor where I fell out of bed, and the bell is the telephone ringin'. It's three o'clock in the morning.

I pick up the phone and holler, "Hang up! You got the wrong number!"

Mabel says, "Hello, Joey. Did I wake you up?"

"No," I says, real sarcastic. "I was sittin' up to all hours knittin' a sweater. Whatsamatter?"

"I ain't sure I like your tone of voice," she says, "only I gotta tell you. It happened."

"I know it happened." I says. "It woke me up at three o'clock in the morning. Why ain't you sleeping?"

"I slept so much this afternoon I can't sleep no more," she says. "Don't you even wanna know what I dreamed, for goodness' sakes?"

I'm still half asleep, or I wouldna said what I said next, I guess.

"Are you nuts or somethin'?" I says. "Wakin' a guy up to tell him your dreams in the middle of the night?"

(Continued on page 72)

abel lets out a yell—there's a smack when the ball ts a glove—a lucky catch—and Bud Simmons lying in Mabel's lap. The crowd is screaming

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THE SUN TAN MYTH

BY SNOWDEN T. HERRICK AND JOHN E. PFEIFFER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN



ABOUT a hundred
Americans are going
burned a shocking pi
deep shades of red this summer
a tortured couple of days it ma
into a beautiful tan. At whic
they become the healthy, o
type, and look with condescens
their bleached, anemic fellow
these red and blistered and tann
ferers will be victims of a myth
as the Pyramids and the Great W
China.

The sun worshipers of ancie
sia built great shrines to the gl
Mithras, the sun god. Their n
counterparts dredged Miami
out of the Florida mangrove s
and made sunshine the leading
try of southern California. A
over the country otherwise s
people prostrate themselves as a
offering, in their own back yard
the nearest beach.

Regretfully, we must report t
this faith in health from the
based on a false gospel. For s
now says that exposure of the b
sunlight is of little practical va
the average human.

This shattering statement, we
ize, will result in not a blister l
the American epidermis. Even
sun isn't as health-giving as it ha
reputed, sun addicts think t
more beautiful in their coats o
So they gather into their con
tions clinging to the elusive ho
acquiring brown beauty withou
much torment.

Many erroneous theories have
advanced by the sun cult as t
health-giving properties of sur
One is the mammoth fable tha
sun is the source of all life. Th
the marvelous chemistry of phot
thesis, plants convert sunlight int
ergy for their growth by means
green substance, chlorophyll, in
leaves. If sunlight is good for p
it's good for us, too, say the
cultists. The trouble with this
logic is that animals aren't plants
bodies don't photosynthesize su
into energy, and won't, unles
change our anatomy.

Then there's the theory that
light has a "tonic" effect on the h
system. This once had scientific l
ing, based on heliotherapy, or
cure, a treatment often used b
ancient Egyptians and Chinese.
some modern works claim that
light increases the bacteria-k
power of the blood. And at Swis
Danish solariums it was discov
that sunlight is a big help in c
skin tuberculosis.

In Switzerland, city children
for long vacations high in the
returned to their tenements, hea
chubby and bronzed. They
looked upon as living testimonia
the value of sunshine. But remen
the kids also got fresh air, exer
lots of rest and better food.

The truth of the matter is
There is evidence that ultraviolet
can kill germs, but it can't kill the
the skin without severe damage t
epidermis.

Akin to this is the sunshine-g
us-vitamins story. The only vita
produced by sunlight is vitamin
which prevents rickets in children
young animals.

The rub is that it is much simpl
get your vitamin D without ris
the damaging effects of a burn.
nature, animals and men get mos
it through eating fats. Then, too,
can get all the vitamin you need f
the sun through much shorter e
sures than those that produce a ta



If it's health you seek in getting sunburned, you may as well stay pale. The tan won't help you. If it's beauty you're after, nothing will stop you. But be careful how you get it

Farthest of all from the truth is the ief that the browner we are, the s we will burn; that a suntan gives tection against the sun. Scientists that if a tan gives you any help at the amount is extremely small and n't be accurately estimated. All the does is to hide the burn.

For years, skin specialists fell for s yarn themselves. But shortly after rld War I they began to suspect t a good tanning had little to do h immunity to sunburn. They ted albinos (who have absolutely melanin, the pigment that colors inary skin and produces a tan) and nd that the albinos' transparent dermis acquired a certain immu- y after the first dose of sunlight, d of course did not tan.

Pigmentation in Patches

Then they went to work on victims vitiligo, an ailment that creates tches of unpigmented and normally gmented skin side by side. After a rn the two shades of skin of the iligo patients got the same degree immunity, though one patch ned while the other remained pink. These are, of course, abnormal ses, but the lessons drawn from em have been supplemented by con- usions derived from the study of rmal skins.

There's nothing to a lot of widely cepted nonsense about the evils of nlight either. About all a sunburn is the equivalent of a first-degree or rface heat burn. It's not good. On e other hand, it's not very bad.

There is a relation between skin ncer and ultraviolet light, but it edn't worry any but those with the ost sensitive skin. And it's not true at tropical sunlight makes the white an prematurely aged, sterile and cking in moral character; that ains will cook if not protected by mplicated sun helmets; that sun- light can damage the spinal cord. Other fallacies are based on coincidence. Hay fever was blamed on the sun before the discovery of allergies, because it occurred during the hottest time of the year. And the sun took the blame for many skin diseases with a variety of causes, because they appear mainly on the exposed portions of the body.

Let's see just what a sunburn is.

Sunlight is a product of the atomic fission constantly taking place in the sun. Ultraviolet rays, which bring us sunburn, are part of it—about two tenths of one per cent. Most of the ultraviolet from the sun is filtered out in the stratosphere by a layer of ozone, and some is stopped by clouds, dust and smoke in the lower atmosphere.

The rays that hit your skin penetrate less than three hundredths of an inch, not as deep as your skin is thick. Most of them are absorbed almost at the surface by the horny layer, a sometimes microscopically thin coating of flattened dead cells over the live epidermis.

The invisible rays of ultraviolet that sneak past this horny layer are the ones that do the damage. They kill the living cells at a rate greater than normal. In the course of the death throes, a chemical reaction takes place that leads to the effects of sunburn—medically known as erythema, edema, pruritus, desquamation and pain. That is, your skin reddens, swells, itches, peels and, of course, aches.

Sun tan comes in three ways, all as a result of exposure to ultraviolet light. First, the pigment already present in the skin moves to the surface, concentrating in the horny layer. Second, the pigment-manufacturing cells in the lower depths of the skin go to work making new pigment, which sticks with you. It's not quite permanent, as it bleaches in the winter.

Recently it was discovered that a third kind of tan is created when the bleached pigment darkens. This is the quickest of all, appearing within an hour of exposure. But don't count on getting a real tan this easy way. You've got to get burned once, to produce the pigment to be darkened.

The lifeboat Odyssey of Eddie Rickenbacker in 1942 inspired the government to sponsor sunburn research during the war. Of course, the services were not particularly interested in tan; they were looking for a sunburn preventive.

The services sought something that would reinforce the action of the horny layer. The Naval Medical Research Laboratory found that clothing is not necessarily a protection—a point for sunbathers to remember. You can get burned quite neatly through a lightweight cotton shirt. Khaki turned out to be better than white as a color, and dry clothing is more protective than wet.

The scientists then began to experiment with various preparations. Generally, they found that preventives were very hard to evaluate. But two substances have been recently recommended for the druggists' National Formulary, phenyl salicylate and titanium dioxide. Used together, the mixture can be smeared on the skin to suit the individual. It is cheap and available. And there are many proprietary substances that will similarly protect against burn.

Two Basic Facts About Skin

Nature tends to protect us from the damage done by ultraviolet rays, but there are certain principles to keep in mind.

First, remember that a sunburn is the product of two variables: your skin and the amount of ultraviolet radiation hitting that skin. Second, keep in mind that the reaction to radiation is always delayed; when your skin turns red, that's a sign you've already been burned.

The individual sunburn "threshold," or point at which your skin does turn red, changes from time to time. You can't tell in advance, from past experience, just how badly you will react to exposure.

Even more unpredictable is the amount of ultraviolet light that will puncture your hide at any given time. It varies by the hour of day, season of the year, geography and weather. No sensation of eye or touch will tell you how much you are getting.

A phenomenon known as "skyshine" is responsible for many burns. This is the ultraviolet scattered in all directions by the molecules of the atmosphere, and by large particles such as water vapor. As it doesn't come directly out of the sun, you often get burned on a presumably unexposed part of your body or when you are lying under an umbrella. On a clear day the skyshine can be as strong as the direct radiation.

There is a ray of hope for the sun worshipers trying to cope with the invisible menace of the ultraviolet. It won't help you this summer, but it may in years to come. It is a device that will let you decide how long to stay in the sun in the same way that you determine whether to wear an overcoat when the thermometer stands at freezing.

With a little ingenuity, apparatus can be constructed to use a photocell as a sunlight meter. Photocells measure light, and one kind registers the quantity of ultraviolet radiation from any source. Properly designed to pick up all the skyshine, as well as the rays coming directly from the sun, the device could be set upon a beach to operate a dial for everyone to read.

Then the sun will be the servant of his followers and not a capricious tyrant, haphazardly handing out tans, burns and blisters. ★★★

HOW ARE THINGS ON OKINAWA?



Typical thatched-hut village of prefabricated houses overlooking Buckner Bay. The American housing program has produced prefabricated frames for 40 [illegible] huts, enough to get a half-million Okinawans out of the caves and hills where they had taken refuge. The military government's goal is 100,000 of these new ho[illegible]

The never-never land that fell in bloody battles two years ago has acquired a strangely American flavor that may be of increasing importance in the Orient. Today our experts see the island as a key to the future

BY WELDON JAMES

ON OKINAWA the guns have been silent for almost two years. The beaches where American soldiers and Marines stormed ashore on Easter Sunday, 1945, to begin the 82-day battle for the 67-mile-long island, are undisturbed save for the never-ending roll of the sea. The scorched earth is green again. The woods and forests of the battlefields are gone forever, but crops are growing in the fertile valleys below Hacksaw Ridge, Chocolate Top, Sugar Loaf Hill, and all the other high places where thousands of Americans died.

The people long since have returned from the hills and caves of the northern part of the island, where there was little fighting. The quiet countryside is alive with farmers tilling their little plots of land, producing 40 per cent of the food requirements of the island's 512,000 inhabitants. And most of these inhabitants, if not all, are content with the way things are going. As Gioga Shimabuku, a pottery worker, put it: "Very good prestige, being under the Americans. We hope they stay. We would like to be the Americans of the Orient."

If the War and Navy Departments have their way, the wish of Shimabuku that the Americans might remain on the island will be realized; the War Department, in particular, thinks that the 23 airstrips on Okinawa, and the three on Ie Shima, a tiny islet to the west where Ernie Pyle was killed, are worth whatever investment we might have to make.

The Army is putting in some permanent typhoon-base installations; its engineers know that Okinawa has from a dozen to forty destructive typhoons a year, and they're building to withstand the stiffest wind yet recorded. And the military government, in its campaign to Americanize Okinawa and the other islands of the Ryukyu chain, is requiring English to be taught in the schools, and is making plans for a University of Okinawa, with both native and American instructors.

Army and Air Force officers, peering at their new-type maps, have described Okinawa as "the most important island the United States now holds, the key to stability in Asia." A high American in Tokyo was even more explicit. He said:

"Okinawa is essential to the protection of a disarmed and pacifist Japan, and air power based on the island is equally important in guaranteeing that no large-scale attacks will be launched against [illegible] American Pacific Coast. An invasion of Ja[illegible] would require a large amphibious operation. W[illegible] concentration of American air power at Okina[illegible] backed up by bases in the Marshall and Maria[illegible] Islands, it would be impossible. As far as our [illegible] country is concerned, our power at Okinawa wo[illegible] prevent raids on our West Coast."

Compared to the rest of the world, Okinawa a[illegible] two years under the American flag is a qu[illegible] place—a never-never land without labor unions[illegible] political parties, or international complicati[illegible] where never a Communist has raised his ideolog[illegible] banner; where murder is virtually unknown; wh[illegible] people spend more on the dead than on the livi[illegible] where, in obedience to an ancient custom, the bo[illegible] of the dead must be scraped clean by virgins.

It is the one war-wrecked land in the world wh[illegible] a family of eight can buy a month's supply [illegible] groceries, including delicacies from the black m[illegible] ket, for less than $7; where a native can buy a [illegible] of U.S. Army field shoes for 50 cents, a cotton f[illegible] jacket for 20 cents, and rice at one tenth the price [illegible] American must pay.



sixth-grade class in Japanese, English and arithmetic uses grocery crates for desks the pupils squat on the floor. New desks and chairs are being built, 4,000 a month



ese Okinawans support a family of nine by making small Shinto temples and household nsils from G.I. tin ration cans. Gaily decorated temples sell for 150 yen (three dollars)



Toyo-ko Hanagusuku, 20, whose father was killed in the battle for Okinawa, runs this power saw making frames for prefabricated huts

Although 40,000 natives are on relief, no one is rving; the United States supplies enough addinal food to bring the average daily ration up to nost 1,900 calories. No Okinawan is without lter; the housing program organized by the mili-y government and the newly established civil vernment has turned out 40,000 prefabricated tched huts, and production is steadily increasing. ere are 283 schools in operation, with 4,257 chers and 137,000 pupils. There are three hosals and four dispensaries, staffed by native ctors and nurses.

Shimabuku, the pottery worker (and apparently e great majority of his fellow workers) approves almost everything the Americans have done in ir efforts to restore the island. He likes the 600 les of improved roads the Americans have built, 35 miles they've paved with asphalt, and the dening of 450 miles of native roads so jeeps can over them. He likes the fleet of more than 600 ps and trucks which are operated on these roads Okinawans, and the necessary graders, bullzers and other machines provided by the Amerins to keep them in shape.

Shimabuku likes the 47 American ships which, nned by Okinawans, keep trade going between inawa and the other islands of the Ryukyu chain; d the fleet of powerboats with which Okinawa hermen bring in thousands of pounds of fish ery month. He likes the sawmills, foundries, arries, distilleries and other business and indusal establishments now operated by the military vernment, but which will eventually be turned er to private enterprise.

But there is one thing about the Americans that Shimabuku doesn't like, and he says so freely. He thinks they eat very curious food, scarcely suitable for humans, and he looks forward to the day when he can resume his ancient diet of sweet potatoes, rice, fish, vegetables and tea, on which he lived all his life until the Americans came. He has had more than enough of canned beef, boned turkey, coffee, and doughnuts, which is all the Okinawans can think of to make from American wheat. He will admit that "coffee and such" are better than going hungry, but he will say nothing at all good about boned turkey. His aversion to this Occidental delicacy seems to be shared by practically every other Okinawan.

"We've still got tons of boned turkey on this island," said a young military government officer. "It's good food, and we sell it to the Okinawans at a penny or two a pound. And what do you think happens? They sniff at it, laugh a little, thank us very politely—and use it for fish bait!"

Economic Picture of a Native Family

Gioga Shimabuku, a wizened little man of forty-five with a wife and six children, is typical of the industrious race which is rapidly rebuilding the island with American help and planning. He works in a pottery near the ruins of Naha, once a city of 65,000 population, which was destroyed when the 6th Marine Division took it block by block from the Japanese. He is a skilled workman, and receives comparatively high pay, 10 yen (20 cents) a day. His eldest daughter works for the local rationing board, and is paid the minimum wage of five yen 60 sen (a little more than 11 cents) a day. The family's cash income each month is thus 400 yen ($8), and on this amount the Shimabukus live very well.

For a month's food ration they pay 150 yen ($3), and they buy another two or three dollars' worth of food on the black market. This is usually sweet potatoes, of which all Okinawans are extremely fond, and which sell on the black market for four cents a four-pound package, compared to the government-fixed price of one third of a cent.

All this is supplemented by produce raised on a small plot of land, which Shimabuku owns and which is cultivated by his wife and their five youngest children. He pays no rent for his house; it was provided by the government. When he and his family came out of the hills the Americans issued clothing to them; since then Shimabuku has bought a pair of Army field shoes and a cotton field jacket, for a total expenditure of 35 yen, or 70 cents.

And, thanks to the American program for rehabilitating private industry, Shimabuku will eventually become, in a small way, a capitalist. The firm for which he works, the Tsuboya Pottery Company, was organized about two months ago with a loan of 70,000 yen from the Industry Division of the civil government. It is retiring the loan by selling shares of stock to the adults among its 70 employees. These shares sell for 50 yen each, and Shimabuku is buying one a month, as are most of the other employees except the manager and the assistant manager, who are buying two each. Their wages are 500 and 400 yen a month respectively. *(Continued on page 64)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ACME

THE NUCLEAR FISSION OF EDWARD ANGUS GILMARTIN

BY ALBERT POPE HINCKLEY

Professor Gilmartin had a good mind for figures—and a discerning eye, too



THE horrors of war seem
have had no effect whate
Edward Angus Gilmart
was through no fault of his ow
had volunteered for combat
regularly and the fact that h
undergone nothing more ri
than three years in the Aleutia
due solely to the ever capricious
classification system. A na
modest young man, he had neg
to tell the classification specialis
he was entirely at home in the fi
chemistry and physics; he ga
vocation simply as mathematic

That meant only one thing
erstwhile haberdasher who was
ing stooped under the weight of
tain's bars in the reception c
personnel office.

Edward Angus became a pa
clerk in the Finance Corps. Alt
he was quite capable of doing th
fantastic equations in his head,
faced with longevity, rations
quarters, he became more than
starry-eyed.

Naturally, as soon as the big
began to be interested in n
fission, a hurry call was sent o
Professor Gilmartin. By the tim
urgent summons had fought th
the red tape, the bomb had do
work. Edward Angus finishe
last few months of his military
in and around Bikini Atoll we
as he had intermittently for
years, the single stripe of a privat
class. Finally, the Army offere
the eagles of a full colonel if he
stay and help them with their
lems; when Edward Angus re
heads were gravely shaken, but
he did.

A frugal person, with no re
bad habits beyond an addictio
hard work and an occasional
Edward Angus had actually
money during his incarceration
land of fog and frostbite. His c
retor was only adjusted to a ver
mixture; an occasional drink w
he could deal with.

With no immediate economic
sity to get back on the academic t
mill, he determined to spend a c
of months in private research. Se
intriguing hypotheses had com
during the preparations for the
show, and Edward Angus was
intrigued. He belonged to a
society of mathematicians which
ported an exclusive library in
York. Taking a hall bedroom ir
city, he prepared to settle down t
delightful months of unadulte
research.

He experienced no difficulty,
nearly four years, in rememberin
address of the library and,
changing into civilian clothes,
plete with ruptured duck, he se
for it on the very first afternoon
was in the West Fifties and from h
both personal and military, he wa
A healthy mind in a healthy body
a fetish with Professor Gilmartin
there was no course of training to
end for which he had not enthus
cally volunteered during his A
career. It was probably safe to
that Private Gilmartin was the
finance clerk in the whole U
States Army who was thorou
trained and conditioned to land
the first wave of commandos. . . .

The front entrance of the buil
as he came up to it, seemed

"I'm free, white and twenty-one,
Edward Angus said to Mr. Lacy. "
from now on, keep out of my busi

altered substantially, but his
y said that the number was cor-
d his feet told him that he still
down five steps to reach the
le. Without need for further
nation, and intent on the list of
ges that he must immediately
he opened the door and stopped
ntify himself to the receptionist
heading for the reading room
e stacks.

BOWED vaguely to a female
omeone who appeared in the
ay on his right.
y name is Gilmartin. I haven't
ble to use your facilities during
r, but I would very much like to
use of the reading room for a
or two if I may."
ow I've heard it called every-
" said the figure in the doorway.
beg your pardon?" Edward
was lost in the problem of
er to begin on the theories of
or Conant. "I asked if I might
e reading room and, of course,
acks."
ll it anything you like," said the
"just you give me your hat."
handed over his hat, wondering
haps it would not be better to
with Einstein or even further
than that, and then work for-

n sorry," he said apologetically,
lace seems a good deal changed.
you direct me?"
at's the door right there on your
said the voice, "but in my
n, you're carrying all the load
an handle right now."
s seemed rather a silly remark to
rd Angus, for he wasn't carrying
a book. The war had made it
lt to replace trained personnel,
cided, and pushed open the door
left.
nething was very definitely
. The room, except that it was
too dark, looked like nothing so
as a PX beer garden. As he
ted, a man in a dinner jacket
d up to him.
you wish to sit at the bar, sir, or
you prefer a table?"
ward Angus regarded this at-
nt severely.
m trying to find the library."
e man in the dinner jacket re-
ed himself with a start.
he gents' room is just around the
r to your right," he said in
ned voice. "Can I order you a
now, sir?"
hank you very much, I'm not
y. Perhaps I did not make my-
lear. I asked you to direct me to
ading room."
e man put his hands on his hips
regarded Edward Angus with a
that balanced a nice mixture of
ty and fury.
ook, friend, a joke's a joke. Did
come in here for a drink or didn't
" he demanded.
ertainly not!" Edward Angus
eriously affronted. Unconsciously
ning his crispest classroom man-
he said: "I wish to make use of
facilities. I'm a mathematician.
nterest is in figures. Do I make
lf clear?"
an't you ex-servicemen ever
about anything but women? I
wo brothers in the Army, so I'm
ur side, but this ain't that kind of
ce, friend. If you want a drink
will behave yourself, you can
"
lward Angus stared at the man in
lief.
ne of us is crazy," he said, as if
g an axiom in geometry.

"Well one guess will tell you who's going to win the decision. Come on, now, get on your horse—"

Edward Angus, for the first time in his sober life, thought over all the delightful possibilities offered by the intensive course that he had taken in Army judo. But the habits of a lifetime were too strong, and he turned on his heel.

"There's been a stupid mistake," he said to the girl who had taken his hat. Everything looked red to him, as he understood it always did to people who were the victims of uncontrollable furies. Even the hair of the figure facing him was a flaming challenge.

"I tried to tell you that you were down on your axles when you went in," said the red hair. "Look, sonny, why don't you go home and leave the stuff alone?"

"Is everybody out of his mind in this establishment?" Edward Angus demanded. "Or isn't this the Library for the Society of Higher Mathematics?"

"Oh, you poor thing," said the figure. "And I thought you were canned to the eyes. That place was moved up to Morningside Heights a couple of years ago."

"Why?" Edward Angus was still intent on the pursuit of elusive theorems and the question came easily.

"Why, because they're all big shots now. Haven't you heard about the atomic bomb? Those guys don't just make out your income tax any more; they're going to make over the world. What part of this man's army were you stuck in?"

The mention of the Army and atomics cleared the fog in Edward Angus' cranial cavity. He returned to the land of fact with a rush.

Before him was quite the prettiest girl he had ever seen. Her eyes were blue and direct; her nose, even through the powder, betrayed three or four highly intriguing freckles; no more of her could possibly have been crammed into the bodice of her blue dress and her hair was of a red to make sunsets jealous.

"Really," said Edward Angus, "I owe you an apology." He found he was having as much difficulty making his hands and eyes behave as would a starving man in front of a delicatessen.

"You will if you keep on looking at me like that," the girl assured him.

Furious color rushed to his face, and he pretended to search the racks behind her for his hat.

"I am Professor Gilmartin," he announced stiffly. "I had no idea that the library had moved and I am sorry to have troubled you." He abandoned the search for his hat, and his eyes returned irresistibly to the girl. "I was three years in the Aleutians," he added lamely.

"That's tough; I have a brother spent the whole war in Iceland."

"You did?" Edward Angus brightened visibly at the news of such suffering. "We heard it was pretty rough there. Now, with us, the wind never dropped below—"

"You going to take my hat, Angie?" a voice behind him broke in.

Edward Angus turned with a start to confront a thin, sharp face which came up out of a collar whose tightness bordered on strangulation. Black, greasy hair was plastered to the skull, and if the shoulders of the coat weren't padded, the man was built like a prize fighter.

"You're looking mighty sweet tonight, Angie," said the newcomer. "This character bothering you?"



"Really," said Edward Angus, "I owe you an apology"

"Oh no, Mr. Lacy. This gentleman just made a mistake in the address. Here's your hat, Professor. You can find out where the library is now, in the phone book." She gave Edward Angus such a smile that he was halfway to the door before he remembered the tip. He found a quarter and then fell over his own feet in a renewed start for the exit.

"What's the matter with that goof?" said Mr. Lacy. "Plastered?"

"I should say not!" Angie protested. "He was looking for that library used to be here, before you opened up. He's a professor."

"Of what? He don't look to me like he could read and write."

"Mathematics, I guess. I thought he looked cute."

"He's a dope," said Mr. Lacy with finality.

STRANGELY enough, that was what Edward Angus was calling himself the next afternoon. He had found the new quarters of the Society without difficulty and his reception there had been in the nature of a triumph. The librarian had wanted to know all about his experiences at Bikini, had cursed the stupidity of an Army that would waste such brilliance on the arctic air and had immediately supplied him with the books and pamphlets that he required. Secure in a cubicle where the world could not enter, Professor Gilmartin had sat down with sharpened pencils and a block of yellow paper—sat down to two months of uninterrupted theorizing. The only trouble seemed to be the interruptions.

These, of course, were not caused by the staff, who came only when summoned, or by sounds from the outside, which were barred by all the acoustical controls known to science. They were caused by Pfc. Edward Angus Gilmartin, who heretofore had given very little trouble of that particular nature to the Professor and none at all to his superior officers. In Army parlance, the Private appeared to have ants in his pants.

It did no good to remind the Private that the Professor was interested in figures. The Private was interested in figures, too, and they weren't on paper. Equations that were as uncomplicated to a trained mathematical mind as the alphabet is to a member of the eighth grade became so confused with unknowns like red hair and blue eyes, that the Professor had to spend more time chiding the Private than he did using his pencil; and everywhere there were freckles. For the life of him, Edward Angus couldn't remember whether there had been three or four.

To decide the matter he tried drawing a nose, but it wiggled at him like a rabbit's.

"This is perfectly preposterous," Professor Gilmartin assured himself. "What I need is a good walk."

"That's a swell idea," said Private Gilmartin. "I'll go along with you."

Edward Angus thanked the librarian for his courtesy, assured him that the morrow would be no more than started when he returned, and set off blithely to conquer his distractions with that fine old puritan medicine, fresh air.

To secure what little of the country New York afforded, he headed over to the Drive and tramped downtown, breathing deep while assuring himself that he was deriving much good from it. The river stretched wide and placid on his right, children romped across his path, and he passed monuments with gratifying regularity. Both the children and the monuments appeared to be surrounded by nurses.

"That was a pretty tasty shape we just passed," said Private Gilmartin.

"You mean the one with the yellow dress and no hat—? I didn't see it," said the Professor.

He turned east at the end of the Drive and there seemed to be a great many girls getting off busses and coming out of subways. The Professor averted his eyes but the Private was continually looking everywhere except where they were going.

Suddenly the Private said, "Let's have a drink."

"Where?" said the Professor, taken by surprise.

(Continued on page 74)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



MERCHANT OF VALOR

The Story:
The events narrated take place in sixteenth-century Europe; Henry VIII is King of England; the Medicis rule an Italy turbulent with internal strife.

At a fair in England, big PETER CAREW, straightforward son of a wool merchant, encounters a beautiful Italian girl disguised as a fortunetelling hag. BETSY, for so he calls her, predicts Peter will go to Italy; she gives him a charm to protect him. Shortly afterward, Peter is sent by his father to transact business in Florence.

The first night he is in Italy he comes upon a cheerfully unscrupulous friar searching his baggage. Shortly thereafter Peter saves a powerful nobleman, GIOVANNI DE' MEDICI, who is being attacked in a dark street by assassins. As predicted by Betsy, Peter and Giovanni, who is the leader of a free-lance army, known as the Black Bands, strike up a friendship.

The next day at a carnival in Florence, Peter recognizes the fortuneteller, Betsy —this time disguised as an apprentice boy. Haughtily she demands that he return the charm she had given him in England. Just as he gives it to her, Peter is arrested by agents of CARDINAL PASSERINI. From him Peter learns that the "charm" was in reality a stolen letter of critical interest to the Pope; when refuses to divulge the identity of th ter's recipient he is led away to prison and the torture chamber.

A mob delivers him from his ca and he is whisked off to a nunnery, w he is brought into the presence of a lously lovely woman. It is Betsy a "Wilt thou not serve me?" she smiling. Peter's blood turns to w As if under a spell, he nods helples



"In my land we do not harry maidens with dogs, nor tree them like wild beasts," I said. "In this country," said the handsome one, "we do what gives us pleasure"

NTINUING THE EXCITING STORY OF ROMANCE AND HIGH ADVENTURE

Y CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

II

I AWAKENED in the morning in a soft, clean bed in a tiny cell in the convent; food was ought to me, and I was much re-shed. But as full recollection re-ned to me, I was ill at ease because, ough no fault of my own, I was a gitive and like to come to my death he Eight should lay hands upon me. ough my father's business had been ll in hand, I despaired of bringing it to satisfactory conclusion, for Florence would be no safe spot for me.

While these thoughts were vexing me, one came to my door and summoned me. I followed to that fine room where I had first seen the girl Betsy arrayed as a great lady, and there she awaited me again, and once more I was overcome by the beauty of her and the mystery of her.

"Messire Pietro," she said at once, "we must be rid of you. Cardinal Passerini and the Eight have loosed an order against you—that you be found and brought to them."

"For which," said I, "I have only thee to thank."

Her lip curled. "Does the sword thank the arm that wields it?" she asked. "Or the needle thank the fingers that ply it?"

"The sword hath no soul," I answered, "nor hath the needle a heart. But a human man doth possess both and is not to be used as if he were but a thing of steel or wood."

"I had need of thee," she said. "Who will not serve freely in time of need must be made to serve by guile or force."

"That," I told her, "is a heartless saying and cruel. Who are you that hides under the disguise of hag and scullery maid and apprentice boy and noble lady? Against me you have practiced treachery. What wider treachery do you plot? Whom dost thou serve?"

"I serve a purpose that is above thy base understanding," she said. "Who or what I am is nothing to thee."

"Nothing, perchance, but the loss of life, which is precious to me," I answered.

I hated her and I feared her, yet I was drawn to her so powerfully that my head swam with it. I deemed this the result of some evil charm which she had put upon me, but, knowing it full well, I was not strong to resist it.

She made her eyes to narrow and peered at me with a strange expression which I could not read. "There is honesty in thee, and loyalty and stubbornness. Why didst not betray me to the Cardinal? He would have rewarded thee with a castle."

"It was not for thee I stood silent," I said angrily, "but because the man made my gorge to rise, and the sullen brat that hungered unnaturally to see me stretched upon the rack."

She smiled in a queer, mysterious way and said, "Whatever the reason, it compels me to save thy neck. So I shall pluck thee out of this city and send thee to safety."

"Where should I find safety?" I asked.

"With wife and train Giovanni de' Medici left Florence yesterday for Trebbio."

"Art thou friend to My Lord Giovanni?"

"I be friend to no Medici," she said. "Nevertheless of all the spawn, he alone is without guile and, now that Bayard is dead, the most knightly man alive. The evil Medici blood hath been cleansed by joining with the blood of his great mother. He will protect thee for the mere sport of thwarting the Cardinal."

"I would back to England," I told her.

"Dost mind the crystal into which you gazed? When I was witch and teller of fortunes?"

"I remember well." I made the holy sign. "'Twas black magic."

"Nay. It was true picture. Ere thou comest back to England many things must be fulfilled."

"The devil hath given thee power to read the future?"

"Nay." She shivered a little. "I know not if the power come from God or Satan. But I can make others see pictures in the ball. And they be true pictures. Now—My Lord Vitello Vitelli leaves the city at noon, journeying to Bologna. The gates will be watched for thee. But thou shall ride in his train and pass safely. Under the robe and cowl of a monk. The abbess of this holy house hath asked the favor of him."

"It was not thou that asked it?"

She shook her head. "Thou wilt be but a monk riding on errand for the abbess. Betray not thyself to any."

"You accomplish all things by guile and deception," I said bitterly.

"What other weapons hath a woman but guile and deception—and beauty?"

"There be also," I said, "truth and modesty and virtue, so that men will do her bidding for honest love of her."

"Honest love is for scullery maids." She rang a little silver bell that she lifted from the table. "Go to thy cell and don friar's robes for the journey."

"I would prefer an honest sword and corselet of steel."

"They await thee on the road," she said. "Farewell, Messire Pietro. Go with God."

"Shall I see thee again?" I asked, and was wretched at the thought of parting from her.

She merely smiled.

And so I passed from her presence and went to my cell where the brown habit of a friar awaited me and I donned it over my proper clothing, and put sandals upon my feet and awaited the outcome.

FOR an hour I sat alone. Then I was summoned, and passed out into the street where saddled mules awaited me and another clothed like myself who said he was to be my guide. We rode through narrow streets until we joined the cavalcade of this Vitello Vitelli. And with this company of twenty men we passed unchallenged through the Porto al Prata and into the smiling country beyond.

In those troubled days the roads were unsafe to travelers who could make no display of armed numbers Unpaid soldiers deserting from the armies or from bands of *condottieri* took easily to the trade of robbery, and more honest men, dispossessed of their homes by the tramplings of war, had been driven by hunger to take to the hills. In Milan the plague raged and it seemed that God had seen fit, in His wisdom, to give over northern Italy to rapine, fire and starvation.

My guide and I rode for some ten leagues with the company until we came to a tiny inn—a crude, forbidding shelter standing stark beside the road. Here we separated ourselves from My Lord Vitello, who called jocularly over his shoulder, warning us to sleep with one eye open lest a rascally landlord slit our throats in the night to rob us of our very sandals. But the inn, when we entered it, was better than the promise of its exterior, and the landlord, a thin, tall man with honest face, made us welcome and provided us with pleasant wine and the remains of a pasty upon which we fell hungrily. He stared at my left hand upon which I wore the King of England's ring.

"By that I am to know thee," he said. "But my advice to thee is that

(Continued on page 35)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

SHOWDOWN WITH THE BOSS

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT – IV

BY JAMES A. FARLEY

"Presidents find it hard to believe anyone can fill their chairs," Jim Farley told Vice-President Garner. But the time had come for a declaration of intentions. Here is a straightforward account of the elaborate political maneuvering which led to the President's third term



© HARRIS & EV

Talk of a rift between Roosevelt and Garner continued. But "Cactus Jack" t Farley he had more affection for F.D.R. than any of the crowd around him h

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 8, 1940.

MEMORANDUM FOR

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL

At the Poughkeepsie Post Office there are approximately twenty-five steps leading up from the street to the front door. I hear considerable complaints from elderly people, especially in the Winter, who are forced to use these steps without a hand-rail. What can you do?

F. D. R.

No detail of his Administration was too trivial for the President to consider. Here is a routine memo which he sent to Jim Farley early in 1940

BY UNANIMOUS consent, politics took an enforced holiday at the outbreak of the war in Europe. I saw the war come and it was not a pretty sight, even though I was spared the witnessing of scenes of carnage and destruction.

I had gone abroad with my daughters, Betty and Ann, and Edward Roddan of the Democratic National Committee, in July of 1939. On September 3d, when Britain declared war, we were homeward bound.

No one was more happy than I to set foot on American soil again.

Shortly after my return, I had lunch with the President.

"Boss," I began, "we are to all intents and purposes in a state of war. I think that at this time politics should be adjourned. The people aren't interested in politics; they are interested in their country and in their families."

"Jim, you have hit the nail right on the head," he replied with hearty cordiality. "You were never more right. I feel exactly the way you do."

"I wonder whether it would not be a good idea to cancel the Jackson Day dinner?" I suggested.

"I don't think there will be any necessity for that," he answered slowly. "We could bring in a few Republicans and make it a bipartisan affair."

"I'm afraid it might look as though we were trying to talk politics at a time when we were urging national unity," I said, "but there's no need to make a decision this minute."

"Jim, we are on a day-to-day basis now," he said seriously. "Our foreign policy may shift within twenty-four hours or within an hour. The same is true of domestic matters, including politics. You remember, before you went away, I said I would have make my position clear on the th term early in the year. Now it lo as if I could do nothing until spring—March or April."

"That makes sense to me," I agre "I think it would be a mistake to h anyone connected with the Admi tration make political speeches at t time."

We then fell to a discussion of international situation, hinged on trip. I told him I regretted that I not had a chance to visit England asked how Ambassador Kennedy v getting along. As usual he was criti of Joe, whom he never really liked

"You know," he explained co dentially, "Joe has been taken in the British government, the peo and the royal family. He's more B ish than Walter Hines Page (Am can ambassador to Britain in Wo War I). The trouble with the British that they have for several hundr years been controlled by the up classes. Therefore the policy of British government relates entirely the protection of this class."

In prewar days the President v never very generous before me in references to the British. He was f ever expressing doubt that Brit would ever go through for anyo else, declaring they were for Engla and England alone all the time.

The President switched the conv sation to a consideration of the W Industries Board, headed by Edw R. Stettinius, Jr., son of a former J. Morgan & Company partner.

"When they turn in their report think I'll put them on the shelf," said musingly. "I realize fully t they are under the Morgan influen If the war industries are dominated the Morgan crowd, they will do all



ACME

At the Jackson Day dinner of 1940, Secretary of State and Mrs. Cordell Hull chat with Postmaster General Farley. Hull refused to capitalize on his accomplishments in office to have his name announced for the Presidency. While Roosevelt was telling others that Hull was his choice to succeed him, he never told Hull

siness and make all the money. The organ crowd has been bitterly opposed to me and all I have advoed."

'Boss," I began lightly, "I'd like to a word for a fellow I know quite ll—James A. Farley."

'Why, Aloysius," he laughed.

'If you set up any organization to ntrol the activities of government d business, I could head it up and a better job than anyone else."

'Jim, I think you have something re," he said. "But what opposition uld come from your being Demotic chairman? I wouldn't want you give that up."

"I don't think there would be any jection, although I'd be glad to step t," I said. "I could handle the matby saying politics had been adturned as far as I was concerned."

"I think it might be worked out," said.

I told the President the affairs of post office were in good order and d not need my attention every moent. I asked him not to give his cision at once but to give my sugstion every consideration. He said would do that. But I never heard it again.

Urging Neutrality Repeal

The President asked me to talk to embers of Congress in behalf of utrality revision. On September 22, 39, I went to the White House to port on the situation.

"Boss, if I may say so," I added, "I oulдn't let my personal feelings inrfere with my relations with Coness. All your friends will be for peal. I think it is absolutely necesry that you avoid friction in order to ve a united country behind you. And to be perfectly frank, it will strengthen the Democratic party. I think you made a good start seeing Senator Glass."

"Yes, I had an interesting talk with Carter," he said. "You know, he's going to make a short speech in favor of neutrality repeal. That's real progress."

"How are you getting along with O'Mahoney?" I asked.

"Splendidly," he said. "Joe came in and asked how he could help on neutrality repeal, then answered the question by saying he thought he could help by talking to Senator Maloney of Connecticut."

"I think you should see some of the others who have been on the other side of the street," I said. "How about seeing Senator Tydings of Maryland?"

"I would be glad to if there was something we could discuss," was his answer.

On October 2, 1939, I called former Governor Alfred E. Smith to congratulate him on the radio speech he had delivered the night before in behalf of neutrality revision. He bowled me over by reporting he had received a congratulatory message from Roosevelt. He and the President had long been going their own ways.

I was most pleased to see the President so interested in healing the split within the party. But I still felt that the time was not one for politics. I confidently expected to be in the national defense picture and was willing to let politics rest.

About this time I rode up to the Capitol to have lunch with Jack Garner in his office. The Vice-President greeted me with an expression of regret that I could not join him in "striking a blow for liberty," as he invariably described the rite of drinking.

"Jim, you don't drink, you don't smoke, and you don't run out of harness—don't you have any vices?" he asked jokingly.

"Only politics," I answered in the same spirit. "And Mrs. Farley considers that worse than gum chewing, my other bad habit. She's trying to break me of both."

Mr. Garner Goes on Record

"Politics is what I invited you up here for," he said more seriously. "I want to tell you exactly where I stand so that you can govern yourself accordingly. As you know I am opposed to the third term. I don't know what the Boss is going to do, but I know he doesn't dislike third-term talk and he's doing nothing to discourage it."

"That's only natural," I put in. "Presidents find it hard to believe anyone can fill their chairs. Alice Longworth told me her father (Theodore Roosevelt) began to worry about the future of the country as the time came for him to turn over his office to Taft. Joe Tumulty said that Woodrow Wilson had similar fears and Coolidge spent restless nights in his final days down the Avenue. Not that they wanted to stay particularly; they didn't like to see themselves replaced."

"Maybe so," he said thoughtfully, "I am not worried about the Boss. It's those people around him. All they are interested in is staying in power. I don't think that they give a damn for the Boss at heart. They would climb onto Wallace's coattails if they thought they could sell *him* to the people. Wallace is a dangerous character, Jim, not because he's bad at heart, but because he doesn't know where he's going."

"I agree with you thoroughly on the men around the President," I said. "I am convinced that those about him have no genuine affection for him or they would not ask him to carry them along. I doubt if he can stand the strain of another four years, particularly war years."

"God knows I hope nothing happens to him," Garner said earnestly. "He and I have had our differences, but I have more honest affection for him in my little finger than they have in their whole bodies. I don't want anything to happen to him and I don't want his job. But I can't swallow this third-term business. I absolutely will not run with him for a third term. I don't want to run for anything, but if no one else will come out against him for a third term, I'll do it, even if it's only for the record."

"I feel the same way," I told him. "There is only one thing that would cause me to change my mind about the third term and that is if the very existence of the country were threatened. I don't mean just a threat, but actual danger."

"I don't want him to run again," Garner said, "whether we are at war or not. I see a dangerous precedent in this third-term business. The Boss could never be a dictator, but someone might come along who could be."

On October 27, 1939, I had lunch with the President right after Henry Wallace shattered the unnegotiated truce on partisan politics. With the 1940 Presidential election a year and eleven days off, the Secretary of Agriculture told an audience at Berkeley, California, "The war situation obviously makes it clear that the

(Continued on page 83)

"Who are you?" Becky asked. "I'm Cull Bence, ma'am," said the man. "Ain't a mother's son of us amounted to a hill of cow beans in three generations"



STRANGLER FIG

—Its life was the death of beauty

BY WILLIAM FULLER

BECKY stood stiffly on the back steps of the small frame house in the clearing until she saw her husband's truck disappearing around the first curve in the rutted road. Her sense of release was immediate. Swiftly on bare feet, she padded into the bedroom she shared with her husband. She opened the bottom drawer of the bureau that squatted in the corner of the room. She groped quickly beneath muslin for the three paper-thin reproductions of paintings that Lonnie Rand, the storekeeper in Fruitville, had given her months before. She had hidden them away, waiting for Norlee's first-of-the-summer trip to Arcadia. Now she spread them on the patchwork quilt of the bed, sighing in admiration, trying to decide which was her favorite.

Niagara Falls was pretty, she decided. That Grand Canyon was fine. Mighty fine. But the Gloucester Fisherman, the sailboat slanting through that bright and maddened sea, well—Becky reckoned that was about the finest of the three. That one reminded her of the time—five years before, when they had first been married—that Norlee had carried her across the state to a place called Tarpon Springs. She had seen boats there, boats with *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

THE MOST COMPLETE LINE OF TRUCKS BUILT

4,400 to 90,000 lbs. Gross Weight Rating

This Emblem

INTERNATIONAL

Identifies Great Trucks



International W-9064-OH, a giant in size and load-carrying capacity.

International KBR-12, a big truck-tractor for fast highway transport.

International KB-6, with law frame, for easy loading.

International KB-3-M, with Metro Body, for multi-stop deliveries.

International KB-1, with pickup body, for a long list of uses.

5 of 1,000 *Specialized* INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

AMERICA needs trucks *specialized* to their jobs. And International Harvester supplies them—more than 1,000 types, with chassis, engines, transmissions and axles expertly fitted to the work they are to do.

That's one reason why more heavy-duty International Trucks have served American commerce and industry for the past 16 years than any other make.

Another is the rugged strength, long, trouble-free life, and ease and economy of operation that are as much a part of every International as the famous Triple Diamond Emblem on the hood.

Specialized International Service backs International Trucks. This *specialized* service is quickly available everywhere from the nation's largest company-owned truck service organization—International Branches—and thousands of International Dealers.

Motor Truck Division
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

40TH ANNIVERSARY OF INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS
1907-1947—Forty years of International Truck Service to Commerce, Industry and Agriculture

Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars" Sunday! NBC Network.

INTERNATIONAL

Other International Harvester Products:
FARMALL TRACTORS AND MACHINES
INDUSTRIAL POWER • REFRIGERATION

INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

HOLLYWOOD'S MILLION-DOLLAR SHOESTRINGS

You too can be a movie producer. All you need is an idea, a little cash and a tolerance for headaches. If you doubt it, take a look at the flock of independents making much from little



The King Brothers—Morrie, Fr and Hy (top)—launched themse on the arts with an improved ver of the claw machine. Now the all wrapped up in producing f

BY CAMERON SHI

HAPPEN to have $800, mister? $200,000? $5,($500? No? Well, don't it a second thought. Do you hav idea? No idea? That does make shade more difficult—but you k somebody with an idea, no doubt? right.

You are now in business as a H wood motion-picture producer you stand to make one million do this year, on which the nice me Washington will smile indulgently demand a mere 25 per cent cap gains tax. That is, this charming sibility is wide open to you unless insist on such stultifying device cost accounting, art for art's sake eight hours' sleep every night.

The opportunity may not last l for a very practical reason ind Hollywood is rapidly running ou stage space for all its would-be ducers. But until the last stage bu its seams, splattering excess adren and glamor over southern Califor French pastry landscape, Hollyw is the republic's last roaring fro of free enterprise, *laissez faire,* the good old-fashioned custom pyramiding shoestrings into fortu

In fact, independent motion ture production is already very Business. One hundred and fifty f as-the-birds entrepreneurs will n ufacture around $100,000,000 w of film during 1947. The Societ Independent Motion Picture Pro ers, a lusty organization comprise 25 of the healthiest independent now headed by Donald Nelson, a tleman who grew accustomed large-scale operations as execu vice-president of Sears-Roebuck as War Production Administrator

Ex-dentists, ex-theater manag ex-publicity men and a startling portion of actors, actresses, direc and writers are becoming produ faster than you can mutter "Lou O. Parsons." How come? And in ticular, how?

The opportunity exists for sound reasons. First, the federal cc have loosened up distribution r kets, breaking the theater monop of the majors; and second, the m studios are making bigger but fe pictures.

Consider the Brothers King (merly Morrie, Frank and Hy Ki sky), who operated slot machine Los Angeles a few years ago. T launched themselves in business a simple but shrewd improver on the claw machine, which oper on the grab-bag principle. T offered expensive wrist watches cigarette lighters, which, to be s the cash customers found as diff to capture as cheap gewgaws, which raised the machine's inc from $5 to $200 a week.

From claw machines, the Kings vanced in the art world to slot- chine movies, for a while wit distinguished partner—Cecil B. Mille. This alliance lasted for only.

"It took too long to get in to see Mille," says Morrie. "Guess he an inferiority complex. And his i

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner, brighter teeth! **New Pepsodent,** the only tooth paste containing **Irium,** removes the film that makes your teeth look dull— uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

Use Pepsodent twice a day— see your dentist twice a year

keeps bugs away from your...



Better visibility in smoke, fog and smog, too!

enjoy delightful summer evenings with the light most bugs don't like.



cuts attraction for pesky night-flying insects as much as 92%

Use them for all outdoor lighting.

Get them at your favorite store today... 60 watt, 25¢; 100 watt, 35¢—plus Fed. tax.

A PRODUCT OF

VERD-A-RAY CORPORATION

TOLEDO 5, OHIO

MAKERS OF VERD-A-RAY PASTEL GREEN LIGHT BULBS.

about pictures for slot machines were to have Sally Rand and some trapeze artists for performers.

"Now, you know yourself, if you're out with a girl relaxing at a bar, you don't want any bubble dancer or acrobat interfering. You want some good music, like Crosby, maybe. De Mille might make big epics, but for us he didn't have class."

The Kings went out of the juke-box movie business fast, brooding over De Mille.

"What is this movie racket, anyway?" asked Morrie. "If De Mille can lick it, why can't we?"

They knew nothing about the art of motion pictures, but they knew what they liked. They liked an idea they had about two orphans, a boy and a girl, who grew up in a life of crime and dirty politics.

Morrie met Jack La Rue, the actor, at the races. La Rue was betting ten-dollar bills.

"Like to bet hundred-dollar bills?" Morrie asked him.

"Yeah," said La Rue.

"You're in my picture," said Morrie.

Rochelle Hudson applied as leading lady, but she turned up with two agents. The King Brothers winced, said they'd let her know if anything turned up. Joan Woodbury heard about the new picture, dropped in to see if these wild men perhaps had something.

Morrie asked her to wait while he went next door and borrowed a chair. Joan said not to bother and sat on the floor. The King boys beamed, figured that was exactly the kind of star they needed and signed her to a run-of-the-picture contract—exactly six days.

Nice Profits from a Cheapie

The picture they made, subsequently released as Paper Bullets, cost exactly $18,000. According to the Kings' deal with Producers Releasing Corporation, they received $19,500 on delivery of the film and 50 per cent of the profits. Paper Bullets grossed $750,000 during its first run, and is now fetching in a handsome $2,000 per month from the foreign markets.

This coup enabled the Kings to make the most sensational low-budget picture of all time, the smash hit, Dillinger, which they turned out in 23 days at a cost of $180,000. Dillinger grossed $2,000,000 domestically, and is currently breaking records in England, India and South America.

Now well-heeled, the ebullient King Brothers are marching rapidly onward and upward. Their latest picture is a big Class-A production costing close to $1,000,000. But the Kings are faithful to the mob and scornful of carriage trade. The new picture is called The Gangster.

The King story is reasonably typical. It is especially representative in this respect: As soon as your small independent begins to lay hands on respectable cash, he spends more on his pictures, moves up, and makes way for the next man with a borrowed shoestring.

Edward A. Golden, a ruddy-cheeked benevolent character universally known as "Doc," practiced dentistry in Boston, drifted into motion-picture distribution because his office was over a theater and wound up as a Hollywood producer as a result of his interest in an educational campaign on syphilis.

Doc sponsored a cheap nine-day picture, called No Greater Sin. This film, which was later approved by the U.S. Public Health Service, made a little money because its subject matter lent itself to sensational exploitation.

Doc let most of his profits trickle through his fingers and decided to recoup with another picture. He read a magazine condensation of Gregor Ziemer's book, Education for Death, sought out the author and pressed $500 on him for a 30-day option.

In Hollywood, Doc got to know every studio receptionist by her first name, being thoroughly rejected by every lot in town, until RKO, which was in corporate distress, decided they might risk a few dollars on a good title before the receivers closed in. The good title which exploitation-wise Doc had applied to Ziemer's work was Hitler's Children.

RKO gambled a pittance, a mere $175,000—the price of one good star name in most A productions—and 21 days of shooting on Hitler's Children, hoping to get the money back with a reasonable profit. The picture grossed $3,500,000, put the studio on its feet financially, and showered fortunes on virtually everybody associated with it.

Author Ziemer, an ex-schoolteacher, received $5,000 cash and 50 per cent of Doc's profits as his share. Eddie Dmytryk, who had been called in to direct the last eleven days' shooting when another director fell ill, bounced to fame and made Murder My Sweet. Bonita Granville became a star. Emmett Lavery, who had written the screen play and retired to the Smith College campus to teach when RKO dropped his option, returned to Hollywood as one of the highest-priced writers in town and became president of the Screen Writers Guild. Doc's son, Bob, a literate Amherst graduate, became an associate producer.

The Goldens today are able to roll a disinterested eye at any bank president and refuse his money. They are interested solely in quality productions and first-rate stories. They are now making a picture based on the book, Eddie and the Archangel Mike.

Unless you write your own story, you'll have to make at least a small cash outlay to become a producer. Five hundred dollars is about as low as you can get, since the first step is invariably acquisition of a story. Writing people are spoiled these days and demand pay for their wares. But the public libraries are stacked high with tales the high-priced producers never heard of, and bootlace operators are ferreting them out daily, tying them up with short-term options, and going into business. I like this:

Would-be Producer O'Malley a an option on a story. He then press agent, or becomes one shouting in the better saloo through the trade press that he story every star in Hollywood w appear in.

This impresses the stars more th might think. All of them are often desperately, in search of suited to their special talents. then, that our fictitious Mr. O and his good story do attract a star's interest.

With that backing, O'Malley c proach a distributing company, United Artists, which will not hes sign an agreement to release any a first-caliber star cares to app Mr. O'Malley can then go to a ba his story, star, and release agreem come away with actual cash in ha



"T'be honest with ya, mister, most folks hereabouts think I'm pretty much of an old bore—but the tourists think I'm piteher-esk"

COLLIER'S JOHN

If Mr. O'Malley is considered ceptional risk, he can get as muc per cent of the money he needs fr Security-First National Bank Angeles, the Bank of America, Bankers Trust Company of New The interest will be 5 per cent, picture itself will be security.

In a factory town where th hands receive wages running int sands a week, Mr. O'Malley d from now on find it too difficult the remainder of the money on p loans.

It all works out approximate this: A competent director will t for 15 per cent of the take. The d tor wants 25 per cent, and the will get 45 per cent. That leaves cent to the entrepreneur.

And even if it costs Mr. O $100,000 to pay good writers t screen play out of his original m and $350 to $1,500 a day for stag he stands to make a fair-sized p money on his original $500 inve Walter Wanger's Arabian Nig $900,000 to get on film. It retur 000,000 to the distributor, Univers

guard the peace
these sun-swept hills



the role of the red-blooded men who the National Guard. It's an historic the most significant in this proud organi- long and illustrious history.

new National Guard's 27 divisions and groups, superbly equipped and highly will be America's M-Day force of citi- iers. Standing shoulder to shoulder with gular Army, they will be a stabilizing ce in a restless world.

rous regiments, with unit histories older than the nation itself, are reorganizing daily under National Guard banners to resume their peacetime mission. Young men from every walk of life are joining up, men who measure up to high physical and mental standards.

These men will be the leaders of business and industry in the days and years to come. For service in the new National Guard teaches them the principles of leadership and gives them a chance to learn valuable skills that will serve them well in civilian life.

The National Guard needs many virile, alert young men to help it guard the peace. It offers a full day's pay at new high Regular Army rates for one night each week of Armory training and for each day of summer field exercises.

★ Listen to the "National Guard Assembly," with Paul Whiteman, Wednesdays, 8:30 P.M., EDST, ABC Network.

* * *

Many employers recognize that National Guard training helps make better employees. They further the National Guard's mission by granting their Guardsmen-employees time off for summer field training without sacrifice of income or vacation period. "Your National Guard helps guard the peace"

For full information about the new National Guard, contact the officers of your local unit, or write the Adjutant General in the capital city of your state.

The National Guard
☆ ☆ ☆ OF THE UNITED STATES ☆ ☆ ☆



Sam Goldwyn (center) looks over his awards with star Virginia Mayo and Donald M. Nelson, head of the Society of Independent Producers



At Enterprise, biggest new independent studio, employees get free meals, insurance, shoeshines and other pampering. Above, studio secretaries relax on the sun-roof during their lunch hour. Seated in the barbershop (below) are carpenter Lazarus Feldman and Joel McCrea



netted Mr. Wanger $1,241,000. This was a pretty good picture, but Hollywood proves every day that the American appetite for screen entertainment is so voracious that it is almost impossible to make a film so bad that it won't show a profit.

Most new independent producers, like the Brothers King and Doc Golden, prudently start at the bottom with low-budget pictures that lend themselves to exploitation—sexploitation, the boys like to say. Some, like Bette Davis, Ginger Rogers, James Cagney, John Garfield, Constance Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and an express agent named Charles Einfeld, start at the top.

Mr. Einfeld, to be sure, was no run-of-the-salt-mine press agent. He was vice-president in charge of advertising and publicity for Warner Brothers and is reported to have earned $156,000 a year. But like many another employee, when he quarreled with his boss he found himself jobless.

The upshot of Mr. Einfeld's hurried departure from Warner Brothers is Enterprise, biggest, fanciest, and happiest of the new independents. Enterprise came about when Einfeld and David Loew, the movie financier, met at a dinner party, discovered they had time on their hands, and agreed to become producers. Their *modus operandi* has made their rivals bug their eyes in wonder.

Taking over six sound stages at the California Studio, a rental lot, Einfeld and Loew have established what at first examination appears to be a kind of country club with free lunch. Breakfast is served at the desks of all employees. Later in the morning, white-coated waiters urge extra cups of coffee and doughnuts on everybody, following up this service with hot tea or cold drinks in the afternoon. All cars parked on the lot are immediately seized and washed, for free. Shaves, haircuts, shoeshines, steam baths, manicures, and $10,000 insurance policies are also free. There are no private dining rooms—all the hands eat together, catered to by a top-flight chef, no checks or tips allowed.

"All this and wages, too!" a worker in a rival studio moaned. "When I die, I want to go to Enterprise."

This largesse on the part of Einfeld and Loew is not entirely a calculated talent trap. It springs in large measure from Einfeld's social consciousness, which, indeed, inspired many of Warners' "Good Citizenship" pictures, and it represents revolt against the somewhat penal atmosphere of the major film factories. It has, however, served as a kind of daily coming-out party for a new kind of motion-picture making.

Percentage Lure Attracts Star

Enterprise started production with Arch of Triumph, a $4,000,000 picture starring Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer, made possible by the new technique. Miss Bergman, who is by a dozen leagues the most desirable star in town and can write her own ticket, joined the brand-new and untried outfit because she receives not only a salary of $175,000, her usual fee, but 37½ per cent of the profits. Erich Remarque, who wrote the story (which was serialized in Collier's), gets 20 per cent, Producer David Lewis 17½ per cent, and Director Lewis Milestone, two per cent.

Meantime, Einfeld and Loew let their friendly point of view be known to other stars. Barbara Stanwyck was attracted by $150,000 and a percentage. Ginger Rogers and John Garfield, who produce as well as act, and Joel McCrea, who gets one half the profits from his films, also found it pleasant to be served hot coffee and percentages. And with this bright handful of star power as security, any Hollywood bank in its right mind would bust a gusset to lay cash on the Enterprise barrelhead. That is p what happened: $20,000,000, o the Bank of America put up the bite, is constantly available.

Envious screams of "Capital echoed through the Hollywood when all this became known, but prise has an answer. The studio nounced eight major productio $16,000,000 budget, is in business and cannot be accused of incorp one-shots merely to escape taxes.

Apparently, the jaywalking juri led certain Hollywood acting tal incorporating individual pictures to take advantage of that 25 p capital gains benevolence, did n rectly foresee the mood of the ment of Justice. There has been c down recently, and all the legal are not yet clear.

Government Takes a Smaller

Still many a star has become ducer and has legitimately profi capital gains. Gary Cooper, wh ary is $175,000 a picture, form own company and made a net of 000 on Along Came Jones. Jam ney works half as hard and make times as much, as star and backer small company headed by his b Bill. Lester Cowan formed his ow pany for The Story of G.I. Joe, th his interest as a stockholder in it fo $1,000,000. The government let hi $750,000. The tax on a million salary would be $900,000.

Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, o ner Brothers, now have deals wh low them to become producers f picture a year on their own lots. deals are not so much money-r arrangements as they are concess the stars' demands that once in a they be allowed to make a motion the way they think a motion ought to be made.

If some of the preceding an about small-potato producers country-club studio seem to ma independents as a whimsical and lot, consider the Society of Indep Motion Picture Producers, hea Donald Nelson. Mr. Nelson, who duction Administrator during th was unquestionably the second powerful man in the world, ca Hollywood at the behest of Da Selznick, most distinguished of t per-crust independents.

These independents, who i Sam Goldwyn, Charlie Chaplin, Pickford, Sol Lesser and other su ble operators, fetched Mr. Nelson president of their society at high largely because they feared the b tribution guns of the majors—Warner, Paramount, Universal, T eth, Columbia and RKO.

But Nelson, who started as an trial chemist and rose to the board manship of Sears-Roebuck, disc quickly enough that there was not fear from the majors. The trouble instantly saw, was to get the dag the independents away from each necks.

Early in his administration, ev fore he had succeeded in getting members of his group to speak t other, Nelson ran into Petrillo trou

James Caesar Petrillo, as czar musicians' union, informed the pendents that, whereas musicians afford to work for the major stu $13.30 per hour, they would have $25 an hour for a minimum of fift from such casual customers as th pendents. The ultimatum was to effect in four days.

Staggered by this demand, took a plane to New York. He h factor in his favor, in that he and had come up together on Chicago Side. He opened the conversatio "Jimmie, I knew you when you

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND



You take big slices off your delivery costs with this modernly engineered Studebaker truck

a handsome truck to look at. It's a beauty a performer.

e pay-off distinction of this hustling, husky, -duty-model Studebaker truck is its low-cost ge. That's why many of the nation's most ng truck buyers rate it right at the top.

owered by unique Hy-Mileage engine

ig savings that this Studebaker truck chalks gin with its fine 6-cylinder power plant—amed "Hy-Mileage" engine.

at engine is a triumph of years of intensive -thrift research. It's an honor graduate of baker's great technical laboratories and 800-million-dollar proving ground.

A truck with many stand-out features

s heavy-duty model and all other Studebaker trucks, you get numerous modern performance helps that are included in the list price.

Among these are automatic choke, automatic spark control, oil bath air cleaner, adjustable octane selector, oil filter.

Moreover, each cab has a dome light; adjustable window wings; two arm rests and adjustable seat; dual sun visors; dual windshield wipers; tight-gripping rotary door latches—all at no extra cost.

Plenty of people want all this value that Studebaker trucks offer. So be forehanded. Get in touch with the nearest Studebaker dealer now.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of trucks you can trust

©1947, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.



"It rides more comfortably than any truck I ever drove!" Yes, many drivers all over the nation say they find Studebaker trucks far in front of all others in comfort. The cabs are roomy; the seats are restful; the floors are clear; the pressure shift is easy; and Studebaker's exclusive variable ratio steering gear makes parking much simpler everywhere.



have a seat in your pants. Let's get together."

This brisk approach won a grin and a delay, concessions not even the President of the United States had been able to win from Petrillo before, and the delay gave Nelson time to work out something. What he worked out appears to be far more than a solution to a musical labor problem, but a formula of vital importance to independent motion picture production.

Nelson formed a co-operative, full-time, all-year-round orchestra of fifty men—to be paid at major-studio rates. The novelty of any kind of co-operation stunned the independents, and awed the musicians, too, but charm and argument won out for Nelson in the long run. If you have seen Selznick's Duel in the Sun or Goldwyn's The Best Years of Our Lives, you have heard the co-operative orchestra. Playing together constantly, the only recording orchestra in Hollywood that has this advantage, it promises to develop into an unusual instrument.

Extends the Pooling Principle

With this problem licked, Nelson sailed into his independents again with an idea. The revolutionary notion this time was that they share not only an orchestra, but everything. When the independents recovered from shock, they realized that by pooling their resources, such as expensive properties, stock shots, and equipment, they would not only save enormous sums of money but make available to each producer facilities comparable to those, say, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, largest studio in the world.

The next idea, which the independents swallowed with smacking lips this time, allowing that Donald Nelson was a remarkable fellow, was to catalogue personnel, to list stage space and make it available to members instead of concealing it, and to start organization of a story analysis office.

All this and labor peace, too, is the happy lot of the 25 independents under the Nelson regime. No independent studio has yet been closed by strike, due largely to Nelson's co-operative approach. The indies revel in freedom, but are now thoroughly convinced that in union—or Nelson—there is st

Mr. Nelson's clients, of course, sent the cream of the minors. All be producers who come to tow ambitions of setting Vine Street do not enjoy the happy experie easy financing and quick success.

Louis K. Ansell, of St. Louis, is in point. Mr. Ansell talked hims motion picture producing. Owne prosperous chain of theaters for years, and a first-rate exploitee Ansell was in the habit of telling h nightly that producing would be a Early last year, Mrs. Ansell ann firmly that she was tired of heari brag, and that she thought Cal would be a nice place to live. Chall Mr. Ansell moved on Hollywoo

He had neither story, star, no but he had cash. He found, to h may, that cash was no great n that stage space was rare, and that wanted to peddle stories to him wh knew at first glance were not explo It took him several months to touch with William Rowland, the tor, who did have an idea. Ro thought it would be a fine thing to a picture about how the Japanese mistreated white women in Sha Ansell saw box-office possibilities i a theme and went for his pocketb

Mr. Ansell's trials in produci first picture constitute a saga of ance and grief. For stage space, h compelled to rent an abandoned in Ensenada, Mexico, transporti equipment from Hollywood. H afoul of the Mexican army, which fully maneuvered around him an down his electrical connections. the Mexican unions and the U States unions demanded jurisdictio steam heating plant broke down a actors caught colds. He had to camera for $3,000—and another same price in case the first camera apart. His four weeks' schedule dr into two and a half months. He $800,000 where he expected to $225,000.

But Mr. Ansell now has a full- motion picture, called Women i Night because titles like that alwa well. He is happy, and he is a pro even if he had to use cash.

THE END

BUTCH by LARRY REYNO



"Sa-ay, that's kind of a cute idea—sleigh bells on the door"

COLLIER'S

MERCHANT OF VALOR

Continued from page 23

h thou dost turn the jewel in- better still dispose it in thy hou art the Englishman, Peter Well, there be two horses await- he said, "and in my own room eping, certain other properties." o the delight of my guide, whose Christoforo, turned out to be d swords with baldrics, and oes, together with two plain but le daggers, and other matters of nd necessity right thoughtfully Also there was a great harque- Christoforo, which gave him because he understood the art such a machine. As for me I d of it, and never to this day can yself to stomach the things, nor ter brothers the cannon; for to le mind they be no fit and weapons for men to kill one vith.

NG dressed and refreshed, and g our belongings together with d upon the two mules, which w had been our mounts, and on our swords and daggers, we our horses and rode northward rebbio.

ke the time pass more pleasantly into talk with my guide Christo- asked him how it came about as doing me this kindness, and behest it was.

w not, nor do I care a soldo's or it gave me release from an ent that I greatly detest," he When I was fifteen my father o work for the goldsmith Mar- ugh my fingers were clumsy and e was to be a soldier." He shook and sighed. "I be more soldier lsmith. I do miss my fellow, one to Cellini, but he hath gone to make coins for the Pope and rs for the cardinals. So when he e the shop grew more dreary. vas that when Marcone came to asked me if I would guide an an to My Lord Giovanni, I re- nd if he will have me I will enlist lack Bands."

," I asked, "did thy master Mar- thee be my conductor?"

should I know?" he said gaily. hank God for it." Whereupon into song in a raucous and un- oice, bellowing out words so was fain to close my ears against And I was none the wiser than ommenced to question him.

rode along, entering a steeper der country—he continuing to is happiness that he was leaving ful profession for a warlike. could not understand, because elf I would rather sell woolen an have my throat cut in battle. t happy, first because my busi- been sorely interfered with, and ecause I could not stop my mind inking about Betsy, or whatever name might be, and the beauty nd the badness. We had ridden but slowly, being hampered by es, and the day was waning.

us seek out a piece of soft earth, from the night winds," I said, re I could finish we turned a bend cky road and came upon a sort of between two crags and it was with little, gnarled trees. And ne such tree were three gaunt dogs ered with their muzzles pointing , while two men sat horses and l. But the quarry was none such should hunt, for it was a girl, more than a child, who sat in a f the tree, barelegged and ragged, kempt hair about her face. She b with terror and gazed down at t dogs and the laughing men, and when she saw Christoforo and me she stretched out an arm piteously toward us.

Now the customs of the country are the customs thereof, and it were wiser for strangers not to interfere with them, but it did seem to me that to hunt a maiden with dogs were an evil thing even if the maidens were brought up to it and expected it. It goes against me to see a weak thing harmed. So I turned aside.

As I approached nearer I saw that the two were young and one was very handsome with pointed beard and azure cloak, but the other, though also dressed as a young lord, was black and ill-favored with bushing brows and heavy shoulders. They turned in their saddles and stared at me arrogantly.

"What's to do, young sirs?" I asked gently.

"A thing that concerns thee not," said the ill-favored one.

"That is to be seen," said I. "I be stranger here. In my own land we do not harry maidens with dogs, nor tree them like wild beasts."

"In this country," said the handsome one, "we do what gives us pleasure."

"Hath the girl done ill to thee, or is she guilty of some crime?" I asked.

"Oh, sir," said the child piteously, "I have done no evil, and I have not wronged nor sinned against this gentleman. My only fault is that I be young and not ill-favored and a maid, and desire to remain so till God sends me a husband."

"Go thy ways," growled the heavy one, "lest I put the dogs upon thee for a meddler."

To threaten me is an ill way to gain my favor or to cause me to desist from anything, and already I was burning hotly at sight of the maiden's plight, and the evil intentions of the young gallants. So I said in high tones, "Wilt send thy dog to do a task thou thyself fearest to undertake?"

I RODE nearer to the tree, hoping they would do something about it. Whereupon the one with the eyebrows and black beard spoke sharply to his dogs and pointed to me. They leaped toward me, slavering and growling in their throats. I snatched forth my sword, and as the first gaunt animal sprang, I split its skull cleanly, and Christoforo did as much for the second, and then my horse reared and as the third dog leaped I struck at it with downward sweeping blow and severed its head from its trunk. The two gentlemen drew their swords, when I heard Christoforo's voice.

"Ho, sweet gentlemen!" he said in his unmusical voice. "Ho, my gallants who chase young maidens into treetops! Stand still prettily, Messires, and nibble your thumbs, for, by my patron St. Christopher, otherwise will I let fly at you with leaden bullets, and with pleasure."

He was standing beside his mount menacing them with his harquebus, and they did pause irresolute.

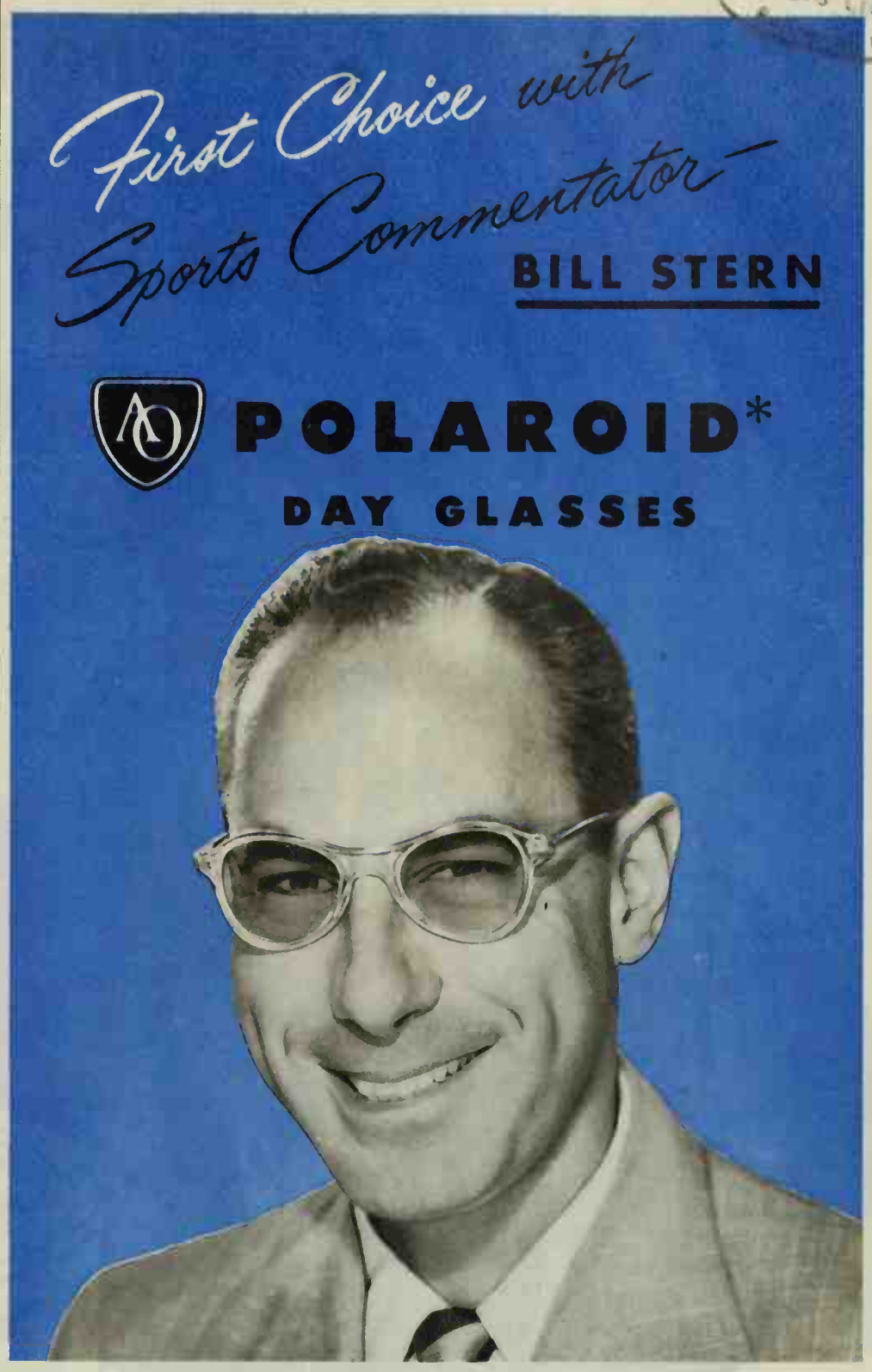
"Wouldst dare," shouted the swarthy one, "to threaten the Count of Monte Cavallo? Wouldst dare to pull filthy trigger upon Piero Riario, intimate of the Cardinal Passerini?"

"Aye," answered Christoforo, "and upon the Emperor himself if he came riding at me sword in hand. A gentleman is equally dead if he be slain by king or swineherd. So go!"

They consulted together, scowling, but had no stomach to charge a weapon loaded with powder and leaden pellets.

"Scum," said the handsome one, "for this I will have thee flayed alive."

"That is as God wills," I told him, "but on this occasion you will do nothing." As I spoke I caught sight of movement behind the rocks and saw peering a most



"Give me POLAROID Day Glasses for driving, fishing, sailing, skiing! These sun glasses cut out confusing glare reflected from roads, water, snow and ice. I also like the way they let you see things in their true colors. Wear AO Polaroid Day Glasses, and you won't be missing a trick!"

Bill Stern



EDNA RYAN
Beautiful Powers Model

NEW STYLING—Ful-Vue frames to permit wider range of vision—well-fitting slip-on temples. Crystal frames for men; Sunlight Blue, Cherry Red and Sparkling Crystal for women.

$20.69 with case

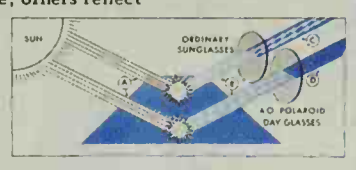
How AO Polaroid Day Glasses Filter Reflected Glare!

A Bright light from the sun strikes a surface.

B Some rays bounce off as glare; others reflect to the eyes as useful "seeing" rays, show color and detail.

C Ordinary sun glasses dim both glare-light and useful light. Glare remains to hide detail, to dilute true colors.

D AO Polaroid Day Glasses reduce annoying glare, reveal detail, transmit undiluted color rays.



American Optical COMPANY

IF IT'S MARKED IT'S SMARTLY STYLED, OPTICALLY CORRECT

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

The Trend is to Blend...



You like Blended Tob

...No

ONE U. S. STANDARD GALLON

TRADE MARK
REG. U. S.
PAT. OFF.

Dutch Boy

HOUSE PAINT

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF "DUTCH BOY" WHITE LI

e Blended Tea...

et my New "Dutch Boy" Blended Paint!

In Colors or White
It's Blended just Right
To Keep Your Home Bright



It's true of so many good things . . . blending brings out the best.

And now the "Dutch Boy" brings out *"Blended"* Paint!

Here's a completely new line of "Dutch Boy" House Paint . . . in *colors and white* . . . blended by the experienced hand of the "Dutch Boy," whose fine paint has protected America's homes for generations. Blended of the right combination of the right ingredients to make your home lovely — and *keep* it that way.

ecial Blends for 3-Way Lasting Beauty...

ne, but *three* different services are ed of house paint. *Blending* gives he right paint for each purpose. *ing* gives you full beauty-life from ee.

here's the "Dutch Boy's" 3-way r:

ight *White,* blended to clean itself d *stay* white.

rkling *Tints,* blended to *stay* fresh d true.

y *Trim Colors,* blended to *stay* ssy and brilliant.

is as accurately blended as a doctor's ription, to do its own particular job . . . to play its part in keeping your house cheery and bright.

No higher quality paint has ever been sold under the "Dutch Boy" name.

These new "Dutch Boy" Blended Paints are the result of more than thirty years of weather testing with all types of house paint . . . the longest continuous, outdoor paint testing project of its kind. They're blended to prove that, in colors as in white, "Dutch Boy" is *Good Paint's Other Name.*

Preview Your Color Scheme at Your "Dutch Boy" Dealer's . . .



Picture your home in the "Dutch Boy's" beautiful new blended paints. Preview your color scheme from this handy, miniature-house display at your "Dutch Boy" Dealer's. Choose from smart combinations of brilliant white, lovely tints, bright sash and trim colors.

1. Dazzling White, Blended to Stay White: The beauty of this "Dutch Boy" Bright White is that it's *self cleaning!* The surface continually renews itself — permitting rain to wash away dirt. It covers amazingly well and gives a dazzling white exterior finish.



2. Sparkling Tints, Blended to Stay Right: These fresh, lively "Dutch Boy" Tints are specially blended to keep their sparkling good looks . . . to assure lasting color and uniformity.



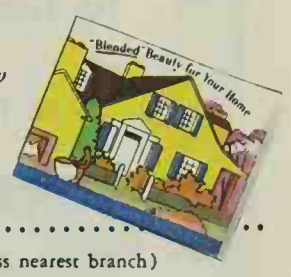
3. Gay Trim Colors, Blended to Stay Bright: "Trim" is the word for the "Dutch Boy" Sash and Trim Colors. They're blended to hold their glossy brilliance — blended for true color permanence. Ideal not only for shutters and trim, but also for garden and porch furniture.



Special "Dutch Boy" Blended Primer: An undercoat of exceptional sealing and hiding power that holds fast. When used under a finish coat of "Dutch Boy" Bright White or Tints, you get an outstanding two-coat paint job, even on unpainted wood.

FREE *Color-Scheme Booklet!*

Over 40 full-color illustrations show you how to style your home for lasting beauty with the new "Dutch Boy" Blended Paint. For your free copy, address Dept. 16, care of the nearest office listed below.



Mail Coupon Today

National Lead Company, Dept. 16 (Address nearest branch)

New York 6; Buffalo 3; Chicago 8; Cincinnati 3; Cleveland 13; St. Louis 1; San Francisco 10; Boston 6 (National Lead Co. of Mass.); Philadelphia 7 (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.); Pittsburgh 30 (National Lead Co. of Pa.).

Please send me a free copy of your new color-illustrated booklet: *"Blended" Beauty For Your Home.*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Wishing won't make it so!

WHY WISH?

When there's something **you want** . . . or something **you want done,** the quickest way to find "where to buy it" is to

Use the YELLOW PAGES of your Telephone Directory

malignant face distorted with hatred. "Also, were I in your shoes I would touch spurs to your horses and ride abruptly. For behind you lurk enemies more dangerous than ourselves."

Even as I spoke a thrown stone bounced off the ribs of Riario's steed, and harsh, wild cries arose so that the hillside seemed alive with men. The two glanced behind them, and he of the beetling brows uttered a curse. The air filled with clods and stones, and the pair, at disadvantage between us and these men of the hills, clapped spurs to horses' flanks and galloped away.

I RODE beneath the tree and stretched upward my arms, and the maid lowered herself into them trustingly and I placed her upon the saddle before me and covered somewhat of her nakedness with my cloak. She was small and slight, but well rounded withal, and with pert, tear-streaked face.

"Oh, sir," she said in her gratitude, "both morning and night will I pray for thee—for thou hast preserved to me what I hold most precious, and I am beholden."

The tattered, gaunt, fierce mountain men vainly pursued the pair of lordlings, but presently returned to the tree. There were a couple of score of them, hairy, with knobby, protruding bones, and there was scarce a weapon among them, save clubs and a few bows and knives. They surrounded our horses, seeming more animal than human.

"Who be these creatures?" I asked of the maid.

"Homeless ones," she said bitterly. "So doth war betwixt princes deal with those who desire but to till the soil and live in peace. And, being driven to the shelter of the mountains, we be hunted here like vermin by My Lord Piero Riario and his men, as thou didst see me hunted."

"Aye, young sir," said the leader of the pack. "But give us arms; give us wherewith to defend ourselves and there will be a different story." He advanced to my stirrup strap. "The maid is my daughter," he said, "and I be chief of these. For what thou didst this day thy name will be remembered in these hills." He turned to his followers. "Look well on these two," he shouted. "Print their faces upon your memories. Always they shall find welcome in these hills, and refuge and shelter. And if need be, men to follow them."

"It was no great deed," I said to him, "and requires no thanks."

"We be the judges of that," he said. And then, "Thou hast made a potent enemy, young sir. You have thwarted and shamed him, and he will be revenged upon thee. This night his men will search for thee and lie in wait for thee. No road will be safe for thy passage. What is thy destination?"

"We fare to Trebbio," said I, "to My Lord Giovanni de' Medici."

"General of free companions," said the man, and then with dour humor: "We also are free companions, like to his Black Bands in all things except that we starve for lack of food, and die for lack of weapons. Of him we hear much good, though his men be playful and overrough at times." He became grave, even courteous: "Come with us, young sir, and we will see thee warm and safe through the night. On the morrow we will guide thee by secret ways to Trebbio."

There was nothing else for it, so we suffered them to take our horses by the bridles and lead us by fearsome paths into the secret heart of the mountains where was their lair. And far into the night we sat with them about a blazing fire and listened until our hearts were sore to tales of horrid suffering and cruelties that could be inspired only by the Father of Evil. The little maid whom we had saved from ravage sat beside me, and from time to time, with her great hungry eyes she looked up into my face like a starved dog that finds unexpected friendship. And then we slept, wrapped in our cloaks while the mountain men served the fire to keep us warm.

In the early dawn, when the sun had scarce risen above the circling crags, I was aroused by the rough hands of the leader of the mountain men and bidden to make ready for our journey.

"The rascals of Piero Riario are afoot," he said. "My men have watched through the night."

"My thanks to thee."

"There is scant food," he said, "but we share it with you."

"Nay," I said, and then to Christoforo: "Bring forth thy pouch of bread and sausages. And the wine. We will not take from these who have so little."

So we breakfasted, sharing with the girl, whose name was Beatrice, and her father, and left our bottles of wine for their future use. The maid was silent, crouching in her rags, and all the time staring at me with big, hungry eyes so that I was discomforted by it.

Then we mounted, our mules at our horses' tails, and the captain of the mountain men got up on a scrubby forest pony and led the way.

sword, and pike by pike, and l
bow, until one day we shall have
When that day comes, there
reckoning writ in blood and fire.
called robbers and masterless m
doers of evil deeds. It may be s
must keep ourselves and our wom
by food—against the day when ve
shall be ours."

He was a bitter and dangerou
but the fault was not his, but reste
the souls of them who had driven
it. He remained with us throu
day and through the night. At n
the day that followed he left us
"The mountains are free to th
thine. Mention the name of Tasso
is what men call me, and thou goe
out scathe. Or if ever thou re
service of me, speak my name ar
wilt be conducted to me wherever
What I promise, that I perform."

"My thanks to thee for thy
ship."

"A day may come when thou wi
it," he said, and rode away leavin
proceed upon the traveled road.

So at last we came to Trebbio,
fied and grim castle in the Mugell
district of Santa Maria. There was



"Can you speed it up, Professor? The air is a bit bumpy tonight"

COLLIER'S CARL

"Farewell, Beatrice," I said, "and may your desires come true."

She grasped my hand in both her small ones and pressed her lips to it, and again looked wide-eyed into my face.

"For such as I am," she said, "there is not hope of happiness, but only a prayer to escape from evil. I pray God keep me undefiled against the day of the coming of love," she said, "and then to bestow such love as woman ne'er gave to man."

I was abashed and knew not what to say, for never before had I heard woman or maid speak out so straitly of her craving to love and to be loved.

"Heaven send thee thy wish," I said, and so we rode away, with her standing slim and straight upon a rock gazing after us with haunting eyes.

I was thankful that our horses were sure of foot, for we were to follow frightening paths that day, and thread defiles that turned the heart to water. Dark abysses yawned and torrents raged, but following close upon the heels of our conductor we passed in safety.

"We pass far to eastward of the hold of My Lord Piero," said the mountain man, "a hold that one day I shall tear stone from stone. For he hath done much cruelty to us and to others. Aye. We add to our store of weapons, sword by

ing for My Lord Giovanni with a
a little meadow and garden, with s
and other buildings for grain an
mals. It was a fortress of massive
with moat and drawbridge. Mou
and forests hemmed in this stron
Sentinels, wearing the black should
and markings of the Black Bands,
on guard at the drawbridge.

TO THESE watchful men I nam
name and craved admission t
presence of My Lord Giovanni.
bade to wait while one clanked th
the gates and disappeared within th
tle. Anon he returned and motion
me to follow him, which I did with
toforo at my back.

My Lord sat at ease in such a ro
you would expect to find in so g
structure, and on either side of hi
great dogs whose noble heads he fo
His keen eyes scrutinized me as
proached: I was in doubt as to wh
my reception would be good or e

"What brings thee to Trebbio, Se
lishman?" he asked.

"Necessity, My Lord," said I, "a
cause I had no alternative."

"This necessity came upon thee
denly," he said.

"My Lord," I said, "I have no



Yes! Your motor runs *Cleaner and Smoother*

on *NEW* Improved 100% Pennsylvania *Veedol* MOTOR OIL





THE FILM OF PROTECTION

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

PUT IN a crankcase full of new Veedol. Then OUT will go harmful corrosive compounds that attack bearings, pistons, other vital engine parts.

It's true! New magic in Veedol minimizes oxidation, checks formation of harmful corrosive acids—actually makes your motor run *cleaner*. And that means you'll have a *smoother*-running, more powerful, more economical motor.

As always, Veedol is the famous "fighting film of protection," from 100% Bradford, Pennsylvania, crude. Look for the Veedol sign—drive in; give your motor the "CLEAN-SMOOTH" treatment!



Copyright, The American Tobacco Company

"'Sticks' of Fine, Ripe Tobacco," painted by Georges Schreiber

FINE TOBACCO...

Light tobacco
Ripe tobacco
Mild tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.



LUCKY STRIKE *means* fine tobacco

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the Dra

thee nor upon thy hospitality. I because I was bidden to do so, and sc I knew not where else to go. I that my coming is unwelcome, and g permission to take my leave."
; eyes studied me a moment without ning. "Art a stiff-backed fellow," he "Before we discuss the matter of me, tell thy tale."

Y PRIDE forbade me to mention the service I had done him or our ersation together in the Salviati Pal- But I told him of the mysterious let- nd of my interview with Cardinal rini and Ippolito, and of the con-

he Annalena Convent," he said mus- . "The abbess sent thee?"
saw her not. 'Twas a woman who s in darkness. It was this woman, nding to be a sibyl, who diddled me carrying the letter. Soldiers of the inal Wolsey sought to take her pris- in her pavilion at the fair. She es- d to the forest where I came upon nd her dwarf and took them home me to stay in safety. I saw her next soul is endangered by her magic."

His eyes kindled and he smiled faintly and said, "I would like to feast my eyes upon this uncanny woman." He opened his mouth and called loudly, "Hey, Filippo," and a servant entered.

"Bid my sweet wife hither, if it suit her convenience," he directed. And then to me: "I have deep faith in my wife's wisdom and judgment of men with strange stories. Shalt repeat thy romance to her and we shall abide by her judgment."

"I am no teller of lies, My Lord," I said firmly.

"At least thou dost relate most divertingly," he answered.

So, after a little time entered the gracious lady who was wife to My Lord, and I was required to repeat in detail all that I had told him. While I talked she studied me gravely and made no interruption. At the end My Lord Giovanni said, "Now, my sweet, what thinkest thou of this strange tale?"

She did not speak at once, but studied my face steadily, and her eyes met mine and I did not flinch from her gaze.

"He hath plain, honest face," she said softly. "He is a doer of deeds, and is a simple man without the imagination to invent such a romance. So I read him. There is forthrightness in his eyes, and not guile. My Lord, it is my rede that he hath related these things as they befell, and that he is true man."

"So it seemed to me," said My Lord Giovanni, "but it almost passeth belief. Thou hast heard, Ser Pietro. The judge hath listened to thy case and handed down her judgment, by which I abide. Thou art welcome to Trebbio, my friend, and he who seeks to spirit thee away will have his hands well filled."

"I thank thee, My Lord," I said. "I bring a fellow, this Christoforo, who greatly desires to enlist under thy leadership."

"He, too, is welcome." My Lord smiled. "He craves fighting, eh? He shall have his gizzard full of it. But thou, Ser Pietro, wilt also wear the uniform of my Black Bands?"

"I be a merchant," said I.

"But a most potent one, as I have seen."

"It seems," I said slowly, "that I have no alternative. Besides I read it in the crystal ball. Man cannot escape his fate, nor shall I struggle against it. If it please you, My Lord, I am your man, pledging fealty and loyalty to your banner."

"First," said he, "thou shalt serve as volunteer until thou art trained in our ways and in the art of war. Then we shall see, Ser Pietro."

So it was that I entered the service of My Lord Giovanni of the Black Bands, and though suffering came of it, and danger and great agony of mind and heart, I would not undo it, nor have it other than it was. For though My Lord was at times a fearsome man, ready to anger and harsh to those who did less than their duty, I came to love him more than I ever have loved any man. And as for his gentle lady, I became most devoted to her. Unhappiness and tragedy were her portion. Adoring her husband, she was ever separated from him, lying lonely at night, and not knowing from one minute to the next when word would come to her that he would never come again. Truly a gracious and noble woman.

My sweet lady seemed to find pleasure or solace in my society, and she was much alone during the daylight hours. Little Cosimo, their son, took to me mightily. While My Lord hunted and exercised his men, My Lady turned the talk often to England and the safety enjoyed by our island from jealous invasions, and of our pleasant customs; but mostly her mind turned to My Lord Giovanni, for she loved him greatly.

"The Pope," she said somberly, "would see him dead. There stand but two boys between my husband and the rule of Florence," she said. "Ippolito and Alessandro. Pope Clement fears the Florentines, being a turbulent people, will have neither of them, and will turn to my husband."

"He hath often declared his love for My Lord," I said. "And employs him constantly."

"He dissembles," she said. "He is a devious man and full of deceit. He promises and withholds performance, and treachery is in his heart. It is true, Ser Pietro, that he employs my husband, but always in places of peril, hoping that My Lord's rash valor will bring him to his death."

"He is the greatest soldier of his age," said I, "and the most chivalrous knight."

"Aye," she answered proudly. "There be none like him. But he is rash and covetous of glory. He throws himself headlong upon the enemy."

"His men love him," I said.

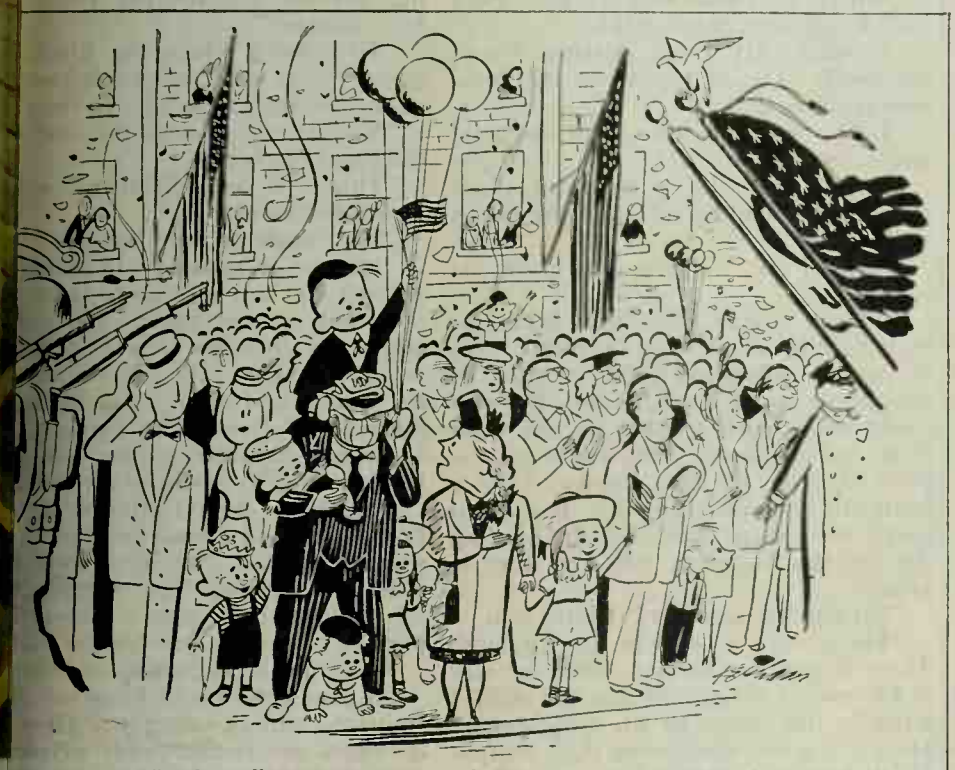
"Why should they not?" she said, bitterness still in her soft voice. "Always his first thought is for them. For their feeding and their equipping and their comfort. They are My Lord Giovanni's children to nurture and cosset and defend. Were it otherwise, would they cling to him when there is no money for their pay? I find it in my heart to be almost jealous of his ruffians."

APART of the Black Bands were in Fano, on the Adriatic, lawless in their idleness and causing great annoyance to the people. They caused great trouble to My Lord. Letters of expostulation came from His Holiness, so urgent that late in August we set out for the sea to see what could be done about restoring discipline and quelling the turbulence.

The salt smell of the sea came to us as we neared the little port in midafternoon, and soon we entered the camp to be received by the cheers of the soldiers at sight of their beloved general. Never have I seen so hard-bitten a company, nor have I seen the equal of the fourteen captains who were summoned forthwith to My Lord's quarters.

While they held council I was free, and as is the way with young men, I was curious to see strange towns and new peoples, so I sought out Christoforo, and together we strode down into Fano, seeking sights and amusements.

The people looked askance at us and gave us room and muttered, but we paid no heed and walked onward to the wharves to look at the sea and the ships, of which there were few. As we stood beside the lapping water a cockleshell put out from a low, brightly painted galley that was moored a hundred yards



OLLIER'S "Take off your hat, Harry! Here comes the flag!" HANK KETCHAM

ne street beside the Palazzo Vecchio re she warned me of the guards of Cardinal Passerini who came upon suddenly. Before they came at me to st me I returned to her the packet she given me in England. She was clothed n apprentice boy. She awaited me in convent, not as witch nor scullery d, nor apprentice boy, but as high- n lady, richly arrayed. It was she who naged my coming hither."
Never," said My Lord Giovanni, ve I heard more unlikely tale."
I am loath to believe it myself, My d," said I.
What further befell?" he asked. "A er of so romantic a tale must have er wonders in stock."
told him of my experience with Piero rio in the mountains, and of how so led me to safety.
Thou shouldst write it down with dly rhymes and make a romance of he said gravely. "Who is this woman, girl, or witch who doth appear in vari- disguises?"
I know not, My Lord, save that I call Betsy."
So she sent thee to me. Doubtless h some message."
With none, My Lord." I spoke then h bitterness against her. "She did ut me and speak hardly to me and tell I was but a tool to be used at will, and ool, to boot. But, My Lord, she was utiful beyond words to describe and t a spell upon me. I fear her, My Lord, d most wisely do I detest her. But my.



"Like my new hat, Joe?" she asks. "The boy friend says it gives me that angel look."

"Humph," I snort.

"Why the gloom, sour-puss?" she asks. "Indigestion?"

"No," I shoot back. "It's just I'm thinkin' if you don't reline those brakes, you may *really* look like an angel."

"Oh," she says casually, "I can still stop can't I?"



"Not quick enough or easy enough," I reply.

"Wel-l, it does take a lot of pressure to stop this old bus," she admits grudgingly. "Will new lining make it easier to stop?"

"My Grizzly Brake Lining will," I tell her. "Plus giving you greater stopping safety, Grizzly also permits you to slow down and stop with a 'soft' pedal. That's why Grizzly is the perfect lining for both men and women drivers and—"

"Whoa," she laughs, "that's enough. Reline 'er with Grizzly, Joe, and I'll drive relaxed!"



BIG FOOT
LITTLE FOOT

Grizzly Brake Lining gives sure, smooth stops to both. Demand Grizzly—a leading brand of brake lining for over 30 years! *Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio.*

"Bear in Mind"... ask for

GRIZZLY
BRAKE LINING

WHEREVER BRAKES ARE SERVICED



SO MUCH STRONGER

SO MUCH SAFER







LONGER WEARING TOO

the new Cooper Safety-Grip

★ 5 Plies (instead of 4)
★ 100% Rayon Cord Body
★ Safety-Grip Traction
★ More Natural Rubber
★ Longer-Wearing Tread
★ Road Hazard Guarantee*
*(24 – months)

Step on the gas and the new Cooper Safety-Grip takes you over the road safe as safe can be. You're riding on a tire with 5-rayon plies — springy and tough and actually stronger than structural steel.

Step on the brakes and you stop — safer, quicker, straight-in-line. You're riding on a tire with 9 flex-action ribs, each rib traction-slotted to hold the road with a real safety grip.

A safer tire like the great new Cooper Safety-Grip naturally sells for more because it gives so much more life-saving protection. Yet the cost of a change-over will be less than you think. See your Cooper dealer soon for complete details.

Cooper ARMORED-CORD TIRES

Look for this sign whenever you need tires. It identifies your Cooper tire dealer, the man who knows — "You Can't Buy Better Tires To Save Your Life."

COOPER TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Factories at Findlay, Ohio

from the shore. We could see that its passengers were a monk and another in plum-colored cloak.

"Ho!" exclaimed Christoforo, whose eyes were of the sharpest. "It is he!"

"It is who?" I asked.

"Him who doth hunt damsels with dogs," he said.

"The Count of Monte Cavallo? Piero Riario?"

"The same," he said. "If his anger has not cooled, this is an ill spot for us."

But I lingered, for now the faces of the two were more distinct. But it was not at Riario that I peered, but at the monk, his companion. For I recognized that round, jolly face with the keen little eyes of a pig, and the sight of it gave me unease. It was the man I had caught in the act of rifling my baggage in the inn at Livorno.

"Draw back to a spot where we may see and not be seen," I said, and we retreated to the archway of an ill-smelling warehouse, where we stood in the shadows to watch their landing. They scrambled upon the wharf, the handsome young gallant and the brown-robed monk.

"Where be those who were to meet us?" Riario demanded surlily.

"Patience, My Lord, patience," said the monk. "Daylight remains. Our business requires darkness."

"I like not this chase of the wild goose," said Piero.

"But if there be a beautiful, sleek goose at the end of it?" said the monk slyly.

"Again I ask you, how dost know she is here?"

"I know neither that she is here, nor that she exists at all," said the monk. "We do pursue a phantom and a mystery. It may be we pursue a wisp of air. Yet who could make such trouble as has been made but a woman! Who could accomplish what has been accomplished but a beautiful woman, using her beauty to cozen weak men! I am but the hunting dog of His Holiness, but my scent is keen."

"No one has seen her," Riario said.

"There was a woman in England. There is evidence to that. That she was in Florence, I am certain, and had skillful hand in the rescue of the Englishman. He was a great, wholesome dolt, incapable of helping himself. You may recognize the painting of Botticelli by the brush strokes, even though his name be not signed to the picture. So you may recognize the plottings of this woman by the identical deftness employed."

"You are positive she came to Fano?"

"I am positive of nothing. I but follow the faint scent like a good l hoping it will lead me to the game. subordinate noses everywhere, e Fano. They have been sniffing. I came to this place a strange, be woman, they will lead us to her."

"Why should she come hither?"

The monk shrugged. "In my b one follows chance. You guess. On dred times you are wrong, but if right once, it pays for the trouble say the Englishman went to Tr Now, Giovanni will come here upon the heads of his wolves an them from biting innocent folk. M the Englishman comes with him. is some bond betwixt this Peter C —he pronounced my name the E way—"and this woman. It is a slender thread, yet I follow it hop it being the best that offers."

AS HE finished speaking I hear soft pad of hurried sandals up flagstones, and a second monk, a lantern-jawed man, joined My Piero and the fat one.

"At last," said he who boasted ing hunting dog for the Pope. been diligent?"

"To a town where the Black camp," said the monk, "come strange women to pander to their

"You have winnowed the chaff t the grain of corn?"

"There is one, Brother," said emaciated monk.

"Why single you out this one?"

"Because of an oddity. In such as women be, it is an oddity indeed. doth not ply her trade. She is fr come, but since her arrival no man passed her door. She cometh not o her house, and none has seen her Also she is attended by a dwarf. formed, ill-tempered gnome, who ca be persuaded to talk even with silver

The Pope's hound grinned acros broad face and spread fat hands. seems," he said, "we have come t end of the chase. Now remains b set dogs upon the quarry. It will b part, My Lord, to provide the pack.

"They await. Half a dozen fellow

"It goes well. Let us to an inn, fo stomach clamors within me. Then, darkness covers the deeds of men carry out the prank. Aye, wearing badges of the Black Band so the depr tion shall be laid at their door."

They moved away together, and C toforo and I, giving them time to n some distance, followed at their heel

"Now what is this affair?" Christo asked. "And how art thou concerne



"Oh—let's stay here tonight and play games"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Dependable

CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG





Shown above, actual size, is a Champion Spark Plug for model engines, used in vast quantities in model airplanes, boats and cars. Its charm bracelet size belies its inherent qualities of championship performance and dependability, characteristic of every Champion Spark Plug for every engine. Practically 100% of all model engines are equipped with Champion V-type spark plugs—a tribute to the traditional quality that has made Champion "America's Favorite Spark Plug"—for every engine.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

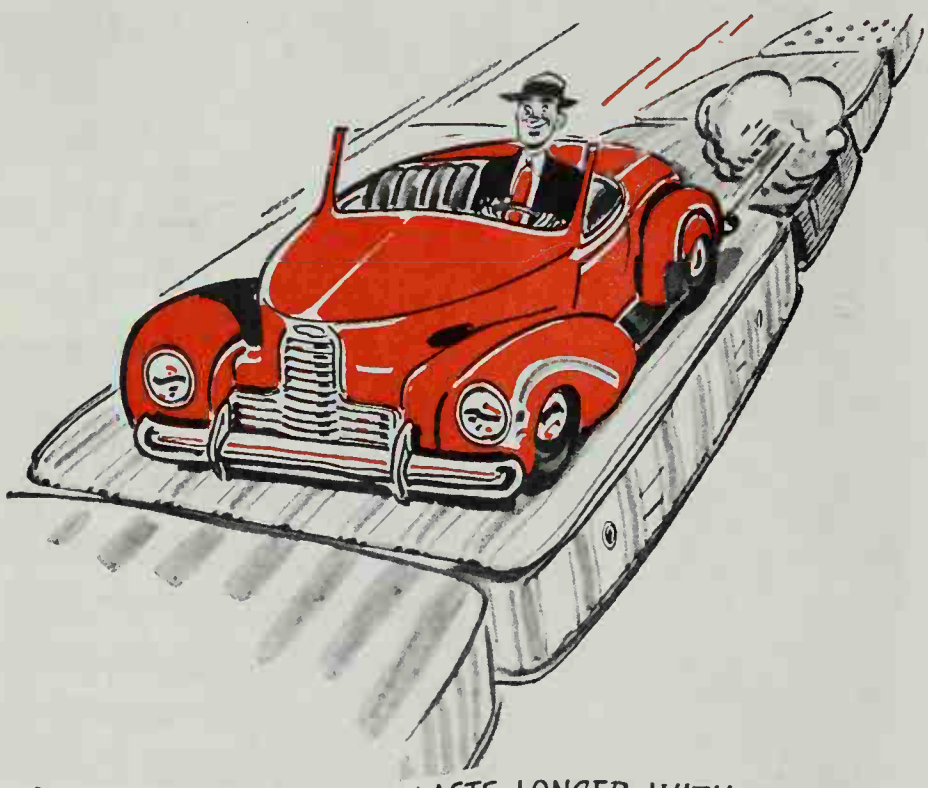
DEMAND NEW DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

to the CHAMPION ROLL CALL . . . Harry Wismer's fast spartscast every Friday night, over the ABC network . . . CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Marfak's got what it takes to protect the vital bearings and wear-surfaces of *your* car. This tough, hard-working chassis lubricant stands up to road pounding and *stays* on the job — not for just a couple of hundred miles, but for 1,000 miles and more. And the "cushiony" driving you experience is sure proof your chassis gets *lasting* protection. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" today.

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

it? I heard mention of an Englishman."

"I am concerned to thwart it," said I shortly. "We will follow them."

"I will get some of the companions," Christoforo said. "They will be glad of the frolic."

"Four will suffice," said I.

We followed Piero and the monks to an inn where I remained on watch whilst Christoforo went in search of reinforcements. In an hour he returned with four companions and we awaited the coming of nightfall.

AS NIGHT descended, half a dozen ruffians armed with swords came to the inn and joined Riario and the monks. I drew our little party together. "It is not enough," I warned them, "that no harm shall come to the lady. But none must see her face to recognize her."

Though it was my duty to hate and to fear her, I was strangely rejoiced that Betsy was near and that I was to see her once more—even though it was to be flouted again. I rejoiced that I was to fight for her, because it gives a sort of exaltation to a young man to know that he is going to draw blade for a lady. I did not say that I loved her, but she had put a charm upon me. I do not say that I could not have loved the girl Betsy as I saw her in the forest and in our farm kitchen, but I was afraid of her, and feared that my hankering after her came more from the devil than from heaven. Besides which her mind was too sharp and subtle for the wife of a merchant in woolen cloth. My mind buzzed with it all, and I was unhappy.

Before the moon rose, the party of our enemies arose from their food and wine and set off upon their errand. We followed as closely as we dared, concealing ourselves as well as we could manage. There was much roistering in the streets against which the good citizens had barred their doors and closed the shutters of their shops, but we passed through it without argument until we came to a part of the town where the houses were scattered.

I saw the gaunt monk pause before a house and point to it, and Piero Riario went to its door and pounded with the pommel of his sword. Whereupon I ordered my companions forward and I was put to it to keep ahead of them—they were eager for a brawl.

"What clamor is this?" I shouted, as we came up behind the party.

Riario turned and in the beginning did not recognize me. "Attend to your own concerns, my friends," he said. "This is a private matter."

"There be two minds about that, My Lord," I said. "Come away from the door."

"I will come to thy regret," he said between his teeth, "if thou dost not cease to meddle."

"Then I will have to endure it," I told him. "If thou dost not come to me I will come to thee."

He stared a moment. "The Englishman," he said to the monk, and he leaped from the door and came at me. He was no weakling, but a man able to wield sword with strength and skill. As he and I closed with each other, our followers plunged into a melee of clanking blades and panted curses and there was a fight of it, with the monks squalling on the fringe.

As our blades crossed, Riario cursed me for a meddler. "I'll split thy heart," he said between his teeth, "and then have thy woman."

"Save thy breath for the business," I told him. "Art like to need it."

I found I was like to need my own breath as well, for he was strong of wrist and skilled, and he fought with rage. We thrust and parried and slashed at each other, with neither having the best of it until his ruffians found themselves no match for the trained veterans of the Black Bands, and I was aware of feet running in flight, and I saw hesit his eyes.

"I have no desire to kill thee, him. "Take to thy heels while time and learn to make war on stead of women."

He gave back two paces and beyond me. He was alone, for tw men lay on the pavement, and had run for it.

"This is not the end of it, Englis he said arrogantly, turning on his

So I let him go, and to my eve regret: for, had I slain him my let him be slain that night, I anc would have been spared much s and heaviness of heart, and mo one good man now dead would l mained alive.

The monks would have follow but I seized the fat one by his rot

"Thy scent is too good, huntin I said. "Beware where thou dos snifling hereafter, lest I cut off tl to stop thee from smelling at all."

He grinned at me impudently. lishman," he said, "either thou ha brains than I credit thee with, c hast luck. With brains I can de who can cope with a man endow luck!" He paused and regarded n I thought, without malice even th had thwarted him so sorely. "F said he, "thou hast a very specia for making powerful enemies. L thyself hereafter. Get thee back t land, Peter."

"There is nothing for which I more heartily," I said.

He passed away from us and I to my companions. "Keep safe gu bade them, "while I complete t rand." So I went to the door and upon it. "Betsy," I called. "It is I Carew. Let me in. I would have with thee."

BOLTS were withdrawn, a cha tled and then the door swung i cautiously to disclose the miss body of the dwarf, John-Peter. H very fierce, with a great sword hands that was longer than himself

"Let me in, John-Peter," I sa must speak with your mistress."

"Away with you," he gr "Speech with my mistress is not fo as thou."

"Stand aside," I said impatientl I will take thy sword away from th belabor thy backside with it."

He glared at me malevolently stood aside to let me pass, and bolted and barred the door behin Candles lighted a room ahead of m I strode into it. There stood Betsy, princess now, nor a 'prentice, nor —but garishly and seductively ar so that she might be mistaken for c those women who gather about th campments of soldiers.

"I would see thee clad otherwise this," I said shortly.

"The English," she said, "are s and prudish."

"If," said I, "it be prudish to reve chastity of woman and stupid to d it, then we be guilty," I answered.

"A lark," she said, "may wea feathers of a hawk and still be a Come to thine errand, if it be a p one for maiden's ears."

I ceased to bandy words with he cause she would always have the b that sort of combat. "Didst hea sound of swordplay in the street?"

"I heard it, but deemed it but a l betwixt the Black Bands and the zens."

"It was My Lord Piero Riario an ruffians, urged on to seize you by a tain monk who boasts of being hu dog for His Holiness—the plannir which I did overhear by chance."

"And you flew to my defense like knight of old," she jeered.

"I know not why you speak to me and flout me and strive to make m

ar a figure of fun," I said. "For I have ne thee no despite, but have even been some small service to thee."

"There be many things you do not un- rstand," she said, "and the first of them woman." She pressed her lovely lips gether and became grave and con- rned. "How did My Lord Piero know search for me here? How did this onk become aware of me? Did either eak my name or anything about me?"

"Nay," said I. "Thy identity is hidden om them as it is hidden from me. But is monk is a dangerous man who doth t little things together to make a big ng. He knows not for certain that you e at all, but he has reasoned that there ust be such a woman. He follows slen- r chances and faint hopes." And I told r of what I had overheard.

Her brows drew together. "A skillful d dangerous man, this monk," she said oughtfully. "And so you collected en and came hither to save me."

"As I would have done for any oman," I said.

"I am sure of it," she said. "Oh, I am ry sure of it. A most chivalrous and ntle—merchant."

"Why are you here?" I asked. "Why you masquerade in Fano?"

She brushed aside my question. "Hav- g come so close to me," she said, "they ll return. Were you recognized?"

"I crossed swords with My Lord Piero iario," said I. "He had reason to know e. We have a quarrel."

"Thou and Piero? Thou hast a quarrel ith him? How arose this feud?"

I told her in brief about the maid eatrice and the dogs and the mountain en and she eyed me with her strange, vely eyes and was silent: this time she d not jeer, as I feared she would.

"It seems," she said, "that I bring thee ly danger and enemies."

"Aye," I said, "and prophecies, and e friendship of My Lord Giovanni and s lady which balances the scale. Now, hether you deal in magic and have cast me spell upon me, I do not know. But do know that this spell, or fate, or the ill of God has created something be- ixt you and me. We be bound together r some object. I know not what object, or if it shall bring joy or woe to us." I used and peered at her, and then I fan- ed I understood why it was that she eated me so hardly and flouted me. hich thought I put into words. "It is ecause you knew this before I knew it, d cannot escape from it, and fear the nsequences of it, that your manner to- ard me is as it is. It makes thee ill at se with me, and consequently thou art ntemptuous toward me."

I saw the blood mount from her shoul- rs to her throat and make rosy her ears and her cheeks. Whereat she was angry. So I knew I had guessed aright. Which gave me singular pride in my astuteness, which I had not greatly valued to this moment.

"You speak nonsense," she said. "There be more important matters to vex me than what may lie betwixt thee and me."

"This monk," said I, "having once laid his nose to your trail, will not be easy to throw off. You must away from here, and speedily, before he returns."

She nodded briefly and left the room.

In a time so short that I was incredu- lous that a woman could change so quickly, she came back to me, and she was a lad in bonnet with white feather and long, black cloak, and a dagger to her belt and boots for riding.

"Saw you ever more lovely boy?" she asked, and smiled at me, which she had done rarely. "I am ready."

LOVELY boy she was, slender and lithe as a sword blade. There was no fear in her but a sort of gay excitement in face of danger. Never had I liked her so well since the day I found her, a scullery maid, in the forest; for she seemed more honest and human. It was as if she had laid mystery aside and had in reality be- come a wholesome lad, and I was less afraid of her and her wiles.

John-Peter scowled in the door and I said to her, "Thou art marked by this homunculus," I said. "It were best to rid thyself of him, for he has been seen and will not easily be forgotten."

She patted the scowling, misshapen gnome on his pate and smiled down at him. "Where I go, there shall go John- Peter," she said. "God cursed him with strange, unsightly shape, but in his breast He placed a faithful heart, and in his head such shrewdness as few normal men possess."

So I opened the door and we passed out to my companions and we strode rapidly toward our camp where I sought audience with my general.

"My Lord," I said, "I crave permission to go upon an errand, and Christoforo for companion. Also four good horses."

"What errand is this, Pietro?"

"To escort a woman to a place of safety," I said.

He smiled and his eyes lighted. "And I thought thee sober, and overgrave for such frolics. Fetch her to me, Pietro, that I may see what manner of woman can overturn thy virtue."

"My Lord," I said earnestly, "I pray thee excuse me. She most explicitly fears to have thee see her face."

"I can send men to fetch her," he said with no friendliness.

"So you can, My Lord," I said gently,



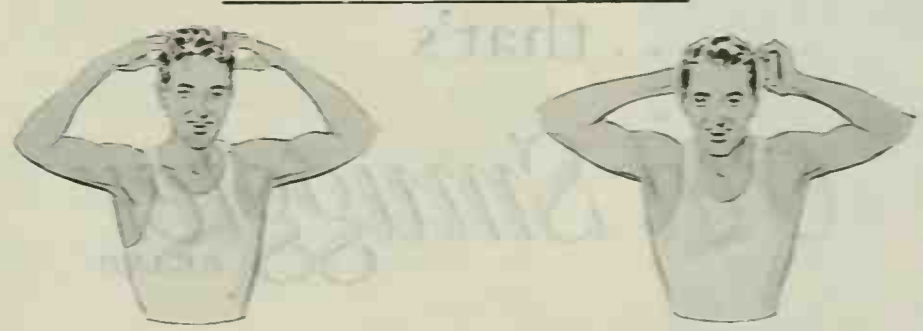
"Boy! We probably had a swell time last night"

Scorching sun and drenching water leave hair dull and brittle!



Summer can be your hair's worst enemy. Precious scalp oils get baked out by sun, dried out by wind, washed out by your swim and shower. You wind up with dull, brittle, misbehaving hair. But not if you . . .

Use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"



1. 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. As you rub briskly, depleted natural scalp oils get the extra, hair-shield- ing help of Vitalis' pure vegetable oils. You guard your hair against sun, wind, water. And . . . you prevent dryness, rout loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair.

2. 10 seconds to comb. And man, have you ever looked *better!* No greasy, "patent- leather" look, either—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. And that fresh, natural lustre is only *half* the story. Your scalp feels re- freshed, invigorated! What's more, you're set for summer sun. Get Vitalis today.

Keep hair handsome with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

Careful...

don't waste a drop



...that's

Old Smuggler BRAND

Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple... and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Dumbarton, Scotland.

From Scotland for 69 Years

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 proof

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.

"but I pray you will not, for I am indebted to this maid. Also thou hast given me thy friendship, which is sweet to me. In this matter may we not behave to each other as friends and not as commander and subordinate?"

That softened him somewhat toward me, for never was such loyalty as that of Giovanni de' Medici to his friends. He was a sharp man and harsh, but underneath was kindliness. Withal he was not one easily to be deceived.

"Pietro, is this the woman—the one who was witch and scullery maid and apprentice boy and great lady?"

"It is she," I answered.

"She rescued thee from Passerini and sent thee to me?"

"Aye."

HE WAS thoughtful, considering the matter doubtless from the point of view of war and politics. "Dost guarantee she is no enemy of mine?" he asked.

"I cannot so guarantee, My Lord," I said honestly. "But this I think: that she doth hate the name of Medici and all who bear it, excepting thee alone."

"In whose service is she?"

"I know not."

"Is she maid, or wife, or courtesan?"

"I cannot tell thee."

"Does she love thee, Pietro?"

"She holds me in contempt, My Lord."

"And yet you would serve her, risking even the loss of my friendship. Why?"

"I think, My Lord, she has cast a spell upon me."

Now he smiled broadly. "I think I can put a name to that spell," he said. Then, gravely: "Pietro, I have a fondness for thee, and my sweet wife holds thee in affection. Also I am beholden to thee for my life. But presume not too much upon it. But because of it I will take a middle ground with thee and with her."

"Yes, My Lord," I said.

"It is dark this night. I will go out to her and speak with her. She may stand in the shadows concealing her face. I will question her, but in the darkness."

It was better than I had dared to hope. He arose and threw cloak about his shoulders, and strode out into the night. "Lead me to this riddle," he said.

I conducted him to the spot where she waited with Christoforo, and as I approached I called out to her.

"Betsy," I said, "here is My Lord Giovanni, who would speak to you. But he permits that you stand in the darkn hiding your face from him."

"The word of a Medici!" she s scornfully.

"We deal with the word of Giova of the Black Bands," said My L sternly.

"I will trust the half of thee that is son of thy mother," she said.

"What purpose brings thee to Fan

"To watch," she said, "and to ready."

"To spy upon me?" he demanded.

"I be no spy," she said. "A spy watc for others. I watch for myself. And as an enemy to thee, Giovanni de' M ici. It might even be as a friend if thi fall out that way."

"You stole a letter in England."

"So I did," she admitted.

"Who wrote this letter?" he asked.

I was astonished when she answe frankly. "Your kinsman, the Pope."

"To whom was it addressed?" he manded.

"To Cardinal Wolsey—who hopes be Pope," she answered.

"To whom didst deliver this stolen l ter?"

"To Venice," she answered.

"For what reason?" he asked.

"Because in the hands of Venice would cause the greatest trouble," s answered.

He considered that in silence. "Wh dost thou serve?"

"Myself," she replied. "In serving m self I must sometimes seem to serve o ers. As tonight I may do thee a servic

"Of what nature?" he asked.

"The Chevalier Bayard is dead," s said. "The siege of Marseilles will fa The King of England withdraws his ar from France. The French king will free to follow his ambition."

"Which is Milan," said My Lord.

"And more," she replied. "Messeng are on their way to thee, My Lord, fro the Court of Francis. They will seek th here. They will have important words say to you, and upon your reply m hang the fate of Italy. When they co to thee, Giovanni de' Medici, recall t dealings with the Pope and the Emper and the Duke of Milan, and their co duct toward thee, and that at least one them desires thy death. Keep in mi their broken promises, and their treac eries to thee. Keep them well in mind

"Art sure of this, that Francis sen messengers to me?"



"Maybe it's okay. Maybe it's just that I don't feel Christmassy this morning"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



My druggist took a prescription from me!

ED'S MY DRUGGIST . . . a good one, too! And since I've been his Doctor of Motors for years, I could talk to him like a Dutch uncle.

"Look, Ed," I said, "you're happy with the way your car runs now, but you have only had part of my prescription."

Then I told him what I'd done. Ground the valves, replaced the gaskets, installed a set of Perfect Circle Piston Rings to stop her oil pumping—and a lot of other things she'd needed for a long time.

"If you want to *keep* your car in tip-top shape," I said, "Here's the rest of my prescription—just bring it in regularly for periodic checkups. That way I can correct little troubles before they have a chance to become big ones—and save you a lot of worry and money."

Ed said he would follow that suggestion and that it sounded like a good prescription for every car owner.

He's right, too!

℞ FOR CAR OWNERS!

When new piston rings are needed, get famous Perfect Circles, available at any automotive repair shop. Your favorite mechanic—your Doctor of Motors—recommends them. Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Indiana, U.S.A. The Perfect Circle Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Your Doctor of Motors restores power . . . saves gas . . . saves oil with . . .

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS



NEW CAR GUARANTEE AGAINST REPAIRS

to lubricated parts

FOR 30,000 MILES

We can make this remarkable guarantee . . . and give you our bond on it . . . because we know that the superb quality of Wolf's Head Motor Oil—100% pure Pennsylvania—will definitely lengthen the life of your car.

The WOLF'S HEAD *Bond Plan*

Buy any make new car you wish . . . from any authorized Wolf's Head dealer. At the time of purchase, just ask the dealer to fill out a Wolf's Head New Car Bond application and send it to us. The New Car 30,000 Mile Guarantee Bond will be sent you by return mail.

Get the details of this amazing guarantee *before you buy your new car*. See your dealer...or write: Wolf's Head Oil Refining Co., Inc., Oil City, Pa., New York 10, N. Y.



WOLF'S HEAD

MOTOR OIL AND LUBES

100% Pennsylvania —"Premium Grade" WOLF'S HEAD P.G.C.O.A. Permit No. 6

"I am certain of it," she said.

"Were I like to some I know," My Lord said, "I would have answers from thee. But I have given my word not to look upon thy face nor to interfere with thee." He stood silent for a time, and then spoke in a different voice, not the voice of a commander surrounded by sore perplexities, but in the voice of a young man avid for life, and perhaps a little lonely, and not distant from his boyhood. "Madonna," he said, "I have some friendship toward this overlarge Englishman. I will not deny him his adventure, which I envy him. But I charge you, whoever you be and whatever your purpose, to deal with him honestly and not treacherously. For he is as simple as he is huge, and hath no guile with which to defend himself against such as thee."

"My Lord," she said clearly, "I will deal with him as the future permits." Her low, musical laugh sounded briefly. "There be times," she said, "when I question if he doth not wear simplicity as a cloak covering what lurks beneath."

"I fear I am conducting like a fool and should clap thee into a cell, Madonna," said My Lord Giovanni. "Go, then, before reason returns to me; and fortune attend thee."

CHRISTOFORO returned with horses for us all, and food for the journey. Betsy and I rode ahead, with the other two at our heels, and so left the camp for the darkness of the hills.

It is a strange and eerie feeling to ride forth into the night, in a strange land peopled by men of an alien tongue and to have no knowledge of your destination or plan for the future except flight alone. My life, until this journey to Italy, had been fixed and secure. My future stretched clear before me—to perfect myself in my father's business and to follow in his footsteps. But there was no clear future now, only an unfamiliar road leading into unknown perils and uncivil adventures. Yet, being young and curious as to what might happen next, and riding knee to knee with a most enigmatic maid, I was not cast down, but rather elated at the prospect.

"What plan have you?" Betsy asked, her figure beside me only a moving shape of black.

"I have no plan," I said, "except get thee safe away."

"And hide me in a cave in the mountains," she said jeeringly, "while you at the mouth of it to fend off the wo There is more to think of than that

"Enumerate, then," said I, "wh must consider."

"This monk," she said, "came clo me by following a slender thread. of all, that thread must be cut. No ment of it may remain to lead him again."

"We drove them off from thy doo said, "but you may depend upon it the monk did not go far."

"He would follow us to the cam My Lord Giovanni—and would wi our riding forth," she said.

"A most persistent man," I said, farsighted. He will have provided a suit."

"Ample," she said, "to overcome men, a woman and a dwarf."

"Art afraid?" I asked.

"He who is not afraid when da threatens," she said, "is a fool. Fear created by God to urge men to measures for their safety."

"We must not stay upon the pu traveled road," I said. "Yet I hesita leave it, for thou art a woman, and hills be rough and inclement."

"For every hour of hardship t canst endure," she said tartly, "I can fer three."

"We shall put that to the test," I somewhat surlily.

I called a halt and we listened sounds of pursuit. The night was and the sky overcast and the wind toward us, so that it could carry sou to our ears.

"Horses at the gallop," said Chri foro.

"Then," said I, "we turn from road. Not at some easy spot where turning might be suspected, but a point which fugitives will be though avoid. I hope these horses be sure foot."

We galloped on, sure that the so of our horses' hoofs would not be bo backward to the ears of our pursu and always I kept my eyes sharp for unlikely spot. We came to such a pl steep and tumbled with rocks, and I

TIMMY by HOWARD SPARBE



"See, Hanky, Mommy says, 'Charge it,' and this man sends us a letter for Daddy to tear up"

COLLIER'S

But, dear, I'm <u>not</u> supporting a herd of relatives!"

CRIED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"If you're not supporting your kinfolks," bellowed Elmer, the bull, "where *does* the money go? What do you do with it—*eat it?*"

"That's not as funny as you seem to think," answered Elsie. "Food costs real money these days, dear."

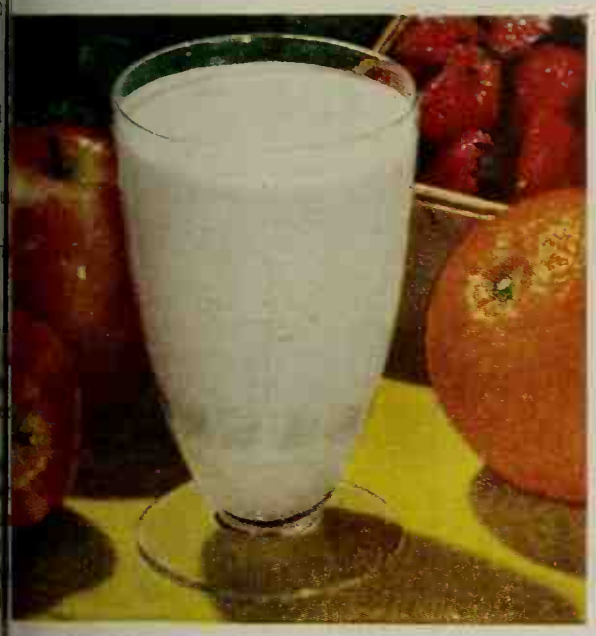
"Can't be costing that much!" ped Elmer. "I say, there's a poor uncle in the pen."



nd *I* say," smiled Elsie, t it takes a heap of sense to meals so that your family a full penny's worth of rishment for every penny spend."

ents! Pennies!" roared er. "Woman, I'm talking t dollars—*husband's* dollars—that wives spend eely."

ensible wives," corrected Elsie, "think in terms





of pennies, and weigh cost of foods against their food *values.* That's why so many of them are adding more and more of *Borden's Milk* to the family diet. You see, women have found out that, *penny for penny, your best food buy* is *Milk!* And naturally I mean Borden's."

orden's! Borden's! Borden's!" mimicked Elmer. k! Milk! Milk! Can't you think of anything else?"

Why certainly, dear!" said Elsie. "But milk *is* re's most nearly perfect food. Look what it gives you—vitamins, minerals, protective fats, proteins—and I do mean *complete* proteins—the kind you get from meat, and—"

"Complete, incomplete," argued Elmer, "no he-blooded husband wants to drink milk all day, every day."



"Then," giggled Elsie, "let husbands eat their milk!"

"That tears it!" exploded Elmer. "How in Cowdom Come can you *eat* milk?"

"Hundreds of ways," blithely answered Elsie. "In puddings, in sauces for fish and meat and vegetables, on cereals, in ice cream, in cream soups and pie fillings, in —"

"Pick up the marbles," sighed Elmer. "Maybe milk is wonderful. But I *still* say you get enough extra bucks from me to support someone. And I still say *further* that someone is eating more than milk!"

"Now, darling," soothed Elsie, "I never even suggested that *any* one should live on milk and no other food. I merely mentioned that it's smart to get more



of the wonderful nourishment of milk into meals, because —"

"I know, I know," groaned Elmer, "because, *penny for penny, your best food buy* is *Milk!*"

"How terribly smart of you, Elmer!" flattered Elsie. "And it amazes me to think that anyone as *brilliant* as you can't figure out why a wife might need some extra shopping money."



"Save the soft soap!" ordered Elmer. "Here—take the money. It's worth it to me to hear the end of this."

"But you haven't heard the end," teased Elsie. "And that's always good—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"



© The Borden Company



$59,092 ONCE BOUGHT AN ENTIRE TRAIN ...NOW A SINGLE COACH COSTS $90,000!

Postwar passenger coaches now in service on the Pennsylvania Railroad's overnight, reserved-seat, coach-fare trains, *The Trail Blazer* and *The Jeffersonian*, cost $90,000 each.

About 40 years ago, an entire train of six coaches and locomotive which then seemed to challenge further improvement, cost only $59,092.

A 1922 all-steel train—a locomotive, 9 coaches and a diner—cost $257,000.

But today's air-conditioned overnight coach train, with its modern, multi-cylinder steam locomotive, 14 cars and diner, costs $1,655,450. That's 28 times the cost of the coach train of 1906. Furthermore, today's coach, built for spacious, reclining-seat comfort, is designed to accommodate 44 passengers as against 62 in the coach of 1906 and 88 in the coach of 1922.

A locomotive in the 1906 train cost $13,936. An engine in the 1922 train cost $43,600. Locomotives to haul these new coaches cost approximately $282,450 each for the steam-powered model; $320,000 each for the electric and, for the 6,000 horsepower Diesel, approximately $625,000.

Many new features have been built into these postwar cars. They are more spacious, have fewer seats and much larger washrooms. The longer wheel base and improved trucks and springs assure smooth, easy riding at all speeds.

It adds up to more for your travel dollar than ever before in transportation history. For even though this postwar coach costs more than yesterday's entire train, you ride for less per mile than it cost to ride the train of 1906.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

e at it, scrambling upward until
idea if I were going north or
east or west, but hoping the
ould come out in the sky that I
ve some sign to ride by. There
ing but the wind, which I was at
keep upon our backs. So we
hours with John-Peter uttering
mplaints and curses, and Betsy
d uncomplaining.
me at last to a valley where there
s underfoot, and stunted trees.
we rest," I directed, and, dis-
g, helped Betsy from her horse.
e secure our horses against their
g away, and took off the saddles
ws.
myself," I said, "I shall say a
efore I sleep."
believe in the power of prayer?"
ked.
lieve at least," said I, "that it
o harm. It might even be that
nces to be listening."
ot down upon my knees, and she
side me, and I told God what I
and suggested what He could do
if He were in the mood. After
e rolled in our cloaks, making
of what grass we could find; and
could rightly count a flock of
er's sheep I slept dreamlessly.
sy slept at my side within touch
and, but so tired was I that her
did not disturb me.

the first awake in the morning,
dering our plight and studying
do about it. As to where we were,
that we were a few miles to the
Fano. I knew that Rimini lay a
stance up the coast of the Adri-
d that Florence itself was far to-
e west, and Urbino was to the

hat lay betwixt us and these cities
ot know, save that wherever we
we would traverse uneasy coun-
ested by bandits and homeless
d made more dangerous by wan-
disbanded soldiers and the re-
f petty, predatory lordlings.
Peter snored in his wrappings,
sy slept, her cheek pillowed upon
ded arm. Christoforo stirred,
his eyes and arose upon his el-
t I motioned him to silence. Pres-
ray of sunlight touched Betsy's
d they opened wide and stared
er, and in that moment of awak-
hey were as innocent and lovely
yes of a babe. Her face was the
a sweet and timid and gentle
But then full awareness came to
her eyes met mine and became
ble, and her face lost its sweet
ss, though losing no whit of its
She became again in a twinkling
nan I could not understand, nor
she were pure or impure, good
And I wondered which of the
s her real self.
od morrow," she said.
od morrow, Betsy," I responded.
lips bent in an ironic smile.
less," she said, "you have solved
problems whilst I slept."
re is one problem I never shall
I told her. "And mayhap it is
t I never do. That is thyself."
n apply thyself to solving the
n of breakfast," she said shortly.
pon Christoforo arose and came
th food from our store, and John-
ing aroused, we four ate silently
had enough.
ll I saddle the horses?" Christo-
ked.
be safe here through the daylight
I said. "I deem it wiser to travel
t."
st we sit here with folded hands
a dragging day?" asked Betsy.
ter in the free hills," I said, "than
Cardinal's dungeon. Or the cham-
Piero Riario," I answered.
od," said Christoforo. "I have al-
oveted a day of laziness, though I
have been blessed with few. I shall sleep. I shall eat. And then, to amuse myself, I shall dig among the rocks for the jewels of Gian the Good."

When time hangs heavy on the hands, as it was like to do for us this day, it is good for tales to be told. If the mind be not occupied it is like to fall into evil mood.

"This be no likely spot to dig for diamonds and emeralds and rubies," I said.

"As good as any, if accounts be true," he said.

"Who," I asked, "is this Gian the Good? And why buried he his jewels?"

"He came to his end," Christoforo said, "because the people called him good and because of his popularity with them. It was not safe to be popular in the days of Piero de' Medici, against whom we arose for his arrogance, and drove forth from Florence. Gian degli Albizzi, of ancient family in our city, fed the poor on saints' days, and raised his voice in defense of the rights of the people. So Piero hated him and feared his popularity and was jealous of him. He sought and found pretext. So, charging treason he caused to be sacked the palace of the degli Albizzi and murdered Gian the Good and all his family. So that there was left alive not one to claim the farms and vineyards and estates and the great wealth that made Gian dangerous."

"But what," I asked, "of the jewels?"

"This Gian," said Christoforo, "was a great lover of precious gems, and it is said he collected them all over the world until his coffers bulged with them. But when the palace was sacked, there was not a jewel of them all. It is said he sent them away to be hidden in a safe place that the Medici might not enjoy them."

"A tale to be told to children at the bedtime hour," said Betsy scornfully.

"Yet a story believed by many," Christoforo said.

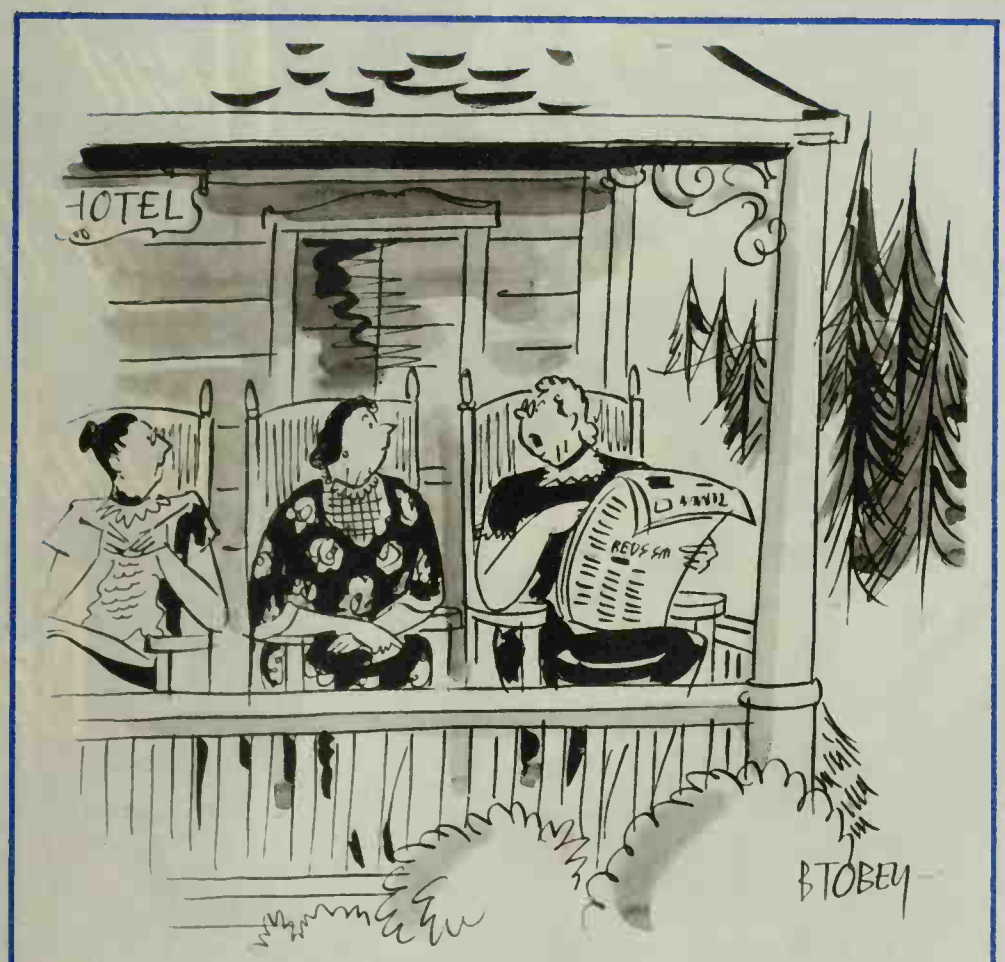
"Wealth," I said sapiently, "doth ever arouse envy. And it is a dangerous thing to be loved by the poor when a tyrant rules the state."

Most futilely that day, as a young man will in the company of a lovely maid, I endeavored to draw nearer to her, not to her body but to her mind; and, as young men also will do in their vanity, to make her think well of me. It is not easy for me to boast, but I did my best at it. But she ever held aloof, and when I sought to impress her with tales that made me appear better than I was, her face was faintly amused as if she watched the antics of playing colts in a pasture or puppies in a barnyard. In the end I gave it up and went off alone to sulk. She would answer no questions and when she talked at all, it was to say such things as only increased my doubts of her goodness. When I voiced these doubts, she laughed.

"Look, you, Englishman," she said. "God hath given me beauty of face and body. For what purpose? To use them to the greatest advantage to further my fortunes. What is a body, Messer Pietro, but skin and bone and flesh? What am I but one woman among millions? I am my own property. What, then, is it to thee or to any man, what I do with mine own? Where is the importance of it?" She was bitter.

It was a point I could not argue, and I was sore embarrassed.

I deemed it both safe and wise to ride southward in early afternoon. The Metauro River lay to the southward, and the road by which we could make our way inland. This would provide daylight hours for the harsh mountain miles that would lie between us and easier riding. It was sundown when we saw the river below us, and the narrow road. So we halted to rest our horses and to refresh ourselves with food, and then, when it was fully dark we descended to the highway, and alternately walking and galloping our horses, we set about the business of putting miles behind us.



"I wish the government would come right out and tell me just how I should feel about Russia"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

AFTER a couple of hours the moon topped the hills. It was a great silvery moon that cast an eerie light and made the world a pallid, fearsome place, fit to be the abode of ghosts and witches and things that are abroad at night. I was discomforted. Even Betsy was touched by it, and rode closer to me so that, now and then, her knee touched mine. Which was a pleasurable thing and took my mind off goblins.

"Hast a cross about thee?" I asked. "Or mayhap thou have potent friends among magicians and warlocks. If so, I pray thee use thy influence in our favor."

She laughed once more. "Which wilt have?" she asked. "The Holy Cross and prayers to ward off evil ones; or magic charms granted to me for the sale of my soul to Beelzebub? They do not work together, Messer Pietro."

"Thou art a most uncanny maid," I said. "Would I knew if thou art good or evil."

"That thou wilt never know. For it may be I do not know myself."

"Then leave the matter alone," I said testily, "and I will attend to the praying myself, for I be a Christian man."

After that we rode in silence and I heard her sigh with weariness and the galling of the saddle, but because of my resentment against her I would not call a rest. She did not complain. It was Christoforo who voiced discomfort.

"Messire Pietro," he said, "an we come not soon to a resting place my backsides will be clean chafed away."

EVEN I, for all my size and strength, had had enough. So, when we rounded a shoulder of the hill and saw a rambling building, black of window and cheerless, but with a sign creaking at its entrance, I turned toward it. It was an inn, and on the sign was a much faded and weather-beaten griffin. So I dismounted and clamored upon the oaken door.

"Ho, landlord," I bellowed. "Here be weary travelers. Unbar the door."

A window opened, and through it was thrust a gaunt, bearded face under a nightcap.

"What hour is this to raise a devilish din?" the landlord demanded. "Stop thy racket or I loose the dogs upon ye."

"We have good money to pay," I called up to him.

He grumbled further, but came down to the door and unbarred it and gave us admission. He was a tall, gaunt man with but one eye, and that a villainous one, and on the stairs behind him lurked his woman, bony and gaunt as he, with wisps of hair about her face and more vacancies in her gums than teeth to fill them. Looking over her shoulder was a lout of a boy, who grimaced at us. The landlord shone his light in our faces, and his anger gave way to leering and cackling.

"Beds, my masters," he said. "Shalt have them. And breakfast in the morning. Aye. There be two rooms, and mattresses stuffed with feathers. Two of ye to each bed for warmth and comfort."

"Nay," said I, blushing somewhat at the thought. "A room for my young lord here," signifying Betsy. "For the rest of us, anything will suffice."

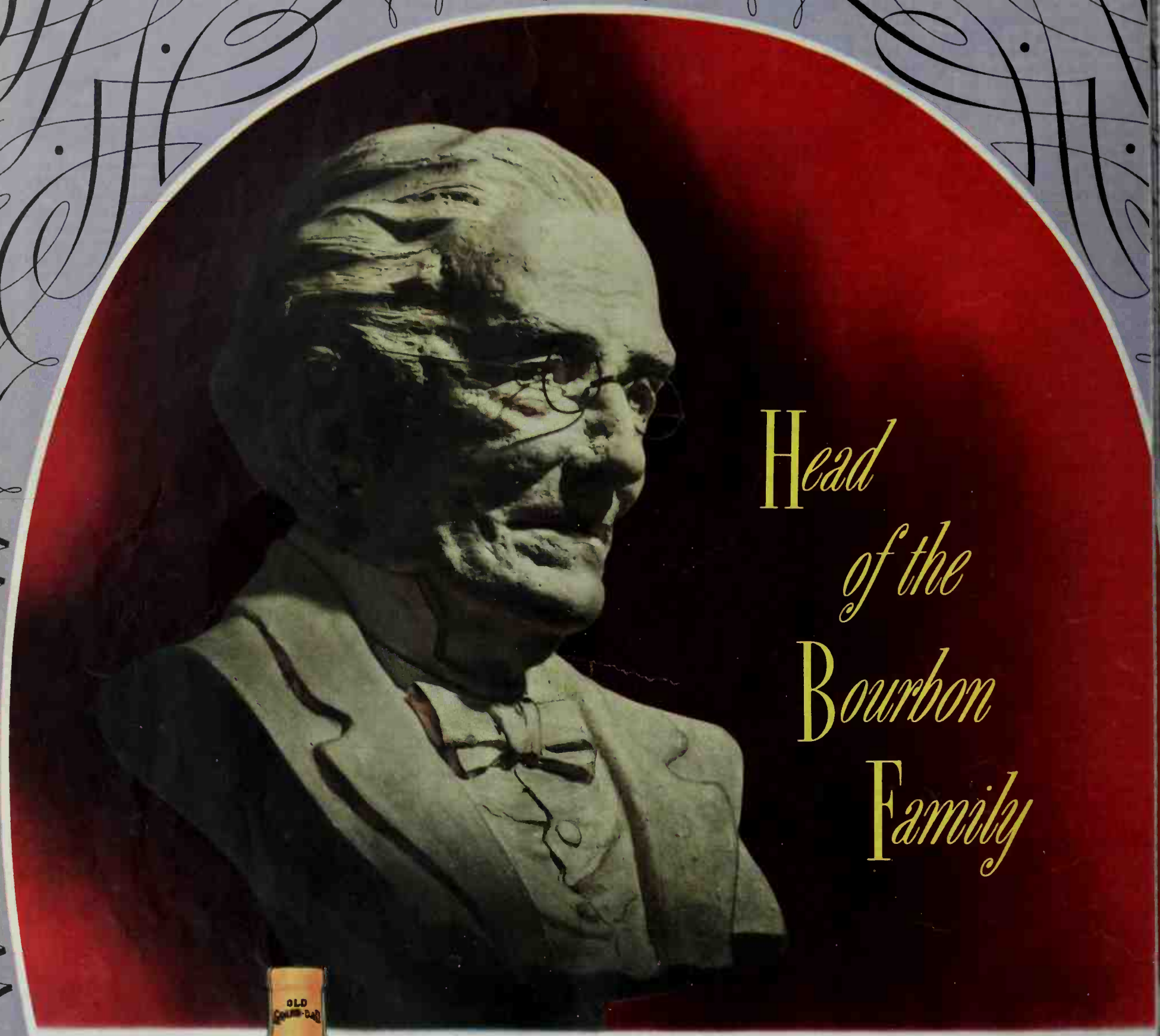
Behind me the landlord's wife tittered. "A most shapely and gallant lordling," she said, and tittered again. The lout behind her guffawed. I liked not the place. There were more rascals among innkeepers than honest men, and it was no unusual thing for guests to go to sleep in an inn never to awaken.

"Follow me, my masters," said the man, and lighted the way up the stairs. A little way from the top, he opened a door and there was a huge bed. There was a bar within the door to keep its occupants safe.

"For thee," I said to Betsy. "John-Peter shall sleep across the threshold."

So she went in and I heard the bar fall in place. The landlord conducted Christoforo and myself to another chamber, and we went in and closed the door upon his leering eyes. I stood just within, my ear against the oak, and knew that they stood without, mumbling and whispering. When I heard their feet slithering away and scuffling down the stairs, I opened the door softly and went to stand at the top of the stairway and listen, for I was suspicious of the place and the manners of those who conducted it.

The landlord, his death's-head wife and loutish son stood heads together and whispered. And then the half-wit went



Head of the Bourbon Family



UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

100 Proof

The high place accorded Old Grand-Dad rests primarily on its gloriously mellow flavor and rich bouquet. But there is also much to be said about the high esteem in which Old Grand-Dad is held by those who prefer a smooth, satisfying Kentucky straight bourbon to any other whiskey on earth.

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.

ack of the inn and disappeared. nded, and husband and wife me.

stable the horses," I said. "See be fed."

d the nags to the stables and re- the inn through the kitchen. I to my room and then went to the under the eaves that looked on the stables and outbuildings, e I stood, watching and listening. y I saw a moving shadow that the barn and led forth a gaunt hich he led away softly by its My ears are sharp, and after a e I heard the clatter of hoofs as ish boy mounted and galloped

stoforo," I said, "I wish we had d to ride. This be no fit harbor or beast. Methinks the idiot den to fetch confederates to slit ats."

tched up his belt and laid hand sword. "My bottom be de- " he said, "so I can ill afford to throat tampered with. Between ill give these robbers something upon."

you," I told him. "I will keep

STRETCHED himself on the , and I, opening the door softly, o the hallway. John-Peter, hud- is cloak, lay across Betsy's door; he snored. I went to the head of way and listened. The house was t not so dark as it had been, for as lifting the black blanket of found a door at the right open- a chamber whose window, low rrow, looked down upon the d below, and there I posted my- watch the road. I sat there and weary, not daring to close for so much as a moment lest I ep. Time was a snail. But the light commenced to filter he shadows and a luminous rim d over the mountain ridges. So have crouched for an hour, for rs, before I became aware of the horses' hoofs—then they rode yard, four of them and the half- . They were big men, bearded, essed that they were not Italians sibly Swiss mercenaries in the em- some prince.

dismounted and trampled into I moved swiftly to the stairway. oom downstairs their voices were , but I heard the squeak of the landlord's speech and the giggle of the idiot boy.

"They sleep like doves in a cote," said the landlord. "Ah, My Lord Piero Riario will reward you handsomely for your swiftness. There will be reward for all." I could see him in my imagination fumbling his hands together with evil eagerness.

A harsh voice in most revolting Italian interrupted him with questions:

"There be four of them, as My Lord informed me. The maid, dressed as a gallant, but most surely a maid, for all that. And her dwarf, and two men of the Black Bands. My Lord orders that you slay the men incontinently, but fetch the maid to him." He tittered. "His business with her is not political."

I crossed the hall, aroused Christoforo and we waited for them to mount. Presently they came, making small effort at silence. And when they were halfway up the stairs I showed myself and spoke to them. "The doves," I said, "have fluttered from the cote."

The leader, in whose tangled beard daws might have nested, rapped out a foreign oath, and unsheathing his sword, came at me, leaping upward on powerful legs. I pushed Christoforo aside to give me sword room, wishing I had my bow and half a dozen feathered arrows. I had the advantage of it, being above him, as my sword met his. They could come at me only one at a time, which did somewhat to equalize numbers. And so we hacked and hewed at each other, and the sound of it rang through the inn; I touched him upon the shoulder, whereat he uttered a bellow of rage and pressed me harder. But I was bigger than he, and stronger and I held him there until it entered even his dull, savage brain that I was not going to be an easy nut to crack.

Slowly he backed away, but I was not to be drawn into following him and so losing my advantage of position. It was the first time I ever had crossed swords with an enemy meaning him deadly harm and there was an excitement about it that warmed me and surprised me. It was a sensation, an elation, such as I never had known, and I liked it.

The leader retreated to the foot of the stairs, pushing his three followers behind him, and they backed away into the room below and parleyed. I could hear the bat's voice of the landlord offering advice.

"Leave to me the next turn," said Christoforo in my ear.

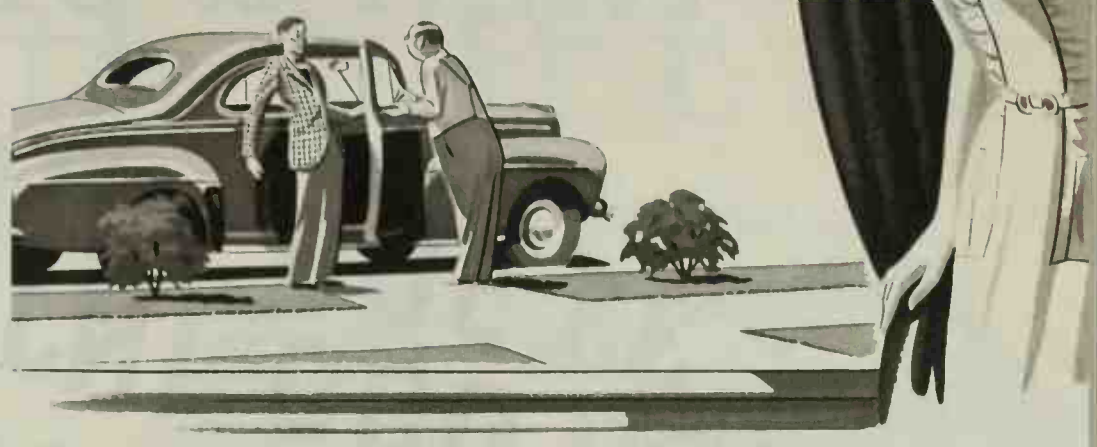
"Keep thy eye on Betsy's door," I said,



"My sister went to a swell camp—it didn't build character or teach self-reliance or anything" MARY GIBSON

"My Sally is a Beautiful Gal!"

MR. SMITH POINTS OUT



FOR SAFETY! HE YELLS . . .

"Mr. Smith," I say, "I wish to marry Sally. I'm (ahem) I'm a fairly natty guy and . . ."

"My Sally is a beautiful gal!" Smith points out. "And I want her to *stay* that way. So, you will please to show me you're a good, safe driver!"

Then I remember—I haven't had my Ford safety-checked for months!

"I have a previous engagement!" I tell him, and dash off.

FORD SERVICE EXCELS . . .



Next morning I drive to my Ford Dealer's, telling him what I want.

"Good boy!" he cries. "Everyone should drive back 'home' for a safety check regularly. Now, we know your Ford best for *any* service. Here's why:

1. **Ford-Trained Mechanics**
2. **Factory-Approved Methods**
3. **Special Ford Equipment**
4. **Genuine Ford Parts**

"We'll do a *good, fast* job and check everything," he adds, "lights, brakes, steering, tires, wheel alignment!"

NOW HE HEARS WEDDING BELLS!

That night, my Ford safe as new again, I dash over to Sally's, and give Mr. S. the pitch on what I've done.

"By George, I'm going to get *my* Ford checked, too!" he tells me when we go for a ride . . . We let him off at the drug store.

"Don't bother to wait," he smiles. "You two look like you want to be alone . . . And you have my blessing!"

Y'know, he's not a bad old guy, at that!

Moral



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Isn't this too high a price to pay?



An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure

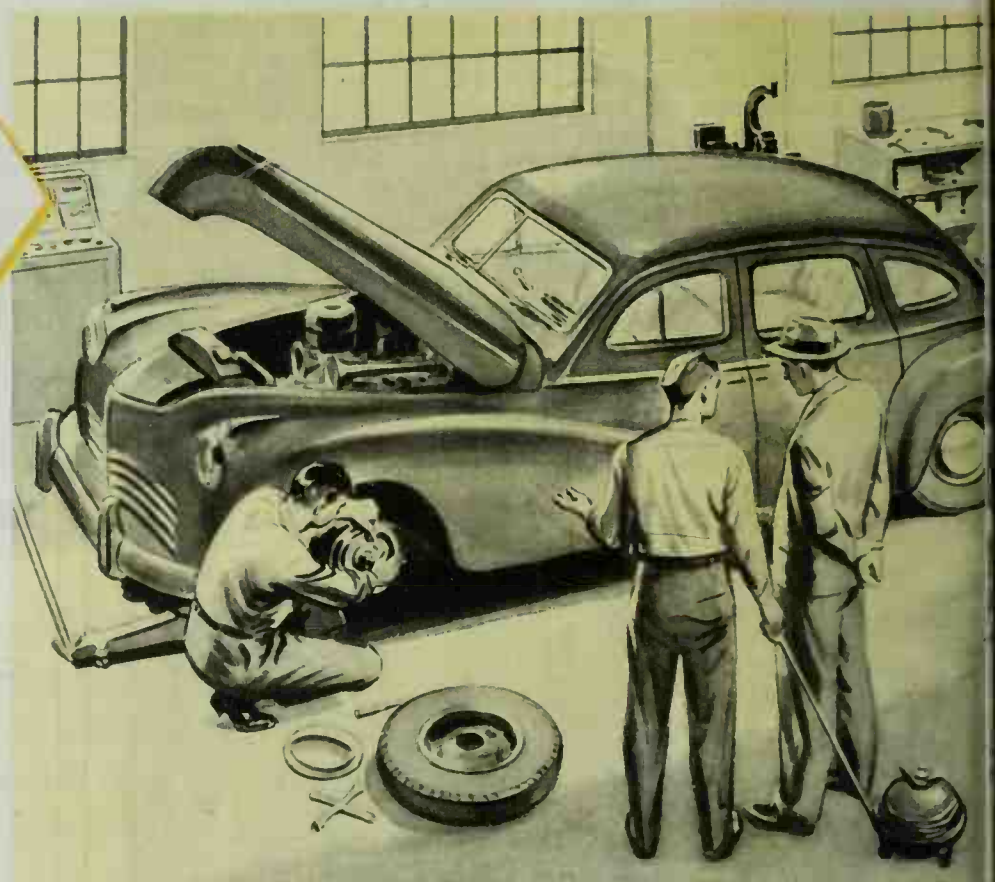
The casualties of peace — of motor accidents — were greater *in one year*, 1946, than the casualties of war from Pearl Harbor to V-J Day.

Unbelievable? Here are the facts: 1,183,500 auto casualties in 1946 in contrast to less than one million killed, missing and wounded in four years of war!

Too large a percentage of these motor accidents were caused by mechanical defects that regular PREVENTIVE SERVICE can forestall. When the critical time comes, and it can come at any moment, your car is only as good as its weakest part.

The cost of PREVENTIVE SERVICE is slight. But the cost in human misery and property damage of avoidable accidents is immeasurable. And every year the toll of life, limb and property damage increases in direct ratio to the number of cars driven.

There is no possible argument for neglecting the proper care for your car—and it is very definitely your responsibility. The five basic PREVENTIVE SERVICE steps suggested by COLLIER'S are essential to safe driving. TAKE THEM NOW.



For years the National Safety Council, the Highway Safety C ence, and the Automotive Industry, through your neighborhood s man have urged regular car inspection. Since 1939, COLLIER'S has its P. S.—PREVENTIVE SERVICE—Campaign to impress the mot by unbiased and authentic information, that the misery cause accidents can to a very great degree be lessened by every driver a ing the responsibility of PREVENTIVE SERVICE for his own car.

RAKES

e brakes are the chief reason for
aused by mechanical failures, and de-
akes develop frequently without warn-
dern hydraulic brake systems cannot
n without good brake linings or without
n the lines. A small, undetected leak in the
an be the cause of sudden loss of brake power.
inspect brake linings and drums is not enough
the hydraulic lines also require frequent check.

Don't Gamble With SAFETY

STEERING

2 Worn bushings and pins, wheels out of balance and alignment, conditions causing loose control and shimmy—anything less than perfect control of steering can cause serious accidents. Inspect for all possible sources of trouble.



TIRES

3 Replacing old worn tires before they can cause trouble is much wiser than risking an accident. Furthermore, the low cost per mile of tire use makes it the poorest kind of economy to gamble for the last few miles.

Collier's *Preventive Service*

FIVE STEPS TO SAFETY

LIGHTS

4 Lights out of focus, burned out bulbs, glare that blinds oncoming drivers, lustreless reflectors that give too little light — all are causes of accidents, and night accidents constitute 61% of total fatalities.



VISIBILITY

5 Keep driving vision clear night and day. Your windshield wiper should make perfect contact to insure even cleaning without smearing or scratching glass. Sticky stains from bugs and dust tire driver's eyes and blur vision. Equip your car with automatic windshield washer or carry cloth and glass cleaner. Small electric fan will eliminate clouding when windows must be closed.





P.S. Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

Sponsored by Collier's
For Pleasant, Safe Driving



Squirt*

Quenches Quicker

It's a split-second refresher . . . that's for sure. What's more you'll revel in the taste thrill Squirt provides.

Squirt quenches thirst longer, too. For this new, different drink is made of winter-grown grapefruit. A sweet-tart of a drink, you'll say . . . the kind you'll want for every day.



Mrs. J. J. Fredericks, of New York City, N. Y., says: "I don't want a drink with a syrupy after flavor. That's why Squirt is my choice."

Switch to Squirt* 5¢

Copyright 1947, The Squirt Company • *Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

"lest there be some other way of getting at her."

I glanced down the hall. The dwarf no longer huddled before her door, nor did she open it to see what caused the clamor. Probably, I thought, she was terrified and had barred herself within.

Now I heard a shuffling of feet below as if men in concert carried a burden, and then they came into my sight and I saw that two of them carried a great oaken table, holding it before them as a shield. With this they advanced upon me, and I could see nothing of them but feet moving as they shoved upward the massive plank of wood. It was clear that I could not cope with this piece of siege machinery. There was nothing for the edge of my sword to strike but oak, and they, using it as a sort of ram, could push me from the stairhead and so come at me from the sides and from behind. There could be but one end to the matter.

"Would we had a spoonful of Greek fire," said Christoforo coolly.

They clumped up slowly, for the weight they carried taxed them. I looked behind me, up the hall, and there against the wall was a huge chest, iron-bound and of bulk so great that I doubted if my back could lift it. And in an ordinary moment or for the mere vanity of displaying my strength I doubt if I could have raised it from the floor. But there was nothing for it but to try.

"Hold thou the stairs," I said to Christoforo.

"Aye," he said, "I will carve a statue on this piece of oak."

I STEPPED quickly to the chest and got my fingers under it and bent my back and heaved with all my sinews, praying to God that they would suffice. Methought my spine would crack with it and my legs splinter. But with a great heave I raised it, and staggered under its weight to where Christoforo stood. And then, straining as I never had strained before until the veins nigh burst through my neck and forehead, I raised it, and somehow it seemed lighter. Christoforo must have lent aid, for I was able to raise it above my head.

"Now," I said to my companion, and together, using our backs as catapults, we heaved the massive thing downward. Nothing could have stood against that weight and the impetus we had given it. It crashed full in the center of their oaken shield, carrying all before it and hurling men and table backward so that they tumbled and rolled into a squirming, shrieking tangle on the flagstones below. Not waiting to find what damage had been wrought, I leaped down the stairs with Christoforo at my heels. One lay pinned beneath the chest, another strove to crawl with shattered legs. My sword split the skull of the leader, and Christoforo gave the point to the fourth, as bewildered and shaken, he strove to gain his feet. There was no more peril in them. I leaned against the wall panting after the exertion of it, for I was spent.

There was something of awe in Christoforo's voice as he leaned on dripping sword. "St. Hercules," he said, "and the holy Titans could not perform the duplicate of that feat."

I had not heard of the canonization of Hercules, nor had I been taught that the Titans were especially holy men, but I had not the breath to argue with him. Presently I stood erect, breathing more comfortably.

"Stand guard over these wounded," I said, "while I speak with Betsy."

So I climbed the stairs again and rapped upon her door. She did not answer.

"Betsy," I called through the oak, "open. There is no more to fear. It is Peter Carew. Open to me."

She did not reply, nor was there sound of movement within. I called again and then, in my impatience, pressed upon the door. It was not barred against me, but opened freely. I stepped over the threshold and halted, amazed, for there was neither maiden nor dwarf within the room. The window was open and beneath it was some sort of sloping shed to whose roof she could have dropped, and thence to the ground.

I ran from the room and down the stairs and out to the place where our horses had been stabled. Two of them were gone.

I stood there, and my heart was heavy, and being young and so easily hurt by conduct in others which did not fulfill my ideals of them, I was the most miserable young man in all Italy. For it seemed an unkind and disloyal thing that Betsy should have deserted me when I fought for her, and had not remained even to learn the outcome of it, and whether I lived or died.

I went back into the inn, and nothing was to be seen of the landlord and his evil family, but Christoforo was content with a great bottle of wine and the carcass of some cooked bird.

"They have fled," I said heavily.

He raised his brows and clucked. "Now there is woman for you," he said. "I remember a girl named Famietta. She had at my ribs with a knife whilst I was kissing her most pleasurably. Their moods," he said with a sigh, "are a gift from the devil and there is no understanding of them. She is gone she is gone. But this very goose remains. No matter h tiful a maid may be, you can hungry stomach with her."

"We must follow her," I sai

"Nay. If she had desired thy she would have waited for it, and I knew he was right.

Whereupon we saddled our turned our faces toward Fano ridden but a hundred ya Christoforo halted and turned

"Now what?" I asked.

"I bethought me of a sligh he said and galloped back to th

I waited for many minute reappeared and rode up to m expression of contentment. I sorely vexed and unhappy to him, but as we topped a rise yond I turned face to look ba the inn, and all I could see w cloud of smoke with flames iss its denseness.

"The inn's afire," I said.

"Can that be so?" he asked v of innocence. "Now what c caused such evil fortune for th hospitable landlord and his l and princely son? I think, if I with all my strength, I could a tear."

(To be continued next w

SPORTING ODDS



In a game between New Orlea and Birmingham in 1936, Outfield Eddie Rose hit a pop fly that stru and killed a pigeon. The Birmin ham shortstop and second basem both went after the pigeon, the b fell to the ground, and Rose w credited with a base hit.

—Fred Russe Nashville, Tenness

JOHN RUGE

Larry MacPhail, Dan Topping and Tom Gallery of the Ne York Yankees were talking in the 21 Club a few years ago wh Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers joined the party. The co versation turned to the Dodger pennant-clinching celebrati of 1941 and the festive train ride back from Boston.

Durocher laughingly began telling the now historic story how MacPhail, then Dodger president, waited to join the tra at New York's 125th Street Station, but was left standing on t platform when Durocher talked the train crew into highballi it right through to Grand Central.

MacPhail interrupted, insisting that he could tell the sto better. As he started to describe how he had been excluded fro the party and left fuming at the station, he began to get hot agai As he reached the point where the train shot through 125th Stre he pushed back his chair, leaned across the table, shook his f in Durocher's face and shouted: "You're fired right no you ——!"

Durocher rose too, poked his face into his former boss' clo enough to take a bite out of his nose, and shouted:

"I don't work for you any more, you ——! How can you fi me?"

—David Eisenberg, New York, N.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporti Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.



USE AC'S FOR *Utmost* RELIABILITY

"The mail must go through"—and does, with the help of today's AC's in thousands of mail cars and trucks. You, too, can enjoy utmost reliability in spark plug performance by having your plugs checked to be sure they are right for today's driving and fuels.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

AC SPARK PLUGS

FOR THIS SIGN

SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" MAY SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10.

STRANGLER FIG

Continued from page 26

red sails on them. She hadn't known Norlee so well then, and she had tried to tell him how she had felt about seeing those red sails against the blue sea. Norlee had only laughed. And Becky had learned then, suddenly and shockingly, how laughter—the wrong kind of laughter—can hurt.

But that's the way Norlee was, Becky knew now. He didn't hold with nothing pretty, said prettiness was a waste of time, was vanity. He said the Good Lord didn't hold none with vanity. He wouldn't let her raise no flowers around the stoop, said the ground was for growing things to eat—not things to look at. Wouldn't let her hang no pretties on the wall, said pretties on the wall were for young'uns and old folks. Kept saying, until it was a raw and bitter thing between them, that there'd be time enough for pretties when the young'uns came.

Becky stared at the pictures, but now the pleasure was gone. The room was too much Norlee's: his soiled clothing, the weight-hollowed sag in his side of the bed, the musty field-working smell of him. Becky shook her head, trying to dislodge the sense of his presence. She failed. The scene of his recent departure stood vividly before her:

SHE was standing by the back steps, holding her breath, watching her husband bend to the broken tractor wheel. He'll never do it, she was thinking. He'll not . . .

She saw the muscles in his huge arms knot as he suddenly straightened and heaved the heavy wheel into the bed of the truck. He looked triumphantly at her. He slapped sweat from his forehead. "That's done," he said. "I'm gone. Now mind your chores and don't go to mooning."

"I'll do it," Becky said.

"See you do. And see you don't forget the springhouse. The springhouse ain't fitten."

Becky felt the hated trembling in her legs.

Norlee's voice was heavy. "See you clean the springhouse." He peered closely at her.

The springhouse! Becky saw, in her mind, the springhouse. The springhouse was squatting deep in the bayhead behind the house. The springhouse was laughing at her; laughing at her fears. Laughing and waiting.

"Mind what I'm saying!"

"Yes." *It's the fig, it's the fig! It ain't the springhouse, it's the strangler fig. . . .*

"Yes," she repeated.

Norlee laughed. His laugh was thick with scorn.

It's them roots, she was thinking. *Them roots like arms! It's the way the strangler fig had crept its arms around the springhouse! It's the way it hugs the springhouse to its belly, like!*

"Mind you look careful to the heifer," Norlee warned.

Becky glanced at her husband's face. She saw the heaviness gathering at his jowls. She stiffened her body against the hurt she knew was coming.

"See that old May's brood don't get the thumps. . . ."

Becky waited, feeling the loneliness within her.

"I thank the Good Lord my stock, at least, is natural!"

Call me to blame, Becky thought. Call me to blame, and rightly. It ain't that I've not prayed to birth, though. It ain't that I've not cried the night out for loneliness!

"Look for me when you see me coming," Norlee said.

He stepped toward her. He reached forward with a hand, as if to touch her shoulder. Becky, not wanting to, hating herself for her weakness, shrank touch.

"Unnatural," he muttered. unnatural."

He turned and walked to his tr

Becky, staring now at the Gl Fisherman, managed to drive the her husband from her mind. Sh the Gloucester Fisherman direc the cracked mirror in front of Niagara Falls went on one sid room. Grand Canyon went op She threw herself on the bed. S to concentrate on the Gloucester man, to imagine the smell of th hear the cries of the gulls that about the schooner's spars. Co tion became impossible. It was r Norlee's heavy body were fil room. It was as if his coarse vo echoing in the corners. "Moon he seemed to be saying. "A mo woman ain't natural!"

Becky clapped her hands to h The voice now was beside her. B her husband's breath on her che body was insistent. His voice w complaining: "A woman can't giv young'uns, then that woman's no man. . . ."

She felt his arms about her. Th smothering her. They were hol helpless in their strength. "Leave she shouted. Her thin, sensitive were contorted. Her eyes were h terror.

She struggled to her feet. She then that she was alone. Her ter way to the familiar, sickening loneliness—of emptiness and u ment. She thought dully of her chores, and of Norlee's repeate ings about her work. "Mind y your chores," he had said. A springhouse. "See you clean the house." Becky thought of the house and she shuddered. Do it told herself. Do it now, and it'll

She forced herself on dragg through the yard, to the edge of head and to the dark path thro bayhead She moved slowly, upon slight excuses to delay he at the springhouse: stopping t and to wonder at the obvious h of two brilliantly striped skink frolicking at the base of a mulbe stopping to gather Spanish moss the limestone spring basin, then ing the moss, deciding that sh gather more by the springhous ping and starting, but never losi of the distressing chore before was as if the banyaned roots of th gler fig had thrust themselves i soul and were choking it with fea

BECKY stood before the sprin Magnolias, swamp maples a oaks joined arms above the st formed a glen dark with shadow water from the spring furrowed t floor of the glen and hurried aw its gloom. A grassy ledge formed ral, body-length shelf beside the front of the springhouse. Becky herself to sit upon this ledge. She herself to regard, with some ser of calm, the rotting timbers of the springhouse, and the weird ta groping arms that clung to its si roof. I ain't a young'un, she thou fully growed. The strangler fig ca me none. It's an evil thing, but hurt me none. My fearfulness i young'un's fearfulness of the dar come to this place times beyond and I've got no call to be scairt.

She remembered how Norlee h culed her when she'd asked him the strangler fig away, to destroy i he'd filled the room with heavy l and had accused her of being



Worn piston rings don't show, but they're more serious

Worn pants are harmless, but worn piston rings can cause real damage in your car. As soon as you notice excessive oil consumption, ask your Sealed Power franchise dealer to install a set of Sealed Power Individually Engineered Piston Rings. They save gas, save oil, lengthen engine life, restore original power.

Whatever the make, model or degree of cylinder wear in your engine, there is a Sealed Power Ring Set specifically engineered to do the best possible job for you. Sealed Power workers are proud of their product and its 36-year record of preference by leading car, truck and engine builders. See your Sealed Power Franchise Dealer. Send a postal for illustrated, informative new booklet on 7 ways to save oil. It's free and may save you lots of money. Sealed Power Corporation, Dept. K7, Muskegon, Mich.; In Canada, Stratford, Ont.



In addition to Sealed Power Individually Engineered Piston Ring Sets ask for Sealed Power Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts.

Keep your war bonds! Get $4 for $3!

© 1947 Sealed Power Corp.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

BEST IN NEW CARS! • BEST IN OLD CARS!

being tetched. Then when he
ne conscious of the importance,
f the request, he had lectured
at's your vanity, your sinful-
d said. "I don't hear you raising
ckus about a magnolia tree, and
ia tree don't do a thing but put
ry, sick-smelling flower. That
fig is doing us a turn. If it
r the fig the springhouse would
ut down every magnolia in the
before I'll lay a hand to the
fig! Now hush your fuss!"
forced herself to her feet. She
the ledge and reached an armful
sh moss from the low-hanging
a live oak. She hesitated a mo-
ore the entrance of the spring-
ught her breath, walked through
pen doorway, then stood in the
rior. A tiny water snake wrig-
eath sagging timbers. A spring
d beneath a root in the earthen
ese were familiar things, fright-
herself, and these things were
es to her raw nerves.
ering sounded behind a rafter.
d seen sparrows build their nest
e peered through the shadows
ow the naked heads and gaping
f young sparrows, and envy,
ty, was within her as she bent
ore.



lways knew when the gears
d brakes worked on our
l car. I could hear them"

STANLEY STAMATY

had hollowed two pits in the
floor. The water from the spring
anneled into each of the two in
he pits contained earthenware
f milk, of butter and of quickly
le vegetables. Becky removed
ks from the cooling pits and be-
ering the accumulation of moss
e from the bottom and sides of
it. She worked quickly and effi-
Her whole body was conscious
eight of the heavy arms that en-
he timbers above and around
r mind and body yearned for
from the crushing, oppressive
As she worked she visualized the
lapse of the rotting timbers, and
t, inward movement of the en-
arms. She saw herself trapped,
wly strangled, as she struggled
ly for freedom. She worked
ly now.
coured the first of the pits with
she had gathered. She moved to
nd pit.
s then that she heard the voice.
ody became rigid. She listened,
for the sound.
ng.
y her body became less rigid. The
e decided. The wind in the trees,
had sounded like singing, like
uted singing. She listened. The
as not repeated. She went back

ound returned. Closer this time.
istinct. And Becky knew now
was not the sound of the wind in
. It was the voice, the low voice,
bbing, half-singing, half-hum-
ice of a man. She placed the con-
ack in the pits. She waited in the

darkness, her nerves crying out for light. She waited, not daring to be seen.

The voice was now just outside the springhouse. The song was clear:

Lonely days and lonesome nights,
Sing down, Riley . . .
'Gator barks and often bites,
Sing down, Riley . . .
Blacksnake climbs the mockernut tree,
Seeking a girl, like you and me.
Sing down, Riley . . .

Becky was suddenly less fearful. She waited. There was a pause, then a deep-throated chord from a guitar. The song continued:

Lonesome man ain't got a chance,
Sing down, Riley . . .
Ovenbird jumps, you can see him dance,
Sing down, Riley . . .
Peafowl struts round the sweet gum tree,
Seeking a girl, like you and me.
Sing down, Riley . . .

Becky couldn't remember when, outside of church meeting, she had last heard a voice raised in song. Norlee, away from meeting, never sang. Once, in the second year of their marriage, Norlee had heard her singing over the clatter of dishes in the kitchen. "You'll save your songs for the young'uns!" he had commanded. "Singing's for the worship of the Lord and for young'uns! There'll be time for singing when the young'uns come. . . ."

THE lonesome sounds of the song filled the springhouse. Becky stood and walked cautiously to the doorway. The singer, whom Becky had never seen before, sat on the grassy ledge. He leaned against the trunk of the live oak and cradled a battered guitar in his lap. His face was lean; not young, though relaxed with the warmth and hopefulness of youth; not old, though deeply furrowed. He was dressed in faded jeans and a ragged denim shirt. He was hatless, and a shock of coal-black hair fell across his forehead. He looked at Becky. His face crinkled in a crooked smile.

"Howdy," he said. He waved a long hand lazily.

The voice was soft. Becky relaxed.

The stranger stroked a lazy chord from his guitar.

"What do you want here?" Becky asked.

"Don't want a thing," the man said.

"You're trespassing. You're on my husband's property. My husband don't hold with folks getting onto his property."

"He plant this tree I'm leaning on?"

"No—"

"He build this ledge I'm sitting on?"

"No."

The man laughed softly. "Then he's got no call to worry."

Becky thought it strange that she should suddenly consider this absurd reasoning completely logical.

"Come on out," the man said.

"Who are you?" Becky asked him.

"I'm Cull Bence, ma'am. I'm Cull Bence of the wandering Bences. Ain't a mother's son of us amounted to a hill of cow beans in three generations." He smiled, and the smile was accomplished with his entire furrowed, crinkling face. Becky found herself walking toward him.

This discovery flustered her, and she said, "There's spring water, cold, and a gourd. There's fresh milk aplenty—"

"I thank you kindly," Bence said. "I wouldn't care for none—not right now."

"Help yourself, if you're of a mind. I'll be going." Becky said this, knowing that she should go, yet hoping some logical reason for staying would present itself.

"See that hibiscus yonder!" the man said suddenly, pointing to a plant on the opposite bank of the creek. "You ever ponder on why them flowers is red, like blood? Why they last but a day?"

"No," Becky said.

"I'll tell you why. Them flowers is



YOUR BRAKES WON'T FAIL . . . with Grey-Rock *Balanced* Brake Linings!

To make sure your brakes are always right, have them inspected regularly at a shop that uses Grey-Rock Linings. The Grey-Rock man knows how to keep your brakes in top condition. When relining becomes necessary, he'll install Grey-Rock *Balanced* Linings in accordance with Grey-Rock tested service methods, working to National Safety Council standards.

For smooth, quiet *slow-downs* . . . and for safe, quick *stops* when needed . . . be sure you get Grey-Rock, the lining used by so many truck and bus operators for safety and economy. UNITED STATES ASBESTOS DIVISION of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., Manheim, Pa.

Grey-Rock BALANCED BRAKE LININGS

mean Good Brakes for YOUR car

YOUR DEALER ALSO HAS GREY-ROCK FAN BELTS TO KEEP YOUR ENGINE COOL!

"...take 5"

Here's Elmer Nation on vacation
With his pipe and Revelation.
Man, it's great to be alive
When you sit back, relax, *take five.*



...take Revelation!

Ahhh! Those mellow, slow-burning tobaccos, so skilfully blended with fragrant free-burning leaf. Yes, popularly-priced Revelation smokes so cool, so smooth, so steady, more and more pipe smokers "take 5" every day—just for the pleasure of it!

Take 5! Take Burley for body, Carolina for color, Virginia for vigor, Latakia for lusciousness and Perique for piquancy.

"...take 5"
glorious tobaccos
in one great
B L E N D



Made by the special PHILIP MORRIS process!

blood red because blood red's the color of life. Them flowers must cram a heap of living into one day. Them flowers live but a day, for that much prettiness can't last."

Becky could visualize, could almost hear, her husband's ranting reaction to this kind of talk. She didn't care. She hoped that Cull Bence would go on talking. The knowledge she had gained of the hibiscus excited her. She wondered why she had never thought of that herself. The hibiscus had grown, the flowers had blossomed blood red and had died, and Becky had watched the process with complete indifference. She wondered why.

"Why must you hurry?" Cull Bence asked her.

"Work," she said uncertainly. "Work to be done—"

Cull Bence laughed.

Becky hesitated. "How come you're laughing?"

"I'm laughing at folks who study work on a morning like this."

"Don't you work?"

"Times. Sometimes I sing for my supper. Times I'll help a man with his harvest. Times I'll turn the earth in a field. I can plow as straight a furrow as any man in this section, if I'm a mind to do it. I ain't often of a mind."

"Where do you live?"

"Where nighttime finds me."

"You're strange."

"So they tell me." Becky experienced an unmistakable quickening of her pulse beat as Bence smiled, a trifle sadly. He bent his head to his guitar. He struck a lonely, minor chord. "Care for singing?"

"I like it."

"And your mister?"

Becky shook her head. She shuddered slightly as she thought of her husband. Norlee didn't hold none with her talking to men. Outside of a howdy or so to the men at meetings and the storekeepers in Fruitville, she'd barely spoken to a man other than Norlee since they had been married. Becky knew that Norlee would throw a conniption fit if he even suspicioned she was passing the time of day with this man Cull Bence.

"What's your husband go by?"

"Mathis. Norlee Mathis."

Becky imagined that she had seen a fleeting glance of hardness come into the man's face. "You know my husband?"

"I know him."

THE new flatness in the man's voice caused Becky to rush loyally to Norlee's defense. Becky had never questioned her husband's right to dominate her. He was her husband. Her duty was to obey. She had obeyed him always to the best of her ability. Now she would defend him to the best of her ability.

"He's a good, Christian man!" she said hastily. "He pays the preacher regular. He pays cash money for his rations!"

"Yes," Cull Bence said.

"There ain't a harder-working man in the section!" Becky said defiantly. "There ain't a lazy bone in his body. He's made this clearing to pay. He keeps a good roof over my head. He don't drink none and he don't frolic!" Becky was almost hysterical.

Cull Bence looked slowly at her. "Are you fussing with me, or yourself?"

"He's a good man!" Becky repeated.

"I never said he wasn't."

"You know him. You know I'm saying it true! Say you know it, Bence!"

The man's eyes, soft, filled with hurt, were on the strangler fig. "That's a God-awful growth, that fig yonder—"

"Say you know it!" Becky shouted.

"How come you don't cut that fig away?"

Becky wondered at the man's understanding. "You—you've got to say it—about Norlee," she said uncertainly. "You can't come here, and him away, and throw off on my husband's name!"

"Look yonder, by the sprin Bence said, almost dreamily. " der where the trunk of the stra raises straight up, thick, in a colu The shape of that column tells The seed of that fig come to rest you and me was born—on the bc straight young tree. The young magnolia, more likely—gave it The young tree nursed it. The and was strong. The branches c pushed upward, seeking light. T of the fig shoved downward, see earth. And them roots, like sto wrapped themselves around tha tree. And they throttled her choked her and she sickened died." He looked strangely at Bc

BECKY could not meet his ey the fig go!" she cried. "Yo said it, about my husband. I- think you know my husband. you know him?"

"I've hunted the scrub with y band."

"Then say he's a good man!" voice was pleading.

"It ain't for me to call good fr I've hunted with him. He's—he' man on a dog."

"He's—" Becky's voice broke, tears came.

"Good is how you look at it."

"Good is being strong," Becky "Good is being hard-working. meeting things—and facing the

"Maybe," Cull Bence said. "N could be." His eyes were far a know a man, some folks say th ain't in him. Some folks call hi He sort of figures there's mo things in this world than work. faced a thing out in twenty yea feller I know, he passes the time mostly just setting around and t understand how folks around hi

Cull Bence caressed his guita like this old box here, sort of; feeling"—he struck a chord—" old box tries to understand." Th hung throbbing in the heavy air. ain't nothing strong, there ain't hard-working about that. There thing but a little old piece of und ing. Now maybe that, in its good. It ain't for me to say. I your husband is good. All I say a hard man on a dog."

It occurred suddenly to Becky had never before thrilled at words.

"Now it ain't fitten," Bence co "you crying, and it such a prett ing. Set here. I'll sing you a so

Becky, wondering vaguely strange compulsion in the soft v beside him. Bence stroked the st his guitar and the song commen

Oh, don't you remember Lucinda
With a smile on her lips and a ro hair?
Oh, drink to lovely Lucinda.
Oh, drink to lovely Lucinda.

Becky sat on the ledge and The words and music of the ol flowed gently through her consci She relaxed.

Oh, don't you remember the nigh blow?

The song was one with t warmth of trees and plants that g fast. The warmth entered Becky became languid and in her mi the song stirred.

. . . to lovely Lucinda,
Oh, drink to lovely Lucinda.

A mocking bird sang in a clump, and Becky heard on Bence's song. His low voice care soothed her and cleansed her of d

Oh, drink to lovely Lucinda.

The air was heavy. Heavy busy cycle of living and growing

e was fearful of looking at
e closed her eyes. She could
npelling presence beside her,
rkness behind her closed lids
nger empty darkness, because
's face was there.

ely Lucinda,

d trembled across the glen.
ggled against the magic of the
It was as if Cull Bence were
r, containing her futile, dis-
uggles; holding her firmly yet
The chord throbbed away to
s. The mockingbird flew from
clump. The song was ended.
angled his guitar against the
e live oak. He leaned toward
s fingers moved lightly across
and she felt them at the knot
drawn hair at the base of her
touch was soft and compelling.
ly, she stiffened and leaned
ouch. Her eyes pleaded with

nce dropped his hands. "A
me, that hair—" he whispered
ou'd be pretty. Mighty pretty."
struggling now to remember,
ttiness is vanity."
vas pity in Bence's face as he
her.
don't hold none with vanity."
ke flatly, without feeling.
ate him," Bence said quietly.
him." After all these years,
ught. After all these years, and
comes, for the first time, that
Bence! What was there about
that drew upon her innermost

d was over her own, on the
y, thrilling at his touch, forced
withdraw her hand from his
perative touch.
ow what I am?" he asked her.
as silent.
an I told you about—the one
s say that good ain't in him—
who that man is?"
Becky said softly.
faced a thing out in twenty

ealized suddenly that she had
wn sincerity, had never known
efore. She looked at him. There
ler, there was softness in her
felt herself leaning toward him.
now I'll be long gone before the

nodded. "I know," she whis-

nce reached for his guitar. He
Becky. Becky thought that she
before seen a face more cry-
ing-out with loneliness. She felt a compelling urge within her to touch that face, to smooth away the loneliness.

"I'll say so long." He stood.

The little stream that furrowed the glen became, to Becky, a tortured, twisting thing. The hibiscus on the opposite bank was stark and aching in its brilliance. "Bence!" she cried: "Cull Bence!" She suddenly and thoughtlessly loosened the knot of hair at the base of her neck. She shook her head, and fine blond hair cascaded about her shoulders. "I know what you are!" she said. "I know! You're good—you're kind!"

Cull Bence knelt slowly beside her. He took her in his arms. Becky closed her eyes. The mockingbird returned to the Carissa clump. The heavy air, the warmth rising steamily from the age-rich earth, the quick, imperative life urge of the growing things around her became part of her. For the first time she understood them.

Then she slept, deeply and naturally.

SHE stirred luxuriantly. She wakened by degrees. The shadows in the glen sprawled easterly and she knew that it was afternoon. Cull Bence had gone.

Becky sat at the edge of the ledge and plunged bare feet and ankles into the cold water of the creek. She stretched her arms. A mockingbird sang and Becky laughed and the laugh was easy and joyful. Cull Bence had gone, but he had gone as Becky had known he would go. She remembered what he had told her of the blood-red hibiscus. Cull Bence had come and he had gone as Becky knew now that good things and beautiful things should come and go; while they are still good and beautiful things; while the goodness and beauty are at the height of their power.

She stood. She walked to the door of the springhouse. She heard, from within, the flutter of the mother sparrow. Suddenly, and for the first time, she became aware of the firmness, the vitality, the new significance of her body. She realized instinctively that she no longer had reason for envy. She knew intuitively that she no longer had cause to be lonely. She knew that Norlee's strength, being strength without tenderness, could no longer intimidate her.

She looked at the strangler fig. She reached forward and touched a root. She was suddenly conscious of the futility of its sprawling strength. The fig was now an ugly, blustering thing: a thing to be pitied. Becky wondered that she had ever been fearful of such inadequacy.

THE END



"Okay. We're off the air! Shut up!" REAMER KELLER



All fish aren't Trout!



All adhesive bandages aren't BAND-AID*

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson





Any tiny cut or blister can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the hurt properly. Then put on a BAND-AID Adhesive Bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

3 out of 4 families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages. Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other adhesive bandage.

Keep one box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.

THE UNKNOWN

BY GEORGES SURDEZ



THE native looters scuttled away at the first burst of the Bren gun. The small armored car came to a brusque stop, like a green-brown bug hung at the end of the double track slashing the beach back toward the horizon. For a long moment, all was quiet; the Mediterranean Sea heaved itself placidly upon the gold sand in silky surges of incredible blue fringed with the lacery of foam.

Then two men alighted, a sergeant and a private. They walked slowly toward the body.

"One of yesterday's lot, I suppose," the private said.

"Right. What else?"

They halted five feet from the drowned man, looked down at him. The sergeant was twenty-eight or thirty, of medium height and sandy. The private still showed the lankiness of youth, boyish blue eyes in a freckled, bony face.

Somehow, these two appeared formidably alive—solid, muscular bodies in good garments, hung with belts, straps, equipment, their strong tanned legs showing between the shorts and the puttees. Brass ornaments, furbished to peacetime sparkle, glinted here and there with every move.

"Jew, right enough," the young one said, swallowing.

"Righto. What else?"

The dead man must have been one of a party of twenty or more that had tried for the Palestine shore in a small boat, from a refugee ship overhauled and seized the preceding night. Now, he sprawled in indecent disarray, for the prowlers had torn off some of his clothing, slashed the rest to find money belt or concealed valuables. His socks were of thick, coarse, dark wool, he wore only one shoe, cracked and worn, with blackened strings for laces. A poor man; a poor man when alive and a poor man dead.

He had been thin, very thin, and old, fifty-eight or sixty. The head seemed heavy at the end of a wasted, corded neck; the skull, almost bald, shone flatly in the sunlight, like yellow wax. He had not shaved in several days, and the bristles on the lax chin, around the gaping mouth, were gray or white. His nose had been hooked and fleshy, a real Jewish nose.

"He ain't pretty," commented the boy.

"They generally ain't pretty, Dusty," the sergeant agreed.

They kept looking at the body with distaste. They were fine men, both of them, of a race generous and kind with deep layers of sentimentality and a carefully nurtured sense of fair play and sportsmanship. But they had seen too much suffering, too many dead men, including their own mates. Their souls had shrunk into a horny envelope and were very hard to reach.

They did not feel concerned in this dead man. They were not responsible for him, not more than the dead man had been responsible for himself. They were as blameless as the bullets they fired, as the metal fangs of a trap. *Things*—unnamed, vague things, too immense for them or for anyone to understand—had brought them here, and forced *them* to see *that*.

"Old bloke, wasn't he?"

"Right. Old bloke."

"What do we do, Sergeant?"

"Leave him be."

"What about identification?"

"The gyppos won't be back, they've already gone through him proper. The lorry'll be coming."

They turned and started toward the car. Then the young soldier swerved, took a few steps along the line of footprints left by the fleeing scavengers, bent and picked up an object. It turned out to be a small leather wallet, water-soaked. He handled it gingerly as he returned toward the sergeant. It seemed empty; there was no money, no papers. He was about to toss it toward the corpse, but changed his mind.

"Something's inside," he said.

"Won't hurt to look."

The sergeant reached out for the wallet, took it and fingered it a moment. He nodded at his comrade. Then he flipped it open, examined the inside. Whatever the object was, it had been stitched safely in an inner compartment. The two looked at each other, and curiosity won out.

"Won't hurt to have a look-see," the sergeant said.

HE WORKED his finger into a gap, jerked a few times. The crumbling leather parted. He brought out a small packet of soaked tissue paper. A peculiar excitement took hold of the two soldiers, they stood close together, helmet brims touching. Under the sergeant's hard fingers, the tissue paper shredded and frittered as it was unfolded, dropped to the sand like flakes.

"Jewelry?" the private asked.

"No. Look."

The sergeant held out his palm.

"Poor bloke," the private said again.

"What else?" the sergeant muttered.

He closed his hand into a fist, turned to look at the body. He was thinking hard, trying to find the flippant words that would liberate his chest from the sudden oppression. The private licked his lips, shook his head and found a sickly smile.

"You never think of that, do he said, in wonder.

They looked down at the ur shape and felt that they knew that a key had been handed th unlock within themselves, as within him, a secret compar locked by thoughts that all tru must think and seldom voice.

They knew that this man, th Jew, had not always been ol ugly, that he had been young strong man, with a brave heart knew that he had not always homeless fugitive, an exile, that been as themselves, a man country to love, a flag to f a young man with good comrad would have died for him ar whom he would have died.

And they knew also why h kept this key secret, hidden from who shared his tribulations, h ferings—perhaps from his wife his children. They might have c ered it a badge of shame, a sym his youthful foolishness. And thought of something they had thought of, of the particular bi torment that this old man and many like him, must have experi

"Wouldn't hurt if I kept it?" th vate wondered.

The sergeant hesitated, then his head.

"Can't," he snapped.

"Then what—"

"Give it back to him. It's his

The British sergeant took steps forward, knelt beside the He carefully fastened his find torn shirt over the bony chest. not much, a small piece of dark a faded, moist bit of black and ribbon.

A German Iron Cross, bearin date: 1914.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

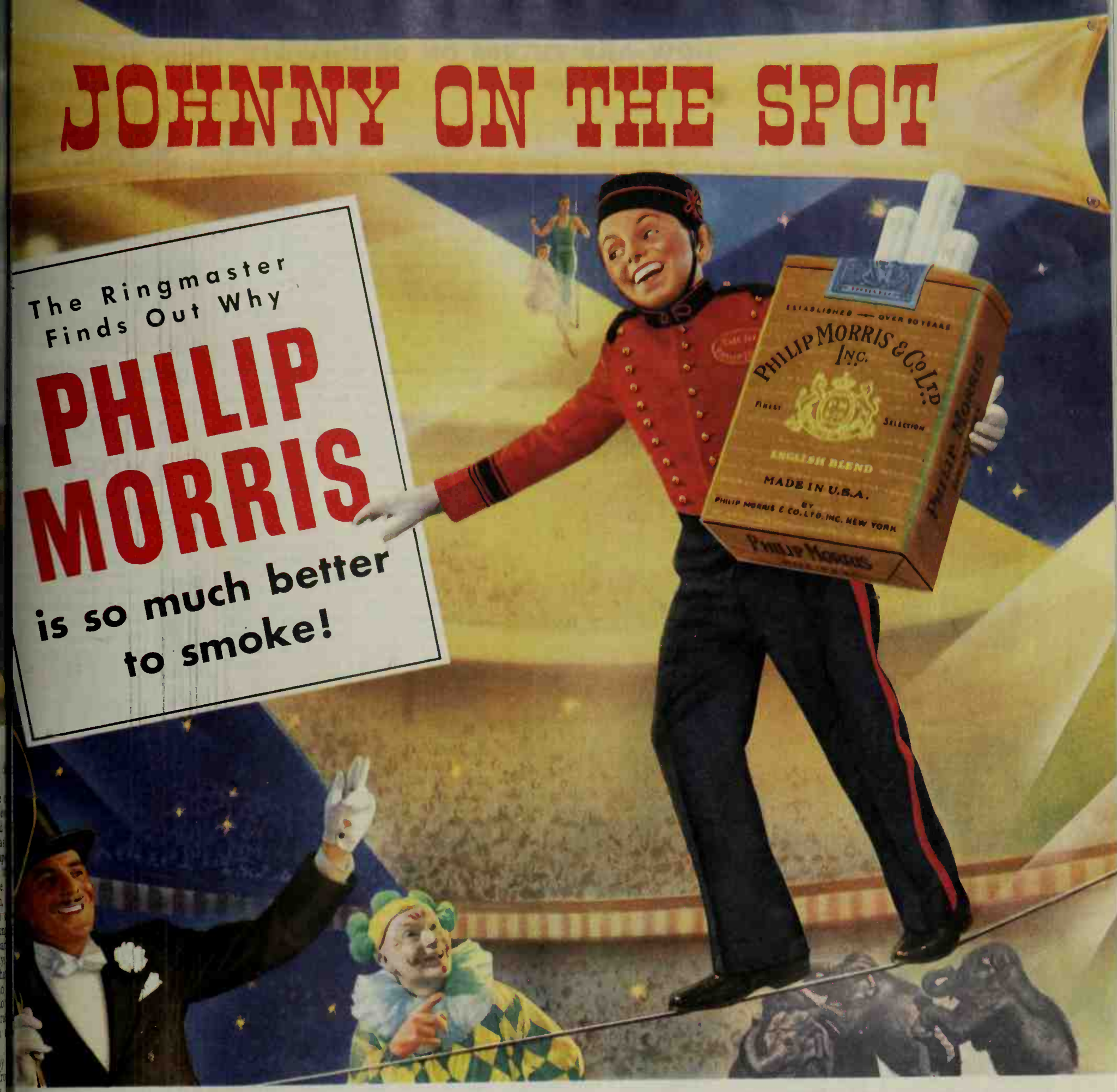
ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

The Ringmaster Finds Out Why

PHILIP MORRIS

is so much better to smoke!



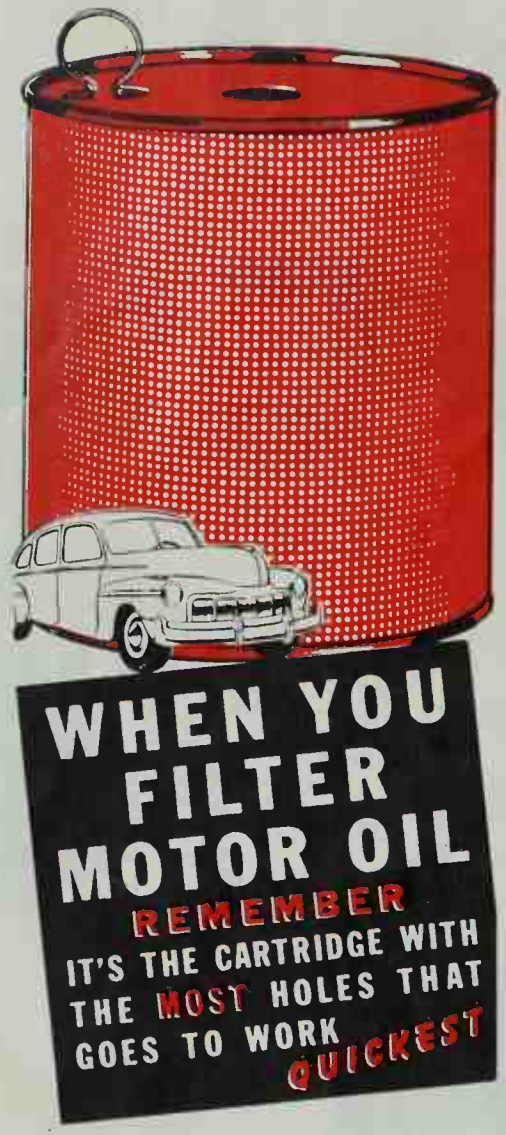
The Ringmaster thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is PHILIP MORRIS so much better to smoke?"

"Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. "That's why the PHILIP MORRIS smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.

TRY A PACK TODAY!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS



The outer shell of this MULTI-SCREEN Oil Filter Cartridge gives you more than 20 times the area of filtrant immediately exposed to dirty oil . . . and here's where the vital sludge grabbing job is done that keeps trouble away from your motor. MULTI-SCREEN throws all the surface of its high capacity, depth-type packing into action *fast!* Naturally, faster flow through Champion's extra quality filtering medium cleans more oil quicker and better for you. You get this sludge-stopping, motor-saving efficiency in . . .

CHAMPLAB
OIL FILTERS

Regardless of the type of oil filter on your car, you can put a quick action, long serving Champion Cartridge to work for you, and keep your motor safe from sludgy breakdown. There's a size and style in these precision perforated MULTI-SCREEN Cartridges for EVERY oil filter. Insist on one with your next oil change and get the improved clean oil mileage that keeps repair bills down and motor performance up.



ASK YOUR DEALER

If your car does not have the protection of a motor oil filter, ask your serviceman about a Champion. There's one for your car, complete with bracket, fittings and oil lines for a swift, economical installation.

CHAMPION LABORATORIES, INC.
MERIDEN, CONN.

HOW ARE THINGS ON OKINAWA?

Continued from page 19

In two years the employees will own the company, which is now making a profit of about 5,000 yen a month, even though its product is turned over to the government for fixed-price rationing or for sale to souvenir-hungry soldiers at the Army PXs. Other industries, similarly organized, are doing likewise.

Of course there is a little dissatisfaction here and there with the way things are going on Okinawa, but it appears to be a healthy dissatisfaction, born of a natural desire to get along in the world. Like that expressed by Toyo-ko Hanagusuku, a serious-minded girl of twenty whose father was killed when American bombs wrecked the village of Gushikawa and destroyed the Hanagusuku home. Toyo-ko fled into the hills with her mother, two sisters and four brothers, and for months they lived in a cave.

Girl Works on Prefab Houses

The Hanagusukus have now returned to Gushikawa. The six younger children are in school, and help their mother till the family's half-acre patch of rice and sweet potatoes. All have sufficient clothing, and they are comfortably if not luxuriously housed in a well-thatched 12-by-15-foot house, floored with Navy lumber and sided with scrap tin and Army tentage. Toyo-ko runs a power saw in the government mill at Gushikawa, and works eight hours a day six days a week, helping build frames for prefabricated houses. She is paid the minimum wage of five yen 60 sen a day, and doesn't think it's enough.

"I ought to make more," she says, "because this is important work and I do it well. But with what my family makes from the farm it is enough to buy food and clothing. And I hope to get a better job soon."

To American eyes the wages paid Toyo-ko Hanagusuku and Gioga Shimabuku may seem wretchedly inadequate, but by Okinawa standards they are very good. The highest-salaried native on the island is the civil governor, or Chiji, who receives 1,000 yen, or $20 a month. Every family on Okinawa can live on what it earns, because of the unique system of economy managed by the military government and bolstered by vast contributions from the United States. It is in process of switching, gradually, from a system of pure relief to one of controlled private enterprise in which all prices are to be regulated, as they are now, by what Okinawans can afford. As Brigadier General F. L. Hayden, island commander and military governor, put it:

"We blasted this island to bits, and now we're trying to put it together again. It will take years, but we're making progress. The quicker the Okinawans are self-sufficient, if they can ever be completely so, the quicker the American taxpayer will be relieved of the burden."

On paper this burden can run into hundreds of millions of dollars before the Okinawans become even approximately self-supporting. But there is such a lot of complicated bookkeeping involved that the final cost may be a great deal less than is expected.

At the moment it is impossible to make even a guess as to what it will cost to put the island back on its feet. Of course, it will cost plenty. The food we're turning over to the civil government of Okinawa is worth from $19,000,000 to $41,000,000 a year, according to the methods of accounting used, and the cost of the civil government runs to about 60,000,000 yen a year. Fuel, clothing and administration account for more millions.

But a vast percentage of the food, machinery and other supplies we've handed over to the Okinawans was already on the island; it was war surplus, it had greatly depreciated in value, and was probably worth less than the cost of shipping it back to the United States. It is charged to the Okinawan government at full price—a two-and-one-half-ton truck, for example, goes on the books at $2,650—and is then sold to the natives at realistic prices in order to keep the prevailing wage-price system intact. It is not likely that the civil government can ever pay for these supplies; if it doesn't the loss will not be great.

There are many things the Okinawans need that the military government cannot get for them. They badly need fertilizer, and there is a serious shortage of livestock. Before the war the islanders owned 20,000 horses; now they have 1,600. In 1944 each family owned from one to three pigs, a total of 100,000; now the pig population is not more than 2,000. The number of goats has also dwindled from 100,000 to about 2,000, and instead of 50,000 cows, the Okinawans have only 500. No animals are to be obtained elsewhere in the Orient, and no dollars are available for making shipments from the United States. The only livestock brought into Okinawa since the war is a shipment of 20,000 baby chicks, requisitioned from Japan.

The 90 officers and 350 men of the American military government, under the command of Colonel William Craig, are working with the Okinawans to solve these and other problems, to restore interisland trade, and to build up small private businesses and expert industries under a native government. The Okinawans have really never had a government of their own. In the old times the island was a kingdom, but paid tribute to both the Chinese and the Japanese. In 1871 the Japanese shipped the King of Okinawa to Tokyo, made him a Japanese nobleman and told an uninterested world that Okinawa and the rest of the Ryukyus had become a Japanese possession.

Today the Okinawans run their own affairs to a greater degree than ever before, and are gradually being trained for complete self-government. As yet no American-style elections have been held, but the farmers and villagers have elected their local chiefs, and have voted for most of the members of the advisory assembly, the others being appointed by the military government.

Meet the First Governor

The assembly named Koshin Shikiya, a small, round-shouldered man of sixty-three, with some reputation as an educator, as the island's first Chiji, or governor. Shikiya joined the Methodist church in Japan 42 years ago, when he was a college student, and is one of the 1,400 native Christians on the island. He runs a civil administration of about 20,000 employees.

Okinawa and the other islands of the Ryukyu chain have never been self-sufficient; they have depended largely upon money sent by repatriates who have now returned, and upon Japanese subsidies for the sugar crop, which the Americans are discouraging in favor of greater rice and potato production.

Some of the American experts believe that phosphate and sulphur mining, silkworm culture, fishing, lily bulbs and other industries may someday provide sufficient exports to make the Ryukyus self-supporting. Of these, only phosphate mining has so far been developed. The tiny Daito Islands, 200 miles east of Okinawa, have an estimated 2,200,000 tons of phosphate rock, of which some 7,500 tons are being mined each month and sent to Japan for processing.

THE END



97% of Doctors
REPORTING IN CURRENT SURVEYS
approve
Lypsyl
FOR QUICK, SOOTHING RELIE



When you suffer from d
sore or chapped lips, c
In surveys now bein
among doctors, 97%
porting approve Lypsy
soothing relief! At first
ness or chapping, appl
proved Lypsyl. Tastele
non-sticky. At all dr

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS C

LYPSYL
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CH

Spare me, ple
but kill the fl



Use SKIP-FL
Soap and Pow

• Yep, here's *one* flea pow
doesn't make me itch and scra
see, it's a new formula with a
tion of ingredients that annihi
fleas . . . without stirring them
all Sergeant's products, it's h
fully tested on dogs, and in
laboratories.

It's safe . . . it's sure . . . it's
it's Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA . .
can get it in the new 50c
size at any drug store. Ask for
SKIP-FLEA Soap, too. Come
get some today!

Sergeant
DOG CARE PROD

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

...e welfare of the children, make ...urt procedures under threats of ...quences, refuse to let the wife be ...y terms with her husband, make ... impossible for him to see his ...etc., and only ease up as he will ...ante.

...re stooges or old has-been shy- ...und and trail a man at work, etc., ...ife miserable and see if they can ... more bucks from him. They ...it where they hear of a family ...nd assure the wife that they have ...t" shyster who will get her any- ...desires and proceed to feed her ...ngs and impress on her how ...e is.

ANONYMOUS SOCIAL WORKER,
Boston, Mass.

...e often thought that a Divorcées ...us, after Alcoholics Anonymous, ...t confidence assured, would help ...e problem greatly.

...RSON JESSUP, Atlantic City, N. J.

MUSCLE MAN

...EN: Mr. Crichton constantly men- ...r. Grimek in his weight-lifting ...eavy, Heavy Over Head (May ... so built up this gentleman that I ...nterested in seeing if he is really ...ar as you claim.

...you please print a picture of this ...?

ROBERT FINKEL, Miami, Florida



The sinewy John Grimek

FIGURITIS

EDITOR: John Kord Lagemann's ...ds Up (May 31st) came along just ... With the access he has to super- ...thematical machines, he can help ... my problem.

...r gets 17.8 miles to the gallon, ...oing uphill, when it only gets 12.3 ... the gallon. However, that's ... by the fact that coming down the ...le, I shut off the motor and zip ...infinity miles per gallon. My tires ...uite worn smooth, so you'd better ... a few blowouts, and chances are ... a rear spring passing through ...ttes. Now, my wife and I plan to ...s Angeles July 20th (at about 8:03½ ...M.), driving to Dubuque, returning ...st 2d. Allowing an average $5.37 ...or tourist cabins and $6.84 a day ...s, the big question for the mathe- ...machine is: Can we afford to go? ...ntally, we're going to Dubuque to ...mother-in-law, so I'll appreciate it ...achine turns up a negative answer.

BOB SWEENEY, Los Angeles, Calif.

VOICE OF GLAMOR

...DITOR: You and Prof. Dr. Ingrid ... are being suggested to the White ...nd the Hill as Co-ordinator and Co-Co-ordinator to administrate the Voice of America, etc., due to your recent editorial (Prof. Dr. Ingrid Bergman, May 24th) but are cautioned to spend less than $31,000,000 per annum on the job.

WILLIAM YALE SMILEY,
Washington, D. C.

OUR FAR-FLUNG CRITICS

DEAR EDITOR: In your April 12th editorial To Whom It May Concern you call lies the anti-American propaganda, but in The Week's Mail yourself make a wrong American propaganda when saying that Graham Bell got the idea for the telephone and that in 1874 the human voice was first carried over a wire. As a matter of fact, the telephone was invented by Antonio Meucci, an Italian, in 1857.

ALBERTO DE AZEVEDO, Lisbon, Portugal

WALLACE IN WONDERLAND

DEAR EDITOR: Many dislike the Truman Doctrine, and the number is increasing daily. Now comes the Wallace Doctrine—"World Peace"—which more and more people are coming not only to believe, but to demand.

You may heap all the calumniations upon him you choose, but Henry Wallace will be remembered long after you are forgotten (Hollering Henry, May 31st).

As a veteran of three wars, I have been sadly disillusioned. If Henry Wallace is the only one with the will and moral courage to attempt to lead us out of the mess we are now in, I am for him.

RICHARD ROWLES, Wollaston, Mass.

. . . High time this menace to America was put in his place. Give a dog rope enough and he'll hang himself and that is just what he has done.

ARTHUR WILLIAM ROW,
New York, N. Y.

DUMB BUNNIES

DEAR SIR: The story Come Into The Garden, Mrs. Broshotsky (May 24th) by Lester Atwell is expertly done, and according to my observation exactly to the situation. Now write one about the howl of schools and schoolteachers about shortages. There isn't any great shortage of teachers—just too many kids attending school over their heads mentally. My observation has been about 80 per cent of kids cannot take the teaching of the 8th grade. The children should be taken out of book schools and given manual and menial training.

PAT C. HERRINGTON, Little Rock, Ark.

UNTRUMANITE

DEAR EDITORS: Mr. Frank Gervasi's A President Grows Up (May 24th) places Mr. Truman on the 399th floor, way up in sky, where no adequate foundation is provided to sustain the illusion.

What has raised Truman's present rating is that he has read of the attributes of Coolidge, and has adopted the clamlike silence.

Mr. Truman has been playing ball with the Republicans since he took office. Roosevelt assumes greater stature each day. He bucked a disproportionate opposition with not much assistance.

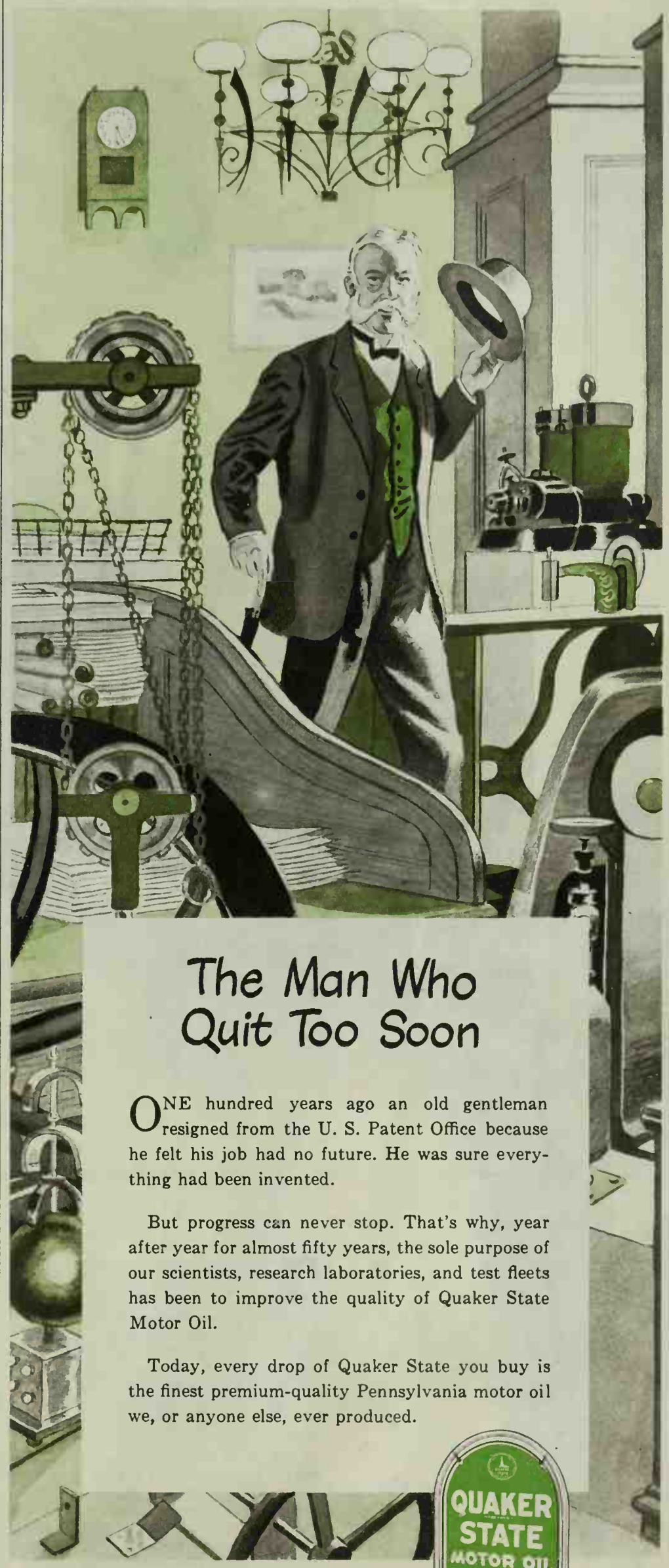
R. A. LEITCH, Sherman, Texas

COO ÇOO!

DEAR EDITOR: Doesn't Ed Lanham know that pigeons *don't* hop? See first paragraph of the new serial, Politics Is Murder (May 31st). If Ed doesn't know his bird life —I wonder if he knows his politics? For your information pigeons blop—not hop.

ROBERT GREENKER, New York, N. Y.

Mr. Lanham's pigeons, being mad, hopped. Ordinarily they grop, flop, snop, pop, scrop, phnop, and plopp—the latter should they be people-toed. We never heard of a pigeon blopping.



The Man Who Quit Too Soon

ONE hundred years ago an old gentleman resigned from the U. S. Patent Office because he felt his job had no future. He was sure everything had been invented.

But progress can never stop. That's why, year after year for almost fifty years, the sole purpose of our scientists, research laboratories, and test fleets has been to improve the quality of Quaker State Motor Oil.

Today, every drop of Quaker State you buy is the finest premium-quality Pennsylvania motor oil we, or anyone else, ever produced.

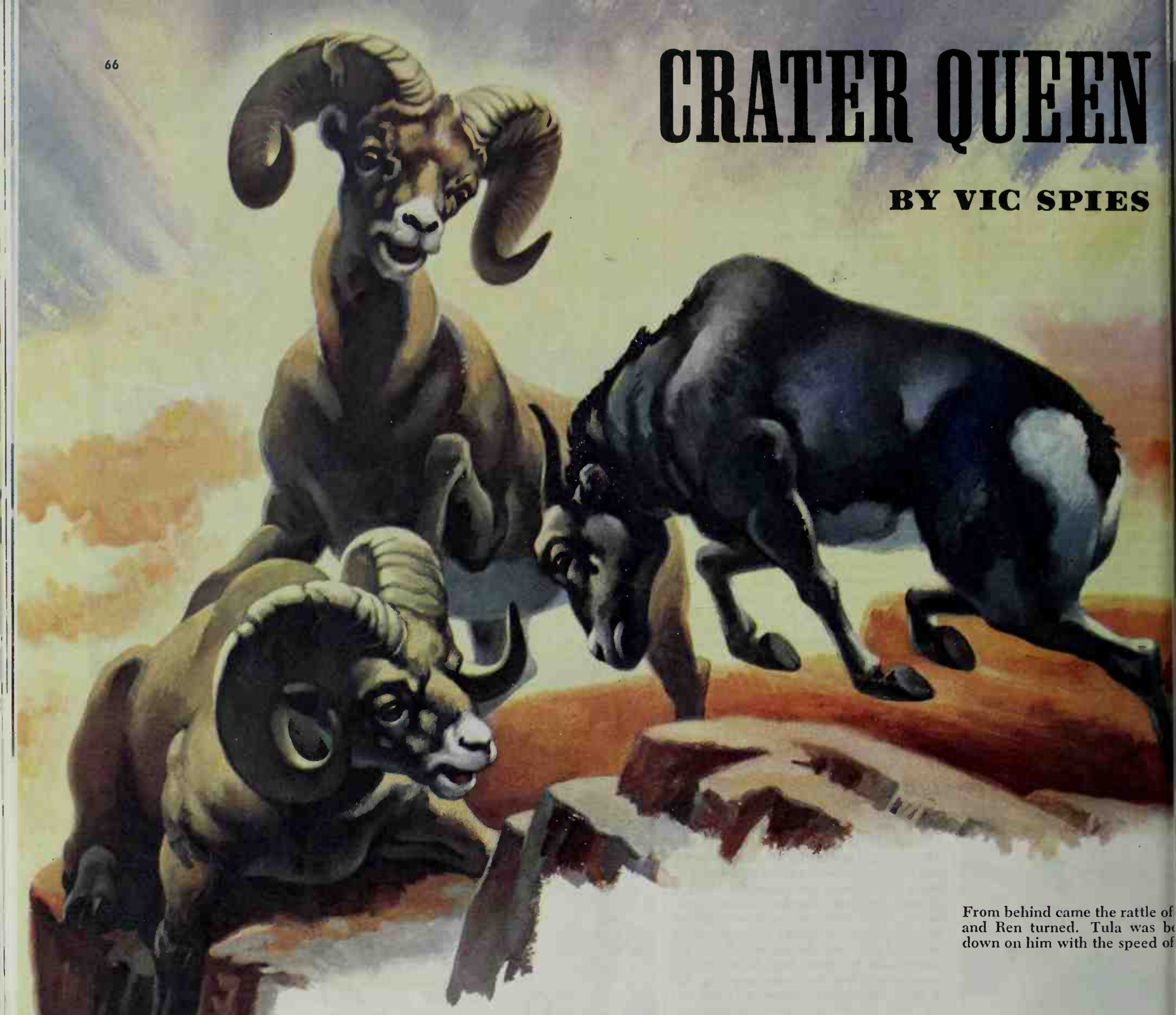


Quaker State Oil Refining Corp.
Oil City, Pa.

MEMBER PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION

CRATER QUEEN

BY VIC SPIES



From behind came the rattle of
and Ren turned. Tula was b
down on him with the speed of

Never before had a female ruled the flock in the primitive volcanic world

THE rain came suddenly and with hurricane fury. Whipped up out of the Pacific, it pounded across the dunes and lashed at the lava field, howling into the deepest craters. Pinecate's red serrated peak and glazed arroyos seemed to vanish before the onslaught.

North Crater's huge volcanic hollow was a banshee bowl, its fissured walls spewing countless waterfalls that cast a fitful phosphorescent glow in the abrupt gloom. The giant saguaros, their fluted spikes spilling pearls, swelled with quick greenness; the silver cholla became newly plated; the sparse creosote bushes lifted themselves against the hammering deluge fresh and clean. And with the driving storm came a penetrating cold.

Mul, the big ewe, shivered and emitted a mournful blat. Not forty feet away the cavern in the wall yawned dry and warm. Koka the leader, Ren the belligerent and the other rams were standing shoulder to shoulder facing her. Behind them she could see the ewes, some lying down, complacently chewing their cuds while others suckled nervous lambs.

Mul's legs were spread wide over the gray form on the streaming alkali. The new lamb didn't move.

Koka snorted. Only one thing could come of it. The newborn, if it lived at all, would die. No four-footed creature was so susceptible to pneumonia as the desert bighorn lamb. Too many times had he seen this dread thing take toll of his flock. Little white bones that the buzzards had left still lay on the crater floor.

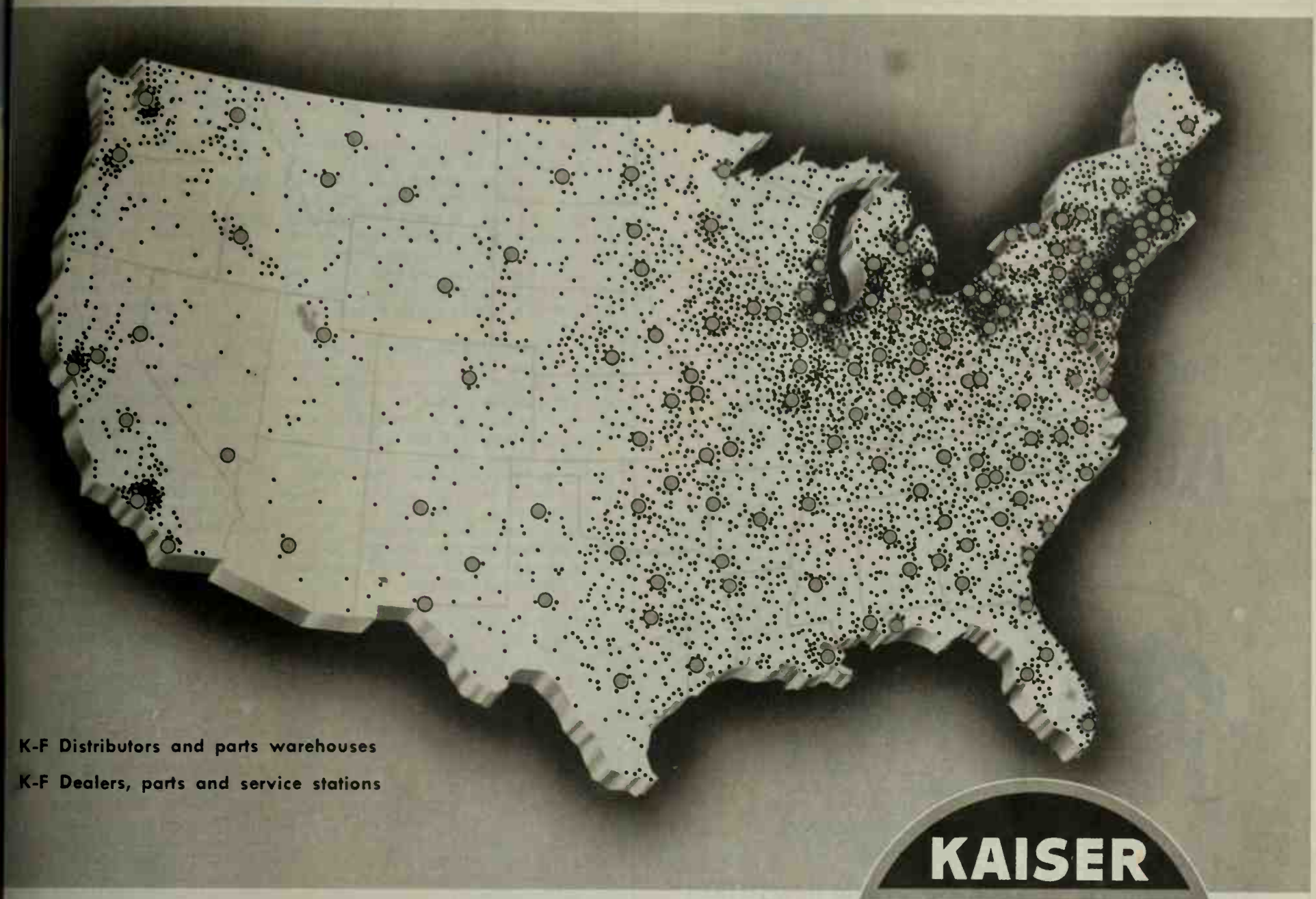
The leader of the flock stamped his splayed hoofs angrily. But Mul didn't move, except to look down at the sodden, still form curled under her. Never in the long years had she lost a lamb. Always before she had gone to the cavern in time. But the thick February shoots of Mexican salt grass in the center of the crater had temptingly tender—and the storm struck without warning. She b herself now against a churning that brought a new wall of wat

Koka's bellow was lost in the His lead ewe standing out in th over a doomed if not already lamb! He tossed the great coil horns. Ren, the belligerent one, scious of his future leadership, b Koka importantly. Already irri Koka turned and rammed him s against his lesser brothers and jaw-champing humility.

This reminder that he was leader had become more and necessary of late. Koka had not by his position lightly or held it ease. It had been a constant str to hold the flock and this great craters in the north end of the flo

Only one crater in the whole field was larger—South Crater, e miles away where Jutta, the big

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER



KAISER

FACTORY-APPROVED PARTS AND

SERVICE

FRAZER

Wherever you go— YOU GET EXPERT KAISER AND FRAZER SERVICE

—FROM ONE OF THE FOUR LARGEST DEALER ORGANIZATIONS IN THE WORLD

No matter where you go, you'll find carefully selected dealers with the most modern equipment, ready to service your Kaiser or Frazer automobile with genuine factory parts and approved procedures. These dealers are backed by the training and resources of an experienced factory organization—with one of the finest service schools in America.

Visit your nearby Kaiser-Frazer dealer today. Learn how well prepared he is to give expert service on *all* makes of automobiles. Let him check the condition of your present car. He'll be glad to give you an estimate, without obligation.



FACTORY-TRAINED SERVICE MEN

Service personnel comes to Willow Run from every state in the Union for a thorough course of instruction. The factory training school is your assurance that in the service departments of the thousands of Kaiser-Frazer dealers you will find uniformly excellent service.

ACT Athletic... FEEL Athletic...



But don't have

"Athletic Aroma"



Avoid Offending—Use Barbasol's Great New LOTION

Unless you're a woman-hating hermit this means *you*, mister. Your old friends the Barbasol skin scientists have created another great product. A few drops each day, where needed, now *prevent* "Athletic Aroma." You don't even have to be an athlete to be guilty, and no soap stops it long. Barbasol Lotion Deodorant is the result of an entirely new ingredient. No muss, no goo...*lotion*. Easy to use, magic in effect, harmless to skin and clothes. Evaporates promptly, but results last. Sold wherever you buy Barbasol. Use it *tonight!*

39¢ PLUS TAX



Confidentially —

Barbasol

LOTION DEODORANT

Checks Perspiration

No brush • No lather • No rub-in

Keep brushless with . . .



The world's largest selling shave cream

No pull • No pain • No sting

Stay smooth longer with . . .



15 for 25¢

Super-sharp!

he saw summers on the Pinecate heights, held sway. Koka had never been to South Crater but his scarred frame and the size of his flock attested to his masterful reign of the north.

He wheeled back. Through the din of storm there came to his ears a quavering bleat.

And then the curled mass that was Tula stirred and Mul stepped aside. Slowly the lamb uncurled, looked half blindly about, bleated again and staggered to its feet. It stood without help, four hoofs wide, all legs and head, shivering in the brittle cold—the largest and strangest lamb Koka had ever seen. And then, as if the fact that it was alive and had got up was not enough, it took a step forward.

Step by step the old ewe was enticing the tottering thing toward the shelter. With infinite patience she brought it into the cavern and to the far wall where she took up the task of drying its strange bedraggled body with her coarse tongue.

Koka edged forward, his flat nose twitching. What he had seen was enough, but to watch the little creature already suckling was too much. For the moment the roar and the downpour milling through the crater was forgotten. Slowly, he stretched out his crinkled nose and sniffed the musky miracle.

AND Tula lived. The heretofore inexorable rule of things had been confounded. In three months she stood head above any of the other lambs. Where they were brown like the ancient lava flows, her slim body stood out gray against the blasted surroundings. Her knees were less bulky; her eyes milky instead of brown. And where the horns of the others were still negligible lumps hers had already broken through.

She kept the older members on constant guard against her unexpected attacks from some cactus or lava ambush. She led the young ones in such a whirlwind of gamboling that they staggered from exhaustion. The whole flock eyed her with bewilderment.

In May the sky grew daily more vivid and glassy. The four-hundred-foot walls of the crater seemed to imprison the heat. And as it danced in waves the little salt grass remaining turned brown and lifeless. The shrinking cactus became tough and woody, defying the shredding of hoof and horn. Shortly North Crater would be a sweltering caldron.

Outside, the high peaks were caressed by the gulf breeze. There the vegetation was succulent and the flies did not gather with irritating insistence.

Koka, growing increasingly more restless, lifted his huge head sharply as a sudden blast of hot air wheeled through the crater. With a bellow, he trotted to the wall where the trail began its zigzag course from ledge to ledge upward to the rim and the world beyond.

Ren raced forward quickly. In single file the rest followed—up and up, the ewes nosing their young against the wall away from the sheer drop.

Leaping lightly and surely over the spots from which the other lambs had to be boosted, Tula looked up and saw the line meandering far above. This was something new and the lambs ahead hindered progress. She ducked under Mul's restraining nose and bolted.

Recklessly she bounded ahead, Mul's blat of resentment only quickening her ambition to escape. The ewes planted themselves squarely in her path but, kicking, butting and bleating, she pushed by. And the more she was obstructed the more insistent she became. She had had her own way on the crater floor and she would have it here. There was no stopping her.

Not even the three lesser rams acted quickly enough to halt her. Only Ren made any worth-while bid. He struck suddenly, his sharp hoof sending her staggering back down the slanting shelf. She stood a moment, trembling, stopped and was looking back ing her head, she rushed hin

It was a glancing blow. along his half-turned body a wall. His rough horns raked pulled herself up to find Koka alone blocking the trail.

She glanced around. The ba one was coming, his head throat rumbling. Before she he hit her. Like a shot she forward, crashed between legs and ended on her skinne der his belly.

Koka snorted and wheele horns. Seeing only Ren, he ward and brought his forefe the great flat head of the belli Sparks flew.

And so did Tula. Free now forward. Almost instantly th ished into a red jumble that a ragged, shimmering horizo gained the rim of North Crat first time in Koka's reign an he had led the flock into the c

Restraint was now useles made her way to the front, hold her back in the wide rea flow.

Koka soon gave up. It took his strength to curb Ren's g rogance. He was not so young and it was more important check the ambitious Ren than young Tula.

And thus Tula took her p Ren alone offering contest. I ment at seeing a lamb out in fr cially a ewe—was undying. his crafty strategy worked her the flock where he bore sava upon her. Her escapes high o pings that defied hold for his and her triumphant bleats only incense him further. But fro tacks she learned ceaseless vigi reliance.

FORTY miles from North Pinecates thrust their rag against the hot sky. Here the were festooned with green, sw and barrel cactus offered drin was shade under the scrub ced cooling wind from the gulf that its blue arm beyond the sand du west.

It was a mighty world, burn the sun and the smelting of cent when it flowed with molten fir impassable gorges, patched w swept glaciers—fused honeyco razor edges—its three-hundred der was saucered with gigant like black ice. Everywhere w marks of blowholes and cra largest of these at the upper e North Crater. The even greate of South Crater, where Jutta h rose at the other end of the flow

Jutta, too, was on the peaks his flock. Tula saw him one silhouetted on Pinecate's sum was greater than either Ren or K something in his regal pose ten challenge within her. But Koka ing movement away from the p dued the impulse. The two floc mix. Both leaders were too co occupied with their own rams additional conquest.

The heat past and November growing in velocity, Koka gave h ing command of descent. Shoul to Ren now and quick as lig pranced ahead, the way firml lished in her quick memory.

The rains came and still she gr horns were long and straight an and when lowered were formida gers that even Ren had learned to

But the belligerent one, though not yet challenged Koka for lea refused to look upon her with ceptance of the others. It was t mated and he bent himself to a



0 PROOF

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL

"There is nothing better in the market"

N-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INCORPORATED, AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



TAKE THE DRAG OFF Your MOTOR

Do things really happen when you step on the accelerator? Or is your motor dragging a heavy load of gum, varnish and sludge? Better drop that drag . . . it's dangerous! These stubborn enemies of motor efficiency cause costly breakdowns as well as power loss. Free your car for summer driving fun with the famous additive . . .

MARVEL MYSTERY OIL

Add Marvel to your motor oil and gasoline, too . . . it goes to work fast, cleaning sticky valves, oil lines and pump screens. Your motor leaps into new life as gummy chains dissolve from rings and pistons. And it will be a longer service life because Marvel strengthens all lubricants and guards against excessive wear. Even in sizzling upper cylinder zones, Marvel spreads its tough protective film. For carefree summer driving, get Marvel Mystery Oil with your gas and oil! It is backed by the one guarantee that means positive results . . . more than 20 years of sensational performance. Emerol Mfg. Co., Inc., 242 W. 69th St., New York 23, N. Y.



ASK ABOUT THE MARVEL INVERSE OILER



Easily, swiftly installed on car, truck, tractor, bus or stationary engine, it meters Marvel Mystery Oil directly to critical upper cylinder ports according to engine requirements. Protect your motor's danger zone with this compact, top cylinder auxiliary lubrication system.

purpose in subduing her. Once she was overcome, her spirit would be broken.

It wasn't a simple task. Pounding in sudden pursuit across the crater floor, his heavy horns cut down his speed. Straight to the wall she would race, and retreating safely into a crevice, she would meet him with the ready spikes.

His perseverance, however, and her unnatural penchant for browsing in the rain, reached the inevitable climax.

It was a cold, drizzling afternoon and she was feeding near the west wall. Ren, slipping out of the cavern, was upon her before she knew it, battering her with a mighty lunge of his horns. She kicked with all her strength and her frantic blatting echoed through the crater, but to no avail.

Her temper rose as she watched him trot back to the others with arched neck. Wheeling in quick circles, she made short rushes of defiance toward the cavern, ending her demonstrations with great slashes pawed in the wet earth.

For days she browsed at a distance and even Ren knew better than to approach. But he strutted endlessly, a source of maddening irritation. Coupled with the flock's docile manner of acceptance, it presaged disaster. And the symptoms developed quickly. With each strut Ren swung sharply toward Koka. Always the old leader managed to set himself in time, but his movements were growing slow and ponderous. Once Ren caught him unprepared, Koka was doomed. After that the belligerent one's arrogance would become unbearable. And there was nothing that could prevent it, short of a miracle.

THE miracle came just before dawn. At first a whirlpool of warm air churned through the hollow, cutting into the cold morning stillness. Behind it came a distant rumbling that grew steadily in volume. Leaping to her feet, Tula raced from the wall. The crater floor rolled like a heavy sea, and a bottomless fissure opened and closed before her as she slid to a paralyzed stop. The great heights swayed inward, sending tons of lava from the rim, and the air became suddenly thick and acrid with sulphur fumes.

Terror rocked the world, clutching at her, impeding her breathing—and spilled the flock from the cavern in aimless flight. Again and again the floor heaved, the din of tumbling rock and screaming air currents filling the crater. To this the flock added its blatting of mortal fear, above which came Koka's commanding bellows and pounding hoofs. He dashed among them, butting and striking, driving the frantic, widespread band together.

Swinging herself into the old one's titanic effort, Tula saw Ren racing madly for the trail. Back and forth she galloped, turning the panic-stricken, ramming the petrified, until the last one had started up the reeling ledges. Ren and the lesser rams had already vanished over the rim.

She pulled up, waiting for weary and wheezing old Koka to begin the ascent. But he just stood there gasping the suffocating air and gazing at the climbing line. She nosed him impatiently to move on up. Instead, he turned and loped heavily back toward the cavern. And there, when they reached it, stood Mul with her forefeet crushed in the vise of a crevice that had opened and closed.

Moving in, Koka nuzzled his old mate. Sick with agony, Mul moaned and licked him in return with her coarse dry tongue. Again and again Tula trotted to the opening, blatting back over her shoulder. But Koka did not notice. Bracing himself beside Mul he tried to pull her bleeding legs from the vise with the sweep of his horns.

And thus Koka died with his lead ewe in North Crater. Tula could feel the tremor coming. The floor began to undulate again, the walls leaned, starting to crumble. She dashed into the open just as the roof of the cavern dropped in a cloud of nostril-stinging dust.

Up the trail she bounded, great slabs whistling past from above, the ledges shaling off beneath her flying feet. The last of the flock to make the exodus, she was also the last sheep ever to cross the gargantuan rim of North Crater. Barely had her trim legs carried her over it when the walls of the big pit leaned inward, hung for a moment at the tip of balance and then rushed with a mighty roar to the floor. The surrounding terrain pitched wildly, putting her to her knees. North Crater was no more.

Regaining her feet, she sped on through the quickening gloom. Great billows of flame-shot smoke rolled from the cone of Pinecate. The morning sun went out behind the black curtain and in its place a ruddy glow lighted the slopes as though showing the way for a new flow. And it came—bubbling and flowing, a river of hissing liquid fire.

The air was that of a blast furnace and the sky rained stinging cinders. Only to the extreme south was there a semblance of clearness. But the trail to that region of safety led around the giant fissures straight toward the boiling cone. And so she swung west over the rumbling, tossing waste where the white dunes, now black with shadow, stretched away.

In less than a minute she came upon three of the flock ewes coughing and bleating in a huddle of stony fright. Nosing them roughly, she led on. By the time she reached the dunes she had gathered in her wake sixty-odd—strangers for the most and all heavy with lamb. Deserted by their unencumbered rams, they saw leadership in her strange gray form and positive action.

For two days they floundered through the lifeless sandy realm. With the eruptions diminishing and the towering billows receding, the sun came out, a terrible fire in itself. But with endless force she brought them, bleating with thirst, to the mesquite-bordered sloughs of the gulf.

Driven from their natural summer highlands, they foraged through the hot months at the gulf's edge. The breezes were even cooler than they had been on the peaks. And the feed was better. But Tula soon learned why the rams always led upward instead of down.

Here the coyotes howled through the night and made stealthy raids upon the flock. Her sleep broken continuously by blats of terror, she grew gaunt and jumpy. But she retained relentless reign. Not even Koka could have done better.

And no ram had shown up. First in flight, they had gained the craters of the south region and suffered the heat through. Drawn together at first by fear, with the return of familiar silence they once more resumed their tempers.

REN, his arrogance growing, was the first to assert himself. But finding he was no match for the massed front of the others, he moved off in rumbling rage on his own, wandering west to the wave of blocks heaped against the dunes.

It was here Tula met him one cloudy November noon as she led the flock back through the barrier.

Ren stared, motionless. There was no mistaking Tula's gray shape. And with her were some of the old band—and others, fat and strong—a flock greater than Koka himself had ever known! He stepped forward to take command.

Tula stopped, spraddle-legged, facing the ruthless renegade. It was inevitable that some ram should join them—but not this one! Great head or not, the hour had come. Spikes lowered, she shot forward.

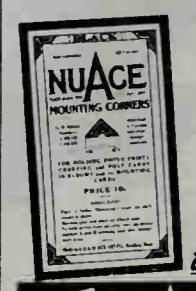
It was like ramming one of the gigantic blocks. Her right horn split and snapped off at the middle. A terrible pain streaking through her neck, she folded up under his huge head. The next instant he had lifted her in the cradle of his horns





"But when I took this picture, he was from school. NuAce Snapshot Moun *have protected every precious snapshot o all these years."*

NuAce Corners are quick, easy to use, a embossed. They stay glued, but permit i of the snapshot. A the better Mountir 5c and 10c stores or ite film counter. A colors for only 10c 100; 60 for 10c in



ACE ART CO., REA

BEFORE IT'S LOST O

MOUNT IT WITH NUACE Snapshot Moun

her into the near-by jumble. atched him paw the lava and hile emitting bellows of vic- hen, roughing the older ewes , he marched off. The flock

of her right horn oozing a lifted her bruised body cling the flock, she hit Ren a blow in the shoulder. But ent down, and again he tossed im.

re she watched them move through the glazed patches upheaval toward the mam- w of South Crater. Back to me the fullness of his old ar- d it increased with every step. was the greatest flock in the e was only one place for such uth Crater.

g with hate, Tula staggered p and jogged forward. Three e ensuing hour she swept out ble at Ren and three times he crashing back, weaker than

ter the last ewe had trailed . now, she lay gazing at her undings. This was her reward. a natural one. Constant dom- s essential to leadership. The nothing else. . . .

was struggling for its last a long cloud bank and a chill- histled through the flow. It ffort to get up this time. The had stiffened her but it had haled strength. She trotted kwardly, sniffing the trail, but hore limber with each passing

ng an escarpment she pulled Not fifty yards away yawned y hollow of South Crater. And Ren and Jutta were facing each ortal combat.

Ren spread the flock—her hile at Jutta's back huddled his en band. With Jutta's flock, were three rams, stamping tossing their heads, anxious to id. But whenever one of them ward, he was met by a slashing massive leader intended beat- ntruder by himself—as Koka s done in the north flow.

ta was old. Time and again he great head, dust flying, the thuds echoing into the crater. a, Jutta had retained mastery flock but he was no match for ful stranger.

en suddenly, before any battle gnitude should have reached a e end came.

by Ren's vicious pile-driving ta slipped and sagged to his knees. In his anxiety to regain his feet he raised his head too high. Boring in, Ren rammed his horns in the old one's chest, pushed him back on his haunches and across the slick face of the lava toward the precipice.

The young rams instantly lost all desire to enter the fray. They snorted and plunged through the petrified ewes to safety.

Steadily, relentlessly, Ren drove the unfooted Jutta down the glassy, slanting rock. Body braced, leaning ever forward, he pushed on—one, two, three feet. And then, with Jutta's rump not six inches from the awful drop, he ceased his gruesome labors and threw up his head. From one side came the rattle of flying hoofs.

He turned, but too late. The battered head he had given Tula was bearing down on him with the speed of wind and the dire promise of a juggernaut. It caught him midriff, sending him floundering past Jutta's beaten body to the brink. For a breathless moment he pawed at the slick surface—and then plunged with a terrified bellow into space.

SILENCE, eerie and measureless, rushed through the flow. Jutta looked up with tired eyes at the gray form before him. Cautiously, Tula touched her crinkled nose to his and bleated. He rumbled in return but made no effort to rise and she struck out with a forefoot until he staggered up and limped to safety.

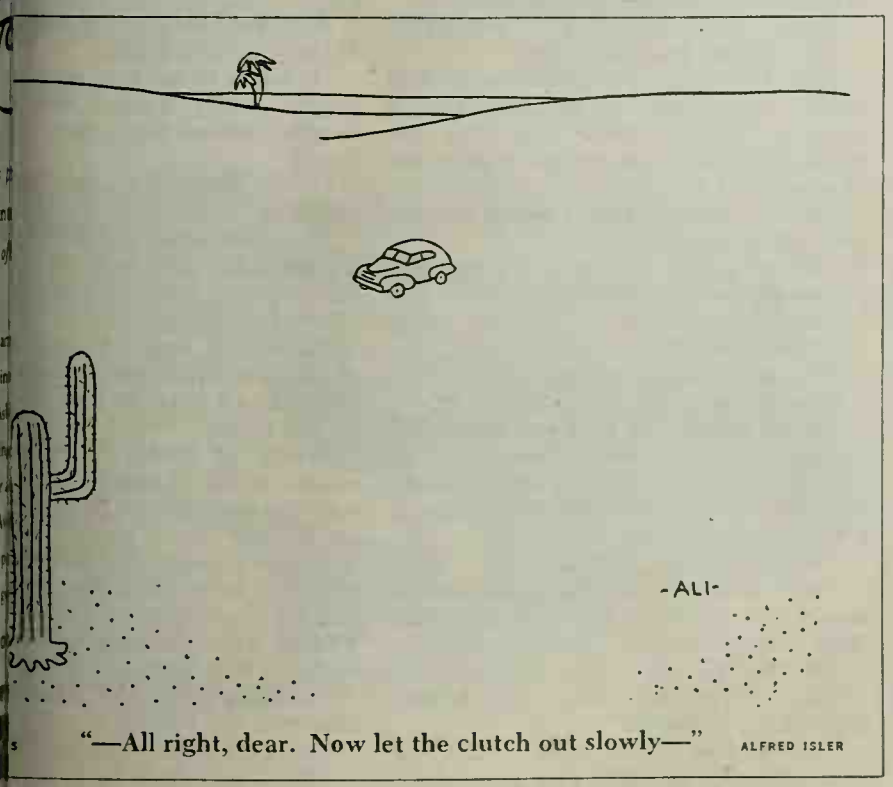
The three young rams working their way back through the flock she routed in a single snorting rush. She looked about then while the sun cast one last ray that reflected redly from her eyes. The next moment dusk fell, mantled heavily by the gathering storm. A cold gust whipped in from the west.

Jutta was moving lamely toward the first ledge of the descent. She turned, shouldered him to one side and took the lead.

Down, down she went into the great bowl, behind her Jutta and the long line of her flock, then the three rams and Jutta's flock. Her flock and Jutta's flock —all one now. The mightiest flock the lava world had ever known.

Reaching the floor she jogged along the well-defined trail to the mammoth cavern in the far wall. But she did not enter. Stepping to one side, with Jutta at her heels, she stood erect, nose up, proud, her eyes straight ahead while the long line filed past into the shelter. And Jutta, sensing the queenly in her battered, regal bearing, echoed her snort of victory with a bellow that rolled upward through South Crater and went winging off into the night.

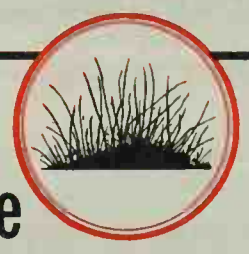
THE END



"—All right, dear. Now let the clutch out slowly—" ALFRED ISLER

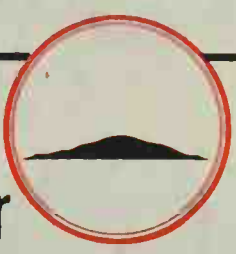


Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot "Bugs" on contact!



Before

This picture, magnified hundreds of times, of the parasitic growth which causes Athlete's Foot was made *before* contact with Absorbine Jr. This growth lives on stale perspiration products and dead skin . . . the real cause of the pain and misery of Athlete's Foot.



After

This is a picture, same magnification, of the Athlete's Foot organisms, *after* contact with Absorbine Jr. See how this parasitic growth has wilted and died. No longer can it irritate delicate nerve endings and cause that maddening "itchiness" and excruciating pain!



Cracks warn of danger

Warmth and excessive perspiration between your toes invite Athlete's Foot! This common summer condition irritates the tender skin often to the point where it cracks and flakes away in moist shreds. Then the ever-present organisms which are the cause of Athlete's Foot, multiply and attack the raw flesh through the open cracks! Every step is agony!



Drench those cracks

Apply Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning, at the first sign of cracked skin between the toes. It kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact. To guard against re-infection: Don't share towels or bath mats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the organisms. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases consult your physician.

Absorbine Jr. also benefits you four other important ways:

1. It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging future attacks of Athlete's Foot.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
3. It cleanses and helps heal broken tissue.
4. It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.



Daily hygiene! You can help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet *every day!* Cooling and refreshing after bathing. Absorbine Jr. has also been famous for more than 50 years for relieving sore aching muscles. At all drugstores. $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

TAWN

introduces 6 ways to brighten a man's face... and his future!



Grumpy after fighting your face with a razor every morning?

TAWN BRUSHLESS SHAVE delivers a fast, smooth shave by removing whiskers' oil film to speed beard softening. Won't clog razor, rinses off easily..... 50¢

TAWN AFTER SHAVE LOTION soothes and cools with a bracing tingle. Tones up the skin, helps heal razor nicks.. 75¢*





Fearful that unpleasant body odor is offending others?

TAWN COLOGNE DEODORANT is doubly effective against body odors — for it checks perspiration as it deodorizes..... 75¢*

TAWN TALC has a fresh, clean bouquet both men and women like. Its fine-ground texture blends with skin tones .... 50¢*





Self-conscious about dandruff and "bird's nest" hair?

TAWN HAIR DRESSING lusterizes hair, keeps it in place without leaving it greasy or sticky. Won't soil hatbands or linens.... 75¢*

TAWN SHAMPOO loosens stubborn dandruff, cleans the scalp. Lathers profusely in hot or cold, hard or soft water..... 50¢



*Plus federal tax



P. S. TO CAREFUL BUYERS
The finest ingredients go into TAWN'S sensible containers. These ingredients are costly, but the containers are not. Result? *Top-drawer quality at rock-bottom prices.*

A McKESSON & ROBBINS PRODUCT

TAWN toiletries for men

AT DRUG COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

THE FEELING IS MUTUAL

Continued from page 15

There is a silence on the other end of the wire.

"Mabel?" I says.

"I heard you," she says, "and after hearin' you, I ain't made up my mind yet if I'm ever gonna speak to you again. But until I make up my mind, I can tell you it's like a fairy story, honest."

"The dream?" I says.

"The dream is a secret," she says, "only the interpretation is what counts. The future is me and Bud Simmons, with the dimples. I can hardly believe it."

"You mean they had his name in the book?" I says.

"They never use names," she says, "but it's clear enough. This is my destiny."

"But, baby!" I says. I'm beginnin' to wake up. "How about me?"

"You?" she says, with a dreamy sound in her voice. "I just made up my mind. I ain't talkin' to you." And she hangs up.

The rest of the night I don't sleep so good. I think about what she said, and the dreams, and any way I look at it, it looks like the end of a beautiful mutual interest between her and me.

YOU know what they say about salt. How it never rains but it pours? It starts pourin' salt right after this. For the next couple of days I keep callin' up Mabel to see if I can straighten it out with her, only she won't even come to the telephone. And on top of this, my favorite baseball team, the Dodgers, start losin'.

Every afternoon I got the Dodger game tuned in on the radio in my hack, and every afternoon it's the same thing. Sure, every team's gotta lose a couple, once in a while. Only the way the Dodgers are goin' at it is overdoin' the thing, if you know what I mean. They're in first place, all right, only the first thing I know they ain't in front by four games any more, it's only one game. And they're still losin'. If them bums the St. Looeys could win a couple of more games, they would be in first place instead of the Dodgers.

It's a bad week. My girl ain't talkin' to me, my baseball team is losin' its pants. I ain't even sure my girl friend is my girl friend. And it begins to look like my ball team ain't a ball team.

Then this one day I'm down at the hackstand in my hack, listenin' to the ball game on the radio and it ain't no different from the rest of the days. It's the top of the eighth, five to two favor the Chicagos, when a guy sticks his head out of the candy store and yells at me.

"Hey, Joe," he yells. "Somebody wants you on the telephone."

"All I get on the telephone is bad news," I says, but I go in and answer it anyway. When I hear who's on the phone, I practically forget about the Dodgers and everything.

"Mabel!" I says. That's who it is. "Are you talkin' to me?"

"But certainly," she says. "I was just wonderin' how you been lately."

"Wonderful," I says. "How are you?"

"Fine," she says.

The conversation pauses.

"Joey," she says.

"Yeah, baby? I'm glad you decided to forget about what I said," I says.

"Oh, that," she says. "I guess you can't help it if you ain't a perfect gentleman. I was just wonderin', Joey."

"Yeah?"

"Now that we're friends again, and all that, I was wonderin' how you feel about goin' to see a baseball game."

"A ball game?" I says. "Sure, any time! Are you really interested in baseball after all, Mabel?"

"But certainly," she says. "It's a mutual interest, ain't it? You know what Stan Musial batted last[y]e sixty-five."

"Whadid you say?" I sa[y].

"And Max Lanier wo[n] none," she says, "befor[e] Mexico."

I'm a baseball fan, and[d] of averages, but I gotta ad[mit] to me. Comin' from Ma[bel], over it.

"How about tomorrow?[']

"Okay," I says.

"That's fine, Joey," she [s]y Kurowski .301 last year. [I]t good, isn't it?"

"Fair," I says, "but I [m]y you. I'll see you tomorr[ow]."

I hang up, and I can't g[o] like they say about it's a[n] before daylight. One min[ute] than a snake's belly. Then Mabel calls up, and every[t]i again and she's a real ball [a]t night, givin' me the averag[e] thing.

I go back to the cab, wh[ich] and walkin' on a cloud. Th[e] on, and the announcer is st[ill]

"And there goes another record book for the Dodge[rs] ing. Even that don't bother[me]

"Just wait'll tomorrow," laugh when I think about h[ow] couraged about a team like[that]

"And don't fail to be w[ith] row," the announcer says, hard-driving St. Louis Ca[rds] out to Ebbets Field for a[ll] place. And say—if you're driving with your shaving, thing you—"

He goes ahead with the stuff, only I ain't listenin' [any]cause suddenly the cloud c[ame] standin' lets go and I hit t[he] with a bump.

Because that's when I ge[t] Looeys are playin' the Do[d]row. I suddenly remember players Mabel quoted me a[s] are St. Looey players. Bud [is] St. Looey player, also.

For the first time in my lookin' forward to seein' play ball.

THE next day we're at th[e] anyways. This time we a[re] no box, because I hadda pay We're pretty far back in the l[ot] but the only difference is th[at] mons looks a little smaller we're sittin'. He still looks g[ood] bel.

Also, the Dodgers are still Mabel can notice this.

"It seems to me that your playin' pretty lousy," she they're behind four runs i[n] inning.

"It's a slump," I says, "o[r] somethin'."

"Bud Simmons is batting season so far," she says. It's t[rue] she mentions him but she'd b[e] at him right along.

"Good for Bud," I says. much fight left in me. I feel I fell like all I can do now is for the finish.

"Look at Buddy," she s[ays] waitin' to bat. Look how ale[rt] with the dimples, and everyt[hing] on, Buddy!" she yells.

It don't seem dignified f[or] friend to be hollerin' for this but I figure I can't do nothi[ng] The St. Looeys come out o[n] with this Bud Simmons at first

"Look at him now," Mabel blue eyes are shinin'.

"He ain't doin' anything," I

"But look how he's putt

ne says. "Come on, St. Looey!"
:l!" I says. I can't believe my
o you know what you're sayin'?"
: on, St. Looey!" she yells again.
ning is, up to there she's just
bout Bud Simmons, who is just
dual. But now she's yellin' for
y. My team is the Dodgers.
the only one hears her. When
ells, you can hear her clear out
sie, almost. Half the stands gets
starts lookin' around, mutterin'
ho's the wise guy yellin' for St.

el, sit down," I says. "People are
around." She don't pay no at-

mpire at the plate calls a sour one
Wee Reese. The Dodgers man-
mes out of the dugout to
n him out on his mistake. Mabel
feet again.
w the bum out!" she hollers.
?" I says.
manager!" she says.
el!" I says. "What are you say-

e on, St. Looey!" she yells.
ere and I know that it's the end.
Mabel, and suddenly she looks
ranger to me. A St. Looey fan.
we continue on like we usta? I
A St. Looey fan and a Dodger
re ain't no mutual interest there.
in can't meet, like they say.
here, with the crowd yellin' and
', and I never felt so low in my
ter all, I been goin' steady with
or almost six years, already. Only
Dodger fan for maybe fifteen
d that's what does it.
to Mabel. I says, "Mabel, I
k to you for a minute." I might
et it over with, I figure.
in't listenin'. She's up on her
lin' at somethin' goin' on on the
ook down to see what's goin' on.
s goin' on is plenty. The game
d, and a Dodger coach is over at
e. Two umpires are out there,
St. Looey manager, and this Bud
s, the first baseman, and every-
arguin'. This Simmons puts his
the Dodger coach's chest, and
n a push.
" I says bitterly. "Who's a
ck now?" I hear no reply and
und. Mabel ain't sittin' next to
nore.
the crowd yell farther down the
I take a look and I can see a red-
shin' through the crowd toward
behind the St. Looey dugout.

The next thing I see is this figure emergin' on the field, on its way over to first.

"Mabel!" I yell. Everybody else is yellin' too, so she don't hear me. I get up and start out after her.

It ain't easy gettin' through the crowd, which is pushin' and shovin' like crazy. But, after takin' a beatin', I bust out in the clear, on the field. Halfway to first base I catch up with Mabel.

"Mabel," I says, "where are you goin'?"

She don't listen to me. She's got a look of determination on her face and she keeps goin' toward first base. A couple of field police come runnin' over but she brushes them off and continues.

"Mabel," I says, "whatever you're doin', you can't do this." She does it. She arrives at first base and I'm right in back of her. Some Dodgers got their faces pushed right into this Bud Simmons', and they're goin' at it hot and heavy.

"Oh, yeah?" says a Dodger.

"Yeah!" Bud Simmons says.

"Stop pickin' on Buddy," Mabel says.

THIS stops them for a minute. They all turn around and look at Mabel. Out of the corner of my eye I can see some more St. Looey players, and some more Dodgers, runnin' up to the scene. Some of them got bats.

"Mabel," I says, "come on back to our seats."

"Tell them to leave Buddy alone," she says.

"Lady," says Bud Simmons, "why don't you stay out of this?"

I can hardly hear what happens next, with everybody yellin' and all the ballplayers and everybody pushin' one another. But right up close I suddenly hear another woman's voice, yellin' like everybody else.

The next minute this woman comes bustin' through all the players who are standin' around hollerin', and walks up to Bud Simmons. In one hand she's got a little boy, and in the other hand she's got a little girl.

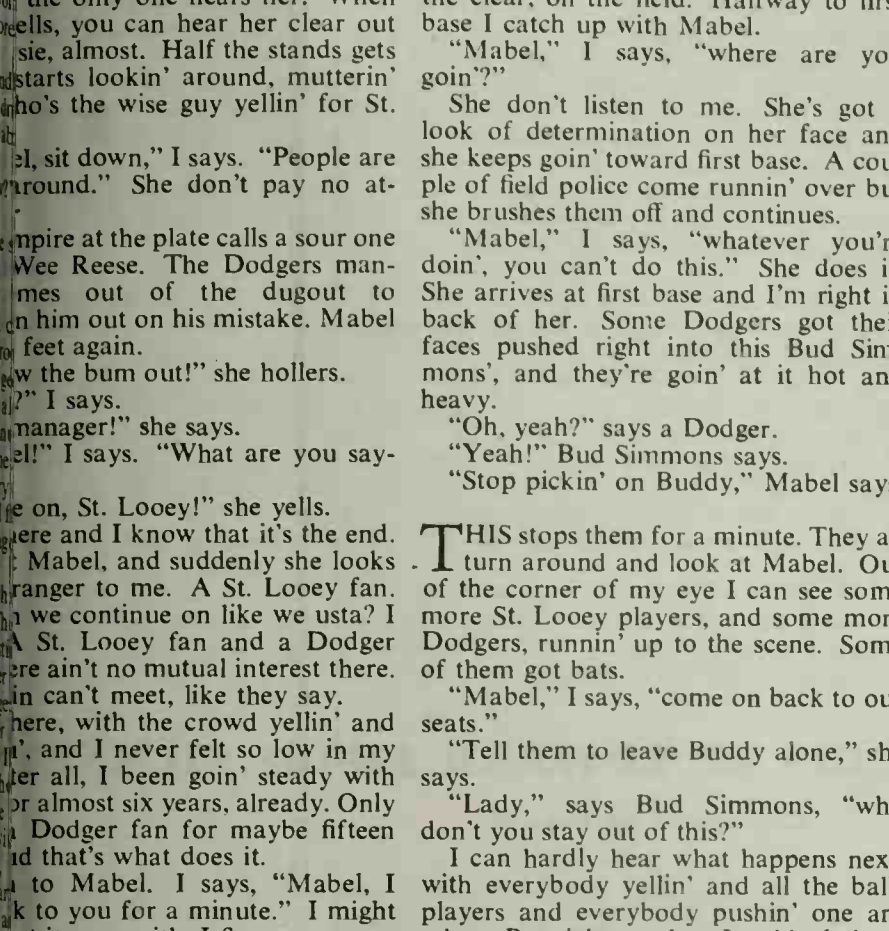
"Bud Simmons!" she says. "Who is this woman?"

"Stop pickin' on Buddy," Mabel says.

Bud Simmons gets pale. He says to Mabel, "Lady, please!" Then he says to this other woman, "Fanny, keep calm. I never seen her before in my life."

"Oh, no?" Mabel says. "How about last month when you was in my lap?"

"Lady!" Bud Simmons hollers. He turns to the other one. "Fanny, so help



When you're one down on the final hole



And a chip shot straight to the pin means the money.



Boy, oh boy! — how an Acushnet Titleist helps!



Acushnet
GOLF BALLS
SOLD THE WORLD OVER THROUGH PRO SHOPS ONLY

ACUSHNET PROCESS SALES COMPANY, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOUR DOG DOESN'T LIKE IT!

IMPROPER diet is perhaps the source of more dog ills than anything else. Unless your dog is fortified with nutritious food, he can develop or catch almost anything. Fortify him with PERK. Feed your dog PERK for a well-balanced diet and solid nourishment. Maintain his well-being. Watch his coat grow thick and glossy, with firm, luxurious hair.

A PERK Fed Dog Is A WELL Fed Dog

There's extra value in every can of PERK . . . a full 12% proteins plus plenty of vitamins and minerals. PERK satisfies your dog, too. Try this test. Feed your dog PERK. If he doesn't like PERK's meaty, juicy, natural flavor, you get double your money back.

Perk Labels are good for valuable premiums.

AT FOOD & PET STORES

PERK DOG FOOD

PERK FOODS CO., CHICAGO 10
An Affiliate of READY FOODS CANNING CORP.
Packers of Leeds Famous Canned Meals

me. This is the first time I ever seen this screwy dame!"

"Now wait a minute," I says. Maybe she ain't actin' exactly ladylike at the moment, but nobody can say that about Mabel while I'm standin' there.

Bud Simmons got a kind of wild expression.

"You stay out of this!" he yells at me.

"Whadid you call Mabel?" I says.

"I says she's a screwy dame!" he says. "Fanny," he says, "you gotta believe—" That's as far as he gets. I pull back my right, and let him have it. The punch bounces right offa his dimples, and it's a beauty. There's a roarin' in my ears, from the excitement. I watch this Bud Simmons cave in real slow, and just before he hits the dirt, he suddenly lights up, like in Technicolor. I look at Mabel, and she's lit up also. She starts dancin' around, then she stands on her head, and that's all I remember.

They tell me later one of the St. Looeys massaged me with a bat. I didn't know it at the time. . . .

When I wake up, the Technicolor is gone. Everything is plain white. I'm in the hospital. My head feels like a balloon. I look up, and in the middle of the white I see some red. Mabel's head.

"How do you feel, Joey?" she says. "Weren't those the cutest kids you ever saw in your life?"

"I feel terrible," I says. "My former girl friend is a St. Looey fan."

"Oh, that," she says. "That's ancient history." Ancient history, she says!

"I was talkin' about Bud Simmons' children," she says. "Gee, wouldn't you just give anything to have a couple of darlings like that, all your own?"

"They looked okay," I says. "Lemme get somethin' straight here," I says. My head is bangin' like a busted radiator pipe. "Ain't you a baseball fan no more, for the St. Looeys?"

"Baseball!" she says. "Baseball is only a game that kids play, and it doesn't seem to me that grown-up people should get excited about it, with the strikes and umpires and touchdowns and all that kid stuff."

I lean back on the pillows and think this over. For Mabel, it sounds more normal than before.

"Anyways, Bud Simmons is happily married," she says.

The picture clears up.

"I had a long talk with his wife," she says. "She doesn't know anything about baseball, but they got mutual interests anyways. One male and one female. Little ones."

She lets out a sigh, and I do likewise.

"So I guess that all the mutual interests a couple needs is children," she says, "although they oughta get married without a lot of delay so that the[y] get possible."

It sounds reasonable. I r[e]take Mabel's hand. She lool[s] her blue eyes shinin', and I fe[el] head ain't even poundin' no[w]

"Baby," I says, "I think y[ou] thin' there."

"Do you?" she says in tha[t] that makes me feel kinda [w]"That's nice, Joey."

I ask her who won the bal[l] I got slugged, only she dor['t] cause she ain't interested a[t] find out later the Dodgers [d] mentioned this so anybody, [a] St. Looey fans, who thinks [th] are slipping will get straight[ed]

I KNOW. The Dodgers are [in] year. I got modern scie[nce] of me when I make this state[ment] happened to look up this s[ign] I had in Mabel's book and t[he] tation is that it means som[e]derful is going to happen t[o] nearest and dearest to me.

The way I figure it, that's e[nough] or the Dodgers, and since [I'm] gettin' married for a while [it] would be a wonderful thing [if] figures it, then that leaves t[he]

You see what I mean?

THE END

THE NUCLEAR FISSION OF EDWARD ANGUS GILMAR[TIN]

Continued from page 21

"Right here."

Edward Angus looked up and there he was in front of the remembered address in the Fifties.

"Well, I'm pretty hot, so I think I would enjoy a lemonade or a glass of ginger ale," said the Professor.

"Ginger ale, hell!" said Private Gilmartin.

Today Angie's dress was light blue and the Professor thought the combination of it with her hair was worthy of Botticelli's personal attention, while Private Gilmartin noted with satisfaction that what filled the dress was definitely an unupholstered Angie. Both he and the Professor agreed that it was four freckles and not three.

"Well," said Angie, "couldn't you find the library? I didn't expect I'd see you here again so soon."

"I was just walking home and thought I'd drop in for a drink."

"You know where to get it."

"Thank you, the first door on the left, I believe."

He walked hastily up to the bar and the Professor said quickly, "I'd like a glass of ginger ale, please."

"What'll you have with it?" said the bartender.

"Nothing."

The bartender gave him a long look and produced a bottle and a glass. "That'll be four bits, Mack," he said, testily.

BY THE time he had consumed two dollars' worth, Edward Angus felt like an overloaded trailer truck, and was sure the other patrons must hear him sloshing as he walked to the exit. To his horror, some other minion was behind the checkroom door.

"I gave my hat to the young lady," he protested.

"She's gone to supper," said the boy unfeelingly. "We gotta eat just like everybody else."

"Where'd she go?"

"How should I know? Mr. Lacy took her out. I don't ask him where he's going, you can bet."

"And who is Mr. Lacy?"

The boy looked up with a start to see if Edward Angus was joking.

"Just the guy that owns this joint and about a dozen others. Where you been all your life?"

"I never heard of him."

"Well, don't be getting nosy about him. He's got connections and he don't like guys asking questions. Come on and give me your check." . . .

Edward Angus spent a very restless night. This may have been due to four bottles of ginger ale, but Angie and Mr. Lacy pre-empted most of his thoughts. Connections in New York had, he felt, a very different connotation than in Boston. He had connections in Boston and would have no objections to any inquiry into them.

Mr. Lacy was not at all the proper person for Angie to be dining with, he was sure.

Next day the work went a little better, but by the middle of the afternoon he could no longer stick it. A bus carried him to the Fifties and he walk[ed] than three blocks.

"Hi," said Angie, "you're g[ot] a regular customer." She w[as] black and Edward Angus lo[st] her that to him she was beaut[iful] thing, but far more beautif[ul] Instead, he said fatuously, "It [is] here. I like it."

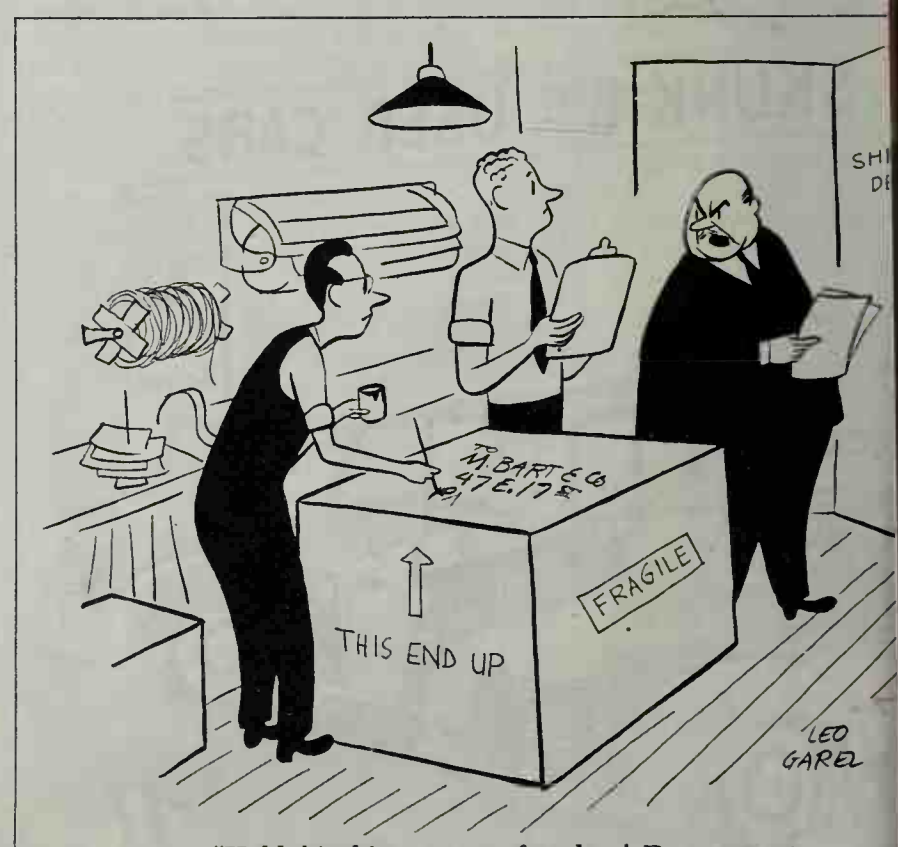
"I guess it's as good as any [other]

"Well, why do you work h[ere] don't like it?" he demanded.

"I didn't say I didn't like it. [It] means to an end, that's all."

This time Edward Angus li[mited] self to two bottles of ginger ale [and] he came out, the same boy [was] coatroom. After a hasty c[onsult] with his watch he went off [to] turbulent night's rest. This ti[me] tainly wasn't ginger ale.

The third afternoon he arriv[ed]



"Hold this shipment up a few days! Do you want them to think we're some fly-by-night outfit?"

Bringing out the finest flavor



Season your steak with a skillful hand and a world of flavor comes flooding forth. But be timid with your touch and the taste lacks fullness. Be overly vigorous and you taste the seasoning instead of the flavor. It takes a gift of genius to lure shy flavors from their hiding places. And you sense this gift in the matchless flavor that is yours in every bottle and can of Schlitz . . . brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops.

Just the KISS of the hops

Copyright 1947, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis

Schlitz



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

Have you discovered the secret of real shaving comfort?



THE SHAVE IS
BETTER
WHEN
THE LATHER STAYS
WETTER

Yes, the **WETTER** the lather the **BETTER** the shave. A quick-drying lather dries out on your face—causes sting and burn. What you want is a rich, creamy **EXTRA MOIST** lather . . . the lather you get with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream . . . a lather that **STAYS MOIST,** keeps your beard soft and gives you **CLEANER, SMOOTHER** shaves even with cold water or a used blade.

TRY
LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM
WITH STAY-MOIST LATHER

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

NOW TRY
Dustless
SWEEPING



Reduce Germ Laden Dust!

Eliminate Sweeping Compound!

Dustless brushes used with Arbitrin sweeping fluid eliminate up to 97% of germ laden dust and reduce sweeping costs 20%. Arbitrin fluid, poured into a metal reservoir in the brush back, filters through the tufts and keeps dust down as you sweep. Dustless brushes are used in thousands of schools, factories, offices, stores, and institutions. There is a Dustless brush to fit your needs. Write for sizes, styles and prices today.

MD

Milwaukee Dustless Brush Co.
530 N. 22nd St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.
Please send facts about Dustless brushes.
Name .....
Street Address .....
City, State .....

IS YOUR RADIO SQUAWKING, TOO?



You won't have a single "squawk" coming if you have your radio looked over every six months. Then you'll be sure to hear your favorite programs clearly *all the time*—you'll avoid big repair bills! Let your local radio service dealer keep your radio in shape. His work is good, his prices fair. His Sylvania equipment and Sylvania Radio Tubes assure you top radio performance. There are no finer radio tubes made.



Product of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

and as he gave his hat to Angie, he said, "I wonder if you'd have supper with me tonight?"

She gave him a long, slow look, fires blazing in the back of her eyes and her lovely curving mouth becoming straight and firm.

"You look like a nice sort of guy, so don't get me wrong. I just don't go for that kind of stuff," she said.

"*What* kind of stuff?"

"I don't go out to supper with customers. I work here and that's all."

"But you went out to supper with Mr. Lacy."

"That was different."

"How?"

"Look," she said as though she was explaining matters to a child, "I have to work for a living. I could probably get a job as a secretary, but it wouldn't pay one quarter of what I make here. I have to support my mother. She's crippled and this way I can spend most of the day with her and still pay the doctor's bills."

"That doesn't explain having supper with Lacy," he protested.

"It does, since he owns the place, and has connections with all the others that he doesn't own. What if he has a yen for me? I know how to handle people like him, and Mother has to have another—oh, this can't interest you—"

"It certainly does," he assured her. "Everything about you interests me. I got out of the Army with just one idea in the world. Then for some crazy reason I met you and I haven't been able to think about anything else since. I wanted to know something else very much and now all I want to know is about you."

"That's a fine line," said Angie. "You don't even know my last name and you try to pull that corny stuff on me."

"But it's not a line. I'm out of my head about you. I can't work, I can't think of anything except you. I just can't go on without knowing that you're taken care of. I—"

SHE smiled at him with the affectionate understanding of a mother listening to the child who tells her that someday he will make a million and dress her in silks and jewels beyond price.

"You're a good guy," she said, kindly, "so I guess you're talking about a ring and a minister and things like that, but tell me: Just what were you in the Army?"

"I was a private first class. What's that got to do with it?"

"Can't you see?"

"I am perfectly capable of supporting a wife and family," he assured her.

"Things cost a lot of money these days. The government has been giving you bed and board so long that you don't realize the kind of income that it takes. Okay, so you're a sober, industrious young man. That doesn't cut any ice with the landlord and the butcher."

"How do you know what my salary is?"

"You said you were a professor and I read the papers. I'm probably intellectually starved, but I look as though I ate regularly, don't I?"

"I think you look perfect," said Edward Angus feelingly.

"That's nice to hear," said Angie dreamily, "but it takes plenty of coconuts to provide the groceries and—"

"Hello, Angie," said the oily voice of Mr. Lacy. "Good evening, Professor. How about joining me and a couple of my friends in a drink? This is Angie's hour for supper. Come on, we'd like to have you. Maybe we're not up to you intellectually but we can add up the check and we can pay it, too."

"I can pay my own check," said Edward Angus defensively.

"Sure you can, but come in and have a couple with us." Mr. Lacy took him by the arm, the two friends closed up the rear and he found himself seated at a table against the wall in the bar.

"We'll have Scotch and so you have?" said Mr. Lacy, waiter came over.

"I'll have ginger ale."

Mr. Lacy and his two frien merrily. The two friends l Georgie Raft and Edward G. When they laughed they bec tically kissing cousins to hyen

"That's not a drink," Mr. tested. "What are you really have?"

"That's what I want."

"Well, how about a Hors That's mostly ginger ale."

"Okay."

HAD Mr. Lacy chosen to ant, a quality on which clined to rate himself highly, have noted that while he had fessor Gilmartin to have a him, it was Private Gilmartin w the point of absorbing his Men who had served any co time in the Alaskan peninsula told him that Gilmartin had be to private nine times—and n cause he couldn't make out He was known as a cheap dr good many PXs still bore the duced by his third drink.

"I see you were in the Ar Mr. Lacy, pleasantly.

"That's right," said Private sucking on his Horse's Neck.

"Where?"

"In the Aleutians."

"That must have been pretty

"It was."

"What part of the racket wer

"It wasn't any racket and I Finance Corps."

"Oh, a noncombatant?"

"Exactly. How about havin on me?"

Comrades who had served vate Gilmartin would have c this a good time to remember engagements. Mr. Lacy and h were only too happy to acquies

"I suppose you were drafted Mr. Lacy's friends inquired.

"I enlisted in September of forty-one," said Private Gilma

"Sucker!" said Mr. Lacy's oth

"How do you figure that?"

"Well, all you got was grief f didn't go nowhere nor do noth

"Yes?"

"Why don't you be smart lik keep out of it, and we make p besides."

Private Gilmartin began to c slow boil.

"There were some guys," nounced, "who—"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lacy, fessor is our guest. Each one reasons for his actions. How other round of drinks?"

Edward Angus worked on Horse's Neck in silence. It had a year since he had held hey Bacchus, and the fires under were beginning to raise a nice steam. He had not liked Mr. begin with and he felt a distinct toward his friends. He leaned table to the last man who had s him and said slowly, "Where while the show was going on?"

"Right where I am now," said tleman with pride. "I got a d knows his stuff and no draft bo put the finger on me!"

"You should have been smart in the other friend. "Only dopes selves get dragged into that non

"How did you keep out?" Ed gus asked.

"One of my friends had a plant. I worked there on a late

"What'd it make?"

"Are you nuts? How shoul what they make? My friend draft board I'm on the pay roll around a couple of times a m

pay. I got no time to waste
or anything except real chips."
lo you call real chips?"
sonny, you say you was in the
Corps and I bet you couldn't
my income tax. The feller that
has it fixed so the government
money. Why don't you get

please," said Mr. Lacy. "We're
s here and the Professor un-
had good cause for doing what
obably you can do all right by
n the Finance Corps if you
angles."
e not my friends and just what
ean by that last crack?"
g," said Mr. Lacy casting his
for the headwaiter. "Just for-
let's all have another drink."
need anything more to drink
going out and take Angie to
Edward Angus announced.
. bring me my check."
s already gone to dinner," said
matter-of-factly.
hen I'll meet her there."
minute," said Mr. Lacy. "I
to talk to you about it later,
pling around with Angie, see?"
ree, white, and twenty-one, isn't
ard Angus demanded.
mind the statistics. I've had my
at for a long time and you're
to get in my way. She may be
rict in her personal life—but
ver that—"

Edward Angus Gilmartin rose
and the others rose hastily with
leaned toward Mr. Lacy until
es were almost touching; he
ing each word drop as though
n thousands of feet and frozen
y.
e, white, and twenty-one, too.
e the way you talk about that
what's more I don't like your
m now on, keep it out of my

He reached up, and while
ploded in Mr. Lacy's head,
e nose until the roots started to

hen on, things happened very
Mr. Lacy and his friends knew a
l about gutter fighting but as
suspected, the shoulders of their
ere padded. The whole group
the appearance of animated
ancers, except that only one
seemed to catch and toss any-
ivate Gilmartin gave Mr. Lacy
nt swing into the middle of an
ing waiter, dropped five dollars
ple, and regarded the surround-
s with complete satisfaction.
place looked a good deal like a
oncluded as he walked out.

On the way to the library the next morning, Professor Gilmartin rubbed bruised knuckles against an aching head while he endeavored to read the mass of mail which had finally caught up with him. Long ago, he had decided to spend the remainder of his life in the halls of academic learning, but one of the letters he had just received contained an offer which was, he had to admit, beyond the dreams of avarice. Also that particular company possessed about as good facilities for research as those provided by the best universities. Still, he shrank from forsaking the safe backwaters for what he had always thought of as the marts of trade.

Angie was sitting on the library steps as he walked up.

"Are you all right?" she demanded.

"Why not be?" he said carelessly.

"But against those three hoods?"

"Aah—"

Angie started to cry.

"What's the matter now?" said Edward Angus, his self-satisfaction deserting him.

"I was so worried about you and I didn't know where you lived. I've been waiting here most of the night," she sobbed, "and I've lost my job."

"That's fine," said Professor Gilmartin. "My offer's still open and we'd better go and get you something to eat."

ANGIE'S head was on his shoulder and her tears were beginning to wet through his shirt. "Heaven knows what we'll live on," she wailed. "You can't make as much as I used to."

"Will you be willing to try it on twelve thousand a year to start with?"

She held him off at arm's length and searched his face through tearful eyes.

"Gilmartin," she whispered, "are you drunk?"

"Certainly not! I almost never touch the stuff."

"Who do you think you're kidding? The time you spent in that bar—"

"I was drinking ginger ale."

"You got an awful lot of power out of such a low octane."

"Enough of this nonsense," said Edward Angus. "Are you going to marry me or aren't you?"

"I don't know. I guess I love you," and then as he took a step toward her: "Oh, no! Not here where everybody can see us. Really, we ought to wait. You do need someone to take care of you, and you'd probably be the dickens to handle—though I'm sure I could do it—still—"

Edward Angus lifted Angie lightly until her eyes were level with his.

"You can start now," he said.

THE END



"As soon as he gets 'em all tuned up, he's going to play some songs for us—he thinks"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



Boy, I'm in a BAD way!

You don't need a "funny mirror" to tell when you've had too much feasting. You have inside information...a sickish, upset stomach. Be gentle with these upsets—*take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.*

NEVER UPSET AN UPSET STOMACH

Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

This pleasant-tasting preparation is non-alkaline, non-laxative, non-constipating. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

To relieve *distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn... and to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation: simple diarrhea.* Three sizes at druggists.



A Norwich Product

Pepto-Bismol

for UPSET *Stomach*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Listen to "THE FAT MAN," ABC Network, Friday Night (Pacific Coast: Saturday Night)



At top, television camera in action; at bottom, the images on a screen. Reception without the telephoned frequency is at the right; with it is on th

TELEVISION GETS A BOX OFFIC

BY HERBERT ASBURY

Scientists have solved the big problem in television—how to make programs pay for themselves. It'll cost extra on your phone bill, but it'll be worth it in finer entertainment

THE television set was in a suburban basement some ten miles from Chicago, and on the screen was a moving picture that was being broadcast by one of the two experimental television transmitters of the Zenith Radio Corporation. But the picture was blurred and jumpy; it would have been impossible to look at it long without eyestrain.

After a few minutes G. E. Gustafson, a Zenith executive, picked up the telephone and called the transmitting station.

"Send the key," Mr. Gustafson ordered.

Instantly the screen steadied and the picture became clear and sharp.

"Stop the key," said Mr. Gustafson, and the picture again became a meaningless blur. He repeated the procedure several times. When he said, "Send the key," the picture was clear and satisfactory; when he said, "Stop the key," the screen jumped and blurred.

What we were seeing was the first successful demonstration of wired television, the dream of the radio industry for more than 20 years. Scientists of the Bell Telephone Company, some 16 years ago, succeeded in sending images, experimentally and not very satisfactorily, over a short of telephone cable. Since then e ments in this field have been c on by virtually every radio an vision manufacturer, but little progress has been reported. T searchers were stopped by th that the wave band required f transmission of television is a thousand times as wide as tha for the telephone, a compl

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

-IKE MAGIC

THIS PREMIUM OIL GIVES YOUR CAR MORE POWER!

Unlike the magic of walking on hot coals, the performance of *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil is readily explained. This improved 1947 Opaline gives your car more power because it contains special chemicals developed by Sinclair. These chemicals clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from cylinders, piston rings and pistons. Opaline cleans as it lubricates.

Tests prove that Sinclair Opaline gives old cars more power by cleaning up the motor. In new cars, 1947 Opaline preserves that new car pep and power. Get more power from your car. Save on gasoline. Save on oil. Ask for 1947 *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

1947, PREMIUM

INCLAIR OPALINE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MOTOR OIL

eeps your motor clean as a whistle



ALAN HALE, featured in
"CHEYENNE"
A Warner Bros. Production,
Does a little magical fire walking





Or for information and literature write:
Crosley Motors, 2532-CC Spring Grove Av., Cin'ti 14, O.



NOW! The ONE-UNIT
HEARING AID
Thousands Have Waited for



THIS IS ALL YOU WEAR
NO SEPARATE BATTERY PACK
NO DANGLING BATTERY CORDS

The tiny new BELTONE Mono-Pac is about ⅓ size and weight of old-style hearing aids, yet so powerful you hear even *whispers!* Get helpful facts about this new "MIRACLE" aid in valuable FREE book about deafness. Find out why more people hear with BELTONE than any other One-Unit Hearing Aid.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL MEDICINE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

BELTONE HEARING AID CO., Dept. C-712
1450 W. 19th Street, Chicago 8, Ill.



FREE BOOKLET

Beltone Hearing Aid Co.
Dept. C-712, 1450 W. 19th St., Chicago 8, Ill.
Please send me FREE booklet about deafness and what can be done to overcome it.

Name_____
Address_____
Town_____ Zone____ State_____

pattern of frequencies which cannot be crowded onto a telephone wire.

A year or so ago the whole question of wired television was thrashed out at an important meeting of Zenith executives and scientists, among them E. F. McDonald, Jr., president of the corporation; J. E. Brown, the chief engineer; Mr. Gustafson, vice-president in charge of engineering, and Dr. Alexander Ellett, head of Zenith Research Laboratories.

Dr. Ellett, formerly of the U.S. Office of Scientific Research and Development in Washington, is a comparative newcomer to Zenith; during the war he was a member of the scientific brain trust headed by Dr. Vannevar Bush, and was one of the top men in the development of the proximity fuse. All of these men had been close to television developments for many years, and they had pretty well come to the conclusion that to get television into American homes by way of the telephone was probably impossible. One said: "Nobody'll ever get all those frequencies on a telephone wire."

"Well," said Dr. Ellett, "maybe we could send some of them by air, some by telephone."

These words proved to be the clue to the final solution of the problem. Included in the television wave band are several essential but very simple frequencies, and after long and intensive experimentation the Zenith scientists devised a way to separate these frequencies and send them over the telephone. The rest of the picture is broadcast by ordinary methods, but, of course, what goes out over the air is not a complete telecast. A set tuned to the transmitter thus broadcasting will show only a blurred and jumpy mixture of light and shadow, unless it also receives by telephone the key frequency that unscrambles the mess.

The unscrambling takes place in a device attached to the telephone and to the television set. All technical details of the device are being withheld by Zenith, but Mr. McDonald says that the device to be installed by the telephone company and connected to the line and television receiver will be small enough not to be in the way, that it should cost not more than five dollars, installed, and that mass production can begin within six months.

"There will be no monopolistic control of the new development," he said. "Licenses will be readily available to broadcasters and to manufacturers of television receivers."

Mr. McDonald proposes to call the new system "phone vision," a name which cannot be copyrighted or registered and which will belong to the industry as "radio" and "television" do. He emphasized that it is far beyond the experimental stage; it has been thoroughly tested over a long period of time and under varying conditions. At hours when they were not scheduled to broadcast, Zenith's two television stations have transmitted pictures in both black and white and full color, but without the key frequency. Incidentally, the new system works as well with one as with the other. Owners of television sets have telephoned to the company in some anxiety, puzzled by the meaningless blur they were receiving on their viewing screens.

Meanwhile, on test sets scattered throughout the Chicago area, perfect pictures were being received, as the key frequencies reached them by telephone. These frequencies were sent over dial phones, through city switchboards, and through the switchboards of suburban villages, without the telephone operators having any idea that they were handling other than routine calls. For the new system doesn't interfere with the normal use of the telephone.

Of course, many details must be worked out before television can actually be brought into your home by way of the telephone. Companies must be formed to produce the shows and work out the proper charges for the service. Some of the radio broadcasting companies have expressed interest in this phase of the development, and so have motion-picture producers; several top movie men are considering the possibility of televising first-run movies.

The technical devices by means of which the new system will operate must be manufactured and installed, and a master antenna system must be developed. In several cities, notably New York, apartment-house owners and fire departments look with extreme disfavor upon roofs cluttered with a multitude of individual television antennas. Finally, an enormous number of television sets must be manufactured and sold. The sets now in use cannot be adapted to wired television, and will become obsolete; but, as Mr. McDonald pointed out, they will be useless anyway when the Federal Communications Commission allocates to television a higher position on the



"It's a terrific idea, Sam—but do you think Poppa Truman would accompany her on the piano?"

COLLIER'S ERIC ERICSON

wave band, as is proposed, and establishes standards now lacking.

Once wired television is ready, this is about the way it will work:

You will buy a television set from your dealer, who will install it. Then the telephone company will attach the device that connects the set with your telephone and permits you to receive the key frequency, or "unscrambler."

At regular intervals, say once a week, you will receive an announcement of forthcoming programs and the charge for seeing each. You will select the program you wish to see and notify the telephone operator, who will connect your phone so the key frequency can come in over the wire. If you have a dial phone, it probably will be possible simply to dial a number in order to get the program you want. Party lines will have a different key frequency for each subscriber.

Once the telephone operator has been notified, the broadcast will be received on your set in the usual manner, and charges for television service will appear on your monthly telephone bill.

It will not be possible yet to skip about on your television set as you do on the radio, seeing a little of this program and a little of that. When you order the phone operator to connect you with a certain television broadcast, you will be paying admission to a show of your own choosing; the difference is that you will see it in the comfort of your home rather than in a theater. You can't turn to another show, without paying, any more than you can walk out of one theater and into another and be admitted free.

The new sets, however, will provide for the reception of free television as well as the pay-as-you-go variety. [illegible] pected that free television wi[ll] there will always be public [pro]grams which will be broadca[st] the producing companies p[ro]b put on free sustaining shows

In all the uproar about t[he] coming of television to which [the] can public has listened duri[ng] fifteen years, Mr. McDonald[d] almost the lone dissenting voi[ce] pany, besides operating tw[o] transmitters, manufactures [its] sets, but they have been use[d] experimental purposes. Nor [are] sold to the public. In magaz[ine] (Collier's, June 29, 1946) anc[e] Mr. McDonald has contend[ed] troubles of the television ind[ustry] not technical but economic.

In 1937, when a group of ra[dio] facturers met in New York, d[e]c[lared] television was ready for the [pu]b made plans to launch it with a[n] fare of publicity at the N[ew] World's Fair, Mr. McDonal[d] strenuously. "Gentlemen," he[said] are offering the public a pig [in a] Television today is technicall[y fea]ble, but without a box office [and] good programming it is econo[mic] unsound that it will never su[c]c[eed] you start television without fi[rst] sure that there will be adeq[uate] gramming, your whole campa[ign] a colossal flop."

Forecast of Failure Come[s] T[rue]

The events justified Mr. M[c]D[onald]'s gloomy prediction. From 1[941] Pearl Harbor, civilian p[roduction] stopped; only about 7,000 telev[ision] were sold. Since V-J Day, s[ales] been larger, but they have n[ot] anything to get excited about. [Not] fewer than 7,000 sets were manu[factured] and today there are not more th[an] sets in use throughout the [country]. Meanwhile many complaints h[ave] heard about the quality of telev[ision] grams, and there has been mu[ch] bling because Hollywood will n[ot] its first-run movies for television. [One] movie producer said, "Some pe[ople] to think we should spend two [or] million dollars on a movie and [then] everybody see it for nothing!"

In his Collier's article Mr. M[cDonald] made it clear that advertising c[annot] support television, which cos[ts] mously more to produce and b[roadcast] than does radio. It has been e[stimated] that a weekly one-hour televisio[n] offering entertainment compar[able] that provided by such radio s[tars] Jack Benny or Fred Allen, woul[d] least $10,000,000 a year. Very fe[w] tisers, if any, can afford to ma[tch] expenditures. A soap opera is a [good] ample of the difference between [radio] show and television. On the r[adio] performers simply stand about a[nd] phone and read from scripts afte[r] maybe two rehearsals.

The same show broadcast by te[levision] would have to be a productio[n] scenery, costumes, competent [actors] memorized parts and everything [that] goes into a successful play.

"Three years ago," Mr. Mc[Donald] said, "I wrote that when television [had] its economic problems it would [become] a great industry, and that when t[hat] came I would be down in the fr[ont] applauding. That's where I am n[ow] cause I believe that the day has arrived. Our new development i[s] possible for television to have office, through which will po[ur] revenue that is necessary if televi[sion] to provide the sort of entertainme[nt] the American people want. Today facturers are fortunate if they mar[ket] sell a few thousand television sets tomorrow our annual sales will be millions."

THE END



BIRD OF PEACE

. . . that earns its own keep

The primary purpose of an air transportation system is a peaceful one . . . to provide a swifter, more efficient means of travel, of delivering the mail, of shipping cargo. But it is likewise a vital arm of defense in time of national emergency.

Air transportation is thus unique. It is largely maintained and expanded not by public taxation—as though it were an item in the budget for national defense—but through its day-to-day contribution to public convenience. In short, this nation keeps itself strong in the air—as she must—by *exercising* that strength in the pursuits of peace.

THE SCHEDULED AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

Air Travel Strengthens America

You get there quickly, comfortably and economically when you go by *scheduled* Airline. Fares as well as express and freight tariffs are now lower than before the war. Air Mail is only 5¢. So, travel, mail and ship—by air! Call the nearest Airlines office or your travel agent for reservations. This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's *scheduled* Airlines and leading aviation manufacturers.

Everything you expect in a truly fine gin...



DIXIE BELLE

Height of satin-smoothness. Bright, enticing flavor. Enjoy gin distilled from finest imported fruits, herbs and berries.

THE ZINNIA
STATE FLOWER OF INDIAN

A Favorite in GIN

90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT

Continued from page 25

ent's talents and training are neces-
o steer the country, domestically
its foreign relationships, to safe
."
ding the President in an excellent
, I brought up Wallace's state-
"I see by the papers Henry Wallace
stumping."
President chuckled. "What did
ink of it?"
hink it was very stupid," I said,
ng him closely. "He gave Republi-
mmunition by putting us in a po-
of being the first to begin political
y in the war period. And it was
bring up the third-term question,
things were moving so well within
rty."
, Henry means well, but he just
olitical-minded," the President said

President said nothing about his
andidacy and neither did I. I went
feeling that he had not been en-
unaware of what Wallace was go-
say, although he was apparently
annoyed over its reception. If he
nt up a trial balloon, he must have
to the conclusion that the move
l timed.

anted: A Secretary of the Navy

I was leaving the Cabinet meeting
cember 8, 1939, the President beck-
o me, signaling I should remain be-

n, I've got quite a problem on my
," he said after the others had left.
he appointment of a new Secretary
Navy to succeed Swanson."
hat's wrong with Charley Edison?"
d in surprise.
othing, exactly," was his answer.
ve a high regard for him and he's
a good job as Assistant Secretary.
etween you and me, Jim, it is rather
lt to carry on with him because
ard of hearing. He's a perfectly
erful fellow and I wouldn't hurt
or the world, but I'm afraid he
do,"
n sorry to hear it," I said. "Have
nyone in mind?"
hat do you think of Frank Knox?"
ed.
rankly, I am not keen for bringing
publican into the Cabinet," I said.
re are qualified and able Democrats
he job. If you name Knox, you
have to have Edison's resignation,
se I'm sure he expects the appoint-
."
h, I have that all figured out," he
ightly. "There won't be the slightest
le. The best way to handle it would
have Frank Hague name him as a
date for senator or governor and
resign to run for office."
ave you talked to Hague?" I could
of nothing else to ask at the mo-
, because I was thrown for a loss by
oldness of the scheme.
o, but that's where you come in,
" He smiled engagingly. "You call
up and tell him I want it. I'm sure
go along."
ll talk to Hague," I promised, "but I
can't see the appointment, Boss.
is not only a Republican but he
Landon's running mate. You'd have
swerving partisan, a Republican, in
Cabinet."
w, come now, Jim," he chided
kingly. "Republicans aren't that
Remember that under our demo-
c form of government, they have
s too."
Yes, but they only count in Maine
Vermont," I kidded back. "Anyhow,
nk it would be a great mistake."
Well, you'll call Hague," he said in
issal. "I meant to tell you about this some time ago, but it just kept slipping my mind. Get it in shape for next week."

Hague agreed to nominate Edison for governor if that was what the President wanted. I called Roosevelt by phone and reported this conversation. "But I wish you wouldn't do it," I said. "I think you should give the job to Edison. Hague is a hard taskmaster and he might want Charley to keep certain obligations that Charley wouldn't want to fulfill."

"Well, we'll see," he said. Subsequently Roosevelt appointed Edison Secretary of the Navy, which pleased me very much.

Later, I had an interesting conversation with Cordell Hull. I told him it might develop that he and Garner and I would have most of the delegates in the convention, no matter what the President did.

"Jim, I find myself in a most delicate situation," he said. "I do not want it to appear that I am capitalizing on my achievements in the State Department. I am content to let all credit go to the President. If he chooses to acknowledge my services, that is another thing. So far, he has shown no disposition to do so."

"That is not surprising because that is his way," I said.

I told Hull that I was sure he was overly concerned about the possibility that he would be labeled a glory-hunter. Nevertheless, I have often felt that these considerations moved Hull to turn down a chance at the Presidency. I feel certain that he could have secured the nomination hands down and that he could have been elected in 1940. I am equally convinced he would have made a great President.

A day or two later came real action on the political front. Vice-President Garner tossed his familiar Stetson in the 1940 ring from Uvalde, Texas.

The President asked me what I thought of Garner's chances. "I don't think Jack wants to be President," I answered. "I am convinced he made his announcement only because of his opposition to the third term."

Roosevelt was thoughtful. Finally he shook his head sadly.

"I just don't understand Jack," he said. "Once at a White House luncheon with Congressional leaders, we discussed 1940. Garner and I had a few drinks. After all the others had left, Jack came over and patted me on the shoulder, asking, 'Are you going back to Hyde Park after 1940?' I told him I was. Then Garner said he was glad because he was going back to Uvalde. Now in view of that, you'd think he'd understand that I was telling him, in so many words, that I was not going to run. I have proceeded on the theory that he would not run either, in view of his words. I think he should have accepted my assurance, providing he was thinking clearly."

"Boss, I have known Garner a long time," I protested, "and I have never seen him when he was not thinking clearly, even when he was having a good time."

I did not reveal that Garner had told me the same story himself.

A few weeks later I had dinner at the White House. The Boss was in high spirits.

"Jim, I have the grandest joke for you," he confided. "I had Garner, Barkley and Rayburn in this morning for a conference on the antilynching bill. You'll never guess what Jack said. Very seriously he said that he felt the colored vote in the Border states and in Northern cities was so important that the legislation ought to be passed."

Roosevelt threw back his head and laughed till tears came to his eyes. "Don't you love it?" he asked. "Jack has done a complete about-face now that he's out looking for votes."

Later, when we were discussing the convention, I looked him square in the eyes and said, "There will be a new national chairman and he will want to set up his own show."

The President made no comment on my announcement that I did not expect to remain at the helm of the party organization.

A few days later I told him that I was going to enter my name in the Massachusetts and New Hampshire primaries. I fully explained to the President that I was doing this at the request of the Democratic organizations of both states.

"Go ahead, Jim," he laughed. "The water's fine. I haven't an objection in the world."

I did not regard this in any degree as approval of my candidacy, but I did regard it as in line with his statement that he would not be a candidate.

My filing provoked quite a flurry in the press. But I was unmoved by praise or criticism until Ernest K. Lindley, the President's official biographer, came out with an article purporting to be the answer to the third-term riddle.

The article said the President had declared he would not run again unless Britain were overrun by Nazis; that Hull was his choice for successor; that the Vice-Presidency lay between Jackson, McNutt and Wheeler, and, finally, that I was not a sound Vice-Presidential candidate because of my religion. Roosevelt was supposed to have said that he owed more to me politically than any other person, not even excepting his wife, but in the event of my nomination, people might say "we were using Cordell Hull as a stalking-horse for the Pope."

At his press conference the President was asked to comment on the article. He said he had not read it. Newspapermen felt this was not true. But true or not, it is hard to understand why he did not do something about it, once the story came out.

At first I was for an angry showdown with the President, but as my mind cooled I decided the proper course was to keep my temper and bide my time. I resolved, however, to let him know I was annoyed.

About this time I made a speech at the annual banquet of the Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick. It was carried on a nationwide radio hookup. One of my sentences was subsequently quoted from one end of the country to the other. I said:

"We must never permit the ideals of this Republic to sink to a point where every American father and mother, regardless of race, color or creed, cannot look proudly into the cradle of their newborn babe and see a future President of the United States."

The following Monday, White House Secretary Early called to give me the President's congratulations on my remarks. He added that Roosevelt was preparing to answer the Lindley article at his next press conference.

I told him it was too late. Nonetheless, Roosevelt belatedly told his press conference that not one word of the Lindley story was true. Lindley stood his ground, knowing he voiced the sentiments, if not the actual words, of the President.

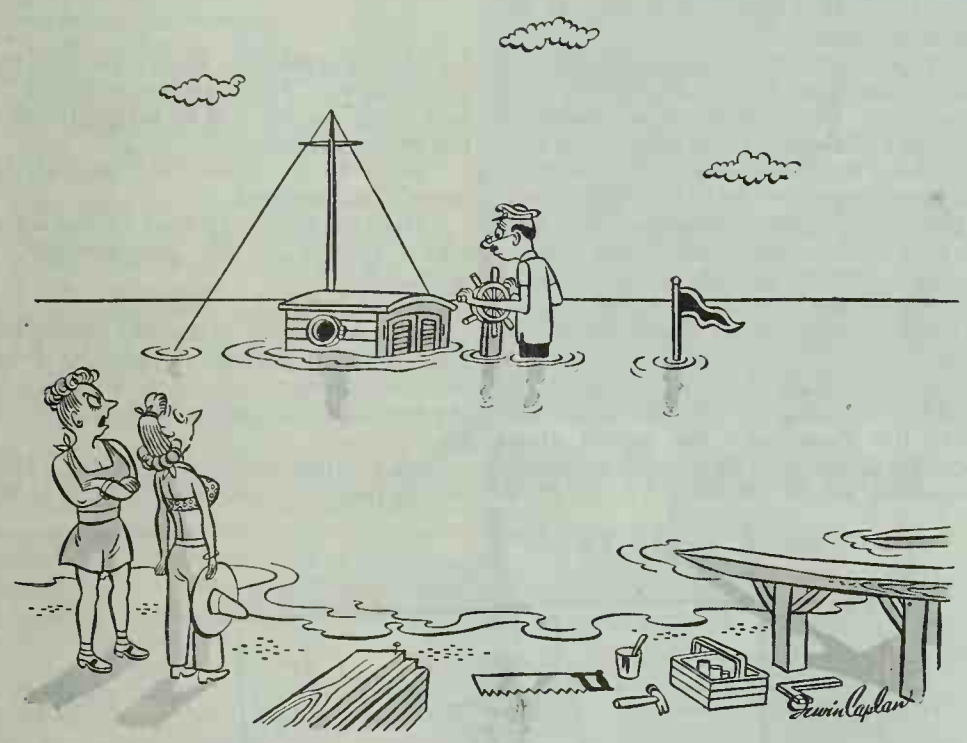
It now became evident to me that Roosevelt was going to run again. The time had passed when he could have issued a statement saying he would not be a candidate.

Mrs. Farley Suggests a Solution

In this period Mrs. Farley happened to be seated at the President's left at an official White House dinner one night. He remarked to her: "I'm having a terrible time, Bess; they're trying to make me run and I don't want to." He looked at her with an engaging smile.

"Well," Mrs. Farley answered, "you're the President, aren't you? All you have to do is tell them you won't run." He blinked surprise and turned to the lady on his right.

From the time of the Lindley story, the President virtually ignored me. I was not invited to the White House except when my position in the Cabinet made an invitation imperative. One of the most amazing evidences of the extent to which I was cut off came from the State Department. Some time back one of the Assistant Secretaries of State had promised to help me in the preparation of a couple of speeches on foreign affairs and did assist on a speech I made in Boston. Nothing was done about the second speech, which I was to make in Fulton, Mo., at the request of Senator Truman. Finally Ambrose O'Connell, second as-



"It wasn't quite finished yet but he couldn't wait to get it into the water"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

"Smart" Golf in one easy lesson



You'll be playing "smart" golf with a *lightweight* Balanced Golf Bag. Full size, light and perfectly balanced, it's so easy to carry—and it never sags, never spills clubs. Get more pleasure from your game with a Balanced Golf Bag—
now available with all-purpose hood!

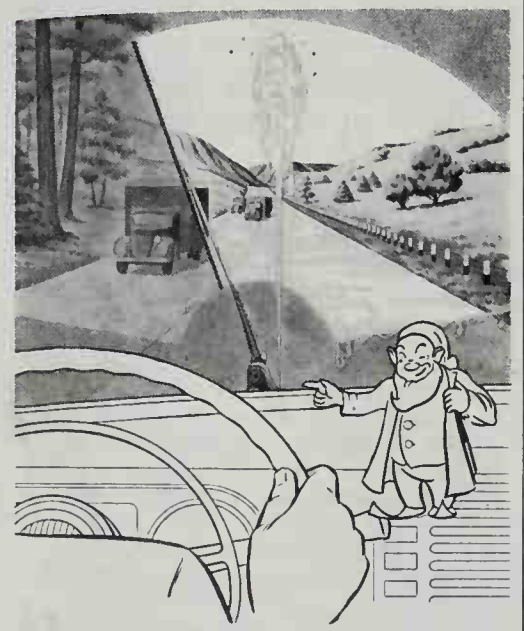
BALANCED GOLF BAG

Standard Model $6.00
With Hood $7.00

AT YOUR CLUB OR STORE

BALANCED GOLF BAG, INC.
North & Noble, Chicago 22, Ill.

YOU'LL SEE
3 *times as clearly*
3 *times as far*...



when you touch the button and wash your windshield with Trico's *"Two Little Squirts"*



at car dealers, service shops or Trico Drive-in Service Stations . . . everywhere.

● Far more than you may realize, a grime-coated windshield strains your eyes and builds up driving fatigue. But, with a Trico Washer you can have crystal-clear vision at ALL times. It *doubles* the effectiveness of your wipers, fair weather or foul.

For safer, more pleasurable motoring, install a Trico Washer and keep "in the clear" every mile of the year. Trico Products Corporation, Buffalo 3, N. Y.

Windshield Washers

sistant postmaster general, went to see my friend in the State Department. The Assistant Secretary, in his usual frank manner, confided that he was under White House orders not to help me and asked that I should not embarrass him by calling on him for further assistance. I sent word that I would not.

On May 9, 1940, I had another long talk with Hull. We talked about the Gallup poll results which showed Hull stronger than Roosevelt. He disclosed that he had learned from sources within the White House that the President was not pleased over them.

"The President has never talked a word of politics to me," Hull said. "He may be assuring others that I am his choice, but I find it hard to believe."

"I am sure that he will accept you if he is not himself a candidate," I said. "Meantime, there is nothing for you to do but go along and see what happens. Of course, if you would announce yourself or let your friends announce you, you would get the nomination."

"Jim, I do not feel I should use my position to seek office," he said. "I can only put my trust in what the President is telling everyone, even if he does not see fit to confide that trust in me."

"There's no denying it; Roosevelt is a strange man," I said, somewhat sententiously. "He's the author of all my present troubles."

"God, Jim!" Hull exploded with feeling. "You don't know what troubles are. Roosevelt is going over my head to Welles and Berle. I was never even consulted on the Welles trip to Europe. He's even going over my head to ambassadors. He's in constant communication with British leaders and others. He doesn't consult with me or confide in me and I have to feel my way in the dark. Troubles! You don't know what they are."

On May 17th I remained after the Cabinet meeting for another discussion with the President. We talked about Speaker Bankhead for temporary chairman and Senate Majority Leader Barkley for permanent chairman of the convention. "They are fine with me," I said, "because we will be taking the two top men in the party."

"What do you mean 'top men in the party'?" he snapped.

"The two top party men in the legislative branch of the government," I amended.

"That's better," he said.

In the weeks that remained before the convention, it became evident the President was going to run again. It is hard to say just when this realization dawned on me.

Jack Garner was sure of it, too. One day at lunch he told me: "I went along with his assurances that he would So did you and so did Cordell. N are all left high and dry. Al Smith me never to rely on Roosevelt's w

Henry Wallace felt different a "I want the President to run aga told me, "but I am very discour the way the thing is being handled Hopkins, Ben Cohen and Tomm coran are doing the contact w Mayor Hague, Mayor Kelly an bosses. They have a group work details in an office in the Interio ing."

I told Wallace I had not yet bee into the President's confidence s not know his plans, but I had m cions.

They were to be confirmed ver



COLLIER'S "Therc's supposed to be a good Eastern at the Palacc" LEO



COLLIER'S "All right, Miss Montmorency, you may knock off now" STAN HUNT

Hyde Park Conference—19

And now I come to the Hyd conference of 1940, which may come an important chapter in th cal history of the U.S. I arrived for lunch. Afterward, the Presid I went to his study. For fifteen o minutes, conversation was gen was apparent to me the Presid having difficulty in approaching t ject of his candidacy. At last the plunge.

"Jim, last July when we canva political situation," he began wit gaging smile, "I indicated definit I would not run for a third ter lieve we decided that on or abou ary 1st, I would write a letter t the states which has an early stating I would not be a candidat election.

"Well, after that conversation the war started and when it got February 1st, I could not issue th ment. It would have destro effectiveness as the leader of th and would have handicapped th of this country to be of construct ice in the war crisis.

"I must say that I am disappoi my efforts have not accomplishe hoped. In all probability it wo been just as well if I had made nouncement as planned. We Mussolini in every way possible to get the influence of the Pope Italy out of the war, but Italy

The President lighted anoth rette. He smiled through the sm

"I still don't want to run for t dency. I want to come up her" swung his left arm in a half circ

ottage retreat and library he had
d and supervised. But he said that
tter had been taken out of his
by mounting demands that he re-
t the helm. "I don't want to run
n going to tell the convention so,"
cluded, his eyes wide in apparent
ess.

ou make it specific, the conven-
ill not nominate you," were my
rds.

him that I felt he should leave no
n the minds of the delegates or the
as to the sincerity and the hon-
the statement he issued; that it
be so worded that the delegates
be free to choose someone else, if
desired. He seemed to agree. I
elivered the Patrick Henry I had
urning over in my mind for
.

gan with my views on the third
tating I was against it in principle
cause the Democratic party had
opposed it. I acknowledged that
ws could have no bearing on the
tion because he had permitted, if
couraged, a situation to develop
which he would be nominated un-
refused to run.

, what would you do if you were
place?" he asked helplessly.

nked him for the compliment. I
m I would not have waited this
declare my intentions to any per-
o had been associated with him as
s I had. I reminded him that he
ade it impossible for anyone else
ominated, because by refusing to
himself, he had prevented dele-
rom being elected for anyone ex-
arner and myself. Many states, I
ad declared for him because there
other course open; that leaders
earful they might be punished if
id not go along with him.

m going to answer your question,"
ned, "and you're not going to like
your position I would do exactly
General Sherman did many years
ssue a statement saying I would
to run if nominated and would not
f elected."

, if nominated and elected, I could
these times refuse to take the in-
al oath, even if I knew I would be
within thirty days," he said. I knew
hat his mind was made up.

conversation drifted to Vice-Presi-
l candidates. Among them I men-
Speaker Bankhead, whom he
sed as too old and not in good

"The man running with me must be in good health because there is no telling how long I can hold out," he declared. "You know, Jim, a man with paralysis can have a breakup any time. While my heart and lungs are good and the other organs functioning along okay . . . nothing in this life is certain."

With that he pulled up his shirt, unbuttoned it and showed me a lump of flesh and muscle under his left shoulder, which he said were misplaced because of his affliction. He noted that he must sit most of the time.

It was the first and last time in all the years I knew him that he ever discussed his physical condition with me.

Deadline Set for Resignation

At this time I brought up my own situation. When I proposed to submit my resignation as of August 15th, he begged me to remain a month longer. I told him that there was no sense in delaying things; that my resignation and return to private life would be construed by the public as an expression against the third term and correctly so. I said I would have to be consistent in my position, which I could not be by hanging on. I finally set September 1st as the deadline for my resignation as national chairman and as Postmaster General.

I was constantly baffled during the conversation by the way the President seemed to be saying first that he would not be a candidate, and then, by a slip of the tongue, that he was going to be a candidate.

Then came the final shock. We talked about convention procedure. "By the way, Jim, the family is not going to attend the convention," he volunteered. "Undoubtedly, I will accept the nomination by radio and will arrange to talk to the delegates before they leave the convention hall after the nomination."

On the whole, I never had any doubt that he had made up his mind long before. I am certain he had sold himself the idea that he was the only one qualified to serve during that particular period of the nation's history. He believed, I am sure, that the world was in a terrible plight and he hated to turn over the reins of government to someone else.

In the last article of this series, to be published next week, Mr. Farley recalls the 1940 Convention and the final break-up of his political partnership with the President.



"The double-suspension, automatic-locking, triple-elastic garter is no longer an engineer's dream! It's an actuality! It's here! We have it!"

LLIER'S DAVE GERARD



New Sulfa Drug Formula For Athlete's Foot

New Powder Preparation Highly Effective

At first sign of Athlete's Foot—itching, cracked or raw skin between toes or on the feet—use Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex. It contains the miracle drug, Sulfathiazole. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing of red, raw, cracked skin between toes and on feet. Only 50¢ everywhere. Use exactly as directed.



Dr. Scholl's SULFA SOLVEX

SAY GOOD-BYE TO MONEY WORRIES

taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For details of this money-making plan, mail a penny postal to—

Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Come to St. Louis

IT'S COOL

at Hotel Lennox. Every room is oir conditioned.

IT'S COMFORTABLE

at Hotel Lennox. Good beds. Luxurious baths. Courteous service. Fine foods. Radio in every room ot no extra cost.

Rooms from $3.50 (a few at $3.25)

Be in the Center of Things At

AIR-CONDITIONED HOTEL Lennox

when does a RUM OLD FASHIONED taste best?

when it's made with MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM

"Planters' Punch" Brand

97 Proof



For free recipe book of popular rum drinks, write: R. U. Delopenho & Co., Inc., Sole Distributor in U. S. A. 57 Laight St., Dept. CL-7, New York 13, N. Y.



TORMENTED PALESTINE

THE latest commission to investigate the Palestine question is now in the Holy Land —an 11-nation group of some 120 members, delegated by the United Nations General Assembly after Great Britain threw up its hands last February and asked the U.N. to take action.

A good deal of time and expense might have been saved if the U.N. had just studied last year's elaborate Palestine report of the joint Anglo-American Commission. However, this latest is a U.N. probe, which none of the previous ones has been—meaning that the U.N. will have a chance, after the commission reports next September 1st, to prove its prowess or otherwise as a settler of international frictions.

If the U.N. falls down on this job, our feeling is: Heaven help the U.N. This is both its biggest opportunity to date to do something constructive and its most serious challenge to show that it can deliver anything better than talk and pious resolutions.

At least four answers to the Palestine question have been offered: A U.N. trusteeship to replace the British mandate; immediate independence, with Palestine's 1,200,000 Arabs and 600,000 Jews to work out their own salvation from there on; extension of equal rights to Jews and Arabs in one Palestinian nation; or partition into two countries, one Arabian and the other Jewish.

Our earnest hope is that some solution will be worked out with reasonable speed, and that the nations involved will then go through with it, without stalling or evasions.

Palestine is a tragic and a tormented country, and a stirrer-up of passions and animosities throughout much of the rest of the world. The double-dealing and double-crossing which Great Britain, and latterly our own government, have given the Jews with regard to their ancient homeland, have been scandalous.

Can't we make one last, mighty effort to get this problem settled somehow, and thereby get it off the front pages and out of the main arena of people's emotions and prejudices? If that can be achieved, a major contribution will have been made to the stability of the world—which badly needs any such contributions it can come by just now.

THE WHOLE TRUTH, PLEASE

AFTER long Congressional debate, the United States finally got started on the first phase of the so-called Truman Doctrine, via the decision to lend Greece and Turkey $400,000,000 to starch up their resistance to Russian Communism. Maybe it will work, maybe not. We aren't discussing that aspect of the Truman Doctrine here.

What we want to discuss is the habit this Administration has, like the Roosevelt Administration before it, of breaking such news piecemeal to the American people, instead of all at once.

There seems to be a persistent conviction, centering chiefly in the middle levels of the State Department, that Americans are too dumb and childish to be trusted with the whole story in one sitting—or one message to Congress—when some important shift in foreign policy is contemplated.

At this time, it is being gossiped around that the Greek-Turkish loan is only the beginning; that the Administration plans to spend a total of 10 billions or more in the next two or three years to bolst numerous countries against Russian Com infiltration.

Well, is that the plan, or isn't it? Why not t now just how far this business is likely to g how much it may cost?

The present piecemeal procedure keeps ru flying around, people alarmed and resentful world opinion in doubt as to what U.S. fo policy is—assuming we have any such thing.

When Americans are convinced that they some job to do, they do not shrink from it, no ter how big it may be. When they suspect somebody is kidding them, they do not co-op and why should they?

Let's have the whole truth, and nothing b truth, about the Truman Doctrine and all it sible consequences as now envisioned; and have that whole truth soon, in plain English, some authoritative Administration source.

ONE LAUGH—$2

FOR the Most Stenchful News Story of 1947 award, if such an award there be, we hereby nominate the dispatch from Pawtucket, Rhode Island, the other week about a fellow being fined $2 and costs for laughing.

The man's name was Samuel Hyder. He had a loud, long-range laugh, which he was in the habit of turning on in public places around Pawtucket whenever he felt like it. The local police chief, name of Leonard Mills, told Hyder to muffle his gaiety. Hyder didn't; so Chief Mills dragged him before Judge William M. Connell, and the judge soaked Hyder the aforementioned $2 and costs.

"I warned him time and again," said Mills, "not to create disturbances when there was nothing funny to laugh about."

As editorial writers used to say, pfaugh and forsooth. In other and better words, what the hell!

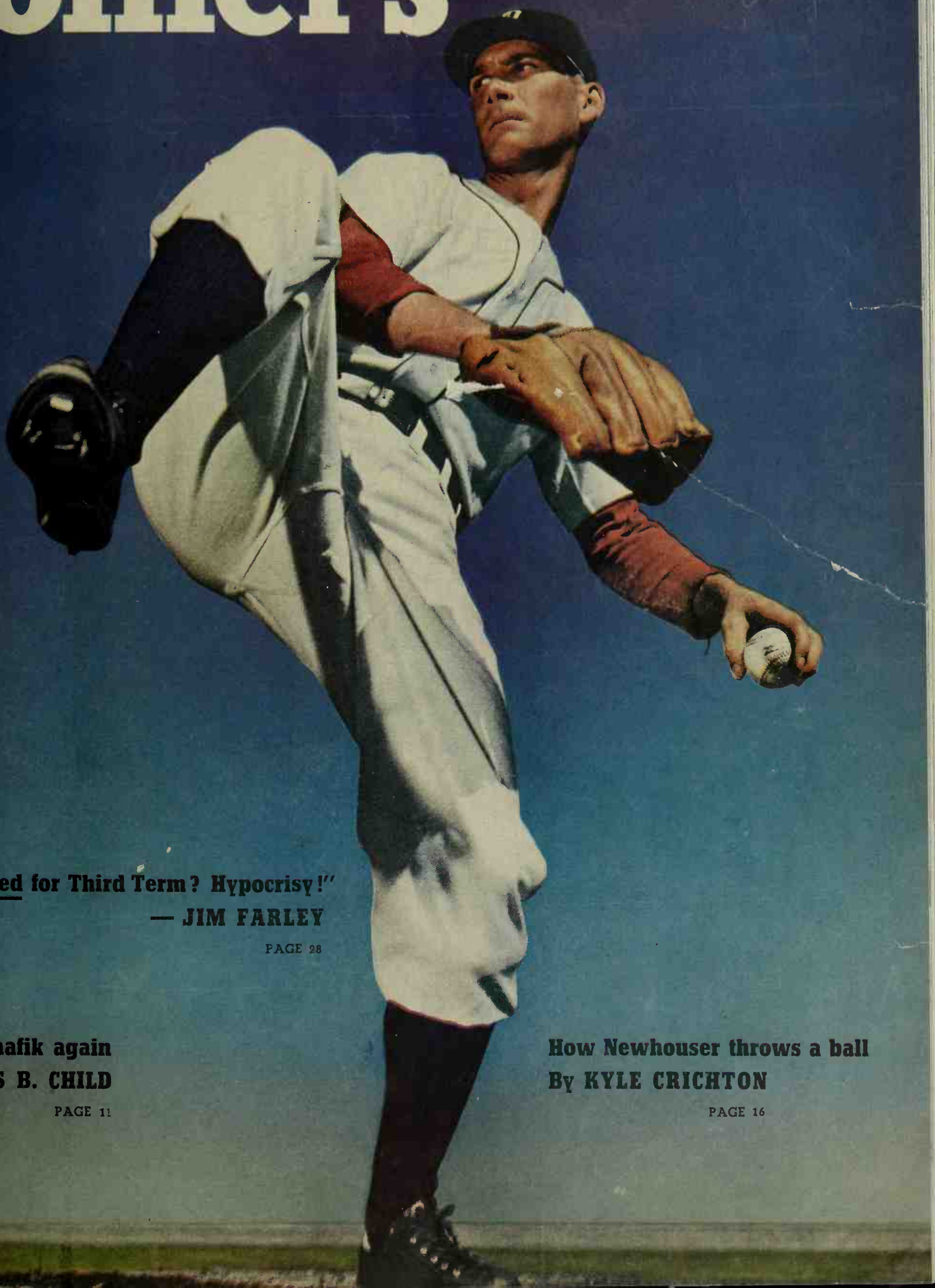
Here we have a world that is saddened an rose because of a recent great war and the m cholly consequences thereof. In at least on on the map of that world, we have one man w uninhibited enough and happy enough to be a laugh like a horse or a hyena at will, and d have to be tickled or joked or argued into lau So that man gets stepped on by a humorless chief and a spoilsport judge.

We'd feel impelled to pull out another old rial cliché—the Whither Are We Drifting on cept that this story had a fairly happy ending all.

The National Laugh Week Foundation o York at once invited Hyder to come to New and laugh all he pleased. Plenty to laugh This was of course the proper retort to the tucket officials, and we hope it burned them

Collier's

JULY 19, 1947 TEN CENTS



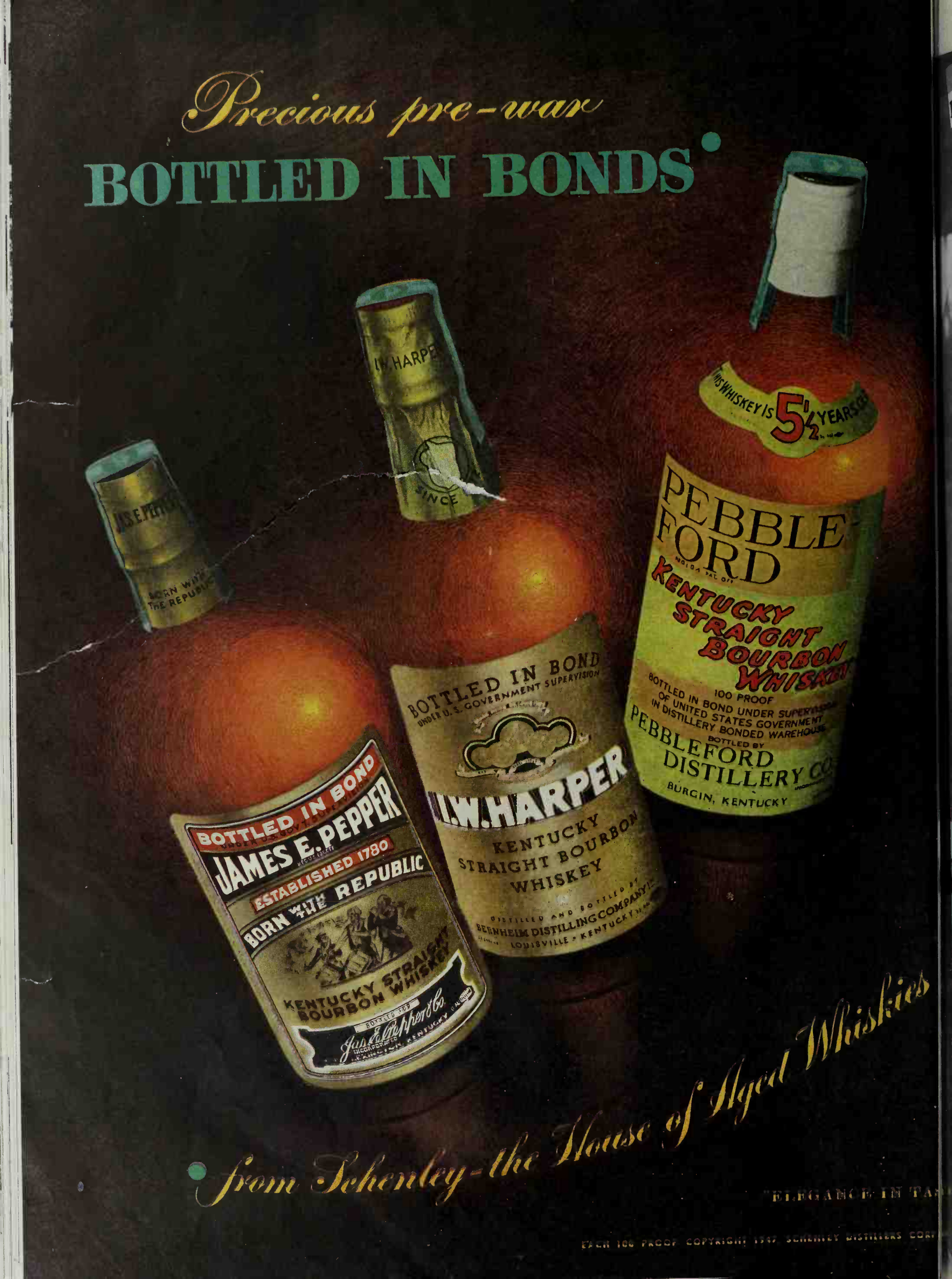
...R. drafted for Third Term? Hypocrisy!"
— JIM FARLEY
PAGE 28

...pector Chafik again
CHARLES B. CHILD
PAGE 11

How Newhouser throws a ball
By KYLE CRICHTON
PAGE 16

Precious pre-war

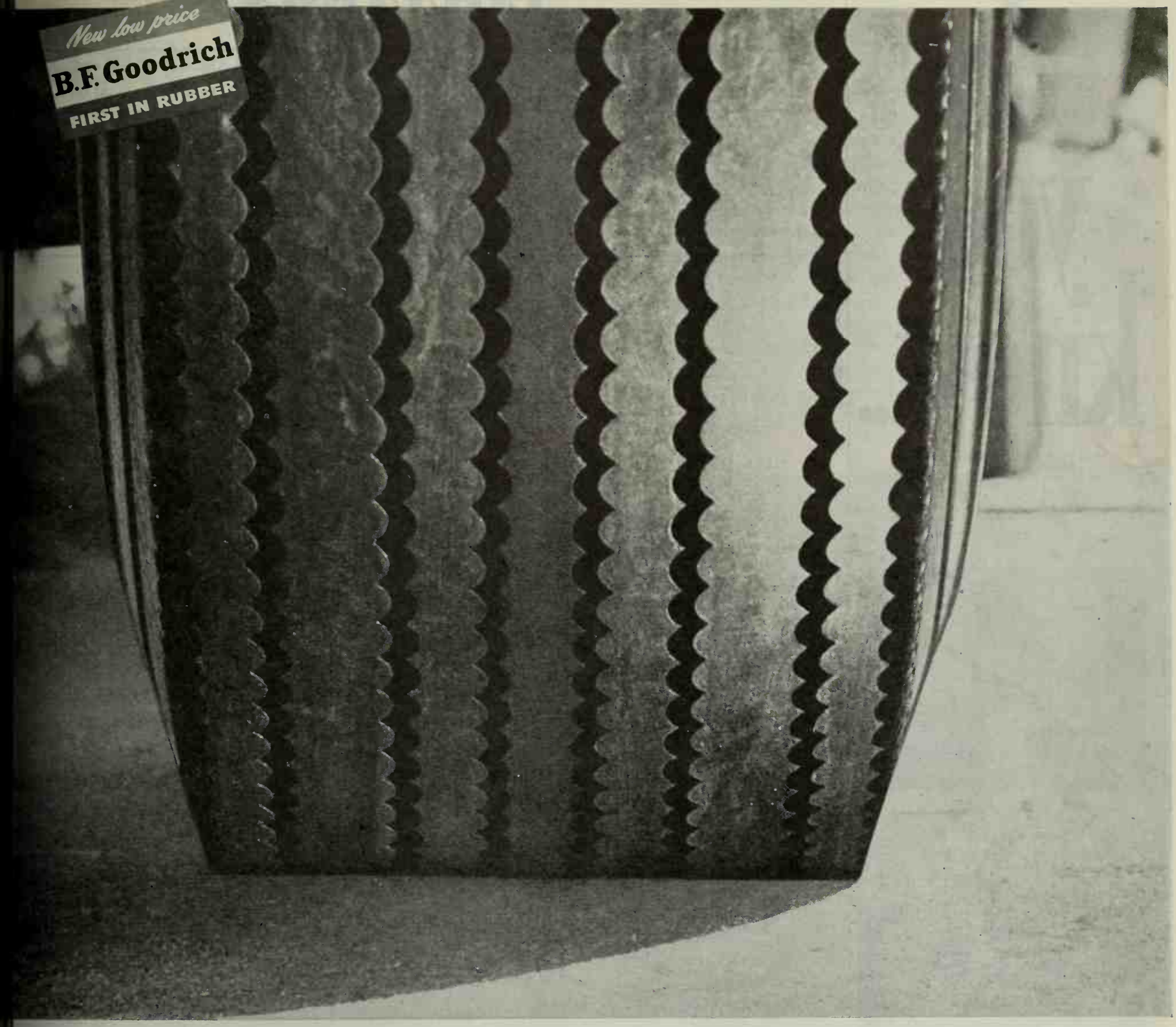
BOTTLED IN BONDS



From Schenley—the House of Aged Whiskies

"ELEGANCE IN TA

EACH 100 PROOF COPYRIGHT 1947 SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP.



low at less than prewar prices...the tire that outwears prewar tires

W MANY THINGS we buy today cost *less than efore the war?* Tires do! Not just ordinary but the best made—B. F. Goodrich Silver-.

price reductions were announced a few weeks ll popular sizes are now less than before the ou get an allowance for your old tires too. . Goodrich Silvertowns outwear prewar tires. veral months this magazine and others have l advertisements with big pictures and sto- out ordinary people—car owners—who kept records of their tire mileages. The new B. F. Goodrich tires have been tested by taxicab fleets too, by state police departments and many others.

B. F. Goodrich has now done two things: (1) improved quality, (2) reduced prices. You get the benefit of both today!

B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns have the wider, flatter tread that puts more rubber on the road to share the wear. They have a stronger body and a double shock-absorbing breaker strip to protect against bruises and accidental damage.

Your B. F. Goodrich dealer has helped make these lower prices possible. He is taking less profit per tire today, and yet he'll still make a good allowance for your old tires. If you need tires, see him now and talk it over. You can buy right from stock without waiting. Don't be satisfied with ordinary tires when you can easily get B. F. Goodrich; the tires that outwear prewar tires! *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"**. . . GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH** to catch a gal's eye . . . until she notices his hair. Summer sun and drying breezes sure make it dry and lifeless looking . . . loose dandruff, too! He's got Dry Scalp . . . and how! I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



HIS HAIR looks better, now that he uses 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! You, too, can have better-looking hair by using just a few drops a day. It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair...and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

In a current night-club act, Bert Pichel, of Cincinnati, blows two smoke rings of the same size simultaneously from the sides of his mouth. He also blows a ring that floats down and settles on the floor instead of rising, and another that catches up with and passes through a larger one without changing the shape of either.

Violent explosions have been caused by some 25 kinds of dust, such as of grain, starch, soap and sugar, whose particles may be ignited by a spark when they are very fine and evenly distributed in the air. One blast, in the loading tunnel of a Chicago grain elevator not long ago, lifted and moved several feet 40 storage bins having a total weight of nearly 300,000 tons.

The New York Fire Department is installing 150 devices intended to discourage the sending of false alarms. The device is a siren that, when the box lever is pulled, begins a one-minute shriek which, by attracting the attention of everyone within a block, usually leads to the identification or apprehension of the prankster.

A secret of acoustics that died with the ancients is embodied in a 2,400-year-old amphitheater that still stands in excellent condition in Epidaurus, Greece. Although its stage is open and uncovered, a whisper spoken on it is heard distinctly in every one of the 14,000 seats.

Although 184 years old, the St. Cecilia Society of Charleston, South Carolina, retains its original social code, which includes a rule forbidding members to bring actors, actresses or divorced persons to its periodical balls. The society is so exclusive that newspapers cannot obtain any information about its activities.—*By Anna Harwood, Stryker, Ohio.*

Tarzan is the only motion-picture character who has towns named after him, two being Tarzan, Texas, and Tarzana, California.

Crime laboratory technician usually determine, under ultra light, whether a tooth or a fragm skin came from a white man or gro. When crushed to powde tooth of a white person glows while that of a Negro glows a re orange; and the skin of a white fluoresces only when it *is not* burned and that of a Negro only it *is* sunburned.

The "City of London" occup area of only one square mile business center of the British c on the site where it was found the Romans. Although an in part of London, this little sect self-governed, has its laws and toms and maintains its own c schools, police force, etc. Eve King must have an invitation fr Lord Mayor in order to pay an c visit.

Having found there exists a mate need for a telephone rec the Federal Communications mission expects to sanction soc manufacture of such machines- a certain provision. When in use must automatically sound a that, after warning the called that his conversation will be rec is repeated at short intervals, sc remind him that the recording is made.

A curious trick played by the the imaginary perception of re motion for a few seconds aft real motion has ceased. For ex a motorist who has been drivin eral hours may think he sees, stopping his car, the road and backing away from him; while standing on the rear platform of train may imagine he sees, wh train stops, the landscape rushi ward him.

Ten dollars will be paid for each cepted for this column. Contributio be accompanied by their source of tion. Address Keep Up With the Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted items may be reproduced without pe



owering above the field in speed, power, economy
. . . that's DIAMOND T *reliability*

T'S Redding to Yreka and Alturas, then all the way down to Richmond—the roads of northern California are hilly and nding, as this view of Mt. Shasta suggests. Over these roads ls extra-heavy-duty Diamond T has rolled up 280,000 miles the last two years, hauling 5,000-gallon loads of gasoline. vner E. B. Hinkle is very happy about the whole thing.

He stresses the economy and complete satisfaction of his Dia- ond T experience, and adds, "Your parts service has been ceptional. Never, even during the most critical times, have r Diamond T's been laid up for want of parts."

Today's Diamond T trucks are the finest we have ever built. The complete line includes 19 models from one ton upwards, and every model has the built-in reliability for which Diamond T has been famous since 1905. We sincerely believe that the new Diamond T Super-Service engines set an entirely new standard for performance and long life in hard service.

See your Diamond T dealer—he is an expert on motor transport. Let him recommend the Diamond T that will do *your* job best for you. See him for truck service, too.

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY CHICAGO

Established 1905

DIAMOND T TRUCKS

SURGING new power... LOWER driving costs

with this New Alemite Creation!



FAR MORE THAN A MERE MOTOR OIL

It Contains a Patented Ingredient that . . .

1 **Cleans out dirty, sluggish engines . . .** and keeps them clean. Restores lost power and pep because power wasted by sticky valves and piston rings goes back to work.

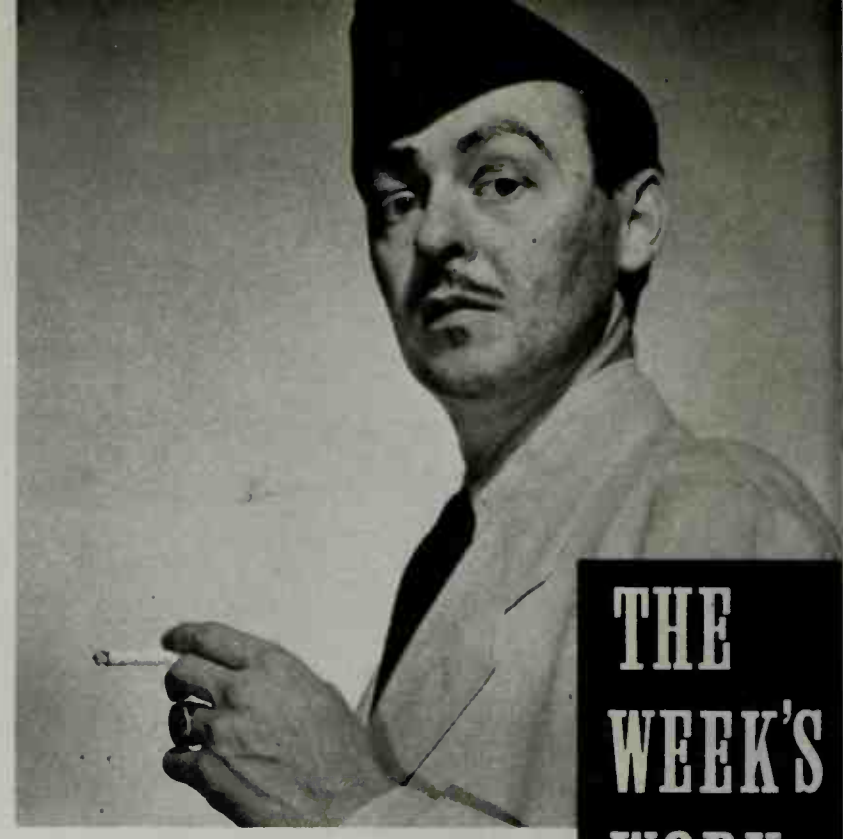
2 **Assures instant lubrication the year 'round.** Flows fast at all operating temperatures. Gives quicker cold weather starts . . . saves your battery. Gives you a cooler engine in summer. Cuts repair bills.

3 **Actually increases gas mileage** in old cars—maintains new car gas economy thousands of miles longer. Makes *any* car cost less to run.

Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you

A PREMIUM-TYPE MOTOR OIL Created by ALEMITE

WORLD'S LEADING SPECIALIST IN LUBRICATION



THE WEEK'S WORK

Artist John Pike modeling a sidarah, Inspector Chafik's official headgear

CHARLES CHILD, who created our new snooper-sleuth, Inspector Chafik J. Chafik of the C.I.D., Iraq and Points East (Inspector Chafik Closes the Case, p. 11), should know his Arabs. A Londoner and now forty-four, Mr. Child spent two romantic years tagging Abd-el-Krim in North Africa in the twenties. Marriage to an American newspaperwoman brought him here first in 1930.

The war ended a writing idyl on the Côte d'Azur in France, and Mr. Child wound up in Iraq with Military Intelligence associated with the Criminal Investigation Department, British equivalent of our O.S.S. and F.B.I.

Patterned on Scotland Yard and headed by an Englishman, Child and Company did their work so well nary an Iraqian oil well was sabotaged. "Security was at such a high level the Allied Forces were reduced to a skeleton command when I left in 1944," says Mr. Child, happily.

When he got back to America in 1946, Mr. Child settled down in Westport, Connecticut, to catch up on his writing and life with his wife. In time the urge to write crime came to our ex-hawkshaw.

"I wondered what kind of detective would fit the tricks I had in mind," explains Mr. Child. "Naturally I thought of my friends, and so the character of Chafik J. Chafik was born. I take no credit. Chafik just arrived quietly complete with *sidarah* and cigarette and introduced me to Sergeant Abdullah. Chafik is a composite of old associates. Graceful manners mean more to the Arabs than to us. They love a witty phrase, but wrap it around a hard core of truth. Their minds are agile and wind through a complicated maze, but when adapted to the problem of crime this appears to be an asset."

Meanwhile Mr. Child declines to be mugged for this department's rogues' gallery. "Please excuse me," he says smoothly, "but my experience of handling other people's records has made me allergic to cameras and fingerprints."

There will be other Chafik stories.

CRACK water-colorist John Pike, who projects the philosophic Chafik in the flesh, is from Boston, thirty-six, and because he preferred to draw caricatures of his teachers, moderately badly educated. "At left home and school," he become what romanticists dier of fortune, suburbani bum, and I called an artist."

At all three Pike insists h mild success. For a time l ink and coffee for the art d of a paper, then washed d played an accordion for kee lessons at Provincetown, Cod. The accordion he squ ing walk-ons and walk-of Provincetown Playhouse. picked up a knowledge of lighting in Boston experime ultraviolet.

There are a couple of b Central Park, New York, Pike's heart and rear. D struggles for recognition tried painting, commercial made jewelry; etched glassw designed.

It got so cold one Thurs in 1934, Pike worked his w maica, B.W.I., where he not native, painted a thousand ors, acquired a charming son, but also attained height

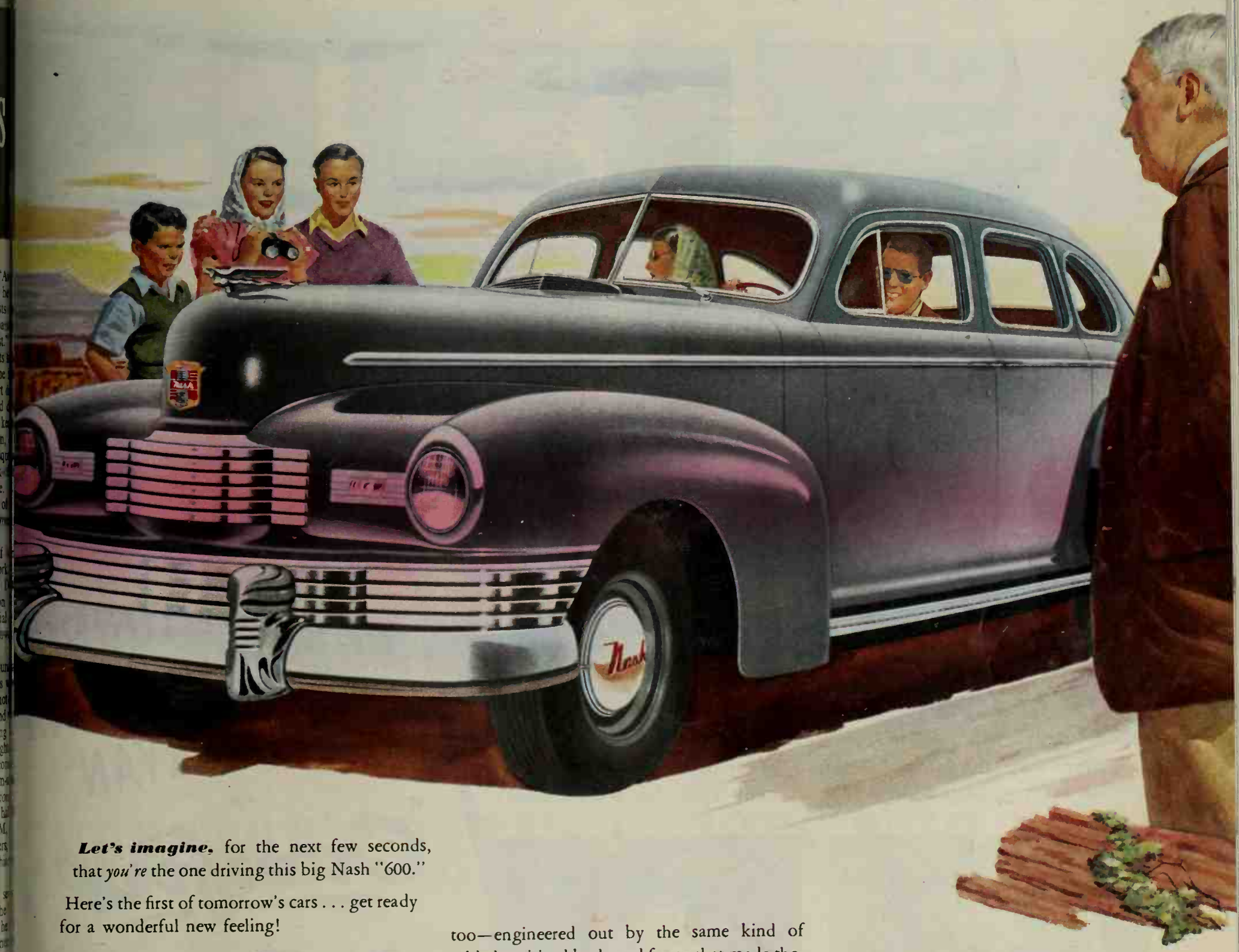
He designed and decor glamor bistros with rum-a color murals, did the *décor* plays," and designed a hal dollar cinema for M-G-M. palace, it had no corners, ultra-ultra. Pike also ran his club in Montego Bay.

During the war Pike se the OWI as an artist in the and Korea, and since, he' around Old Lyme, Connec a 1,100-acre cotton-corn-c tenant farm in Rutherfor North Carolina, and is right in art at Woodstock, New artist without an ax to grin ply want to be a better w artist," he says.

This week's cover: N Pitching. When the Brothe came to take his picture, cently youthful Newhouser pose only if a story on hin with it. The Peskins prom Collier's editors, "No cover!" Meanwhile Kyle (The Newhouser Nuisance, having similar experiences another victory for Newhou

TED

Pamper yourself for 45 seconds—



Let's imagine, for the next few seconds, that *you're* the one driving this big Nash "600."

Here's the first of tomorrow's cars . . . get ready for a wonderful new feeling!

It's lively. It's quick. It's eager to romp over the hills.

It goes—and goes—and *goes* on a gallon of gas. From 500 to 600 miles on a tankful, at moderate highway speed!

The old-time drag of dead weight—*that's out.* New ease of steering—*that's in.* And with Nash coil-springing on *all four* wheels the umps disappear like magic!

ttles and squeaks? They're old-fashioned, too—engineered out by the same kind of welded, unitized body and frame that made the streamliner train famous.

And it's no illusion that the air is fresher. That's Nash Conditioned Air you're breathing . . . filtered of dust, rid of stuffiness, and warmed, when desired, by the famous Weather Eye.

Yes—it's *Tomorrow's* motoring—even to a Convertible Double Bed if you like.

But why read about it—when you can see for yourself why the nation-wide swing is to Nash! There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today. That's where you'll find the new Nash "600" and the new Nash Ambassador.

You'll be ahead with

Nash

NASH MOTORS DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT

These are the people

who tell the screen's most daring story!



Relentless detective, confronted with the most baffling murder case of his career!



Cynical and secretive sergeant . . . did he know more than he dared reveal?



Tough and full of hate . . . but have a *special* reason to kill?



Lonely, down in the dumps . . . was he a brutal killer without a memory?



Many men sought Ginny . . especially when they were lonely!



To save her husband, she braved a truth that might cost her marriage!



Just a stranger . . . why did anyone want to kill him?

DORE SCHARY
presents

ROBERT YOUNG
ROBERT MITCHUM
ROBERT RYAN

in

"Crossfire"

with
GLORIA GRAHAME
PAUL KELLY • SAM LEVENE

Produced by
ADRIAN SCOTT • EDWARD DMYTRYK
Directed by
Screen Play by JOHN PAXTON

RKO RADIO PICTURES

World Premiere **RIVOLI THEATRE** BROADWAY, NEW YORK



"Ahmed has ten years," the woman said. "He is a man." "Then I will talk to him as a man," Chafik said. "Who killed your father?"

NSPECTOR CHAFIK CLOSES THE CASE

BY CHARLES B. CHILDS

Sometimes compassion comes closer to Justice than the letter of the law

THE desert was an ocean of gravel and gray dust which lapped the struggling outskirts he City of Baghdad. Spewed from sullen waves of dead earth were els built partly of baked mud and tly of flattened gasoline cans, relics he war years and the British garri- A few goats, tethered at the doors, ed listlessly at rinds of discarded ons, while potbellied children, dirt e than rags covering their naked- , played in the brief shade of the ay embankment.

he sky was the open door of a furnace stoked with the Iraqi sun, and Inspector Chafik, stepping from his car and viewing the scene, said to the tall, gaunt man who followed him, "It is well we came at once. A body is always detestable, but in such heat it becomes an abomination."

Sergeant Abdullah said reprovingly, "Man's body is made by God."

"True," his superior replied, "but when the soul's breath has gone from it, the remains are only of interest to us of the police." Chafik smiled as he spoke, an unexpected softening of his dark, lean face, and a brightening of his dun-colored eyes, which were as old as the ancient land of his birth. He was a little man, with well-shaped hands and feet and a thin, wiry body. He wore a white linen suit, well tailored by Western standards, and stepped daintily over the rubbish which littered the path, careful not to soil his shoes. He was aware he was watched by people who feared him because he was Chafik J. Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department, but he felt no pride in their fear. If the poor were all criminals I would have half Baghdad on my records, he thought, and stopped at the gate of a courtyard where two khaki-uniformed police were standing guard.

As he entered, his shadow went before him over a square of swept, clean ground. He looked at the round cakes of water-buffalo dung plastered against the walls of the hut to dry for fuel, and said, "Him we have come to see was blessed with an industrious wife. Poverty has not broken her spirit."

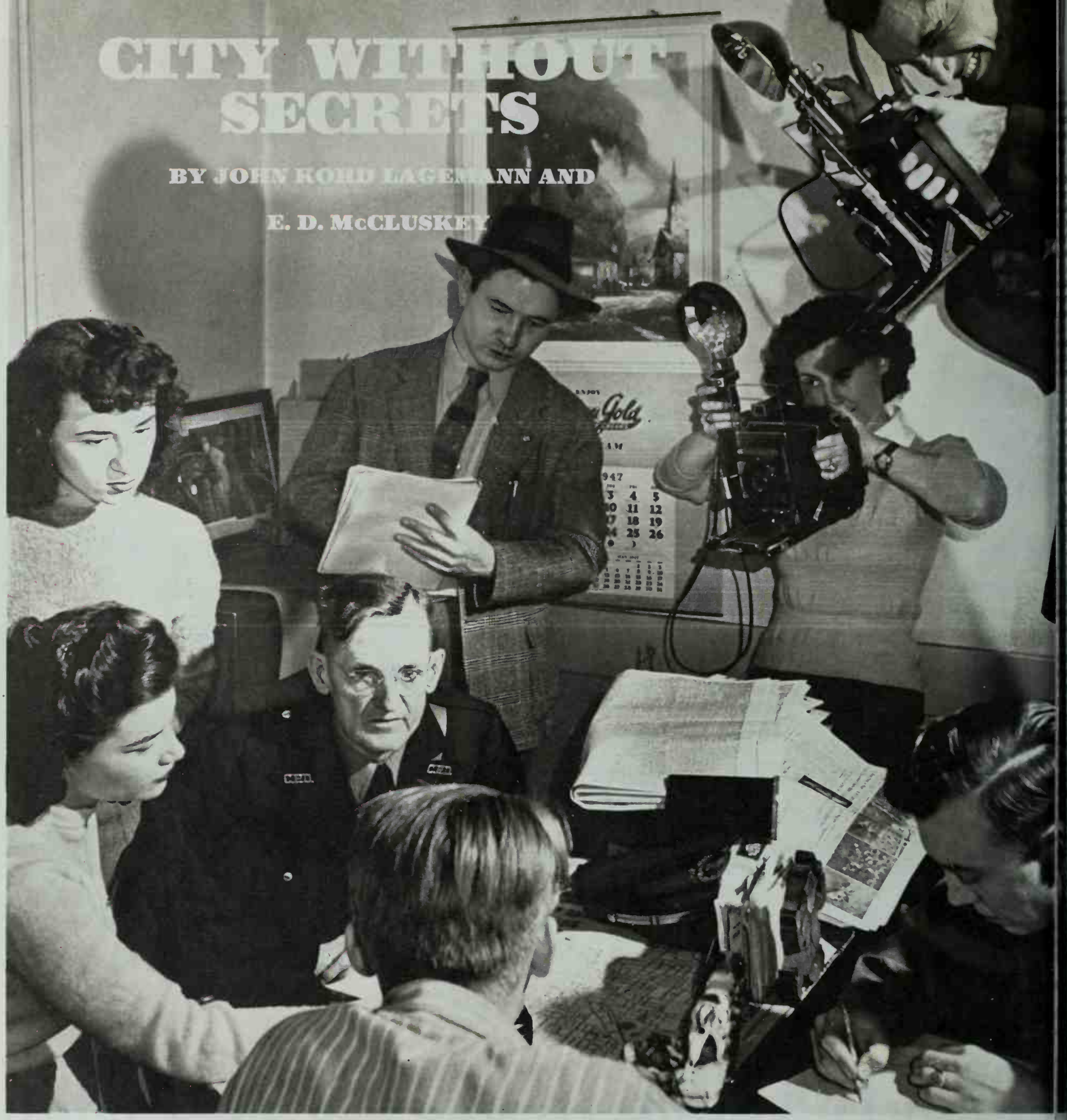
Sergeant Abdullah said, "Was she not always poor?"

(Continued on page 75)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

CITY WITHOUT SECRETS

BY JOHN ROBB LAGEMANN AND E. D. McCLUSKEY



Police headquarters is jammed with reporters several times a day, and the cubs jot down every scrap of news Chief N. R. Hagan tosses them

Just a whisper of a story, and a pack of eager news hounds is hot on your trail. That's what to expect in Columbia, home of Missouri's School of Journalism, with a world-record population of reporters

YOU don't have to be famous to meet the press in Columbia, Missouri. All you have to do is step off a train or bus.

"Help you with your bags, sir?" The young man or pretty girl who greets you so helpfully is not a porter, you find, but a reporter from the Columbia Missourian.

A loud noise anywhere in town will bring two or three of them on the gallop. On Broadway, driving up to your hotel, your cab locks bumpers with a car backing out of a parking space. Before the dust has settled, two young men have gotten your name, birthplace and business, and you've apologized for remaining intact.

"No damage," they report sadly to the girl colleague who has just trotted up carrying a pencil pirate-fashion between her teeth. But the girl doesn't give up so easily. Over soft drinks at a near-by snack bar, she sends down test drillings for fillers: What briefly is the story of your life? Who'll win the World Series? Is civilization doomed?

By the third lemon phosphate, you get in a few leading questions yourself: How come this plethora of reporters? Who is paying their salaries? What do they substitute for news in this peaceful community where the broad, elm-lined streets end abruptly on somebody's farm, where the grocer still treats you to a bag of candy when you pay the bills, where . . . ?

"Who," interrupts the young lady, "is interviewing whom?" In a few crisp words she gives you what she refers to as the "deal."

To cover a town of 25,000, her paper, the Columbia Missourian, has a city desk twice as large as the New York Times, more photogra than any six metropolitan dailies bined, a total staff that outnur all the American corresponden quired to cover Europe, Asia, A and the Near East. They are pai in cash but in credit at the Univ of Missouri's famous School of nalism, whose entire student bo 525 is involved in getting out a lar city newspaper in competitior the Tribune—"a paper," the lady describes it, "that would be anyway."

Life in Columbia, you soor

is a three-ring, 24-hour press ence. It reminds you of the ns, where hands reach for the when the voice behind the gun "Talk fast, bub." At the sight Missourian reporter whipping s pencil, God-fearing citizens in their tracks and wait for ssic 5 W's every good journalist earn to shoot fast: Who? What? ? Where? Why?

umbia has had almost 40 years ever since the late Dean Walter ms started the paper as a lab- y for the first, and long the only, alism school in the world. Since he school has expanded from bare classrooms in ancient Jesse o two large campus buildings of wn. The Missourian, keeping has climbed to 4,500 circulation urned the school into a larger- ife newspaper plant, complete otary press, photoengraving lab- y, the full leased wire service of nited Press and more hustle and per square yard than you'd find whole block of downtown Co- a.

dents entering journalism school have two years' college educa- t better than average grades, work two more years for their egree—and that means "work." r teachers doubling as newspa- ecutives, all except the mechani- d accounting chores of getting a metropolitan daily are per- d by students, who rotate from tment to department. The idea, urse, is to help them take their of paying jobs later on; and in rt of its methods, the school can to an impressive proportion of ,000 alumni who did just that in fields.

r the school itself, the Missour- sn't done too badly, either. Pos- to sidestep state ownership, it's nally owned by the University ourian Association, Incorpo- , a nonprofit organization of old s. But the university provides and tains the plant, and all profits are back to the School of Journalism mprovements." On a mechanical valued at $80,000 the paper is ntly grossing that sum yearly circulation and advertising.

Goldfish Has More Privacy

s for its effect on the town, the ourian has brought an unlooked- blessing: no secrets. Explored, ped over, and scrutinized each by a fresh batch of news-hungry , the townsfolk put no stock in ealment.

Vhy try to hold anything back?" a matron coming out of a local ty parlor. "Everything is known ow." She's just been interviewed er the drier by a team of society rters who figure like this: If re having your hair done, you t be going someplace. And if re going someplace, why haven't eard?

They don't just cover fires," drawls Walden, who has headed the fire rtment since 1917, "they blanket n." Back when the fire wagons de- ded on horses for power, the cubs ld usually get there first, and Wal- would find them throwing furni- out of the windows and looking maidens in distress. Firemen had ush their way through reporters ut out the blaze. "Modern fire- ting equipment," says Walden, s been a great help in bringing spapermen under control."

h courthouse, municipal building and police station, reporters swarm around city and county officials in numbers that would flatter Presidents and Prime Ministers. With the Missourian and the Tribune competing hotly on local news coverage, a city council meeting on the garbage-disposal problem gets a bigger play than the Council of Foreign Ministers debating the fate of Germany.

The cubs aren't satisfied with official handouts, either. The morning after a secret council meeting, the mayor came back to his office to find a student reporter seated at his desk with a portable typewriter, making a copy of the minutes. "Be through in a second, Your Honor," he said. "Don't want to misquote anybody."

Cubs Work on Murder-Suicide

Two or three times a day, police headquarters is jampacked with reporters. "Time to feed the sea lions," mutters the desk sergeant as the cubs jot down every scrap of news Chief N. R. Hagan can toss them. Mostly it's routine traffic violations, petty larceny, or café brawls, only rarely sensational news like last year's case of Dr. Adolph Zeck, the university German teacher who killed himself after presumably poisoning his wife. Then the chief suddenly found his staff of fourteen augmented by scores of self-deputized detectives.

"The theories they turned up on that one would keep Ellery Queen in plots for the next 10 years," says Hagan, who listened patiently while cubs explained the crime in terms of everything from psychoanalysis to the international situation. "They lose confidence in you if there isn't a murder once in a while," he wisecracks, "but we do the best we can." However, this doesn't include rides in the town's four police cars, something every cub yearns for. "We'd need a bus fleet to carry you all," the chief tells them. So they rush to the scene of the crime by foot, bicycle, car or motor scooter.

When official news runs thin, the enterprising Missourian reporter finds ways of making it himself. Sy Weintraub from Chicago, who specializes in pulling stories out of loopholes, considerably flustered Stephens College last fall when he discovered there was no by-law against male students —and tried for story purposes to enroll with 3,000 girls and take classes in body conditioning, marriage, fly casting and child care.

Ruled out by the college welfare clause, Sy evened the score by digging up an 1887 city ordinance making it a misdemeanor for women to wear "overalls or men's attire of any description." Chief Hagan obligingly agreed to enforce the law, and Sy was able to report that half the girls in Stephens and the University were "flagrant and habitual law breakers subject to arrest on sight."

Another stickler for law and order, Brooks Honeycott of Louisville, Kentucky, cooked up a news assignment any motorist would envy. In a borrowed car, Brooks spent a whole day deliberately trying to get a ticket. He raced through red lights, U-turned on Broadway, parked in front of fire hydrants, finally turned his motor off and honked continuously for half an hour. On this story, too, the police co-operated beautifully. None of them paid any attention.

"A good reporter gets the stories he is sent after," says General Instruction No. 7 in the Missourian rule

(Continued on page 65)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE



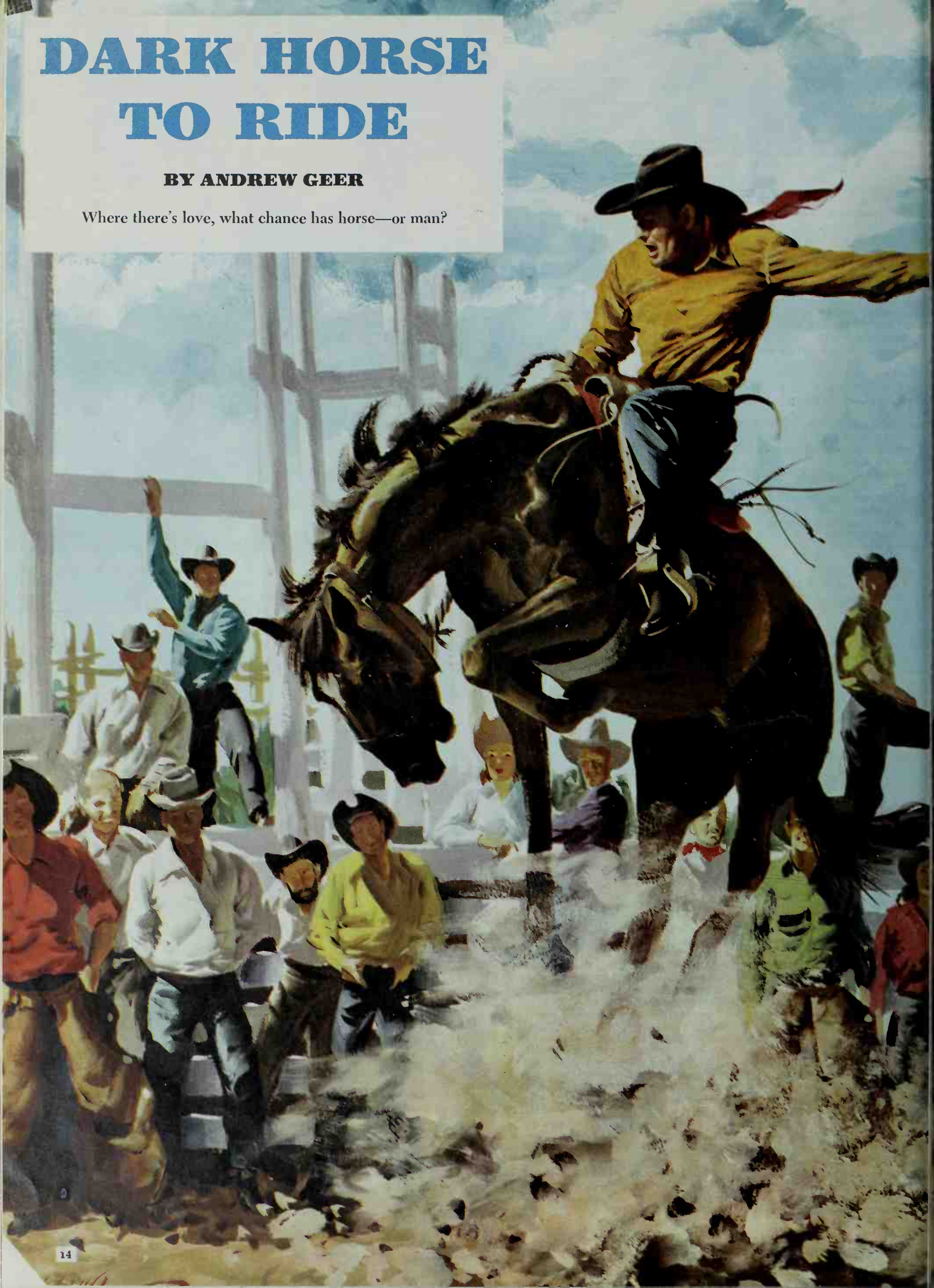
When a story breaks, there's a mad rush of reporters to cover it. When the breaks don't come, the students dig up their own news. Below, Guy B. Jackson explores the garbage of story material. Guy found one woman's shoe in good repair, eleven "Please remit" bills, and a note saying, "Darling, I'll try." It made a story



DARK HORSE TO RIDE

BY ANDREW GEER

Where there's love, what chance has horse—or man?



OOLEY JONES, a soft-bellied man with owls like turkey wattles, saw the horse and rider coming toward him. Pooley waited, his teeth in anticipation of the show he it on for the crowd. It would mean a drink om Harry Strange and the Teapot bunch, ched for a drink. Moving to the edge of den sidewalk he took a deep breath and rider was directly in front of him he yelled as rough as file cuttings, "Hi ya, Slippers!" g his horse around so sharply its mane the rider marched the horse to the side- halted him with his forefeet on the wooden People as far away as Bell's Hotel ve- lted in midsentence to watch.

name is Benton—Jeff Benton." Ignoring t crowd, the rider leaned forward in the "So you won't forget next time, we'll re- little act you just put on."

Jones shifted his feet, and his wattle jowls dish brown. "An' if I don't?" he asked, voice had gone to seed.

t risk it, Pooley; you'll never look the same you do." Benton swung his horse off the l up the street, turned him and came back. , Jeff," said Pooley Jones, his voice sound- a dog choking on a chicken bone.

, Pooley—"

straight ahead, Benton rode to the end of t, past the open-air dance pavilion and out cking chutes. Drop-tying his horse in the the grandstand, he entered the pennant- nt.

, Mack," he greeted a large, porky man hind a makeshift desk of pine boards.

y, Jeff. What can I do for you?"

ntering the works—bronc riding, saddle back, steer riding, calf roping and bull- "

n't think you'd be riding this year."

wouldn't I be riding this year?"

Thomas lifted a bushy left eyebrow and oulder as though they were controlled by muscle. "From the things I've been hear- His voice died out in a fog of uncertainty. ou taking my entry or not?"

over fifty bucks," Thomas waved his hand oxes on the end of the table, "and draw afternoon show."

n drew a folded paper from each box and them read, "Poodle Dog in the saddle buck- ud Duster in the bareback." He tossed the n the table. "Who're the judges?"

Holly Green and Petey Wells."

Wells here? At least there's one judge core the ride and not the rider."

Thomas put his pencil down carefully and red up his neck and into his face. "Insulting , or are you building an alibi?"

n't need an alibi."

r hearing what that black harness horse of Strange's did to you, I think you do." settled back in his chair. "Regardless of u say, you'll get every point you deserve re. Maybe you'll win your entry money t I doubt it."

bucks says I finish one-two in the all- championship."

t's a sucker bet, but I'll take it just to teach sson."

n pulled out his Indian sack, stripped off ns and two fives. "There's my entrance I'll be in to pick up your fifty later on."

n rode back to town and put his horse away in the livery stable and grain-fed him; went to Morgan's bar.

s gloomy and cool inside; the place was d with the smell of years and years of stale smoke and staler beer. The bar was lined omesteaders and cattlemen; the green-top ere untenanted save for two old-timers in a rner staking out a cribbage game.

n paused in the entrance to let his eyes get the gloom and felt the swinging door pad- is rump with shorter and softer strokes un- pped entirely. The talk in the room died.

Pooley Jones was standing nearest the door, his back to the mahogany bar.

"Hi ya, Pooley," Benton said. One by one, faces turned his way until there was not a blank spot along the line.

Pooley Jones looked at him. His eyes narrowed to slits. "Howdy, Jeff," he said hoarsely.

Midway down the bar a stringy rider in snug-fitting black whipcords and yellow shirt stepped from the line. "What say, Slippers?" he asked in a high, jeering voice. "Got your plowing done and your cows milked?"

Benton moved away from the door, his face flaming at the titter of laughter that rose and died away.

"That's a funny rig for a plow jockey to be wearing."

"Your talk isn't funny, Tom—cut it!"

"And if I don't, Mr. Slippers?"

Jeff swung and felt the shock of the blow run from his knuckles up his arm to his shoulder. Tom Triplett went down, but bounced up roaring. Jeff slipped under a curling left, but Tom Triplett caught him with his right.

Both men straightened, breathing heavily, moved in and standing toe to toe began to slug it out with neither making an attempt to duck or evade a blow. Morgan yelled and vaulted the bar, and the circle closed in to pull the two apart.

"Break it up!" Morgan roared.

"Let 'em fight it out," snarled Pooley Jones.

Benton staggered a little as he made his way out the back door and into the alley. He went to the pump and his breath whistled through his hands as he scooped cold water to his face.

"What the hell's the matter with you, Jeff? You gone mean?"

Without looking around Jeff knew who it was. He shook his head. "I don't think so, Petey."

"I do. I saw that play you made against Pooley on the street this morning."

"He asked for it."

"But hell, Jeff. Why pick on a sorry old washed-up bronc rider like Pooley?"

"If he isn't a man, he shouldn't play around with men." The words came out right, but Jeff knew he was wrong. He was wrong about a lot of things. Holding up the bucket he ducked his head into it, threw the water out and dried his face. "Let's go to the Chinaman's for chow."

THEY found a booth in the rear and ordered. Petey Wells, redheaded and freckled, sitting askew in his chair from an old pelvis injury suffered at Pendleton, talked to the tabletop.

"I heard a gentle driving horse made you eat dirt, Jeff. And Harry Strange fired you off the Teapot, and you went to farming a homestead in Outlaw Canyon? All that true?"

"Excepting Harry firing me—I quit."

"What's back of all this ruckus?"

"I guess most of it started when Edith came out to teach school."

"There's a girl mixed up in it?"

Jeff nodded. "Edith Oliver. She was bedding down on the Teapot. You know what that's like?"

Petey nodded.

"Hell, there were cow-pokes from six townships around using the Teapot range for a short cut that only added twenty miles to their ride." Jeff waited while a young Chinese came through the curtains and handed plates of food around.

"Don't eat too much," Petey cautioned. "You've got a busy afternoon ahead of you."

"That's the truth, and one helluva lot depends on how I do the next three days." Jeff gulped his coffee and gagged against the heat of it. "Things sort of leveled out to competition between Tom Triplett and me. As far as I could see, it was even Stephen with us, even though I was getting help from Martha. D'you know Harry Strange's wife, Martha?"

"Sure."

"She owed me a favor and whenever she could she saw to it that I got the call when Edith had to go anywhere. One day she asked me to pick Edith up after school. I drove over in the phaeton with Zeke, the harness horse."

Jeff shoved back from the table and made a cigarette. "As we were coming up the lane toward the house, I got show-offy—jumped onto Zeke—I landed scratching and yelling, just skylarking around. I figured on making a dash entrance, but Zeke figured different. He broke the check rein, put his head between his legs and went to work. On the fifth jump he threw me half as high as the cottonwoods. From there he kicked his way out of the phaeton—Edith got dumped, of course."

Jeff lighted his smoke. "There was a helluva lot of milling around and yelling. As soon as Harry found out Edith wasn't hurt, he began yelling about wrecking his phaeton and making an outlaw of his best buggy horse. I knew I'd been a damn' fool and that didn't help any. I told Harry I'd pay for the phaeton, but he kept bellering about ruining his driving horse. Then I really blew my top. I bet Harry a month's wages I could ride his damn' outlaw wagon horse. To pour it on I borrowed a pair of Martha's high-heeled slippers. She's a big woman and I could get into them, curling my toes."

TROMPING out his smoke, Jeff looked at the ceiling. "I stayed with him seven jumps. I don't think I could've stuck him with full rig and pulling leather. That was when Harry tagged me with the name Slippers. It spread like fire in dry brush."

Petey cleared his throat. "Why should Harry get so puckered?"

"That goes back a time. Harry'd been courting Martha for about five years. It didn't look like he'd ever get off the dime, so Martha and me cooked up a deal. I made it look like I was casting my loop her way. Harry jumped. Ever since then he's been thinking I'm his chief threat. That's the favor Martha owed me."

"Is this black the buck-jumper you say he is?"

"Do you remember the day Tom Three-Persons rode Strawberry?"

"I remember," answered Petey in the voice of a man talking in church.

"Did you think you'd never see a better bucking horse than Strawberry?"

"Not in this life."

"This black horse Zeke is, and not because he dumped me twice—"

"What about the girl?" Petey asked.

"She nearly got killed, but she held no grudges. Before I rode off the Teapot we chinned private, down by the ford. She let me know I was tops in her tally book, and she'd tell Tom Triplett likewise—that's why Tom was burning for a fight. Anyhow, Edith said she wasn't going to tie up with a broken-down bronc rider, meaning me. So, what do I do? I go to the bank and borrow five hundred and file a homestead in Outlaw Canyon; I build a house, a barn, four stalls and two stanchions. Two cows and a garden."

Jeff leaned back in his chair. "Did you ever do farm chores?"

Petey shook his head emphatically.

"That's all farming means, milking cows, weeding the garden, plowing for next year's crop and feeding chickens. Then it's time to milk again."

"You mean you got hens?"

Jeff nodded.

"How long's this been going on?"

"Over two months. That's why I rode into town today loaded for bear. I've *(Continued on page 69)*



"I'm coming out—" The gate swung open. Midnight erupted with a bawl. He caprioled so high it looked as if he were walking the top rail of the chutes

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

THE NEWHOUSER NUISANCE

BY KYLE CRICHTON





IN PAST years Master Harold
Detroit southpaw, was a nuisance
precedented malignancy that onl
tervention saved him from lethal belab
hands of his playmates. Now considere
critics the greatest pitcher in baseball,
time when he not only failed to influenc
succeeded admirably in alienating frienc

"Let us observe merely that he is a th
Dutchman," they used to say elegantly
in the Detroit dugout, stroking a bat t
wishing the laws on assault were less
Michigan.

This ordinarily followed a scene in wh
Hal welcomed a teammate's error by ta
glove, putting his hands on his hips
murderously at the offender. He would
to the mound in a white rage and start t
ball toward the plate with insane fury
brains and temper had left him sim
there was nothing on the ball but anger,
sult was invariably disastrous. The ha
Hal threw them up, the faster they can
back and it soon became a question not
ing the game but of preserving Newhou

"I will not say that Newhouser was d
marks a teammate who now finds him
"but it is a happy chance that there is
this club now serving a term for homic

Newhouser gives credit for his reform
wife but this must be less than strictly
cause the marriage was in 1941 and H
playing Dracula in 1942 and 1943.
came in 1944 when he won twenty-ni
nine and almost pitched Detroit into
For that chore he won the American Le
valuable player award and took it ag
when he won twenty-five and lost the
Last year he won twenty-six and lost ni
piled an earned-run average of 1.94. In
been 1.81, the first time in twenty-se
pitcher had allowed an average of few
runs a game two years in succession.

"The triumph of matter over mind,"
his ill-wishers, but this is vigorously reb
Detroit sports writers and most close
the game. "This young man will never
sche as a thinker," says Harry Salsinge
troit News, "but he will outpitch Felle
Ferriss or anybody in our league. I thi
pitch anybody in any league."

At twenty-six Newhouser is probab
ture as any man who ever dominated hi
He is still a big blond kid and will possi
way. Rube Waddell would have had
triculating at the Sorbonne, and Dizzy
conducted a seminar in his life, but the
burly characters who make Newhous
someone who has wandered out of t
League. It is only when he is on the m
grows into a magician. The gentry
would not thank us for hinting Hal is
regard him simply as Attila, the Asiatic

Newhouser's father ran a *Turnver*

The Newhouser pitch that has done
age to many batting averages. Here
famous hurler in action from windup

...f a pain in the neck around Detroit. But now the pain is felt in seven other big league cities







...roit and it was natural that Hal should ...e. His brother, Richard, four years ...igned by Detroit and farmed out to ... Charleston in the Middle Atlantic ... to Hot Springs in the Cotton States ...suffered a whack on the head from a ... and gave up the silly profession. Hal ...e world sit up (the small world around ...n he pitched for the Roose-Vanker ... American Legion in 1937, and struck ...our batters of the Learned Post.

... year he won fourteen and lost two; in ... seventeen and lost one. In the latter ...ved only four earned runs in eighteen. ...n he lost to San Diego in the semifinals ...al Legion championships at Charlotte, ...ina, that year it was the first run scored ...ixty-five innings. In that time he had ... no-hit games and run his string of vic...enteen straight.

...ppening occurred that may have been ... for some of his later mishaps: Wish ...etroit scout, appeared at the Newhouser ... the boy. The family was rocking se...e front porch when the famous Wish ...vith five one-hundred-dollar bills and ...f them into Papa Newhouser's fist and ... clammy paw of Harold.

... was only working three days a week ... gasped and said, "Isn't that a little high ...teen-year-old kid?" and Wish said no, ...was just about the right figure and be... a contract here for a hundred and fifty ... if Mr. Newhouser would just sign his ...er of this interesting minor, they could ...t a long and warm friendship had been ...

... had no sooner departed with the docu...lly wrapped within his bosom when a ...ertible turned into the street and de...Slapnicka and Roger Peckinpaugh of the ...ndians on the Newhouser front steps. ... been two versions of what happened ...as it that M. Slapnicka tendered a bonus ...5,000 and waved a hand at the con...ch was also to be part of the deal, while ...users cradled their heads in their hands ...h-oh-oh! The other version is that Cy ...was too late and then proffered the check ... "The car is also yours!" Detroiters re...s a typically Machiavellian trick by ...ke young Newhouser dissatisfied with ... deal.

...maintains now that he never gave the ...ther thought but there is plain evidence ...Newhousers uttered at least a few anguished ... the subject.

...event Newhouser was sent down to ... farm at Alexandria, Louisiana, where ...t and lost four and was then dispatched ...o Beaumont in the Texas League. He ...t two and lost the next twelve, but looked ...at Detroit brought him up at the end of ... He pitched one game against Cleve...st it.

...gan Childe Harold's battle against the ...had given him a great fast ball, a good ...a nice change of pace. But in a spirit of ...hey kept back one thing: victories. If ...d a two-hitter, the other guy pitched a ... In the first twenty-one innings of the ...n Detroit got him only one run. Any time things got to looking too good for his cause, his teammates began playing a little game of their own called you-kick-this-one-I'll-kick-the-next. Soon Harold was talking to nobody but himself on the club.

He lost fourteen in 1942 and seventeen in 1943. This was the final straw and he went to Steve O'Neill, the new manager, and asked to be traded. "Traded, my eye," said Steve. "You're going to be one of my starting pitchers this year." Newhouser now gives O'Neill credit for straightening him out and utters most laudatory words about the Christian spirit Steve utilized in this venture, but the truth seems to be that Harold almost drove Steve mad before the turn came. At one point he came to O'Neill and said:

"Steve, you're ridin' me too hard."

"And I'm going to keep on ridin' you," bellowed Steve, "till you stop being so damned dumb out there."

Newhouser lists four factors in his reformation: (a) his marriage, (b) the birth of his little girl in 1943, (c) O'Neill and (d) Paul Richards, the Detroit catcher. Although we have said his wife's influence was late in catching on, it is true that she has had a great deal to do with his success. She is widely admired around the Detroit club and Newhouser is literally wild about her and the baby. He is a boy with the finest instincts and much of his progress is due to his happy home life.

How He Finally Learned What Was Wrong

Paul Richards had been around a long time when he gave up the job of managing Atlanta to come back to Detroit, and the one thing he has learned in a busy life is never to give advice until it is asked for. Newhouser finally got around to asking Richards what he was doing wrong. They went out on the field.

"Listen," said Richards. "Try one outside, try one inside, one up here, one down here; throw the curve overhand, sidearm, natural. You can't do any worse, can you?"

Newhouser is now a pitcher with everything. He has three speeds for both his curve and fast one. Several years ago he picked up a slider. Birdie Tebbetts says the overhand curve is the best of all.

But even with his new stuff and confidence, Newhouser still had to get started right. There was always the feeling that the gods were going to cross him again. What changed him was a game in Cleveland.

"We're two runs behind and it doesn't look as if we're ever going to catch up," says Hal. "A young catcher named Hack Miller is up for us and there are two on. It's his first time at bat in the big leagues and what does he do? He hits the first ball for a home run against the railing in the big stadium. It bounces around out there till he gets over. That puts us ahead and that's the turning point for me. It's been good ever since."

The turnover in temperament didn't come all at once. Even then he couldn't stand to lose. He was losing in a game of hearts one night when he grabbed the cards, tore them up and slammed them around the hotel room.

"That's why I'm a great competitor," he yelled. "I hate to lose."

It is true that this is one of his great assets. He is in the class with Burleigh Grimes and Johnny Allen, who would cut your *(Continued on page 87)*









PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

STAY EAST, YOUNG MAN, STAY EAST

BY ANDREW ROBERTS

THERE were angry, muffled voices and a loud shuffling of feet in the corridor at the Veterans Service Center in Los Angeles.

The secretary came in hastily with a frightened look and said, "There's a lot of people out there to see you, Mr. Tryon."

Arthur Tryon, executive director of the center, was about to get up from his desk when the door burst open and a mass of bulky men crowded in. There were fourteen of them and they looked tense and wrought up.

"Mr. Tryon," blurted out the man who seemed to be the leader, "you've been doing all you can for us but we're still not getting anywhere. Last night I slept in the car again with my wife and the two kids . . . Joe, here, he was in an all-night movie. You know Smith; he's been coming in here till he's almost worn the floors out. He's finally had to leave that cellar because of the water and the rats. . . . That right, Smith?"

Smith, a thin, wiry man, nodded.

"Well, Mr. Tryon, it's just got too much for us. We can't find places to live, we can't get jobs and nobody seems to give a damn whether we get along or not. You do and the people here at the center do, but the landlords don't and the bosses don't. They all say they can't do anything about it. Well, by God, we can. We're not going to have our women and kids sleeping in cars and garages and vacant lots. . . ."

He paused and then looked Mr. Tryon full in the eye.

"Mr. Tryon," he said quietly, "these fellows have asked me to tell you that if something isn't done today we're going down and break every window on Broadway. We'll get pinched; we want to get pinched—maybe then somebody will listen to us and do something about us. You mustn't think we're joking or bluffing. We've talked about it and we're going to do it. You can ask anybody here."

It required the most strenuous arguments and pleas from Tryon to talk them out of their plan. Only their faith in his fairness finally won them over, but he knew and they knew that nothing he could say or promise altered the seriousness of their situation. They knew they were trapped and they feared that nobody in Los Angeles could do anything about it.

The Los Angeles area is jammed and people keep pouring in.

It was bad during the war; it is terrifying now; rather soon it may become tragic. Every soldier who went through the state during the war and said, "This is for me, brother," wants to come back. The State Employment office estimates that 12,000 new veterans are coming into Los Angeles County every month. The Veterans Administration reports that 5,000 a month are having their records t ferred to Los Angeles, meaning have come to stay.

The wave of civilians is even gr They have read about this par and nothing but a series of def road blocks could keep them In April of this year, 99,548 p from out of state came into sou California by automobile; 36,6 bus. No check is made on rail or planes. There is no way c termining how many of these tourists or on business bent.

The All-Year Club estimate approximately 15 per cent of the grims decide to settle perman The Veterans Center maintains t least 80 per cent of out-of-state e diers intend to stay. You can s lines of cars in Arizona heade Needles or Yuma, the eyes c drivers fixed, pitiably hopeful, promised land.

"We want to plead with you,



Los Angeles has veterans living in some of the worst slums in the world, and overcrowding is so bad that more are being created daily. Unemployment is rising, too. But veterans and others still flood in, and the county edges nearer to tragedy

Sign on this housing development adds up to bitter irony for Los Angeles veterans, jammed into chicken coops, sheds and garages. For prices are much too high for majority of G.I.s

, "to help us head these people
'ell them to stop coming. Help
d help them before we're all
ned in the flood."
long ago as last November, the
ns' advisory committee of the
Angeles Housing Authority,
d by Al Wineberg, stopped
applications for housing place-
. The list was then at 15,000
has taken six months to whittle
n to 2,200; nothing is handled
t the most desperate cases. The
er Young Village in Griffith
is filled; the John Basilone
e in San Fernando Valley is
alf completed because federal
gave out and building was
ed. There should be 1,648 addi-
family units at Basilone, but
d there are barracks with light
ng between the walls, either a
ment to the zeal for economy or
bol of bureaucratic stupidity.
other parts of town crowding is
ger news.
there are only six or seven in
n we consider it normal," said a
g official. "Ten or twelve get
the emergency class—and
had lots of them."
let's not be too general about
scussion. Have you ever seen a
y living in a garage, a ramshackle
en affair with four walls, a door
ng half off and a dirt floor?
was a pleasant-looking young
n standing by the door and
young children were playing
e. Within was a stove, a single
ut no toilet or water. It was a
n's family and their application
new house had been in for
hs without luck.
o, the children sleep in the bed,"
oung woman told us. "My hus-
and I throw a mattress down
by the door."

New American Way of Life

Los Angeles County, families are
in chicken coops and base-
; woodsheds and tents; Quonset
trailers, motels and garages. A
t survey shows that three hun-
unattached homeless women get
every night in Los Angeles
at Union Station, the Grey-
d Bus terminal, the all-night
s or the charity missions.
d now the greatest blow of all
fallen: unemployment. Ship-
ng, which once accounted for
0 workers, is down to around
0; aircraft workers in the county
declined from 262,000 to 75,000;
rment industry has been severely
cted by the buyers' strike, and
ployment in some shops runs as
as 30 per cent. Retail trade has
slow, and the fish-canning season
off.
a result there are 50,000 unem-
d veterans in Los Angeles
ty; 36,000 are still getting 52-20
($20 a week for a year for ex-
rs); and the L.A. County relief
for civilian unemployed have
above 39,000. Until the first of
ar the Veterans Service Center
managing to place 45 per cent of
cants in jobs. In February they
placing only 19 per cent, and
through in May it was back to
er cent, signs of panic were ap-
nt.
"be figures don't mean a thing,"
were told in Los Angeles. "A
ry lays off five hundred men,
a week and hires five hundred
rs at lower wages. Another large
makes a practice of taking on
(Continued on page 85)



Four children and two adults call this one room home. It contains three cribs, double bed, dresser, baby buggy. At that, it's far better than some "homes" for veterans



This tiny shanty contains one room, no closet. In it are a double bed, a two-burner gas grill, a sink that empties into a bucket. This is why L.A. says, "Stay away!"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

This is the home that a much-decorated sergeant came back to. It is a tent with a dirt floor. In it live a father and mother, a working son, a daughter and her husband and their two small children. Water must be carried a distance of 200 feet



Continuing the exciting story of romance and high adventure

MERCHANT OF VALOR

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The Story:

The events narrated take place in sixteen-century Italy. A Medici Pope sits at Rome; the country is turbulent with internal strife.

PETER CAREW, young son of an English wool merchant, is sent to Florence on business by his father. Just before leaving England he visits a country fair, where he is given a charm by a beautiful Italian girl disguised as a fortuneteller.

Upon his arrival in Italy, Peter saves the life of a Florentine nobleman, GIOVANNI DE' MEDICI, leader of a free-lance army, the Black Bands. The next day Peter encounters the fortunetelling girl he had met in England, and BETSY, for so he calls her, takes the charm back from him. The charm is actually a letter of critical interest to the Pope, and Peter is arrested by agents of the Cardinal of Florence. Escaping through Betsy's timely intervention, Peter flees Florence and joins Giovanni's Black Bands—after making another enemy: PIERO RIARIO, an arrogant nobleman, who has designs on Betsy.

In the company of a cheerfully unscrupulous monk who is an agent of the Pope, Riario follows Peter, hoping he will lead them to the mysterious girl.

Encountering Betsy disguised as a camp follower of the Black Bands, Peter saves her from being kidnaped, whereupon Peter, Betsy and their two servants set out on horseback to escape the persistent pursuit of Riario and the monk.

Putting up for the night at a lonely inn, the four wayfarers are attacked by ruffians in the pay of Riario. Peter and his servant CHRISTOFORO beat them off. But when he goes into Betsy's room, Peter finds she and her hunchbacked servant JOHN-PETER have disappeared during the fight. Sadly Peter rides off to rejoin the Black Bands, his pride wounded but his love for this clever, domineering beauty more compelling than ever.

III

AT ONCE, upon our arrival in Fano, I reported to My Lord Giovanni, who was surprised that I had returned so soon.

"What!" he exclaimed gaily. "Hast disposed thy lady in safety so promptly?"

"My lady," I replied wryly, "disposed of me. She flitted, leaving me to make the best of it."

"No adventures to relate?" he asked eagerly.

"There was a slight bickering," I said, "in an inn —during which the maid vanished."

"Slight bickering!" said My Lord. "You English are a tongue-tied race with no gift of narrative." He turned to Christoforo who stood behind me and addressed him by name.

"Christoforo," he asked, "what was this slight bickering of which we hear?"

Now there was nothing of the tongue-tied about Christoforo, for you had but to nod your head and he inundated you with a spate of words.

"It befell thus, My Lord," he said forwardly. "We did hide in the hills through a night and a day. But at nightfall we rode again till we came to this inn and its most villainous and traitorous landlord. He did recognize us from description and sent away his half-wit son to betray us. But Messer Pietro kept strict watch, and just before dawn there arrived four *Lanzenknechts* bent upon our slaughter and the capture of the maid."

"Splendid fighting men, these Germans."

"Aye, and they fought splendidly," said Christoforo, "coming at us up the stairs. Whereupon Messer Pietro shouldered me aside and engaged with them mightily so that they were driven back pell-mell. Then they came again, holding before them as a shield a great oaken table."

"Ah," said My Lord, his eyes shining.

"To me it seemed the end," said Christoforo, "for no sword could penetrate it."

"And what then?" asked My Lord impatiently.

"Then," said Christoforo, "Messer Pietro lifted with his own strength a monstrous oaken chest that three common men could not have raised. It was a miracle, My Lord, for no single man could have lifted the weight. He carried it to the stairhead and, raising it above his head, hurled it down upon them. Nothing human could stand against it. It hurled them down, pinning one beneath and shattering the legs of another. Whereupon we leaped upon them, each slaying one and there was an end of it."

My Lord looked at my height and the breadth of my shoulders and smiled. "Aye," he said, "a slight bickering. Thou, Pietro, are more sententious than Julius Caesar with his *Veni, vidi, vici.* And then?"

"We came back to report for duty."

"Away with thee," he said. "Go learn to fight. And hereafter," he said, smiling into my eyes so that my heart went out to him, "deafen not mine ears with thy garrulity." . . .

Not many days later My Lord summoned me him again, and there stood in the room three strange gentlemen most gorgeously appareled, but the fourth was My Lord Piero Riario who eyed me balefully. I returned his gaze for I had come to hold him in hatred.

"Englishman," said My Lord Giovanni severely, "these gentlemen come with grievous complaints against thee."

"Of what nature, My Lord?" I asked.

"That thou didst murder unfairly three servants of the Duke of Urbino, setting upon them treacherously, and sorely maim a fourth. And thereafter did maliciously burn the inn of an innocent landlord. Hast thou defense against these charges?"

"It is true that certain foreign soldiers were damaged," said I, "but the treachery was upon the other foot. As to the burning, I know naught of it save that as I looked backward there were flames and smoke."

"My Lord Duke," said Riario harshly, "demands that this knave be turned over to him for proper punishment."

I saw the glint in My Lord's eye, for he liketh not that any make peremptory demands of him.

"I have heard the tale otherwise than thou dost relate it, My Lord Riario, and, mayhap, from a more trustworthy tongue. So the Duke of Urbino doth demand one of my men of me! Showing straitly that he hath more arrogance than discretion. I am the mother and father of my soldiers, and their quarrels are my quarrels. Say to your Duke that if he desireth this man it were well to send an army to take him. Also say to him that if it be his wish to make a personal matter of this he shall put on his armor and take lance and appoint a day."

"I am to bear this ungracious refusal to the Duke?" asked Riario.

"Aye," said My Lord, "and if its meaning be not clear to him, add words of thy own devising to increase its strength."

They went out angrily and My Lord stared after them with level brows. He turned, and his face was grave.

"Thou hast added one more to the number of enemies," he said.

"If it be your will," I said, "I will surrende the Duke."

"Rather," he said, "would I add ten dukes to list of my enemies than have it known to my that I surrendered one of their number. Get away, Pietro, and practice with weapons diliger For it is in my mind you will need all the skill t canst master."

So for weeks I did practice assiduously with sword, and learned to wear armor and was structed in the art of war as it had been impro by My Lord's genius. For it was he who perce the utility of foot soldiers; also he was master of business of surprise and of striking where he not expected to strike. Against My Lord no op nent dared sleep, nor could guess when or from v direction a blow might fall. Also in another t he was superior, and that was in his solicitude his men, having always their safety and comfo mind. Yet he himself was reckless to the poin madness.

MY LORD went to Rome to negotiate with Pope for money wherewith to pay his tro and also to seek as reward for his services some state with a decent revenue to maintain his fa respectably. He was ever in need of money.

My Lord spoke of these matters with me. "R makes vague promises," he said, "which they not mean to perform. I ask no more than is my but I weary of being cheated."

The month of September was all but spent w news came to Fano that the Emperor had forced to raise the siege of Marseilles, thus gi free hand to Francis of France to bring his ar into Italy. And then came word to me from Lord to join him at Trebbio, which I obeyed, ing Christoforo for companion.

My heart was softened to see My Lady once and the little boy Cosimo. My Lord took me t chamber and closed fast the door.

"Pietro," he said seriously, "thy maid brough true tidings, though there has been some d Messengers from His Majesty of France are on way to transact with me. There is to be a mee at an inn called Piccolo Cavallo. Wherefore I for thee, my Pietro, for thou are merchant-tra and a shrewd bargainer."

"What is forward, My Lord?"

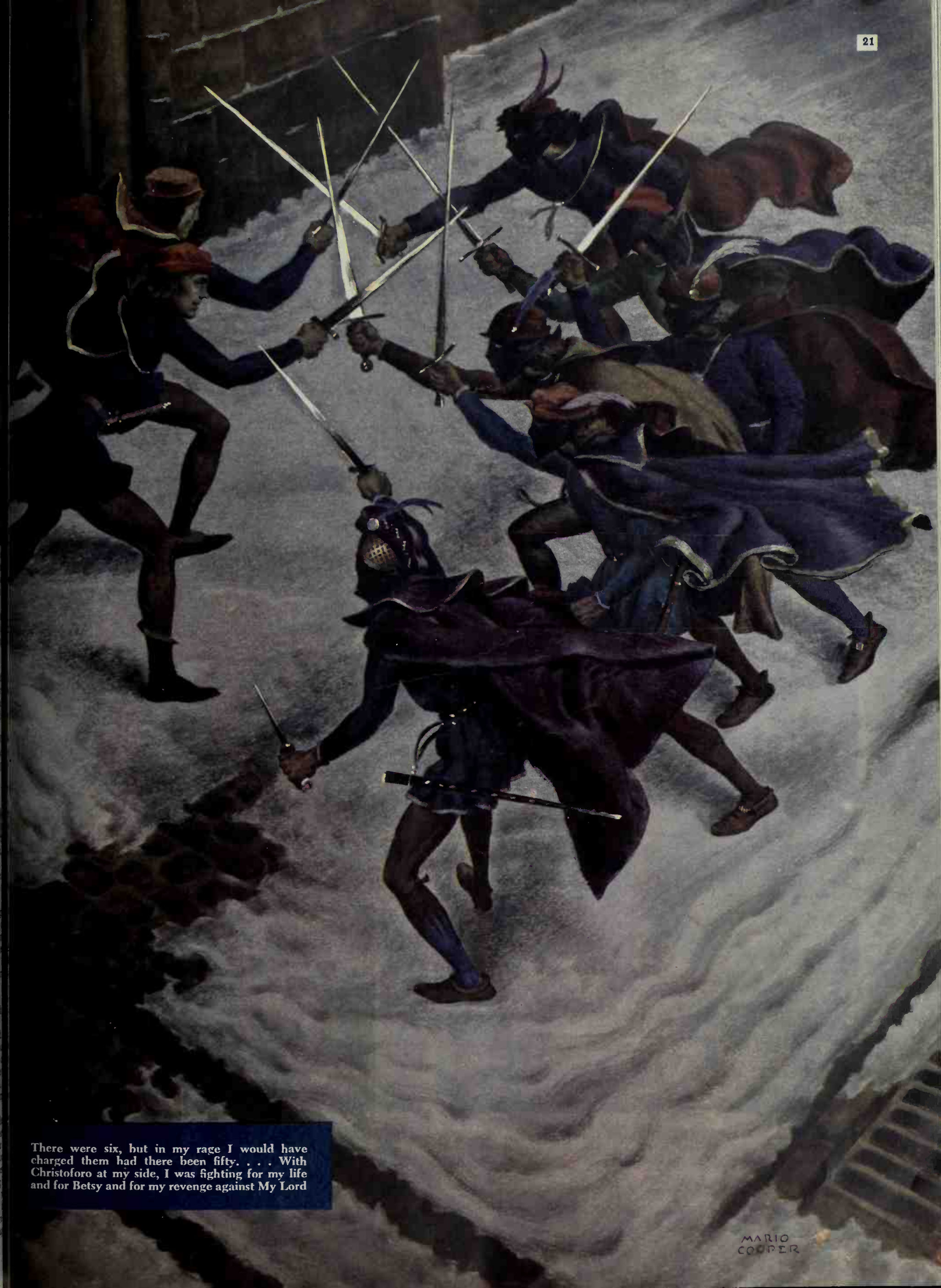
"It would seem," he said, "that the French needs a soldier."

"In a sense," said I, "thou art unemployed. Black Bands rust in idleness. But there is muc think on. On the one side thou art a Medici; o other a Sforza. Thy relative is Pope; another tive is Duke of Milan. Sometimes, My Lord, is doubt where honor lies and what be its dema It is a point that should be considered."

"Consider it, then, Pietro. You have my le

"Thy Bands," said I, "belong to thee. The thy business which thou dost own as my father his business in woolen cloths. It is thy undou right to hire thyself and thy Bands to the bes vantage. Yet thou art a Florentine, and King F cis is French. It is true you Italians do not re country as we in England do, being divided i multitude of jealous and warring states. Were one land as England is one *(Continued on pag*

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



There were six, but in my rage I would have charged them had there been fifty. . . . With Christoforo at my side, I was fighting for my life and for Betsy and for my revenge against My Lord

MARIO COOPER

PLASTIC AGE

BY RUTH CARSON

Don't look for too many miracles yet from plastic products. They may be on the way, but right now the industry is trying to overcome its growing pains

WHEN the late Henry Ford seized a fire ax a few years ago, and had his picture taken attacking the plastic rear end of a car, he cemented a notion in the public mind. Plastics, we were convinced, were unbreakable. Banking on this, we whammed plastic dishes around in the kitchen sink. Infants stamped with glee on their plastic toys. Disillusion mounted with the breakage until we discovered that some plastics are breakable.

We have other convictions about plastics, too: that they are made out of coal, soybeans, corncobs and anything else you have around; that they will melt at the touch of boiling water, or burst into flames from a spark; that, depending on our temperament, they will create a whole new magic world.

None of these things is literally so. But it's no wonder we are confused. So are the people in this gangling industry, which has grown so fast in the past twenty years that no one person can keep up with it. In the good old celluloid-collar days life was simpler in a lot of ways. For one thing, celluloid was the only plastic the public had to deal with. It was used for making billiard balls, as well as collars, shirt fronts and denture plates.

Today there are twenty-odd basic groups of plastics, depending on what you call basic, and hundreds of uses for each of them. A plastic is tough or brittle, elastic or firm, able to resist acid, fire, boiling water—or not, depending on how it's made. Each plastic is tailor-made by the chemist to meet special needs. He is constantly discovering new things he can do with plastics, but he hasn't yet been able to create one plastic that can do eve

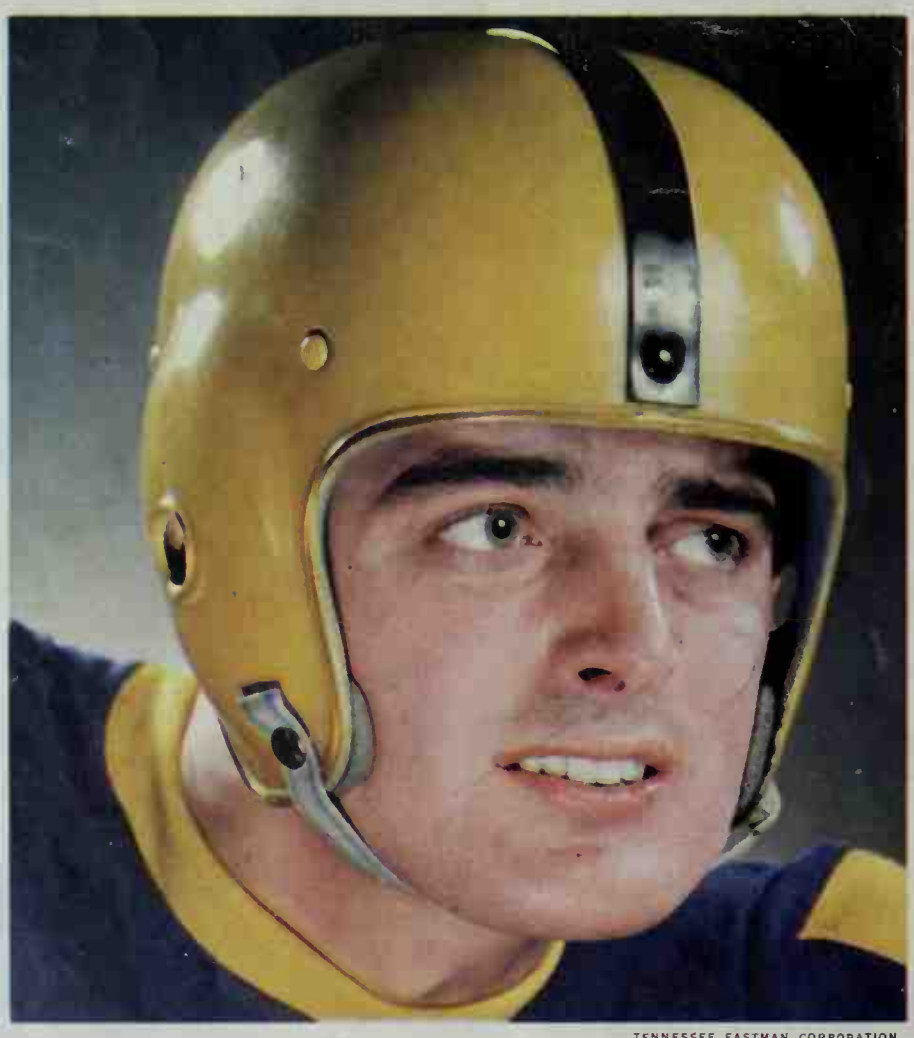
Small, obviously plastic items like dishes and toys are all ma mean when we say plastic. Actually they are only a drop in the caldron. Plastics have thousands of uses in industry. Some in like the movies with their plastic film, couldn't exist without t hundreds of ways all around us, many of them unseen, plastics a ing our life easier, safer and more varied. All this started th dream-world talk because plastics make anything seem possible. not magic that has made production figures mount from 27 pounds in 1921, to over a billion pounds in 1946, with demand exceeding supply.

Consider the safety glass in your car. You probably tak granted that the windshield and side windows of your car are nor ing glass. But did you know that a plastic makes this possible? two plates of glass is a sandwich filling of elastic plastic film, s bonded to the glass that no matter how badly shattered the glass it will stick to that film instead of flying at you. What's more should be so unlucky as to sail head-first into the windshield, the are you will at least be lucky enough that it will yield and that film will stretch instead of break.

Safety glass didn't always provide so much safety. When it used around 1927, the film was made of cellulose nitrate, the same celluloid. This made a safer window than plate glass alone, whi ters into long, jagged pieces; and safer than tempered glass, w plodes into thousands of rough, honeycomb sections. But t yellowed from the ultraviolet rays of the sun, and it got brittl temperatures. So in 1932, a cellulose acetate film replaced it; th yellow but it still got brittle.

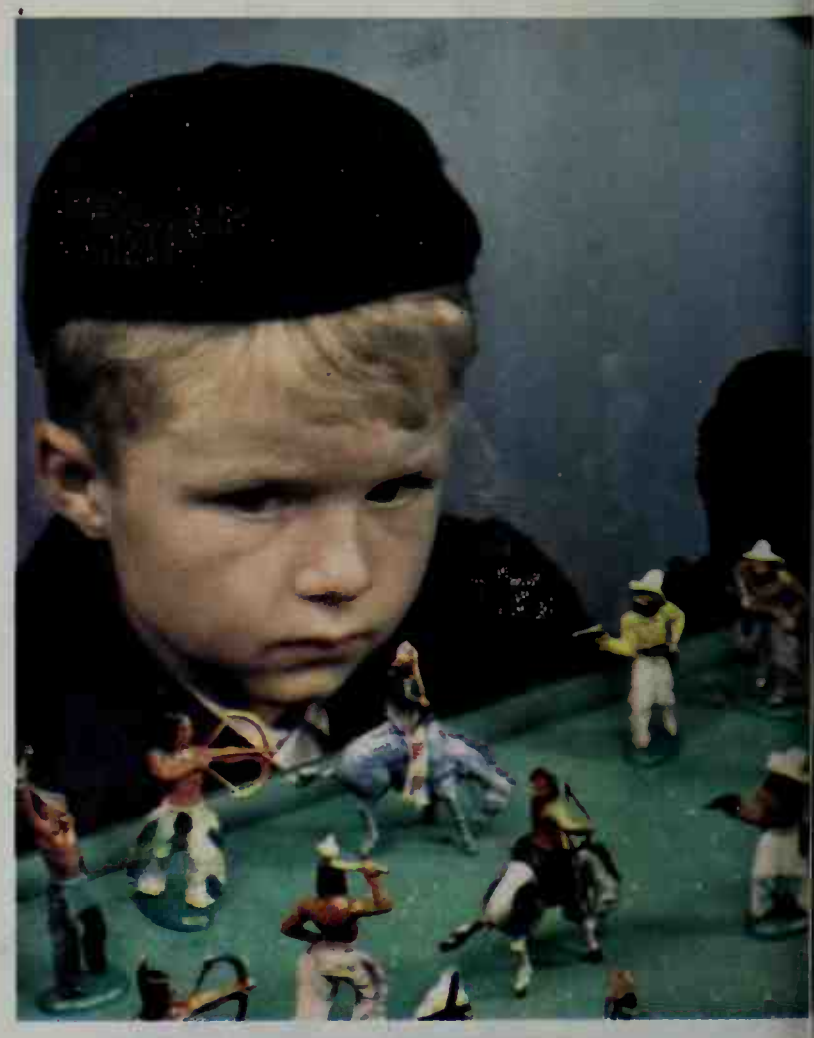
More work, and by 1938, the film we have today, elastic at peratures. Just goes to show you what chemists can do with de plastics, given a problem and some time. The basic resin of thi also good, in another form, for treating slip-cover material so th can be sponged off. In plastics, one thing generally leads to anoth

It will be a while, though, and maybe never, before we have a like Plexiglas for windshields and windows. The simple reason is stuff scratches too easily. Like Lucite, it is crystal clear, light in



TENNESSEE EASTMAN CORPORATION

This football helmet made of plastic absorbs shocks, is lightweight and cool. It is molded in two transparent halves and joined by an extruded strip. The school colors sprayed on the inside show through clearly



Plastic is also used to make toy cowboys and Indians with the molded in fine detail. This material is fire-resistant and can be with lacquers which, having a special affinity with it, won't chip

r heat and nonshattering, making it ideal for the curving
er. But put it in a car windshield and drive in the dust for
ou might as well have sandblasted it in the first place.
n be buffed out, and they can be prevented in your Lucite
ing them as carefully as you do the fine finish on your tur-
one is going to keep buffing windows and windshields.
ists may figure out a way to keep all the desirable qualities
s, and make them hard as glass, too. Not yet.
ught the public imagination during the war. It's one of the
c names we remember. Fiberglas is another, dramatized
the dismay of its makers, by news stories about an all-
sn't that they don't think their stuff is good. (One official
has a favorite stunt. After taking important visitors out
ives them to his office and parks, managing always to ram
nst a strategic telephone pole. The visitors say, "Oh, too
, "Not at all," whereupon he backs up and the fender
ape again, good as new. . . . Fiberglas, see?)
rtime development of fibrous glass laminated with plastic
hich body armor was made. You would have heard more
had had to invade Japan, for all invasion troops would
It has terrific impact strength, stopping a bullet or a blow
its strength much as sand or water would do.
eed accelerated the development of the technique of mak-
making other strong laminates, too, using hemp fibers or
n paper in place of glass fibers. The method is called
amination. It saves cost and time in building equipment,
den or plaster of Paris molds, in place of the costly ma-
r molding plastics under high pressure with intense heat.
the hitch, for your plastic car. Factory techniques haven't
loped for low-pressuring plastic fenders, for example, as
ly and precisely as metal fenders can now be stamped out.
npete—yet—on a mass production assembly line that has
turning out cars by the million. On a smaller scale, how-
already here. A California company made 3,000 plastic
ar, expects to make 12,000 this year for sports trailers.
of the biggest automobile body *(Continued on page 49)*

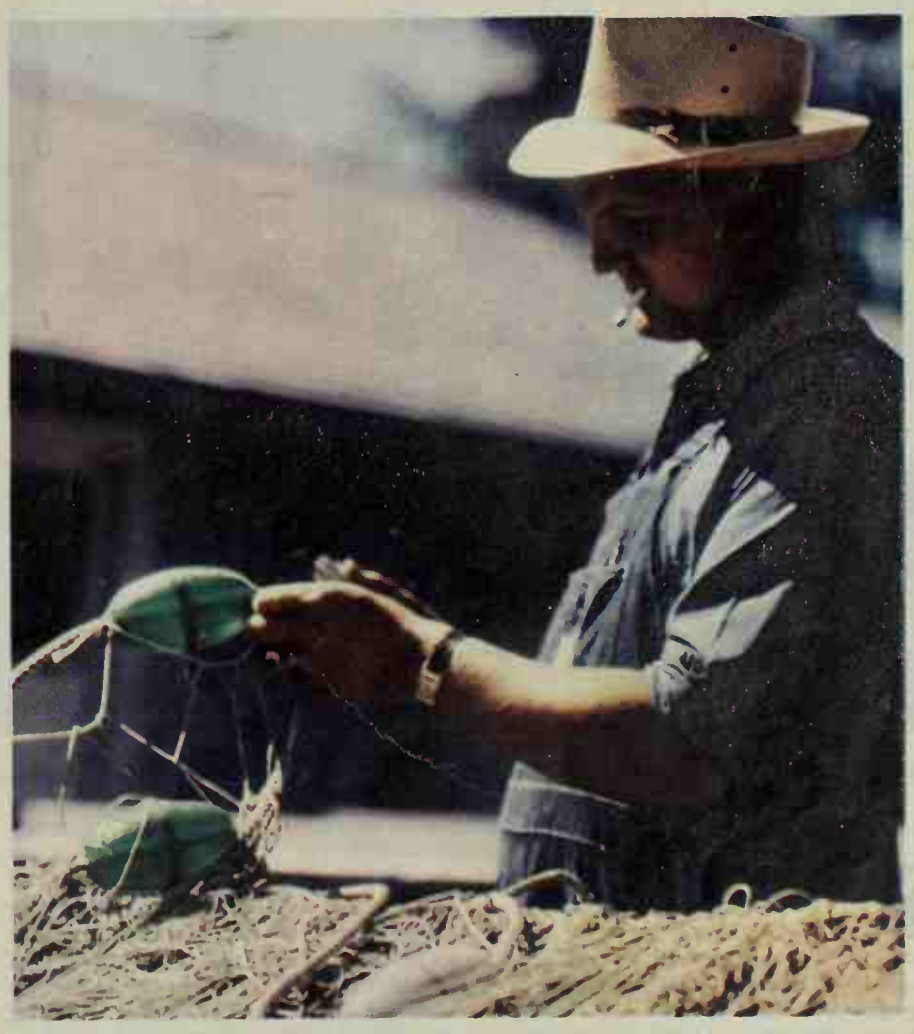


This plastic is produced in pellets of a uniform size, in order to make processing easier. The pellets come in any desired color and in transparent, translucent, opaque, variegated, pearlescent and fluorescent effects



NORTON COMPANY

ne most important industrial uses of resinous plastics is to hold
e the particles in grinding wheels. This resinoid-bonded wheel
a y cut through steel so hard it can't be penetrated by a saw



Salmon fishermen in Oregon use plastic floats on their nets because they are tough, permanently buoyant and will withstand exposure to weather and water. These floats will never need a refinishing job to restore color



Bob waited for Jean to answer. "My father ran away when we were children." Her face felt stiff. "Is there anything else you want to know?" she

SHE saw the man as soon as she stepped out of the kitchen. He was lying belly down on the beach, the barrel of Willie's BB gun steadied on the log of driftwood before him.

Ping! The shot struck the tomato can sitting on the rock beyond the high-tide mark. When he raised his cheek from the gunstock and turned to Willie, she saw his profile, Indian red in the late California sun. He was nobody she knew.

Smoothing her skirt, she stepped from the screened porch and walked toward them. When she was still some yards away Willie glanced up. He gave her the peculiar half-smile that made him look older than thirteen. It was a family smile, a secret smile of the blood and it said all the understanding, comradely things he never put into words.

Now he merely propped himself on one thin elbow and nodded at the man beside him.

"This is Bob," he said. "He used to be a Marine."

She stood above them, her foot almost touching the stranger. She saw that he was in his middle twenties. He wore jeans, and a white cotton T-shirt lay on the sand with his loafers. His body had the set of a man's body. His shoulders were heavy and he was thick-chested and, as he rolled over, he shielded his eyes with his hand and his gray eyes moved across her face. She felt as if she were being picked out of the darkness by a searchlight.

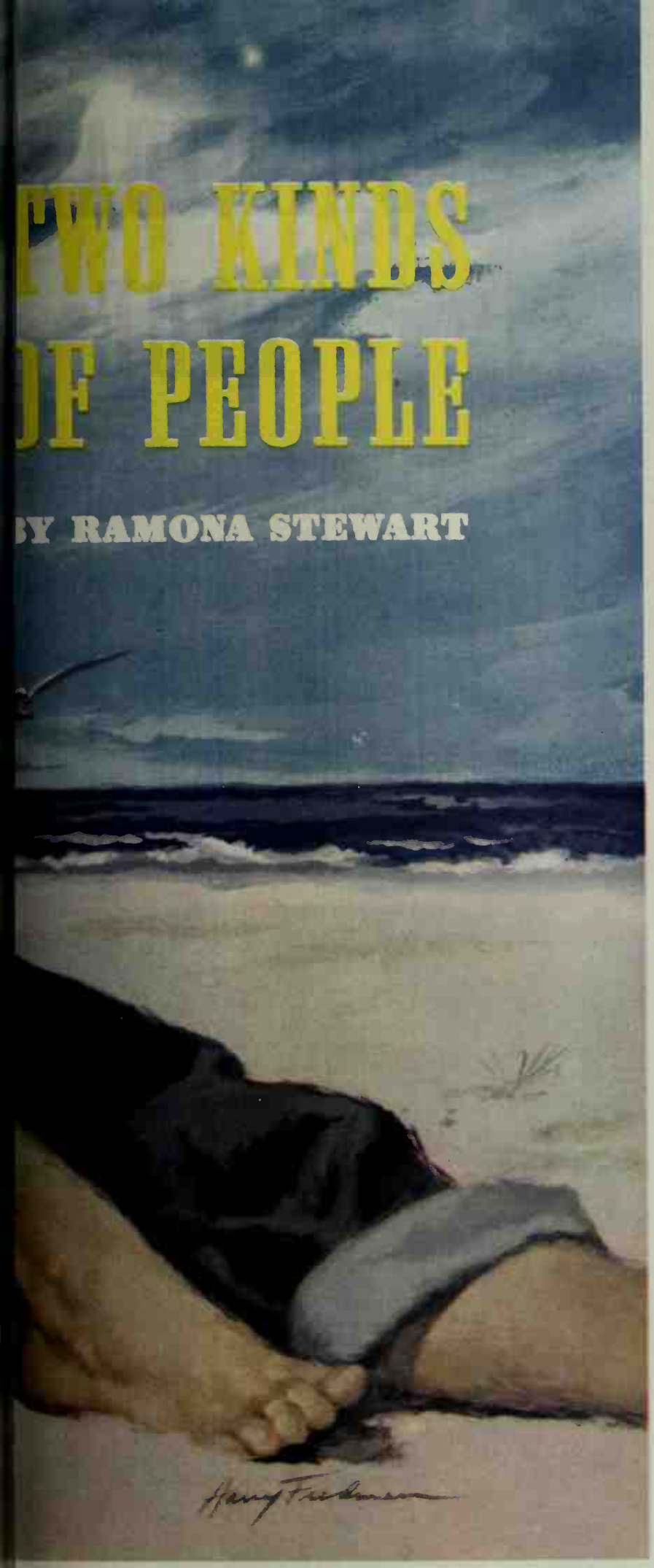
She sat down on the sand beside him and pushed her skirt down between her knees. "Willie," she said. May says to set the table. We'll the back porch."

"This is Jean. My sister," Will the ex-Marine. "She goes t College."

Again his gaze moved over h felt it linger on her blond hair the color of her eyes and che nose which was like Willie's.

"City College?" he said. "W you taking?"

She knew he didn't care actu was asking because she expect



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

Under her aunt's guidance she was studying, alas, for a degree in spinsterhood. Fortunately, she flunked the course

Willie took the BB gun from the log beside the Marine's head and picked up his can of shot. As he knelt there in the sand, he paused.

"Look," he told the man. "Why don't you stay and eat with us?"

"Oh, Willie!" Her reproval was automatic, and immediately she was blushing. But really, what had got into Willie? He knew what Aunt May would say if they brought in an absolute stranger, somebody he had picked up on the beach.

"I mean, I'm sure, Mr.—"

"Bob," the Marine said.

"I'm sure Bob has another engagement, Willie. You can't just ask people for dinner at the last minute."

Willie's eyes met hers calmly. During all the years she had spent battering herself against the stiff code of conduct Aunt May threw about them, he had merely watched, making his secret judgments in silence. The few times he wanted something, he went after it and returned, quiet and satisfied, to take his punishment.

Right now, he was going to be stubborn. "Bob, have you got anything else to do?" he asked.

The man shook his head; he lay smiling in the warm, salty sunshine.

"Well," she said helplessly, "would you like to stay?"

He grinned. "Sure. Thanks."

"I'll go tell Aunt May," Willie said.

As Willie's thin shoulders swung away toward the house, the Marine moved nearer to her, closing the space the boy had left. It was a natural gesture, but she jerked as if he had laid hands on her.

"There's salad and hamburger," she said quickly.

"Who's Aunt May?" he asked.

"My mother's sister. She's our guardian."

"Your parents dead?" he asked.

She drew an arc in the sand. "My mother is. My father ran away when we were children." Her face felt stiff and her voice was rough against her throat. "Is there anything else you want to know?" she asked.

"Tough," he said placidly.

She got up and brushed the sand from her pale legs. "If you want dinner, you'd better come along."

He rose slowly and looked down at her. He stood close to her and she caught the smell of sweat.

"You can wash up inside," she said.

THEY sat at the table on the screened porch, Aunt May at the head, Jean facing her, Bob and Willie on either side. Jean concentrated on the familiar beach noises outside—the evening gnats, the surf, the screech of brakes above them on the highway—trying to escape the smile fastened to Aunt May's downy face, trying not to listen to her voice.

"I'm sorry there wasn't more," she was saying politely. "I wasn't expecting a guest."

He glanced at her across his plate. "I don't eat much," he said. His voice was pleasantly matter-of-fact. He broke a piece of bread and pushed it through the gravy with his fork.

"At least there's plenty of salad." Aunt May rose with the wooden bowl and put the last of it on his plate. For a moment she watched him eat, then said, "Do you live down here?"

"Los Angeles," he said. "I share a flat with a guy I knew in the war."

"Do you work at the beach?"

"No. I just drove out."

Aunt May said "Oh," and Jean wanted to warn him about Aunt May and work. She wanted to say, "Go on—tell her anything—tell her a lie—but don't let her think you were loafing on a weekday."

But he just ate the last of the watercress and said, "I don't have a job. I saved money; I'm looking around."

All the lines in Aunt May's face moved to touch other lines and her smile was acrid. "You must join our Order of the Lilies," she said.

"Yeah? What's that?"

Aunt May turned slightly and nodded at a framed sampler on the wall, stitched in green and black thread.

LILIES OF THE FIELD
"They toil not,
Neither do they spin."

Beneath the legend, four lilies were exquisitely embroidered. This was Aunt May's quiet joke. Whenever Jean or Willie forgot the dishes or slacked on repainting the house, whenever they sat idle at all, they were made members of the Order.

NOTHING was ever said about their mother who had died, or their father who had run away, but the sampler was always there to remind them that Aunt May had worked hard to support them. Even now the scent of lilies made Jean a little sick.

Bob got up from the table and teetered on the heels of his bare feet, his large hands on his hips, staring at the sampler.

"You did this yourself?" he asked Aunt May.

She frowned, the faintest gathering between her brows. "Yes. Why?"

"Good needlework." He turned, dismissing the sampler. "I've got nothing against work. But I can't see taking a job just to have a job."

She said, "You have something special in mind?"

"No," he said. "But on the islands I learned patience. There'll be something come along I want to do." He pulled out a cigarette. "Smoke?"

"No." This coldly. And then as he moved toward Jean: "And neither does my niece."

There was a short silence while Bob lighted a cigarette and looked around for an ash tray. Finally, he opened the screen door and flung the match outside.

"The paper said there'd be a grunion run tonight," he announced. "That's the reason I drove down."

"Grunion?" Aunt May said, as if she had not heard properly.

"Fish. I hear they come by thousands. They swarm up on the sand to lay their eggs."

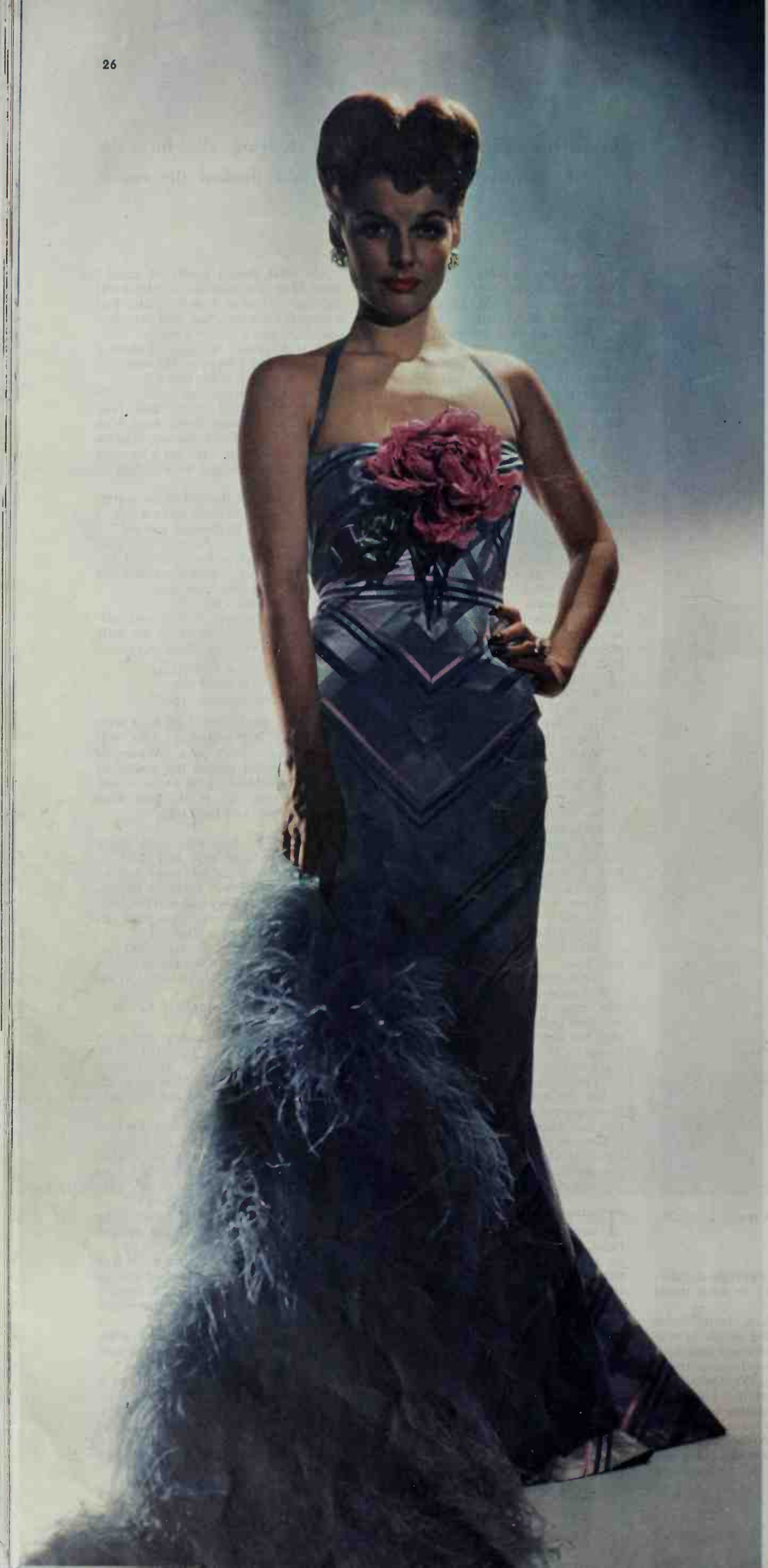
"Oh!" Aunt May's tone questioned

(Continued on page 58)

k. She smiled a practiced smile
y amusement, knowing it made
ook like Aunt May and being
d by that too.
n taking Library Science," she
him. "I'm studying to be an old
."
e watched the curiosity come into
es. All right, she thought, now
now I'm a little odd. But I told
before you found it out yourself.
ibrary Science," he said. "Is that
you want to do?"
s tone held no mockery, merely
the casual interest of someone wondering why the snow fell or what made the sea deep.

She hesitated, then from habit ridiculed herself, "Old maids run in the family. I want to study and do it right." Before he could speak again, she turned to Willie. With Willie she could be brisk and certain. There was no twilight area of wanting something you pretended not to want.

"Go set the table, Willie. And wash your hands first," she said. "Dinner's nearly ready."



SHERIDAN'S RIDE

BY JIM MARSHALL

Wild, free and Texan, Miss Ann Sheridan continues to gallop through the Hollywood scenery

SHE was born in Denton, Texas, on Febru 21, 1915, and christened Clara Lou, for aunt and mother. Her father was George Sheridan, a prosperous mechanic. She has brother, George, and three sisters, Kitty, Mabel Pauline. Her father's great-uncle was General Sheridan; her mother's family were the Warren Virginia. One of her ancestors was a Cherokee, whether a chief or a princess is not recorded.

In Denton, a small town northwest of Dallas, Sheridans lived at 304 South Elm Street. Clara started her education at the Robert E. Lee Sch being known as Lou-dee. Later she went to the D ton High School and sang with the band, ma torch songs. After this she enrolled at North T State Teachers College, also in Denton, but neve legend has it, taught school. The story that she teach was started by a press agent and had sch teachers coming to Hollywood in droves for s time.

She is one of the very few beauty-contest win ever to be heard from again after arriving in H wood. She got into the contest by the back d when her sister Kitty sent a studio portrait an snapshot of her in a bathing suit to John Rosenf dramatic editor of the Dallas News. Mr. Rosen sent the pictures along to Paramount, which was erating a "Search for Beauty." This occurred in middle of Annie's sophomore year, when she become resigned to a future as a schoolma'am.

"You are making a fool of me!" Annie wrot Kitty, when she found out about it.

Later she cooled down and had forgotten al the whole grim episode when Mr. Rosenfield pho her and said Hollywood was calling. She sig a one-picture contract at $50 a week and hopp rattler. This was in 1933, a depression year. A the picture was made most of the beauty-con winners were packed off home, but Annie staye —because she could ride a horse. She made Westerns with Randy Scott and had her n changed to Ann.

Two years of this seemed to be getting her where and she quit Paramount to free-lance. worked a while at Universal, got odd jobs here there and was threatening again to go back to D ton when she got a break at Warner's.

She played a nurse in a string of pictures and not kissed for the screen until Fred MacMu tackled the assignment in a picture called Ca It turned out okay and she has been kissed in e picture since, often with extreme vehemence.

Her first big part was that of a schoolma'am The Great O'Malley with Pat O'Brien and H phrey Bogart. She went on into Black Legion, A traz, San Quentin and twenty others.

But still Annie was Number 27 on the fan- list at Warner's and a plenum of press agents called to get her out of this cellar of celebrity. A talking over several dozen sobriquets which m be applied to Miss Sheridan, *(Continued on pag*

PARTNER TO FAMILY FUN!

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!



WORK AND PLAY TOGETHER

BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

"Fresh Up" families enjoy doing things together. They share the family chores and the family fun. And they share, too, their liking for crystal-clear 7-Up. They're "7-Up Steadies" because it's America's *home* drink . . . the sparkling, *whole-some* drink that suits the taste of every age.

Be a "fresh up" family. Always keep a supply of friendly 7-Up on hand and enjoy it often with your children. Order where you see the famous 7-Up signs.





HT 1947 BY THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY

YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!



ACME

At the 1940 convention, Harry Hopkins and Jimmy Byrnes set up unofficial headquarters to "draft" Roosevelt

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT—V

BY JAMES A. FARLEY

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Aboard Presidential Special
December 3, 1940.

Dear Jim:-

Thank you for yours of the twenty-third. You know I am a funny fellow in that unlike many, many people I do not get excited by what you call an "unprecedented honor". The reason is that I am perhaps a little "queer" in never having sought public office for "honor".

To put it another way, I would have been just as content in my own heart and conscience to give service to the country as a private citizen as I would to give service to the country as a first term or a third term President.

I am off for an attempt to get two weeks of sunshine -- and I do hope you will run in and see me when I get back. I would really love to talk with you quietly about a lot of things that intimately relate today to the future generations of America.

Is it true you are going to South America? Let me know if I can help.

My best to you all,

As ever,

F. D. R.

The 1940 Democratic Convention proved that the President was "a master of political rough-and-tumble with no holds barred." But Farley and Jack Garner stood their ground and emerged beaten but unbowed. Here is the story of the conclusion of formal relations between Mr. Roosevelt and his party chief

The President's unsigned reply to Farley's letter of congratulation

Conclusion

I WENT to Chicago and the 1940 National Convention, fully aw strains and stresses awaiting me. was to have my name presented to the if it was the last thing I ever did. T other course before me, because I had stand for the Presidential nomination a to live up to that promise, I felt I wo respect of everyone who knew of me.

Furthermore, this was only one way could fairly and clearly express my opp third term. No one knew better than I t chance of winning, but I could not go word.

I arrived in Chicago Tuesday mornin first to my office suite in the Stevens Ho to my living quarters in the Blackstone.

Wednesday all the leaders in the co trekking into the unofficial headquar Hopkins and Jimmy Byrnes had in a suite. Many never came in to see me Hopkins-Byrnes strategy became clea Every effort was being directed at winnin nation for President Roosevelt by acc an effort to convince the country there draft. That was the reason for all the pressure brought on me to get out of the

What I did not like was the hypocris the effort put forth to make it appea President was being drafted, when ever it was a "forced draft" fired from the W itself.

In the next few days nearly every p urged me to step aside. Finally Ed Fly see me. Flynn decided on a direct appr

"Jim, this isn't going to be easy to say," "but for the sake of party harmony, for t terests of the country and in the interest peace, you should pull out of the conv candidate and continue as party chairma

"Now, Ed," I replied, "I am not going of the race. I am not to blame for the pr tion. It was none of my making. I was lieve by the President that he would candidate. Not until last week when I s Hyde Park, did he indicate otherwise."

Flynn started to speak, but I waved f

"I'm not through yet," I said. "Some p you may be one of them, have the false think I am running for the Presidency. I a ning. The President has the votes. Every he has eight or nine hundred votes pledg

"Now, what they want is the few votes been pledged to me, so that the outside think this is a unanimous 'draft.'

"What I am trying to let the people o derstand is that I am opposed to a thir have never said so, because I did not wa the Republicans ammunition.

"The only way I can publicly show h without misunderstanding and with di honor, is to permit my name to go befor vention. This is exactly where I stand a exactly what I am going to do."

The following Monday, Elliott Rooseve in and I explained my position.

"You are all right," he declared, "but t lot of damned guttersnipes in the hotel a street."

Young Joe Kennedy, of the Massachus gation, dropped by to report that he wou line for me despite all the pressure that brought to bear. He told me how the B Hotel crowd had called Ambassador K London to get him to persuade his son t and Kennedy had refused to make the att

Just before I went out to the Chicago for the opening of the convention, I receiv phone call from the White House.

"How are you, Jim?" the President gre everything going along all right?"

"Everything is okay with me, so far," I c conceded. There was a brief silence which "I'm just on my way to the convention ha you got your statement ready?"

"Good thing you brought that up, Jim. back from my week-end trip and am going it this afternoon. I may have it ready fo night."

"I'll be right here if you want me."

There was another brief pause, which he broke.

"By the way, Jim, there are a lot of stori papers. They are writing *(Continued on*

Plymouth has it!



No other low-priced car has it!*

One car in the lawest-priced field has Top Value ta offer you. Just laok at the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. It's proof that Plymouth has 20 of 21 quality features af high-priced cars. This is mare than the other two leading low-priced cars *combined!* Mile after mile, these features make Plymouth stand out for smooth power, ready response, level-riding comfort. Yes, there's a lat af difference in law-priced cars—and you'll find that it's all in Plymouth's favor.

PLYMOUTH Divisian af CHRYSLER CORPORATION

OUR NEARBY PLYMOUTH DEALER WILL ACCEPT YOUR ORDER. AND HE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR PRESENT CAR WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR NEW PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

If it's Value you want—
it's Plymouth you want

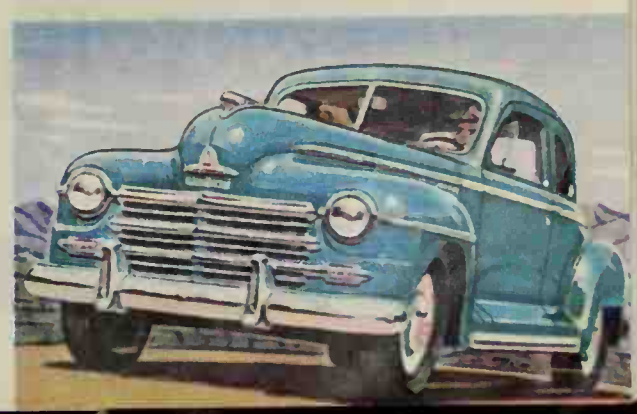
*

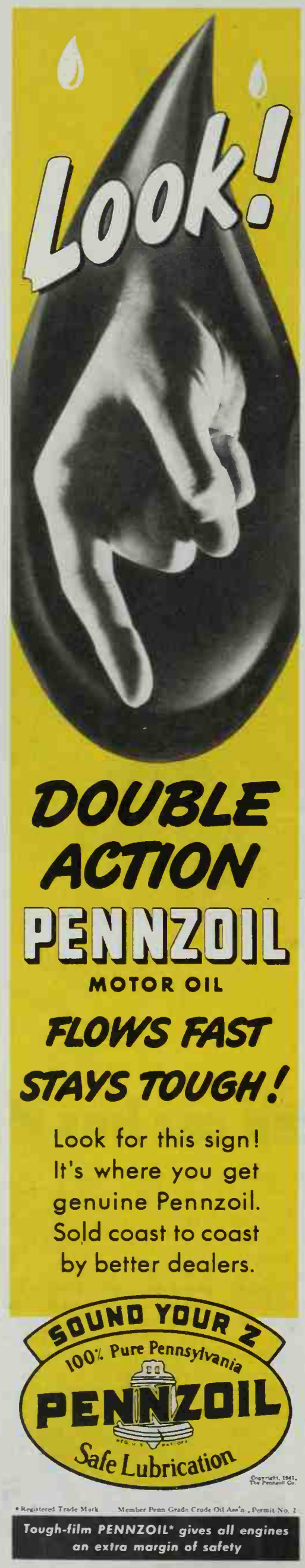
Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes give you a third mare braking effectiveness. They lighten by 25% the faat pressure needed far a stap. Their easy actian and greater cantrallability mean greater safety — and anly Plymauth has them in the lawest-priced field.



*

Safety-Rim Wheels are anather Plymauth exclusive in the lawest-priced field. They greatly reduce the hazards af blawauts and ather tire failures. When the air lets ga, patented retaining humps are there ta hald the tire an the rim far a straight stap.





MERCHANT OF VALOR

Continued from page 20

land, I would urge thee against renting your arms to a foreigner."

"Florence is my city and Tuscany my state," he said. "I am bound to think of their welfare. But will good come to her from Pope, from Emperor or from King? I must serve one of the three. Which one will best serve Florence?"

"The Pope," said I, "walks the tight-rope betwixt the horns of dilemma, knowing not in which direction to turn. He is a devious man. He is not a strong man. He doth not serve the church with single mind, but doth consider always the advantage of the Medici. Great things were hoped of him, but he hath not fulfilled his promise. I have talked with many. I have sought to guess which way that cat will jump."

"And thy conclusion, Pietro?"

"That he would turn against the Emperor and Milan if he dared, and that neither may depend upon him. I believe that, secretly, he swings toward France, hoping for the destruction of the power of Milan. I believe that, wert thou to hire thyself to Francis, he would approve, though he would do so secretly, and might even reproach thee publicly."

"Thou hast read my relative shrewdly, Pietro."

"The Pope rules Florence," I said, "using therefor the hand of Cardinal Passerini. If he believes the victory of Francis would profit Florence, it makes thy decision more simple."

"Consequently?" he asked tersely.

"Consequently," said I, "before you meet these agents of France thou must communicate by trusted messenger with the Pope, laying all before him, and requiring his answer and advice. To be in writing over his signature, so he never can deny."

"It is wise counsel," he said. "I shall follow it." He considered in silence. "I shall send my wife, who hath influence with her kinsman the Cardinal Salviati." Whereupon he dismissed me and sent me back to Fano with written orders to his captains to make ready to march at the word for a concentration of the Black Bands at some rendezvous not distant from Pavia.

It was done in this manner, and although Clement VII never affixed his name to writing approving of the step My Lord Giovanni contemplated, nevertheless through the influence of Cardinal Salviati there did arrive a communication from Giberti, the papal datary, congratulating My Lord upon having left the service of the ungrateful Imperials.

ON a day, with the chill of autumn in the air My Lord and I, and certain of his trusted captains, rode forth from Trebbio to keep appointment at the inn called Piccolo Cavallo. My Lord saw to it that guards were placed about it to secure the safety of the French agents.

Here was a secret meeting that was no secret. His Holiness knew of it and hence Florence would have been informed, and Cardinal Salviati. Venice, which had her spies everywhere, would not lack information. The two French gentlemen with their retainers would not have passed through the country unobserved by adherents of the Emperor. I did not like it. I did not believe that Venice, or Charles, who ruled Spain and Germany, would suffer this setback to their plans without interference, and right earnestly did I urge My Lord to caution. But care for his own safety was not in him.

So we met, the emissaries of Francis and My Lord, with me at his elbow to assist in the chaffering, and right earnestly did we bargain. For once, My Lord was determined that his interests should be well protected, and that he should get out of this matter all that was due to him of pay and rations for his men and of reward for himself.

None was allowed to enter the room save servants of the inn who came at call to replenish our glasses, for arguing over money matters is a most thirsty occupation. There was the innkeeper himself, a pompous, portly man and self-important to be serving such great lords, and there was a lank, sallow fellow who carried with ceremony the salver and goblets of silver which My Lord had brought in his baggage to do honor to his guests, and there was a most outlandish woman who followed, bearing the great tankard of wine. Her skin was so swarthy as almost to be black, and her hair, done up in a strange way, was also black, and her garb was such as I had never seen, being neither Italian nor Spanish nor French. Now My Lord hath an avid curiosity and likewise a sharp eye for women, so he took notice of this serving maid.

"Art a Moor?" he asked.

"I be a maid from Sardinia," she said, "and no Moor."



"Heads I'd go to the movies, tails I'd take a walk—if I had a coin to flip!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

"Yet," he said, "thou art dark of skin and thy hair hath a Moorish kink to it."

"We of Sardinia," she said, "many of us, be descendants of the ancient Carthaginians of Africa, and of the armies of that city that once did harry Sicily and make war upon Rome."

"I have never seen thy country."

"It is mountainous and inclement," she said, "and Your Lordship would find no pleasure there."

Now, because My Lord spoke to her, I, who had given her scant notice before, fixed my attention upon her, and thought upon Hannibal, that great warrior, and the false god Moloch and the casting of little children into his fiery maw. One could not guess her age nor know if under her uncouth, gaudy garments she were fat or thin. But she reached out with the hand that held the tankard to fill My Lord's goblet, and I saw that hand with its slenderness and its gently tapering fingers and its skin of the color of the juice of walnuts. I think my jaw must have dropped open like a yokel's seeing some marvel at a village fair. For, in spite of dusky skin it was a hand well-remembered.

I peered most attentively at her face, but the eyes alone seemed eyes that I had seen, though I could not take my oath upon it. I was bemused. For the hands were the hands of Betsy though none of the rest of her seemed to belong to that strange maid. Of one thing I was certain —that I must make sure of i could not give an honest acc presence, not to spare her.

So, waiting a clement mon from my place and left tha strode back into the kitchen

"Where," I asked the land Sardinian lass?"

"She hath gone to fetch said with a grudging motion door. "But she is not to b with by young gallants."

I WENT out into the cour fowls scratched; she was ward me with a bundle of stic shoulder. She did not seek t but came straight toward me have passed without a word, to her sternly.

"Betsy!" I said.

She came to a halt and loc my face most unfriendly. "I she said, "never to set eyes hulking self again." But woman's curiosity, "How me?" she asked.

"There is a point by whi know thee," I answered, "a clad as a Chinaman. Why a in this outlandish dress wit skin? Answer me straitly or it worse for thee."

"I answer what I please a suits me to answer," she said

"Then," I told her, "come and we will inquire into it."

"Dolt," she said sharply. but this—to be seen in talk to betray me to the monk. H of finding me is to follow th ways, stubborn one, and l mine."

"Thou art here to spy upon I accused.

"I came not here to harm t ovanni either by spying or she said. "If I do not make thee thou will spoil all with th Therefore I tell thee that thy unlikely to leave this inn aliv without me he most certa leave it dead."

"How is he threatened?" her.

"By the poisoned cup, paic gold of Venice. Disbursed b of the Cardinal Passerini. the blessing of the Pope. these be overjoyed to see hi to the King of France?"

"Upon thy soul," said I, truth?"

"The Count Piero Riario l neighborhood," she said. "T with him. Keep me not from for my eye must be sharp. poison to be dropped into the halted and considered. "It well that thou art here and av use thee."

"As is thy wont," I said bitt little you recked if I were s inn that morning, so long as th escape through the window."

"I use what I needs must u what I needs must do," she sai in a different voice and som tler, "I heard that tale," she measured me with her eye. had no need to worry about t

"Didst worry?" I asked ea

"Why should I? What art Now mind thee, Englishma know, I think, when the wine i It will be a great scandal and thing if Lord Giovanni and t man drink that common d die. Be thou constant in thy When the evil wine is passed the tankard of it, I will sig spilling a drop upon the cloth not disclose myself, but leave

"Pick o' the Picnic!"



Pabst Blue Ribbon

"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND MUSIC WITH SONGS BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

thee. Now let me pass, for each moment I fail to watch is perilous."

So I let her go, even then doubting my prudence, but compelled against my will to put credence in her words. But I called softly after her, "Whose hand will poison the wine?"

"The serving man who carries the salver of goblets," she said. "He doth belong to Piero Riario."

I returned to the bargaining, and it came the hour for dinner, whereupon appeared a great, sizzling goose and other delicacies, and at the end of the meal a special wine pressed from grapes of the vines in My Lord's vineyard on the slopes of Trebbio. When it came to be poured, Betsy spilled some drops upon the cloth in front of me and I did not pause to act.

"Hold, My Lords," said I. "This wine be not fit for man to drink."

My Lord was affronted. "It is my own wine of Trebbio," he said.

"Aye," I said, "but somewhat hath been added to it to cloud its flavor. Before we drink let us make a test of it. Yon lanky servant hath a thirsty look."

I stood and advanced upon him bearing my goblet. "Friend," said I, "we would have thy opinion on this wine before we drink."

He cowered and there was no color in his cheeks and he stammered. "Nay, My Lord," he chattered, "I be not fit to drink in such company."

"Nevertheless drink thou shalt," I answered him.

He backed away from me, clawing at the goblet and seeking to spill its contents. But I had him by the throat.

"No! No!" He gurgled in terror. "Spare me, My Lord, spare me."

My Lord Giovanni's face was stern. "So this is the way of it," he said, and drew poniard. "Drink, rascal, and we will watch thy enjoyment of it. Pry open his mouth, Pietro. See that he quaffs deep."

This I was reluctant to do, for I be no executioner, but My Lord's voice was the voice of command, unyielding and not to be disobeyed. So I used my strength to force open his mouth and hold back his head, and into the orifice I poured a draught of wine. He could not but swallow it. And then he screamed and writhed and I let him fall to the floor, whereupon he was convulsed in his members and twisted horribly; then he screamed again and was dead.

Lord Giovanni stood silent, staring down at the man, and then he faced his guests. "This," he said to them in a gentle, dangerous voice, "is not such hospitality as I would willingly have shown my guests. Landlord, I will have questions to ask of thee." He turned to me and touched my shoulder with his strong fingers. "Pietro," he said, "again thou hast done well."

FRANCIS OF FRANCE was laying siege to Pavia, and was encamped before that city with his army and his generals and his pavilions and such of his court as he deemed indispensable to his comfort and his state. My Lord Giovanni, having completed his negotiations with the King's emissaries, set about to the work of concentrating the Black Bands. We left the inn of the Piccolo Cavallo, but not until My Lord had enquired most strictly into the matter of the poisoned wine. He had before him the landlord and all who served in the place, save and except the girl Betsy. For again she had vanished. From the instant she left the room where the wine had been served, none had seen her.

"My Lord," I told him, "it is her custom. Whether it be by magic I do not know. She appears at will, and then she is gone. But it is to her thou owe thy life."

My Lord's eyes were speculative and he glanced at me sidewise. "She is beautiful, thou sayest?"

"Aye," I answered.

"She hath more than beauty to arouse the interest of a man," he said. "How greatly doth a touch of mystery add to the charm of a woman! Now I charge thee, Pietro, when she appears again, in whatever guise it be, fetch her to me. Methinks the maid and I might have profitable conversation together."

Now My Lord loved his wife tenderly, but I fear not faithfully, for faithfulness to a wife was not a usage of the country. Aside from some passage of arms, he delighted most in a passage of love—which added to my weight of fears. For so great was his fame, so laden with romance was his conduct, so young and noble of appearance was he that I did not see how any woman could resist him—as few found themselves able to do. Of all men, I craved least to have My Lord Giovanni for a rival.

The proposals of King Francis being satisfactory to My Lord, the compact was made and the Black Bands passed over from the service of the Emperor to that of the King. The news of it rang through Italy, and publicly the Pope disavowed any part in it and informed the Emperor that it was a headstrong and unauthorized act on the part of his young kinsman. But I had foreseen that treachery because His Holiness was still undecided as to which would be the victor; and one day he gave money to the Imperial Viceroy, and the next he signed private treaties with Francis. The agreement gave to My Lord that plenty and security which had been his desire and the desire of his wife, so he was content and I was happy at the outcome of it. But who could reckon with the impulses of My Lord or the impractical chivalry which ennobled his character?

At last we approached the French camp, and My Lord, dismounting from his great charger Sultan, marched on foot at the head of his companies into the encampment carrying a long lance over his shoulder. As he with his famed soldiers passed through the lines, French and Swiss stared curiously to see soldiers who had accomplished so much, but there was no cheering or glad welcome because of jealousy. The King, tall, young, long of nose, but a splendid gentleman withal, received My Lord before his pavilion and gave him welcome such as would gladden the heart. Nor was he content with words; he bade My Lord to kneel that he might place the jeweled collar of the Order of St. Michel about his neck. Then it was that this impetuous young man, acting upon some strange urging of honor, undid all our planning and transacting and left me dumb with amazement and discontent.

"Your Majesty and my master," he said in his grand, boyish way, "I may not receive this honor at your hands, nor wear the collar of this order. Because there goes with the collar an oath of eternal fealty to the throne of France. I may not in honor take such oath."

"Why not, My Lord?" asked Francis.



"'. . . What luscious blonde was seen with what wedded steel baron in the midniteries these past three dawnings?' . . . Now, who's gonna know that was me?"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

"Your Majesty," Giovanni said, "I be but a merchant of valorous deeds. Fighting is my trade, and my wares and merchandise be battles and skirmishes. These things be for sale, and Your Majesty is today's purchaser. You will receive good measure and faithful service. But it may be that at some future day there will be another purchaser and I shall desire to deal with him as fairly as I have dealt with thee. Therefore I may not bind mine honor with an oath."

The King stood silent, biting his lip, but My Lord continued, and I saw him draw from his breast the formal contract between himself and the King.

"Wherefore, Your Majesty," he said, "that none may impugn my faith nor accuse mine honor, I do thus, before thine eyes, tear to shreds this agreement betwixt us and abrogate its terms. So that nothing shall be betwixt us two save the obligations of our honor. Let then the payment I receive from thee be in proportion to the deeds I accomplish, and according to thy generosity and ation of them. Thus it shall be.

The King advanced to My embraced him. He too loved adventure and the usages of which is an impractical thing ruler of a nation. It might have ter for him had he emulated calculation of the Emperor.

"Gentlemen all," he said thusiasm, "you have this day example."

But the gentlemen looked d noses and thought My Lord to and were jealous of his favo myself I was aghast and knew moved My Lord to such unbu and footless conduct. But that his way, and none could chang

In spite of all, it is my beli would have gone well betwixt and King Francis had matters with the King—for it was his be gracious and generous. But befell that he could not be g he would, and so a contract w been a wholesome document and to demand the fulfillment days that lay ahead.

MY LORD was given lodgn to the royal tents. Fine ment was showered upon him, strels sang his praises and he w by all as one nourished upon from his childhood. Which him, for there was much of t him and flattery was sweet to h

The days that followed were for My Lord, for, from the d arrival, the Black Bands did m fighting, while the rest of the cluding the ten thousand Swis by and applauded. Forays were of daily or nightly occurr descended upon treacherous vi foraged for the army; we wer and its ears, and we paid heavi honor. If there were perilous d to our share in the cold, weather that was upon us. I generalship of My Lord Giov forced the retreat of the army Spaniards' great general Pescar made feint toward Naples in th drawing our troops away from of Pavia. Nor was he conten commands or to fulfill merely Because of which a thing was upon me that I little expected deserved, but which would p mother when she came to hea

There was a most troublesom point betwixt us and the walls c from which the Imperials ma and did sore damage to our tr King Francis determined upo ture. So he called together hi in council of war. For an hou cussed the manner of the at could arrive at no decision— great impatience of My Lord, up in his place impatiently.

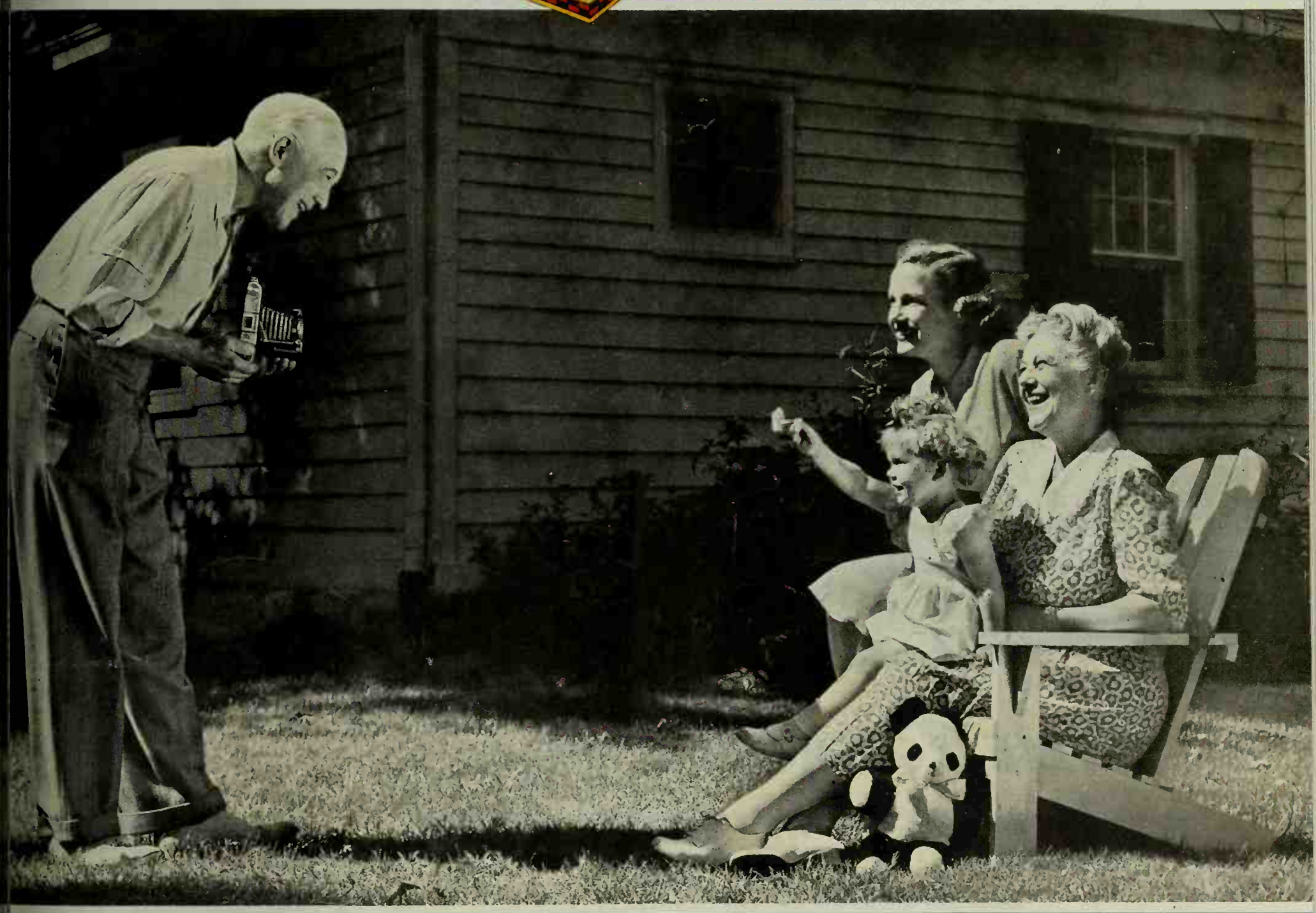
"Sacred Majesty," he said "Your Highness has more nee sults than for words. Let me d

He rushed from the pavilio he was without armor to pr and marshaled sufficient of his there, under the eyes of the Kin generals, he advanced to the att ing his reckless humor, I kep him to do what I could to see th fered no harm. But even in his his recklessness he conducted with that genius for war which man of that age possessed. He his main body behind a low hill with a single company, he attac the east. No sooner was this gaged than he sent a second co attack from the west. Then combat was at its hottest, and men were being thrown back i rections, he threw his principal incredible swiftness against gate of the stronghold. The Spa fended themselves with cannon

YOU press the button

—IT does the rest





With Kodak Verichrome Film in your camera, almost without thinking you press the button and get a snapshot that becomes "family history." It's that easy—because Kodak Research puts "the expert touch" into the film itself.

With Verichrome, you're free to get all the fun . . . and the rewards of good pictures. *Always ask for Verichrome*—you press the button, it does the rest.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

Only Eastman makes

Kodak Film

. . . the film in the familiar yellow box

Kodak



Copyright, The American Tobacco Company

"Proud of His Crop," painted by Irwin Hoffm

FINE TOBACCO
is what counts in a cigarette

"At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that's really fine."
—F. A. Brown, 25 years an independent tobacco warehouseman.

"Season after season, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco—ripe, prime leaf."
—S. M. Cutts, 25 years an independent tobacco auctioneer.

"For many years, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine, ripe, smooth-smokin' tobacco."
—C. J. Gunter, 55 years an independent tobacco buyer.



and Lucky Strike means FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the D

nd swords most valiantly, but we them back through the gates, they closed in our faces and so us. I strove to cover My Lord s in the front of it, scorning any or protection for himself. Then, ly, the gates opened and the Span- shed out upon us, seeing that we lted. Our men were driven back nd My Lord, being in advance, but surrounded.

there we were, back to back, the host of them, hacking and . It was a day when I thanked God size and my strength, for it was y for our men to come to us to us. But so skillful and valiant y Lord and so furiously did he at we held them at bay. In which d I was of some slight assistance. held them until our men clove a us and sent the Spaniards helter- through the gates, which they ot close, for we pressed them too We entered after them, clearing . and our other detachments over the defenses to the slaughter great fury that in an hour not a the defenders was left alive.

MADE secure our capture and My Lord, torn, disheveled, and g, but to my eyes a very god of turned to the place where the King horse, watching the fight. My ent his knee and gazed sidewise me scorn at the King's officers istered about.

cious Majesty," he said, "this is is done."

Francis, his long face alight, d a great red ruby from his hat. ord Giovanni," he said, "wear this s a token of my love which you his day won. Gentlemen, in all my have never seen, nor in history read of such fighting as I have ed." Then he turned to me and e, and frowned.

o is this, who stood at thy back hou were surrounded?" he asked.

Englishman," said My Lord, ath volunteered with me, and who rue friend."

King drew a light sword which he t his side.

e worthy of it?" he asked.

ll ways, Your Majesty," answered rd.

name?" said the King.

er Carew, is the English of it."

King dismounted from his horse. ," he commanded, which order I , not knowing what was going to happen to me. Then he touched me lightly on the shoulder with his blade.

"Rise, Sir Peter Carew," he said, "and be always worthy of thy knighthood as this day thou were worthy to receive it."

I arose, stammering, and my ears burned with the red blood that rushed upward. I knew not what to say and was sore embarrassed. And then I managed to speak. "Your Majesty," I said, "I am beholden to you. But now that I have it, what in the world am I to do with it?"

Whereat the King laughed and My Lord laughed and the captains and generals laughed with them, and I wished I were well away from there, drinking a cup of milk in our dairy at home.

So now, without in the least wishing it, I was Sir Peter and a gentleman and I wondered how it would go with good woolen cloths, and what my neighbors would think of it. But my mother would like it, being a woman, and would lord it over the other goodwives and fetch it into her talk unnecessarily.

I knew not what to do with my feet or my hands or my eyes, and wished people would not stare at me; and looking this way and that in my distress, my troubled gaze fell upon certain churchmen who stood in a group at one side, among whom was a French cardinal and a bevy of bishops. In the background was a lowly monk in his rough brown robe and he was grinning at me most impudently with his little eyes and full, thick lips. Amidst all that high company he closed his eye at me in a most unchurchly wink. It was, indeed, that monk who had searched my belongings in Livorno, who had followed Betsy to Fano, and who boasted of being the hunting hound of the Pope.

I felt My Lord tug gently at my sleeve, and I had the sense to bow low to King Francis before I was led away in a maze. When we were at a distance I said to him uncomfortably, "Couldst not thou have stopped this nonsense?"

"Nay, Pietro *mio*," he said. "It was well thought of, and no more than thy deserts. Thy knightly sword and steed and armor shall be at my expense, and right cheerfully given."

"My Lord," said I, "the monk is here. I saw him stand grinning."

He shrugged as if it were of no moment. "The spies of my kinsman the Pope are everywhere," he said lightly.

I was grateful for the shelter of my tent, and for wine and food, because fighting is hungry business; and then I sat me down to write my mother a letter about it, hoping that in some way it could

IMY — by HOWARD SPARBER



LIER'S "Look, Daddy, these spoons have the same writing as ours"

You can see your tomorrow *today* with the new *Analagraph*



Cross the threshold now *toward security and independence!*

- "The stuff that dreams are made of" can now be translated into a practical, attainable plan for your future—with the new, patented *Analagraph.*
- You can *chart* every step in the protection of your loved ones, the security of your family, and your own retirement. Aided by a trained Analagrapher . . . *you* set down every dream: home ownership, family independence, education for your children, and guaranteed lifetime incomes.
- The *Analagraph* shows how, one by one, you can make these dreams come true . . . ambitions become realities through a simple, scientific plan. And since the *Analagraph* enables you to create an estate *immediately* with a small initial investment, you may actually *save* money . . . in many cases enough to enjoy a higher living standard *right now!*
- Without obligation, write today for further information.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORGANIZED IN 1845 — NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Here he is now!



Johnnie Walker sets the course

When good friends get together, the company is never really complete without that smoothest and mellowest of all friends—genial Johnnie Walker. To anyone who knows fine scotch whisky, the appearance of Johnnie Walker brings pleasure without parallel.

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.



Both 86.8 Proof



BORN 1820
...still going strong

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, New York • *Sole Importer*

be sent to her. I was in the midst of it when a voice called to me.

"Sir Peter, art alone?"

"Aye," I answered. "Come in."

Through the entrance waddled the monk, most unctuous and friendly, and he rubbed together his fat hands and eyed the bottle of wine thirstily.

"Hast risen in the world, my friend," he said.

"I did not want it," I said shortly.

"There be times," he said, "when such gauds and gewgaws come in right handily. As for me I would like well to attract the favor of the King so he would make a bishop or an abbot of me."

"What dost want of me?" I asked. "I trust thee not."

THE monk said cheerfully, "And rightly, for I am a sinful, treacherous man. It is my trade. I have an indulgence for it from the highest source. But I can be most honest when there is a profit to be derived from it."

"I doubt," I said, "if I could ever derive profit from thee."

"You can derive this much profit," he said. "My Lord Piero Riario hath come to this encampment in the train of a cardinal. He doth hate thee poisonously, and means to do thee an ill turn."

"Thy news is good," I said. "I would like well to meet him."

"Thy ribs are more like to meet his dagger," said the monk. "Not that he is not capable of swordsmanship, but his bent is toward stabbing in the back."

"You came not here to tell me this?"

"Thou art a new knight," he said. "I would be a new abbot. Were I to lay hands upon a maid of whom thou dost wot, I could have it for the asking. She is a most troublesome wench, and cunning, with a strange spite against all Medici, and chiefly against His Holiness. She is a very miracle of elusiveness, and a marplot."

"Dost hope I will betray her to thee?"

"Nay. Thou art tainted with the disease called chivalry. Also thou art a most ingrained honest lout, for all thou art a knight. And thy simplicity and candor is like a child, not yet old enough to appreciate the benefits of duplicity." He paused and eyed me shrewdly. "Wealth," he said, "is a most lovable attribute."

"I do not covet it," I told him.

"With wealth," he said, "thy knighthood might grow into a barony, or even an earldom. It might help thee to wed above thy station."

"I have no desire to wed."

"In which thou art wise," he said, "but in the stating of which thou art a most arrant liar. Now, Sir Peter, if I could show thee the way to wealth and to the marriage bed, and even to getting thy bride out of Italy with a whole skin for thee to caress, what wouldst thou say?"

"I would say," I answered, "that I would not trust thee if thou camest with a letter from the Angel Michael recommending thy honesty. What knavery is in thy mind?"

"A most profitable knavery," he said, "which would enrich thee, and enable me to lay aside this uncouth robe and become a layman, with the freedom of one not bound to virtue by churchly vows."

"At least," said I, "thou art an honest rogue, in that you admit freely your roguery."

"Look you," he said, "money is needed to debauch and to hold and to rule a city. The Medici are not so rich as in Lorenzo's day though they be far from poor. But to bribe the whole citizenry of a city requires a bottomless purse."

"What is that to me?"

"I am the Pope's hunting dog," said the monk. "What I said might be considerable to thy Lord Giovanni. Now look you: Not the least of my missions," he said with some vanity, "hath to do with treasure. And treasure is vital to the Pope's plots."

"What treasure is this?" I asked.

"A most adroitly hidden treasu
said. "Enough to ransom a king
in submission a turbulent city.
heard of the jewels of the Degli A

"I have heard of them," said I.

"Now, now!" he exclaimed. "A
lishman and a foreigner—and th
this knowledge. From whose lips

"From the lips of gossip and r
I told him.

"As cautious an answer as a m
give," he said. "It has been my
ferret out this treasure, this ca
jewels spirited out of the Degli
palace when its owner was mu
and it was sacked by the mob."

"What has all this to do with

"It is because I have a supe
about thee," the monk said. "Th
mus, thou hast the luck of th
That, secundus, thou hast certai
mation, useful in the search." He
his hand to halt me when I wou
spoken. "Oh, without question yo
not what knowledge thou hast
lastly, if thou will join heartily
hunt it will end in success."

I was amused by his knavery.
should we find it?"

"We will divide it honestly an
and each shall go his way," he s

"Which would involve some sl
trayal of thy employers," I said.

"Treasure," he said soberly, "
to him who finds it." He grinned
I would resign from my present
ment to enter the employment of
A man has the right to change
Thy Lord Giovanni hath but no
an example of it."

"Not," said I, "involving theft

"A profitable theft," he said
more to a man's possessions tha
profitable good deed. Shall we
partnership, Sir Peter? Its term
observed strictly. I, on my part,
over the hunt for this maid; and,
canst win her consent, to help th
her safely to England. Thou,
second part, to aid in the search
divide with me the treasure whe
Are we in concord?"

"Thou dost propose to cheat t
and to cheat the Medici, and
Passerini and Ippolito. In the e
wouldst also bilk myself."

"May I drown unshriven in a
wine if I be not true to mine agr
with thee," he said solemnly. "
thy hand on the bargain."

"Thou," said I, "art a monk
servant of Holy Church, and
are inviolate. So I do not ki
soundly on thy overfed back
have listened until my ears are
with thy villainy. Now get the
before I forget the reverence d
office, or I be converted to the t
of Martin Luther and the toe
foot turn heretic. My patience
but it comes to an end."

He got to his feet, sighing. He
at me amiably, and not with eit
cor or disappointment.

"Be not abrupt of decision,"
"Sleep upon it. And when thou
thy maid again, give to her
wishes and blessings."

Then, before I could get to
and reach for his collar, he slip
the tent and vanished into the n

KING FRANCIS made war
My Lord enjoyed the mag
of the encampment, and its luxu
light living when his military du
him time for it—because My L
young and lusty and as irrespo
his private living as he was e
efficient in warfare. The Ki
pageantry and minstrelsy and t
ter of lovely ladies, and there
lack of these commodities the
the walls of Pavia.

The Seigneur de Bonnivet,
soldier but an able panderer to t
appetite for pleasure and love



COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Taking moving pictures of human vocal cords

SAY "AH-H-H" TO THE BIRDIE . . . *This Bell Telephone Laboratories scientist is taking moving pictures of the young woman's vocal cords, to get new knowledge about the voice. Such knowledge is useful in telephone transmitter design.*

He is using a Fastax camera, developed by the Laboratories. This camera, the same kind that was used to photograph atom-bomb tests at Bikini, can operate up to the rate of 8000 pictures a second.

Bell Telephone Laboratories learned some interesting things about speech from high-speed pictures of vocal cords.

THE job of Bell Laboratories is to devise and develop facilities which will enable two human beings anywhere in the world to talk to each other as clearly as if they were face to face—and to do this economically as well as efficiently. To this end, Bell Laboratories study everything from the most fundamental matters, such as the mechanism of speech and hearing and the molecular structure of copper wire and rubber insulation, to the detailed design of equipment. The result is better service, at lower cost, for everyone who uses the telephone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Don't laugh off bleeding gums

YOU MAY BE GETTING

GINGIVITIS



4 out of 5

May Have This Sly Enemy of Firm Gums and Handsome Teeth!

When people brush their teeth and their gums bleed—too many of them pay no attention. Now don't *you* be so foolish—

Because tender, bleeding gums are often some of the first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation but a wicked foe of firm gums and healthy, handsome teeth.

Neglect of Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, which only your Dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home to—

Help Gums Be Firmer—Teeth Naturally Bright

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste—the famous formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their lovely natural sparkle.

Notice the *difference* even after the first time you use Forhan's. Your gums feel *so invigorated*. Your teeth look *so clean*. You'll like its refreshing tangy taste, too!

Used and recommended by many dentists for over 30 years. Buy a tube at any drug, dept. or 10¢ store.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Maiesty, saw to it that there was merry-making enough at headquarters—while the soldiers starved in their dugouts.

The differenee between this young King of Franee, and my master the Lord Giovanni was this: that though both delighted in revelry and in beautiful women and the voiees of minstrels, and though eaeh loved warfare for the glamor he saw in it, my master would leave a woman for a skirmish, and rush from a banquet to a battle eagerly. The King hated the drudgery and discipline, and yawned over the labors of planning a war.

Now I, being but a knight, and a newly made one at that, was not admitted to these revels, exeept those that were in the nature of pageants and were open for all to see. And so it befell that on a day when the sun shone brightly to blunt the edge of the bitter cold, I stood with Christoforo and watched a eavalcade of our betters ride by, scarce one of them under the station of a duke or at least a marquis, and each accompanied by a lady so robed and bedizened, so young and shapely, so beautiful of faee that each might have been a queen. There was His Majesty and Bonnivet and My Lord Giovanni. There was the Cardinal Salviati, his brother-in-law and Aretino, greatest wit of the age. Great names with great lineages trailing behind them like plumes, rode past us—more than a seore of them—so that we were bedazzled by so much noble birth. And then, toward the rear, I saw the handsome faee of Piero Riario, and knew that my enemy was indeed in camp as the monk had told me.

Christoforo jogged my ribs rudely, for he had not yet grown used to my new dignity as a knight.

"Art blinded by overmuch flaunting color?" he asked. "Is the sun in your eyes? Art akin to the bat that is sightless by daylight?"

"I see Riario," I said grimly.

"Nay," he said impudently. "The Sieur de Bonnivet hath found himself a new light-o'-love. Aye, and My Lord Giovanni is drawn to the flame of her eandle. See how he doth urge his horse to her side!" He nudged me again, careless of my knightly dignity. "Now where—oh, where?—have I seen that nosegay of loveliness before?"

MY EYES followed his pointing finger and a eoldness not of the air settled tightly about my heart; I heard the sudden gritting of my own teeth. For there, riding with splendid ease, erect, laughing, desirable beyond words, was Betsy! There she rode, carefree, wonderfully gay, between the two men, of all the men in the world, the most dangerous to the virtue of a woman. There she rode in that eompany of gallants and light women as if she were the queen of them, and loved it. And, alas, as if it were her natural plaee and her accustomed employment. Never did I love her so poignantly, nor hate her so bitterly. And never did the world seem to me so black and evil as it did in that moment.

Christoforo was grinning slantwise. "If the sheets be silken and the bedfellow a duke she is a eourtesan and a great lady. Good friend, in the affair of the inn we did overmueh fighting to preserve a thing that was lost already."

Rage tore at me as it seldom had done before, and I had him by the throat and was shaking him so that his teeth rattled and his eyes bulged. But then I set him again upon his feet and loosed him and was ashamed, for he had but uttered aloud the thoughts that had been mine own. Christoforo rubbed his neek and was nigh to tossing up his breakfast before he eould speak.

"So that is the way of it!" he said without resentment. Then, philosophieally: "Well, Messer Pietro, it is better to eome by the knowledge beforehand than to come home from a journey and find a better man's head upon thy pillow."

I walked away from him because I could not bear to hear Betsy spoken of in this manner; yet I had not wherewith to defend her, for her eonduct, or so it seemed to me, was flagrant and notorious. I wished mightily that this was a day for fighting instead of carousing, so that I might turn my rage against Spaniards or German *Lanzenknechts*. But there was naught to do save let the matter smolder inside me. So I sat sullen in my tent, shivering in the eold. Nor did I come out of it again, even for food, until the next morning, when My Lord sent for me to come to him.

He was holding in his hand a small casket, eunningly carved, and he smiled at me boyishly as I entered.

"My Pietro," he said, "I have an embassy for thee. Not that thou art a model of diplomacy, or a fit messenger of love. But thou hast a gift of languages, and the lady speaks only with the tongue of Franee."

"I know more of war and woolens than of women, My Lord."

"Nevertheless thou will earry this to her and place it in her hands and in words



BO BROWN

SPORTING ODDS

It doesn't happen often, but there's one case on record of batter getting a home run on a fly that the fielder caught. In 193 a Portland player hit a long fly to Outfielder Jimmy Graves of Sa Francisco. Graves caught it, but as he did he backed into the ou field fence. The fence gave way and fielder and ball disappeare from the park. The ball having been deflected over—or through the fence by the fielder, the batter was given a home run.

—Fred Russell, Nashville, Ten

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each accepfable contribution to Sporti Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.

more graeeful than I ean form them—for thou art a seholar—deseribe to her the unworthiness of the gift, but that it is given out of my devotion; for her beauty hath smitten me. I pray thee acquit thyself eloquently."

"She speaks no Italian?" I asked hopefully.

"No word of it," he replied. He opened the box and displayed to me a gold button with a gleaming jewel in it. "The handiwork," he said, "of Benvenuto Cellini. Will it please her?"

"It would pleasure an empress," I said, startled by the prodigality of the gift. "Where, My Lord, and to whom, shall I bear it?"

"The Demoiselle Suzanne d'Amboise," he said, and informed me with exactness where she was to be found. "Remember," he said, laughing aloud, "thou art not eharging a bastion, but wooing a lady as my representative and proxy." He plaeed the casket in my fingers and bade me feteh baek a hopeful answer.

It lifted the heaviness somewhat from my heart to hear that the woman was French and not Italian, and so I went about the errand, albeit reluetantly, with good eourage.

I found the place and was asl errand by a servingman.

"I eome," said I, "with a mes the Demoiselle Suzanne d'Amboi my lord and master Giovanni d iei, General of the Black Bands."

He went away, but returned p to usher me into a low room, well by the logs in the fireplace, an I stood awkwardly waiting to see should see.

BEFORE waiting became burde a hanging eoneealing a do thrust aside and the object of My infatuation stepped into the ro think I uttered some strangled and all but dropped the easket u floor, for it was the girl Betsy who up into my eyes.

"I eame," I said hoarsely, "u errand to the Demoiselle Suzanne boise."

"As good a name as any," she find it suitable to the day."

"Betsy!" I exelaimed.

"What brings you hither?" sh I was bitter. "I come awoo

My Lord Giovanni," I said, seems, would buy thee away f Sieur de Bonnivet. I have come for the transfer of thy affeetic bring a jewel of value to bind gain."

A flush, eommeneing at her sh crept upward until it suffused Her lips eompressed and th something dark and deep and t her eyes that I eould not underst which went to my heart even th

"Am I at fault that men shou me?" she asked.

"Beauty," I answered, "come God or Satan. It is no sin to be The evil lies in surrendering to th I blame no man for loving the for I be sore stricken with that myself."

"If I loved a woman," she would not go to her in behal other."

"I did not know." I said. "N told me thou wert a girl of Frane ing only the Freneh tongue."

Her eyes, which had been so dark and stricken, now flashed ger. "If thy Lord desire to buy the Sieur de Bonnivet, why dot make the bargain with that ge

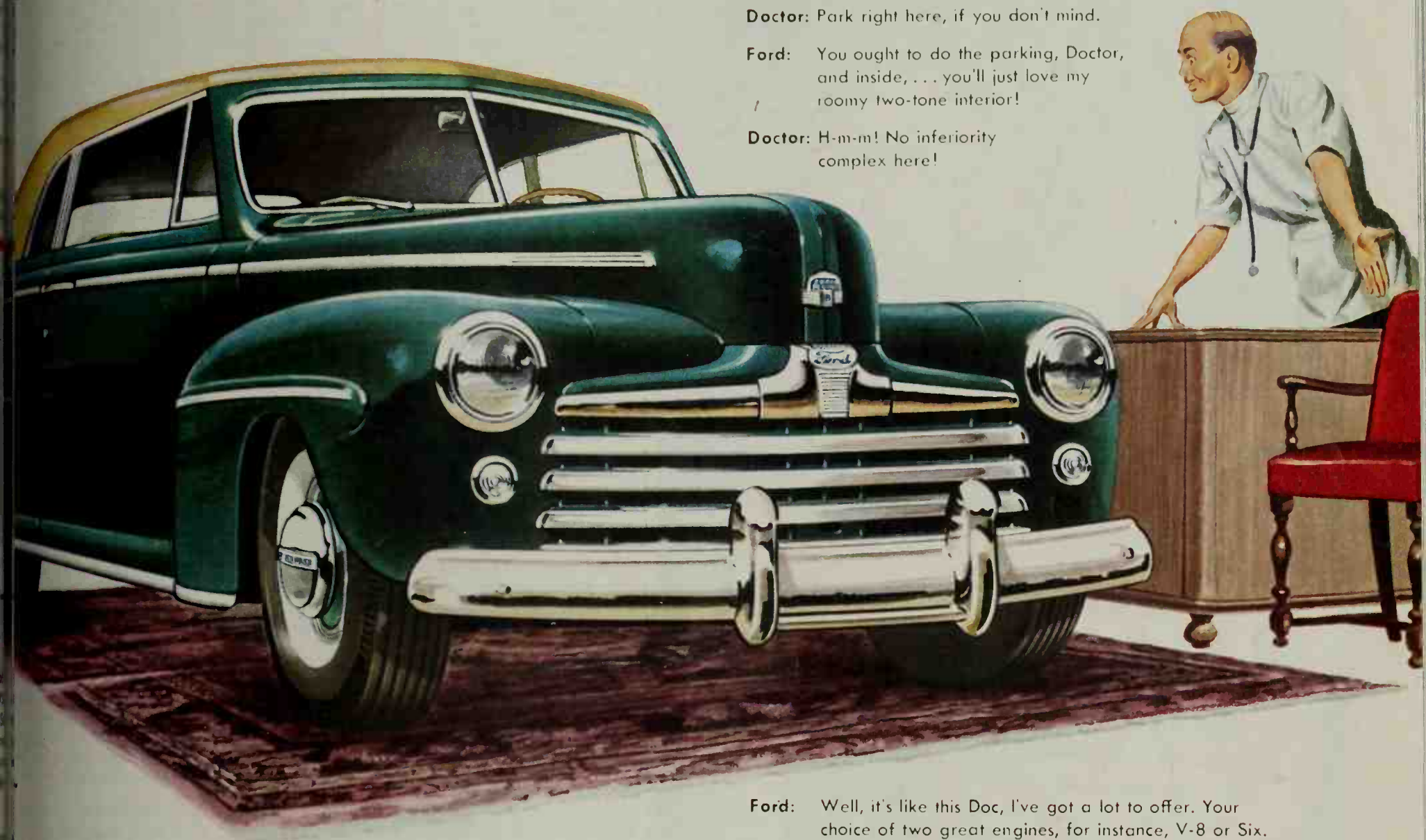
Ford's out Front with a High I.Q.

Scene: Doctor's Office

Doctor: Park right here, if you don't mind.

Ford: You ought to do the parking, Doctor, and inside, . . . you'll just love my roomy two-tone interior!

Doctor: H-m-m! No inferiority complex here!



Ford: Well, it's like this Doc, I've got a lot to offer. Your choice of two great engines, for instance, V-8 or Six.

Doctor: I get it—a dual personality!

Ford: No no. Just dual carburetion, dual *down-draft* carburetion, sir! You pick the engine you want.

Doctor: How are your reflexes?

Ford: Step on my "king-sized" brakes and find out—they're about the smoothest, quickest reflexes you ever saw!

Doctor: So I've heard!

Ford: And speaking of reflexes I've got "Rest Ride" springs, too—they reflex so nicely there's not a bump in your life.

Doctor: You're not bad looking either.

Ford: I get around—and oh, Doctor, did you notice my complexion? Baked-enamel finish, you know. Won't come off in the rain or anything. And my body! It's a "Life Guard" body with an all-steel physique!

Doctor: Well, you strike me as being a precocious extravert and *that's* good!

Ford: Thanks Doc, hop in sometime. There may be a Ford in your suture, I mean future!

Doctor: Okay! You've got me all sewed up!

There's a Ford in your future





There's no better time



The finest watches we've ever made

Sturdiness for sports wear, smartness for dress-up occasions, and Westclox dependability—that's what you get in a Westclox watch! Handsome styles for wrists and pockets, Westclox watches are members of the famous family of Westclox timekeepers that includes clocks for every room; electric and springwound alarm models, electric time clocks, kitchen clocks. Illustrated above: Pocket Ben, more handsome than ever with his new silvered dial and thin graceful case. LaSalle wrist watch, richly designed with chrome plated front; stainless steel back, curved to fit the wrist.

POCKET BEN also comes with luminous dial for "24 hour duty"

SCOTTY pocket watch has the sturdy Westclox "heart" that makes for reliability

LA SALLE is available with luminous dial that's legible day and night

WESTCLOX watches

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF **BIG BEN**

Products of **GENERAL TIME** *Instruments Corp.*

If I be for sale why doth he not chaffer with my owner? I am, it would seem, but a commodity. Doth a bale of thy woolen cloth decide who shall be its purchaser?"

"I would," I said, "that thou wert so below me in station—a scullery maid—that I might lift thee up and better thy condition. To the end that thou shouldst be grateful to me, perhaps, and come to love me truly and honestly, and be content to be a merchant's wife."

"To be snug and happy," she said softly, and for a moment she seemed to be unaware of my presence and lost in her own thoughts. "To be content and purring with comfort like a cat before a warm fire! To love gently and to hate not at all! To know no obligation save to cook a hearty meal and obey thy husband! That would be sweet, Peter Carew, and wonderful with dull and unexciting happiness. I would choose that if the right of choice had been given me."

I HAD never seen her so before this moment—soft and tender and yearning. But the second passed and she lifted her head upon a proud neck, and was a great lady scorning what any might think of her and the road she chose to travel.

"Proceed with thy embassy," she said.

I held out the casket toward her, and her manner changed once more so that she was kind and sorry for me and gentle.

"Nay," she said. "This is an evil thing that has befallen thee by chance, and I will not have thee go forward with it. Toward me, Peter Carew, thou hast from the beginning been most kind and gentle and courteous, and I would not hurt thee further. I have used thee because it was necessary; and because of me thou hast come to grief. Return yon casket to thy Lord Giovanni and tell him that my mood is not for change. And for thy own private ear, I would as soon give myself to a hyena of the desert as to any man who bears the name of Medici."

I would have gone then, hastily, because I could bear no more of it; but I bethought myself to warn her.

"The monk is here seeking thee," I said; "and Count Piero Riario."

"I have seen the count," she said.

"Because the monk is here," I said, "I would not have sought thee out, no matter how keenly I desired to see thee. Because he doth connect us two in his devious mind, and through me he might identify thee. I am slow of thought, and he is too much for me. He came to my tent and offered to share a treasure with me if I would help him to find it. There was some evil purpose in that offer, but what it is I could not guess."

"What treasure is this?" she asked.

"There was a family in Florence," I said, "murdered one and all by the Medici. Or so it is said. This family owned a great treasure of precious jewels. But they were spirited away so that they never have been found. The monk offered to betray his master, the Pope, if I would aid him to search for it. Why he deemed I could be of help I know not."

"The name of this murdered family?" she asked.

"According to his telling," I said, "it was Degli Albizzi."

She stood very still and there was no expression upon her face. "This monk," she said through stiff lips, "is a peril to thee and me."

"I have told thee," I said. "Perhaps thy mind will be a match for his. Now, fare thee well, Betsy." I used that name because it pleasured me—because of what it meant to me. "Though it will be hard to bear, I pray I may never see thee again."

She peered at me and stretched out a little, lovely hand, and drew it back again without touching me. "There be people," she said in a small voice, "men and women, who be tied together by fate. Such ones as these, no matter how they may desire it should be otherwise, nor strive against it, cannot be kept apart until their destiny is fulfilled. I not know, Peter Carew. I have a superstitious feeling, that thou an meet again and again and again—again. For what, I do not know

"If," said I gently, "it be for t piness, I am full willing."

And then I would have gone, stayed me. "Thou art sympathet she said. "The pictures come fo I have known them to come other."

These strange words I did no stand, but they gave me an odd ing of premonition. "What pictur for me?" I asked.

"In the crystal ball," she said. with me. We shall see."

"I want no traffic with magic, tested, for I did not like it at all.

"Nevertheless thou shall look crystal," she said imperiously.

She led me out of the ro another and it was a dim room a owed. From a cabinet she tool ished ball of crystal and set it up table and sat down before it, r me to sit on the other side.

"Now," she said in soft, voice, "clear thy mind of vexing and peer into the ball."

There was a chill at the nap neck, and my hair seemed to ri my ears, but I obeyed her, and feeling of quietness came upon peered, and of warm comfort ar siness. The room seemed no long and nothing existed upon earth round, glowing globe of glass my hands. And then a spot of appeared in its center and sprea it became a cloud, and the clo rated into portions and became It was a castle atop a low hill, a were walls about it, and a ditc bridge, and cannon belched fire battlements, and I saw the steel the defenders. But those who wore neither steel caps nor arr were dreadful, bearded fellows v ted hair and in rags and tatters; faces were savage and full o Then, behind a great rock I saw a man in armor, and his armor v as is the armor of captains of t Bands. And, strangely, inste lance, he held in his hands a l bow and over his shouloer was of arrows.

He turned toward me to spe uncouth followers, and his face miliar to me, but for a minute recognize it, which was not stra a man may be forgiven for not ing his own head on other shoul then I knew myself.

THEN the picture rearrang Smoke and flames engulfed t ano I stood beside the great do a score of tatterdemalions lifted of a tree and rushed upon the d it to batter them down. Then darkness and I was in a sm chamber and there lay one at white and bleeding, and I lift my arms, and it seemed to me was dead, and despair came So I kissed her cold lips and down upon a bed and knelt bes an agony of grief.

That was all. The picture cloud and the cloud became a the spot vanished so that the c gleamed untarnished before m

"Did the pictures come?" Be

"They came," said I, determi tell her what I had seen.

"Was death in the ball?" she

"Death for many," I said.

"For thou and for me?" she

"I do not know," I said, "bu know: that we shall meet agai

I got to my feet, and my b water and I was afraid, for it some thing to look through a n dow into the future, and to happen that have not yet come

id Betsy, speaking slowly and
is adieu and not farewell."
vent away, and the daylight in
azzled my eyes. But I was be-
ough without that, and fearful
ire, and grievously unhappy.
or a moment there before the
Betsy and thought upon My
ncing in my mind his noble
is genius for war, his courage
ovableness against that other
n which was rash and intem-
amatory, and I could not un-
is complexity. That he truly
weet wife, I knew, and that he
loyalty and all the sacrifices
in his behalf. Wherefore,
is, I could not conceive how
e so diligent in the pursuit of
ty. Perhaps that sort of con-
nehow natural and correct to
of higher station than I, but
m to my simplicity that an
rests upon the high ones to be
their honor for the lesson it
h to commonfolk who have
o worry about, but only hon-
pposed that I, now being a
ust bother my head about
n heretofore I had only to see
dealt fairly and behaved de-
respectable merchant should.
d unhappily, a horseman gal-
ard me as if in haste, his
oofs crashing the frozen crust
d the road. He snatched his
sliding halt with cruel rein as
o respected horseflesh should
looked up, startled, into the
some, mustachioed face of the
o Riario. He was as surprised
as I to see him, and his hand
e jeweled dagger at his belt.
he English clown," he said

I answered, "never a clown.
honest merchant, but now a
raised to gentle estate. I have
a little while, but I have used it
thou who wert born to it."
r the King's edict against
the camp," he said, "I would
better manners."
up at him because when I am
age something compels me to
now not why. "Thou wouldst
aid I, "another four inches to
and somewhat to the breadth
of thy shoulders before thou couldst increase my education," I said. And added for good measure, "Thou popinjay who chases little girls up trees with dogs."

He made as if he would ride me down, but I grasped the reins of his horse and twisted it sidewise and held it quiet. Now if any man had done so to me I would have argued the matter with him, but My Lord Piero did not even have at me with his dagger. He merely cursed me skillfully. But for all that, I knew he was not afraid of me. I could see it in his narrow eyes that crowded his nose too closely. Whatever guilts rested upon his soul the guilt of cowardice was not one of them.

"Today I may not pleasure myself by spitting thy gizzard," he said. "But be not impatient."

HE THREW his silken leg over the saddle and alighted, and even turned his back to me, which, I think, he would not have done to one of his own countrymen in like circumstances. He walked past me with no other word toward Betsy's door, but there he turned, his face puckered with curiosity.

"What dost thou here?" he demanded. He sneered at me. "To woo one of her serving maids, no doubt."

"Aye," said I, thinking back to our English farm. "A dairy maid. Hast thou selected one from the scullery?"

I do not know why that should have pricked his pride, but so it did. "I come," he said arrogantly, "to pay my respects to the lovely Demoiselle d'Amboise."

"Her household is complete," I said. "She hath no need of a servant to clean her shoes." Which was doing nobly for one so slow of wits as myself, and I was proud of it. "Or," I asked, "dost venture to compete with thy betters for the lady's favor?"

"The Riarios know no betters." He looked at me, being very still, and then he shrugged his shoulders. "Upon one hand," he said, "thou hast enough fingers to count the dawns that thou shalt see."

Whereupon he faced the door and beat upon it with his gloved knuckles; and I strode away to make report to My Lord.

So I strode along, pitying myself as the most miserable of men, when a voice spoke sleekly in my ear and I became aware of the obese, slyly smiling monk.

"Was the lady compliant?" he asked,

CH — by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Is that right, Clancy? Did the victim really describe one of the burglars as being 'tall an' rather handsome'? Gosh!"

for July 19, 1947

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL

Of America's leading cigarettes, PALL MALL—and only PALL MALL—is "Outstanding"!... For PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke... filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... gives you outstanding smoothness ... mellowness ... mildness.

OUTSTANDING
-and they are mild!



Clicquot Club

pronounced KLEE-KO

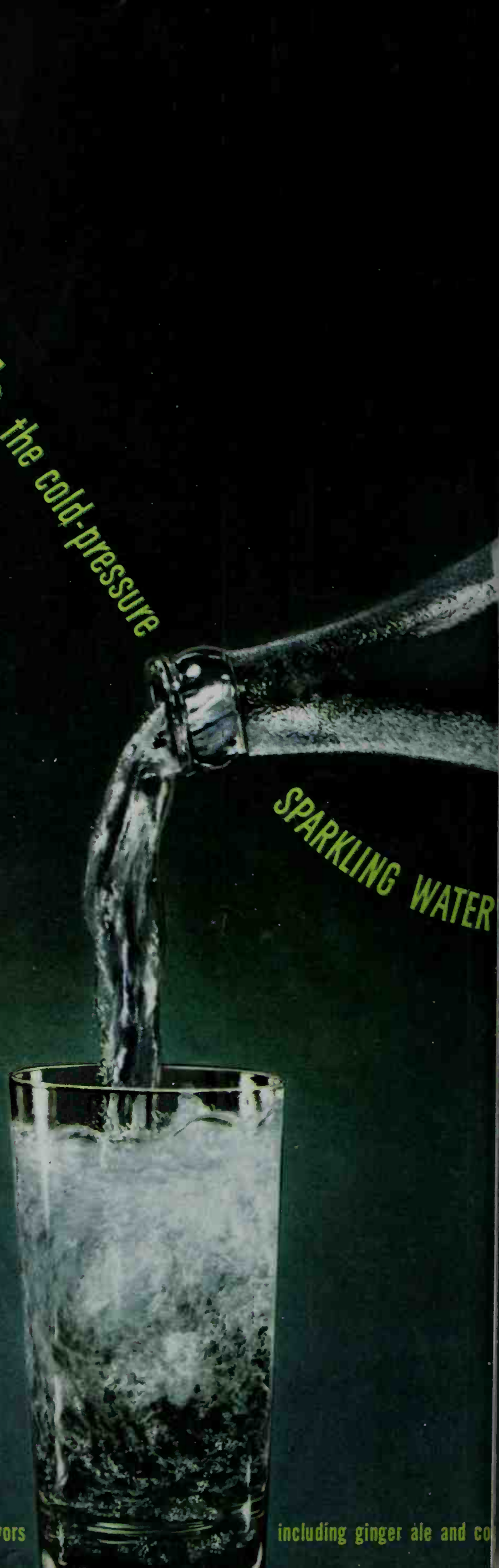
the cold-pressure

SPARKLING WATER

Its gay sparkle lasts as hours pass

In tall drink or short, Clicquot Club
Sparkling Water bubbles merrily for a FULL HOUR.
And an opened bottle, tests prove, will hold
its spirit-lifting sparkle for TWO WHOLE DAYS
when recapped and refrigerated.
"It fizzes for a long, long time," because of
Clicquot Club's "Cold-Pressure" technique
which seals more sparkle into your drink . . .
all the sparkle your glass can hold.





All popular flavors including ginger ale and co

eered at me. "A most fair lady in- and desirable. It is such as she who dire peril to men's souls. Aye. I, were I to gaze too long upon her, feel this brown habit of mine mute itself into gaudy silk, and the nosters that should fall from my rned into amorous rhymes."
instinct warned me to caution. The had been sniffing at my footprints, g they would lead him to his goal, ence any woman who spoke to me ceived me would be suspect.
proud and haughty lady," said I. "I My Lord sends me on no more er- to such as she."
it so? An embassy for my Lord nni, is it? Or could it be otherwise ou dost tell me this for a tale?" He d at me and smirked and his great undulated under his robe. "The oiselle Suzanne d'Amboise, eh? My t, I neither believe thee nor disbe- thee." He tittered lewdly. "Thou encounter Riario at her door."
y eyes are sharp," I said.

WHY, otherwise, did I follow thee this day to see where thou wert ?" he asked. "The Count Piero Ria- like to make a fool of himself. en are a sweet commodity. I give age advice, my son. Permit them to hee, but be chary of giving love in . Eat the apple, but toss away the Now this Riario, to whom I am some obligation, behaves like a ing apprentice. He hath quite lost ad over this woman. She hath cast l over him. Now, if what appears on urface be true—that she is Bonni- mistress, and that Giovanni de' ci attempts to take her away from then Riario is apt to be ground be- two millstones." He waggled his and his mood changed. "You for- ot my offer."
he jewels of the Degli Albizzi?" I .
hose and none others," he an- d. "My young friend, in that mat- am false to the Pope, which is a sin. It needs only that thou be false woman, which is a peccadillo for I will get thee absolution."
o what woman must I be false?" I .
hat," he said, "is a fool's question."
hat hath this maid to do with the zi or their treasure?" I asked.
am not certain," he said thought- "But my nose prickles. Her be- r doth make a pattern. And that rn fits a person. But the marvel of my son, that the records insist that uch person exists. Am I clear?" he leered at me.
ou are," I said, "a tortuous and herous rascal."
hat," he said, "is not the point under ssion. Now, if there be the profit in r me that I guess, I will save thee and I will save her, and get both safe out of Italy. Is it a bargain?"

"A bargain," said I, "implies honesty on both sides."

"I saw the Count Piero hold up the five fingers of his hand at you," he said. "A shrewd guess at the meaning of that would be that he gives thee five days to live. I will ponder upon it. It may be to my advantage to keep thee alive."

"I am somewhat skilled at keeping myself alive," I said.

"There is news and gossip that might fit into the ear of the Lord Giovanni," he said musingly. "A part will become known; the rest will appear only when it comes to pass. First, the Pope hath made secret treaty of alliance with Venice—which is to everybody's disadvantage, including his own. Secondly, His Holiness means to pass over young Ippolito de' Medici, and in the end give him a cardinal's hat instead of the rule of Florence."

"To put whom in his place?" I asked, for here indeed was news.

"The dusky-cheeked Alessandro," said the monk sourly. "Now your Florentines might, under some duress, have submitted to Ippolito. But with Alessandro will come trouble. They will not tolerate him, for he hath none of the graces of the family and is a dull and brutish creature. Yet Clement loves him." He shrugged his shoulders. "The day approaches on which thy master will have but to hold out his hand and the dukedom of Florence and all Tuscany will drop ripely into his palm."

"Why do you tell me this?" I asked.

"Because," he said slyly, "the friendship of a Duke of Tuscany will not be an ill thing for a man to possess. Most especially one of the force and strength of My Lord Giovanni. He hath the military genius for it. But the scheming brain to help him worm his way through the politics of it, he lacketh."

"And such a brain," I said in wonder at the reach of his ambition, "houses inside thy skull?"

"It would serve the purpose," he answered.

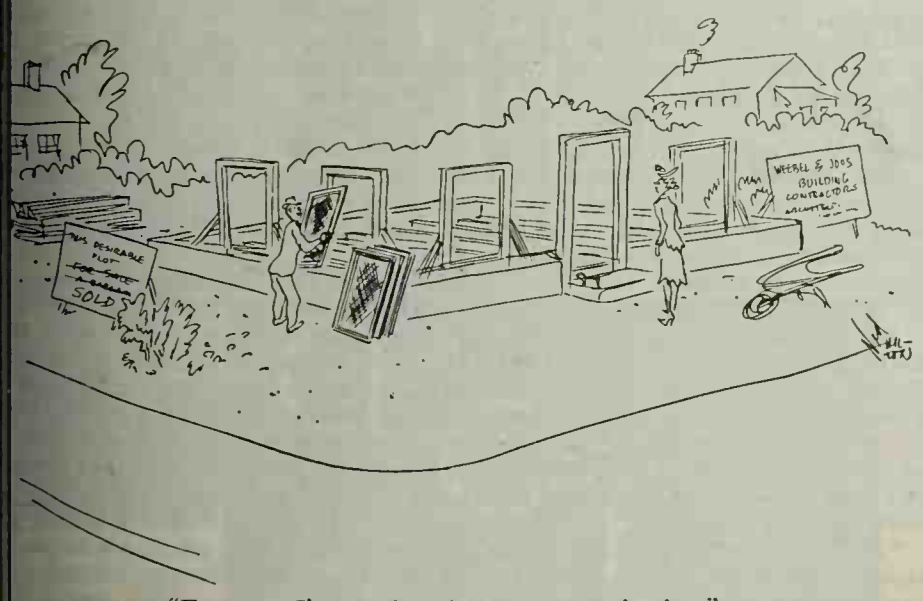
"You aim high," I told him.

"My son," he said, "I aim high, and I aim low and I aim in the middle ground. A man who shoots at many targets is sure to hit one of them in the gold."

"I shall warn my master against thee," I said, for I was still not far from boyhood and could not yet deal leniently with the weaknesses of mankind. "I shall say to him that of all living men thou art least to be trusted and most treacherous. Be on thy way," I said harshly. "Thou hast a most foul odor."

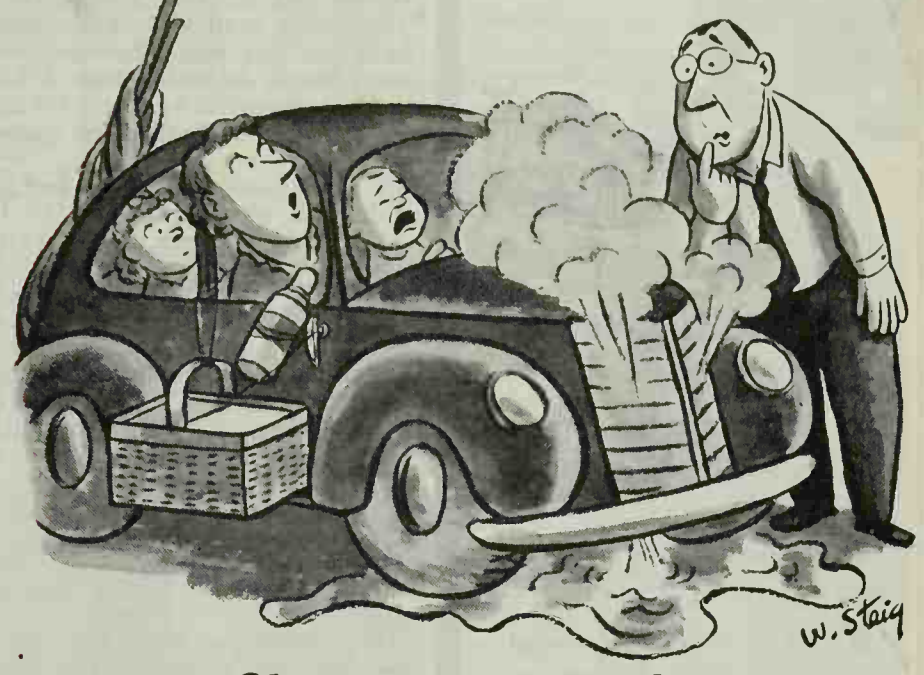
"Words!" he said. "Young and ignorant words! In spite of them I would be thy friend."

He turned then, and gathered his robe up from his great ankles and waddled away—a gross, fat man who thought to



COLLIER'S "For once I'm getting the screens up in time" NED HILTON

Radiator rusted—
Vacation busted



Clean out rust with
DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

Before your engine is ruined by overheating, clean out rust and scum in the radiator. Just pour in a can of DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER, run the engine 30 minutes or more, then drain. No reverse flushing is necessary. It dissolves rust—cleans thoroughly, quickly, and safely.



Then keep out rust with
DU PONT Acid and Rust INHIBITOR

After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID AND RUST INHIBITOR. This neutralizes the acid and prevents damaging rust from forming.



Avoid radiator leaks with
DU PONT Cooling System SEALER

You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and make cooling system LEAK-PROOF—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator.



DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travelers Cheques

- ✓ Safer than cash
- ✓ Promptly refunded if lost or stolen
- ✓ Spendable anywhere
- ✓ Good until used
- ✓ No identification needed except your signature
- ✓ Cost only 75¢ per $100. ($50 or less—40¢)

SOLD AT BANKS, PRINCIPAL RAILWAY EXPRESS AND WESTERN UNION OFFICES

Introducing . . .

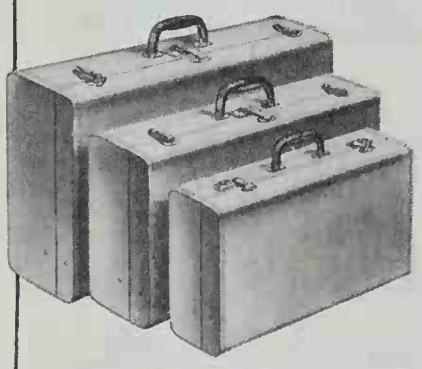


THE NEW LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION

Horn

KARRY-LITE
LUGGAGE

"Takes the Lug out of Luggage"



Here's history's first frameless luggage—Horn KARRY-LITE. Super-strong, light as a trifle, it is *molded* from genuine Spaulding vulcanized fiber . . . resistant to weather, water and wear. Carries 50 lbs. Looks like leather. Washable baked lacquer finish, inside and out. Sets or single pieces in Luggage Tan, Blue, Cordovan.

20-inch size—$5.95
24-inch size—$6.95
27-inch size—$7.95

A PRODUCT OF RICE-STIX
Manufacturers
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

conquer a star by bombarding it with mud.

So I came to My Lord Giovanni and stood before him awkwardly with his spurned gift in my hands. He looked at it, and hot fire lighted in his black eyes.

"What is that?" he demanded, though he knew well what it was.

"The lady," said I, "rejected thy gift."

"And myself with it," he said through his teeth.

"She bade me say to thee, My Lord," I told him, "that she was not in the mood for change."

"Doth she so! Doth she dare! By St. Hector and St. Ajax and St. Hercules! The wench shall learn knowledge. I'll have her and enjoy her and toss her away like a drained goblet. I'll snatch her from Bonnivet by force. I'll take her were she mistress to the King himself."

IT HAD been a bitter day and my endurance was outworn. "My Lord," said I, "I do love thee, and thou art most dear to me of all men. But this thing shall not be. If thou dost so much as touch her with thy finger without her consent and desire I will kill thee if I have to hack my way to thee through the total of the Black Bands."

He sprang to his feet, splendid and fearsome in his rage at me, and drew his dagger half from its sheath.

"Nay, My Lord," I said gently. "Let it not come to this betwixt us. Even though I love thee, if thou dost come at me to strike me, I will handle thee roughly."

He halted, not from fear but from surprise—and something else than surprise. And then he did and said what was ever characteristic of him, and of his great heart and his heroic mold.

"You dare to stand up to me!" he said harshly. And then: "By St. Achilles, thou hast right rare courage! Thou art indeed a man! And I do love and respect thee, Pietro. First, because thou art not afraid; and, secondly, because thou hast stopped a most foolish thing which I would have done in my anger. From this day thou art a captain in the Bands." He snatched the casket from my hands and took from it the begemmed Cellini button, and he pinned it upon my shoulder. "Thou art worthier to wear it than this woman. It is a token of my increased love for thee."

It is always thus that he was, as I recall him: wild, tempestuous, reckless, generous, true in friendship, and incalculable in his actions. But for all his sweetness toward me, he smoldered with resentment and the shame of rejection. And I feared what he might do to quench the fire.

He looked at me with puckered brow. "There is more here than is written on the page," he said slowly. "What is this lady to thee, Pietro, that thou dost stand her shield and buckler?" His fine brows lifted. "Is it she? Is it the maid of Fano? The serving lass of Piccolo Cavallo? Is it she, my Pietro, in a new and lovelier guise?"

"My Lord," said I, for I could not answer otherwise, "it is she. But if the secret becomes known, her peril will be deadly. That monk is here, sniffing."

He nodded. "Her secret is my secret," he said. "Have no fear."

Nevertheless I had fear, not that he would betray her, but because I could see that she was enhanced in his eyes by the mystery that veiled her. And he had given no promise that he would halt his pursuit of her, which, in fact, he could not have done if he wished, for that was his nature. . . .

General de Levra, who defended Pavia, was a stubborn man. He barred the road to Francis, and his detestable artillery thundered by day and by night. Pescara, that grim soldier of the Emperor, threatened our besieging army from the rear. My master did not like the look of it, and counseled withdrawal. But Francis was too proud for that, for he had taken a great oath to have Pavia or die in the attempt.

So we sat there and froze and skirmished, and the army made up of men of many tongues lost what discipline it possessed in the beginning. Therefore, daily, more labor and fighting and responsibility rested upon My Lord and the Black Bands. Chivalry and love of glory are all very well, and King Francis had more than his share of them, but they are more desirable attributes in a knight-errant than in a King and the leader of a great army. It was all disturbing to me, I who am a practical man at heart and fond of businesslike ways of doing things.

But what the King and his rash advisers such as Bonnivet decided upon was none of my affair, except that I might die of it. There were things that touched me more closely and filled my mind with worries.

I lay wrapped against the cold of the night in such coverings as I had been able to amass or that Christoforo, most solicitous for my comfort, had been clever knave enough to steal for me. Christoforo snored in his corner. I was wakeful. The hour was well past midnight,

"You come from Betsy?" I asked

"Nay. I dare not approach her. doth trust thee. Why it should be so, less as thou art, I know not. Hast sought a madman, Englishman? whose brains are addled, and who wander the land like a wild beast, k ing not where he goes nor why?"

"Why should I?"

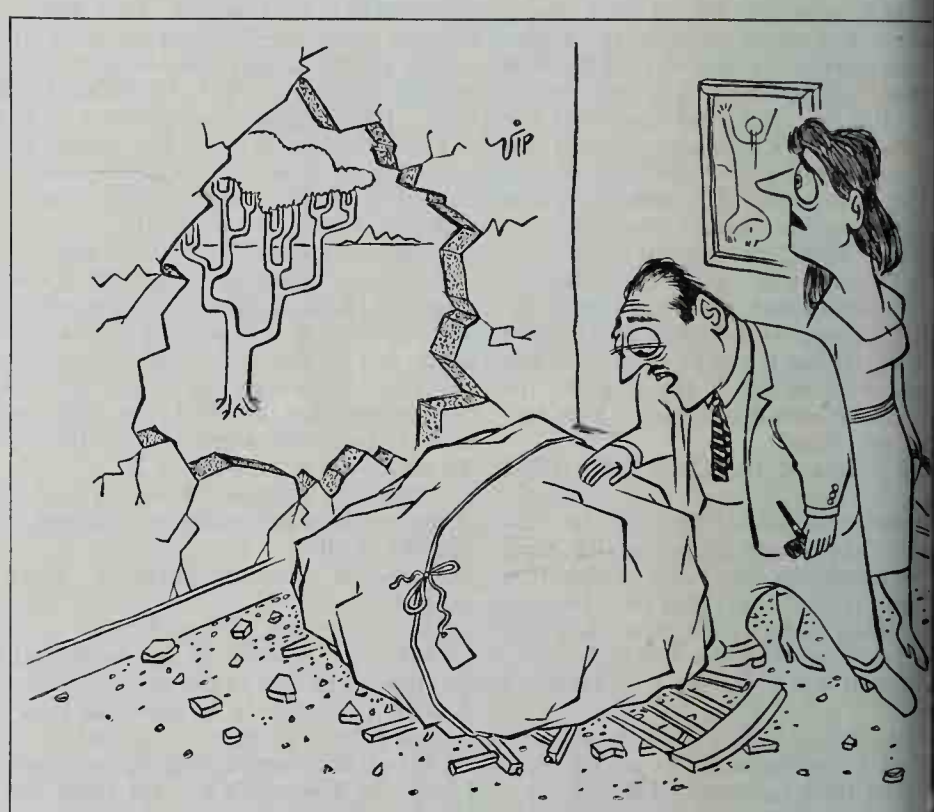
"For years I have searched. In p where the smells would curdle thy In thieves' kens and reeking cellars none may guess where a madman take to earth."

"Why is this bedlamite valuab thee?" I asked. "And what have I with it?"

"His madness is not of God," John-Peter, "but of human devils tore at his flesh and stretched his upon the rack and put him to the tion until his brain burst like a bu For he was once a true man and born."

"This mad man hath a secret?"

"Encased in the shell of his madn John-Peter said. "If, indeed, this that I have found be he." His voic came the squeak of a bat. "And



"H'mmm . . . there's a note tied to it"

and at such a time the ears are unnaturally sharp. So it was that I heard soft, slithering movements outside which paused, and then a whisper that was more like the squeak of a rat came to me.

"Englishman!" it said. "Art awake?"

"Who speaks?" I asked.

"One who would have speech with thee."

"What one?" I demanded, turning and reaching out my hand for my sword which was close by me in case of need.

"Giovanpietro," came the squeak through the darkness.

"John-Peter!" I exclaimed. "Come in before thou art seen by spying eyes."

The cloth of the tent rustled, and I sat suddenly erect, weapon in hand, lest there should be some deceit. And I heard Christoforo stirring in his swaddlings. "I am awake," he said.

"A light," I ordered.

In a moment there was flicker enough to let me see the misshapen figure of Betsy's homunculus, teetering upon bandy legs and hissing like an angry cat.

"What dost thou here?" I demanded of him. "Wouldst lead the monk to her? Art such a fool as to think that such as thou can pass unnoticed?"

"He hath gone to Binasco upon an errand," John-Peter snarled, "and for all thy bigness I am, inch for inch, a better man than thou. Especially between the ears."

have it out of him an I must hav devil's aid to do it."

"Why tell this tale to me?" I aske

"Because I must not be seen. Be he must be taken to my lady. Be he must be fed and sheltered and trustful and at ease until I and sh delve amidst the ruins of his mind."

"Where is this man?" I asked.

John-Peter leered at me. "I have I have led him like a beast to pastu have him without, soundly tied b foot to a tree. With your permissi if need be without it, I will drag h for thee to see."

He shuffled, bandy-legged, out tent, and disappeared. Christoforo tered prayers because he was a sup tious man, who liked not madness.

JOHN-PETER came in once dragging after him by a cord a that once may have been a man, t there was good reason to doubt it. neither arm nor leg was straight and and shapely, but like the gnarled lim some stunted and distorted tree. neck was awry, and one foot drag a dreadful way, and his back was line. He seemed rather a horrid g out of some dark pit than a human His hair was white and matted, a beard was black, which was a st thing. And his eyes gleamed wit natural fire like the eyes of a frigh

w York's "S.R.O." sign is coming down

Giant, bustling New York City was in a jam —a subway jam . . .

RK its 7,800,000 population growing by eaps and bounds—with vital transporta- ilities saturated—with many subway cars replacement, New York needed *action*.

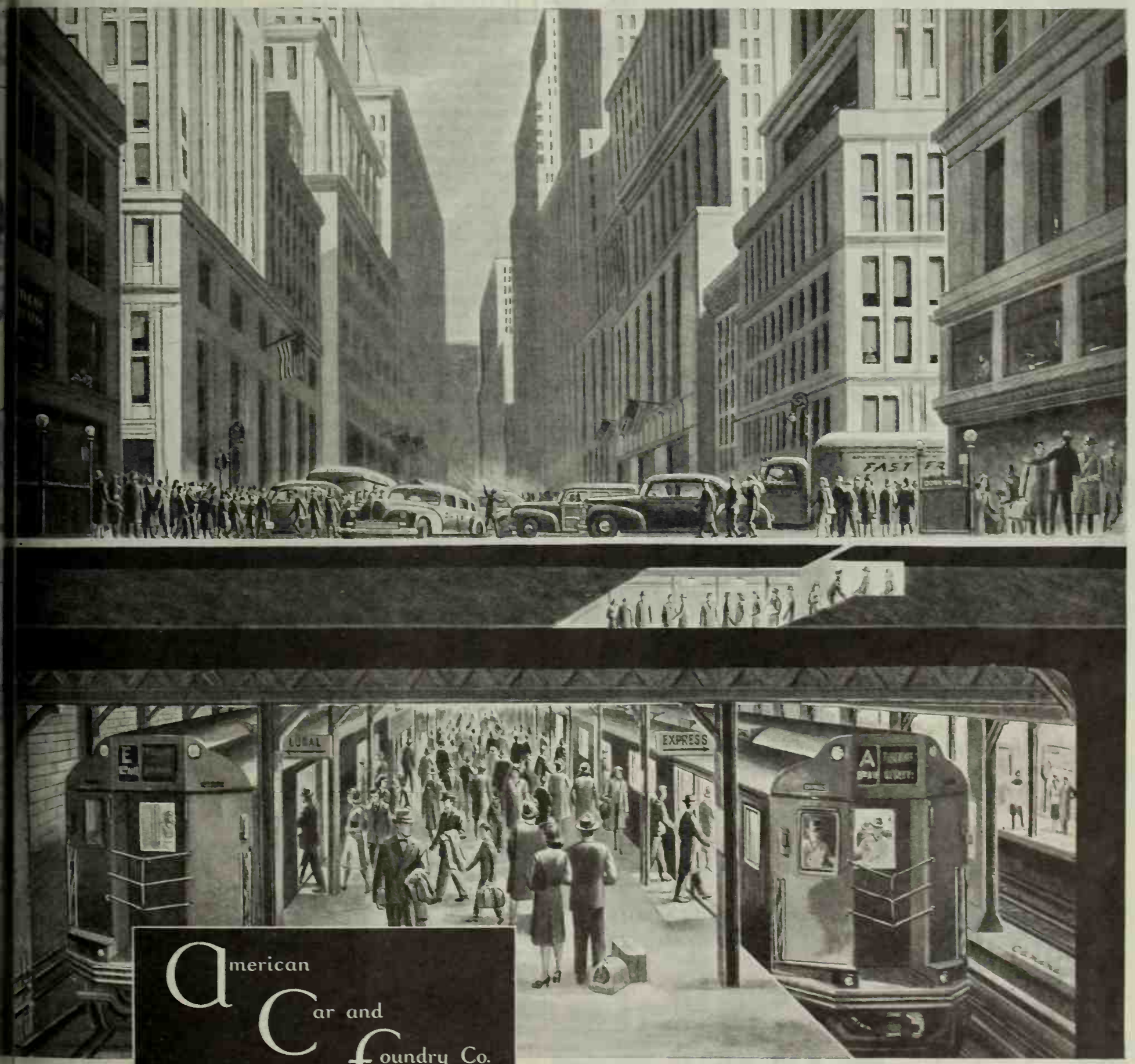
er mind post-war dream equipment," said rk's Board of Transportation. "We need roven cars with the latest improvements f them—*fast!*"

or that job, the Board of Transportation turned—logically—to the American Car and Foundry Company. For ever since tiny steam engines hauled Old Manhattan's first elevated trains, A.C.F. has been continuously supplying New York's vast transportation network—overhead, surface or underground—with dependable equipment.

500 new cars were ordered. 500 cars of advanced engineering . . . smoother . . . faster . . . quieter . . . with fluorescent lighting and improved ventilation. Bright, cheerful cars that are forerunners of a new era in underground transportation.

They'll be joining the thousands of other A.C.F. cars New York already operates . . . giving a comfortable daily ride to another half million citizens.

Yes, the "S.R.O." sign is coming down in New York. And A.C.F. is proud to be helping her set the pace for the nation's other great cities.



American Car and Foundry Co.

"Quality and Vision in Railroad Transportation"

American Car and Foundry Company • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ST. LOUIS • CLEVELAND • WASHINGTON • PHILADELPHIA • PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO



Whether you are going fishing, or have to be content with wishing, the delicious flavor of Mission Orange will give you that *Happy Days* feeling. Mission Orange is made from the juice of golden-ripe Valencia Oranges...that's why it tastes like more–and more. For an appe-*teasing* change, try these other Mission Beverages – Royal Punch (Concord Grape flavor), mellow Root Beer, smooth Creme, sparkling Pale Dry Ginger Ale ...all good because they're all Mission.

MISSION ORANGE

MISSION DRY CORPORATION, LOS ANGELES



cat at night. When John-Peter loosed him he cowered at my feet and gibbered. I knew not whether to pity him or fear him.

"Who is this poor mortal?" I asked.

"If he be, indeed, the man I have searched for," John-Peter said, "his head was once crammed with learning. For which I do not care. He may keep his knowledge pent up inside his madness if he will but give up one little fact."

The madman cringed and gibbered in his terror of us so that I melted toward him and felt compassion for one so miserable; and at the same time I wondered that any could be so cruel as to do to him what had been done. I bent over him, and he cried out and groveled, but I touched him gently, albeit reluctantly, and said to soothe his fears, "We be friends, meaning thee no harm, but only kindness. See. Thou art like to freeze. Christoforo, pour a cup of wine to warm his bones."

HE LOOKED up at me like a beaten dog who finds unexpected kindness and snatched with his claws at my hand and pressed it to his lips—still scarcely believing we meant him no ill. But he gulped the wine, and it drove out the chill, and he smiled like a child. For the first time he spoke, very halting at first, but his voice strengthened and the tone of it was like the ringing of a sweet bell. It was not his own words that came from his lips, but lines from the great Dante which he rolled out sonorously. And when he was done he looked up at me shyly for approval like some child who has well recited his lesson.

"It is he!" John-Peter said in his bat's squeak. "It is he. There is none other who could speak in that voice of a seraph, nor roll out words of poetry so nobly." In his eagerness he grasped the man's shoulder roughly so that the poor fellow cried out again and relapsed into mute terror. "Tell me!" John-Peter said urgently. "Answer me! Answer me the question I have put to thee a hundred times."

"That is an ill manner of doing," I said. "If thou wouldst question him, thou must first gain his love and confidence. Who is this one, and what does he know that is of such moment to thee?"

John-Peter scowled at me and hissed like a cat. "I will tear it out of him with my nails," he said in a fury.

"Christoforo," I said, "give him bread and meat."

The creature clawed at the food and would have gnawed it like a wolf, but of a sudden there came brief light of reason into his eyes and he stood and bowed in what would have been a courtly way had it not been for his misshapen body and his filthy rags.

"I give thee thanks, sweet sir," he said in his silver voice, "and right gladly do I partake of thy hospitality." And then he cited lines from the poet Abélard which amplified his gratitude. "I do not know thee nor thy face," he said gravely, "but thou will find warm welcome in my patron's house. Aye, and good conversation and discussion to feed the hunger of thy mind." But then he became bewildered, and touched his sorry garments and shook his head in sorrow. "Nay," he said. "I do give invitation without warrant. I forget. Some fatal thing hath befallen that escapes my memory." Again he fingered his rags. "These be not fitting clothes, nor such as I am accustomed to wear." He looked at me piteously. "What evil hath fallen upon me, Messire? Where is my patron? Where am I? I have wandered long in some vast wilderness. Canst guide me to the palace of my patron, Messire? He will reward thee richly, for he sets great store by me."

"If thou wilt give me the name of thy patron," I said, "I will guide thee to him."

But his mind wandered away and he would name no names, but only spoke in a confused and terrified way of slaughter and the sacking of a p and then of dungeons—and shri torture and agony, begging his tor most heart-rendingly to cease from business and leave him to die. "I nothing," he cried. "Torture c wrest it from me. I know not whe child is hid. I know nothing. The hath stolen them. Ask questions mob, my masters, not of me." And until his words were merc gibberish

"Niccolo Gozzoli," John-Peter urgently, "compose thy mind. Be Reach into thy memory. Thou ar colo Gozzoli."

At sound of that name the unfort man cocked his head and listened. Niccolo Gozzoli. There was such a I knew him well. A handsome ma learned." Then he cried out again ror. "I will tell thee nothing. Tl thou dost flay the skin from off my though thou dost wrack me and bu and break my bones to splinters I w thee nothing." And then he was wholly a thing of rags and madness no light of reason in him, but only terings and mouthings.

John-Peter would have questione more, but it was useless. "The dim I said, "hath flickered out. Here is ter requiring patience and much ness. It is not for a day nor an What we saw and heard was but a and darkness hath fallen again. we but bestow him where he wo safe and in comfort, eating and dr and basking in the sun, these flas reason might come to glow with st light, and in the end, John-Peter mightst learn what you desire. B by prying and prodding and questi The problem is thine. What wilt d the man? He cannot remain here. be so important to thee, find a cl spot for him."

"I brought him to thee, Ser P John-Peter said, "because I dur take him to my mistress. It woul betray her. I may not go near her scowled at me ferociously. "I lik not, Ser Englishman, but thou art to her as I am bound to her. So needs use thee as she hath used Therefore the task is thine. Car madman at once and secretly t Lady. Name his name to her, a will take him under her charge."

"At this hour of the night?" "An I go battering upon a lady betwixt midnight and morning I an like to have a knife in my ribs welcome."

"It is thy risk," he said, "whic must take."

In the end I was persuaded, th liked it not, nor have I ever like teries to vex my brain. I like thing clear and understandable, like a kept set of ledgers where everyt set down in order and without err if this unfortunate man was son portant part of Betsy's mystery, saw that I must take him to her w I wanted to or not. Because th things no man may avoid if they in the line of business or duty. all which, it might let me see her though even briefly, and earn crumb of her gratitude.

JOHN-PETER scrambled away short, bandy legs, and I arous Niccolo Gozzoli from his stupo with him betwixt us, Christoforo set out through the waning night Betsy's lodgings.

The camp was in darkness no the great army asleep save for a d voice raised now and again in song. We made our way in silen dragging, half carrying the madma seemed to care not what we did wi or where we led him. Even the v De Levra's cannon was silent, an stars shivered in a heaven that se sheet of ice. Our feet crunched the

...t as we trudged. It was an eerie and ...anny sight—this vast army of men ... slept so sound but to arise and fight ... die on the morrow.

...hristoforo trudged along, clucking to ...self like some disapproving hen, and ...tering curses upon any who haled ... from their comfortable beds to go ...n crack-brained errands in the frigid ...t.

...s for me, I thought upon the strange- ... of my lot, which had turned me ...n a peaceful merchant's son into a ...ht and a captain of the Black Bands. ...nsidered the perversity of things and ... I was doing what I was not meant ...o, all by accident; and of how I ...ned for a girl who would not be wel- ...ed by my mother, and of how I was ...d to the greatest soldier of the age— ... all because this maid had chosen to ...me as a cat's-paw in her schemings. ...e I was, like to come to my death in ... foreign land in a war in which I had ...concern.

...ut for all that, I found that I was in ...e strange way glad of it, and taking ...sure in it—even in this strange ...nd, and the mystery of it. The up- ... of the thinking was that I perceived ... no man grows acquainted with him- ... so long as he travels along an ...stomed road in safety and dull ...fort, but only commences to find out ...t he is made of when he is jerked ...ently from all that is calm and ...iliar and pitched into the midst of un- ...iliar happenings and alien persons. ...f a sudden Christoforo reached ...ss Niccolo Gozzoli and gripped my ....

"Others are afoot, Pietro," he said ...ly.

...e halted and crouched in a black ...dow to make certain nothing threat- ...d before we proceeded, and it was as ..., because six men came out of the ...kness, one riding a horse and leading ...ther horse behind him. And they ...e long cloaks, and as they came ...east of us I saw that their faces were ...ered with black. Now men do not ...k themselves if they are upon an ...est errand. But, as Christoforo said, ... had our own fish to fry; and so we ...hem go on their way, which was also ... way, until they were well ahead ...us.

"Then we followed, not to meddle with ...m, but because it happened to be the ... we must go ourselves.

"Presently they passed out of earshot, ... we were forced to move slowly by ...colo Gozzoli's dragging steps.

"It were well we went cautiously, also," ...ristoforo said, "and I am glad we fastened on our swords. Men who go masked are like to resent intruders."

"We will be at pains not to vex them," I said shortly.

"Aye, Pietro, but didst note the dappled horse?"

"Nay," I said. "What of it?"

"The Count Piero Riario rides such a nag," he said.

I shrugged, for whatever these men were doing, it did not concern me. "His face fits a mask as well or better than any," I said.

We continued on our way, only increasing our care to move soundlessly, until we were close to our destination. There was now no sound of movement ahead of us, and Betsy's lodgings were visible. Nevertheless we halted to make certain that none observed us. It is well we did, for men moved there in the night, appearing as if by magic, and they clustered about Betsy's door and I could hear clear through the still night the batter of knuckles upon its panel. Then a voice spoke roughly.

"Open!" it said. "Open up or we burst in the door."

THEN it seemed that a voice within asked who demanded entrance, and the voice of the leader of the six men answered: "It is Giovanni de' Medici. Open up or it will be the worse for all inside."

Never have I felt so hot a surge of rage. Never before, and I hope never again, will love so instantly be turned into hatred. Giovanni de' Medici. My friend and My Lord! Traitor to me and to my friendship. Come in the night forcibly to seize what he could not win! Knowing well how things stood with me, who had saved his life more than once, he was here masked to snatch from her bed and carry away for his pleasure this maid whom I so unwillingly loved!

It seemed to me that the night was suddenly tinted with red, and I believed that I bellowed with rage, and loosed my hold upon Niccolo Gozzoli, and snatched out my blade. There were six, but in my rage I would have charged against them had there been fifty.

I shouted as I ran, calling My Lord such names as came to my mind. False friend! Traitorous master! Treacherous hound of a Medici! These and many more I shouted. And then I was upon them and they scattered before my sword. And then, my back against Betsy's door, and Christoforo at my side, I was fighting for my life and for Betsy and for my revenge against My Lord, fighting as I had never fought before.

(To be continued next week)



"Nice throw, Higgins. I think you got him out at third"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN



Baby deserves the best!

She's on her way to becoming a glamour girl when her hair is brushed with her very own nylon-bristled hairbrush. It's a special brush for baby, with gentle nylon bristles that are easy to wash—easy to keep immaculately clean and sanitary. Long-lasting nylon bristles are available in other types of hairbrushes —often with backs and handles of sparkling "Lucite"*—and also in toothbrushes, paintbrushes, household and industrial brushes. Look for the name *nylon* on the brush or package... at brush counters everywhere. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Department, Arlington, N. J.

*Du Pont's trademark for its acrylic resin.

Product of DU PONT *Plastics*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Corking good wine!

Captured by this cork is the world-famous wine of California's historic Italian Swiss Colony—wine grown with rare skill handed down through three generations—bright and clear in color, inviting in bouquet, wonderful in flavor!

Tonight, for real delight, take home one of the superb dinner wines from the Colony—say, for example, a ruby-red California Burgundy or a golden California Sauterne. Take, too, an outstanding Italian Swiss Colony dessert wine, such as California Sherry or Port. Open it—look at its brilliance—catch its bouquet—savor its flavor. You'll agree it's "corking good wine!"

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

CALIFORNIA WINES

Copyright 1947, Italian Swiss Calany General Offices: San Francisca



Enjoy **GOLD MEDAL LABEL WINES,** truly superb dinner and dessert wines from the Colony's world-renowned cellars. Also try Italian Swiss Colony's de luxe *Private Stock* dinner and dessert wines, as well as *Tipo Red* and *Tipo White,* the Colony's finest table wines.

PLASTIC AGE

Continued from page 23

ulers in Detroit is now turning out ic laminated interior panels for a de luxe cars, drawing on their experi- gained in molding ammunition rs during the war. Taxicabs are using and more laminated panels. It's a d idea, the one Henry Ford was put- to the test with his fire ax, and we're od to see more of it.

the meantime we are getting lami- d plastic ice buckets, that also prove nsulation value of the material, and s which can stand considerable rock ping, and are light enough for easy age. Laminated luggage is a natural ht, tough, and easy to keep clean, in- and out. An excited president of plastics company has even taken to ping up and down on test pieces of tic luggage, to prove it can take it.

or the most part, however, plastics le wish you would pay more atten- to the marvels they have already ormed instead of pressing them t the ones that are in the making. re are plenty of them around you, our own house.

Adding to Telephone Comfort

our telephone, of course, has been tic for a long time, meaning it is light eight, nonchipping, warm and pleas- to the touch. Incidentally, the dial m on which more and more phones rate depends, they tell us, on plastics enty-six strategic points. Once or- for new phones are caught up, tele- ne companies will relax and let you your phone in any of half a dozen rs, a Hollywood touch to match your n. The color goes all through, so e's no danger of its coming off like or enamel. You won't have to the bell box bumping out on the , either. Plastics being so light, 've worked it out so that everything corporated in the base of the instru- t itself.

ne of the greatest properties of some tics is electrical insulation, making a boon to all your electrical equip- t and wiring. The molded hard rub- we had before had its limitations of ngth, and of the voltages it could con- In fact, before radar and television possible it was necessary to develop superplastic insulators that could the high frequencies involved.

here are rigid insulating plastics, like e used for all your switches and gs, and there are flexible insulations cover the cords. These vinyl resin ings are approved by the National Underwriters' Laboratory. In fact, ng the war their use was specified by Navy to cover all the many cables t lace through a ship, since a vinyl ering does not support combustion hereas the rubber coating formerly d acts like a fuse, carrying fire wher- r the cables go.

The Navy requirements for vinyl coat- stepped up production so that we have ample output to take care of insulation needs and to provide ty of shower curtains, handbags and r-covering ingredients besides.

These floor coverings look like lino- m or rubber tile. They are resilient, d-resistant, colorful, hard to scuff, and y are part of the plastics campaign to ke housekeeping easier. You have bably read about rooms you can prac- lly hose down, with a plastic hose at t. But though this is a slight exaggera- n, there are windows and lamp shades, rtains, upholstery and slip-cover ma- rials, wall coverings and tablecloths t you can wipe clean with a damp th.

They have come a long way in appear- ce from the old oilcloth days, allowing you to see the weave of the fabric in spite of the impregnation or thin coating of plastic. Lovers of leather, too, can have a good-looking, leatherlike cover- ing that is pliable and durable. It comes in fine colors, and in unbroken lengths such as no animal could provide.

The things we have today, anyway, are only a beginning of the possibilities. We'll see more and more plastics as beau- tiful as they are practical. Plastic web- bing and woven bands of plasticized glass cloth for outdoor furniture are in- dications. So is some of the lamp-shade material we've seen: some of it paper, treated with plastic resin to be firm for a drum shade or soft for a pleated one. Some of it is glass fibers laminated with plastic, and all of it of a dull finish that is beautiful as well as washable, that dif- fuses the light and won't turn brown from the heat of the lamp.

Plastic tiles that are cheaper and lighter in weight than ceramic ones, a little more costly but more durable than enameled metal ones, are now being made for bath- rooms and kitchens. These are direct copies of the tiles they aim to replace.

Things we can see and feel are bound to intrigue us the most: the plastic clothesline that won't sag, weather or stain our clothes, the colorful plastic clothespins that can't stain either; the plastic flowerpots that certainly don't break like clay ones, or grow moldy; the more durable phonograph records, and the phonograph needle with the flexible, nylon knee; the plastic screening that doesn't suffer from the weather, and can spring back into place after the baby has poked a pencil through it.

All these and countless more are in- triguing ideas, and real, too. We even yearn for plastic pipes in our houses, though the manufacturers of plastic pip- ing are the first to tell us that, while it is becoming indispensable in industry be- cause it is flexible and can carry corrosive materials, it still isn't the answer in our houses. One reason: Being thermoplastic (i. e., malleable with heat and pressure), it is likely to change shape more than we want with hot water going through it under pressure.

But what intrigues people in the indus- try much more are the behind-the-scenes jobs that plastics do. Take glue. Where, they want to know, would plywood be without synthetic resin glues? The first plywood we knew was stuck together with an animal glue that was fine so long as it didn't get wet, or nosed out by in- sects which liked the good animal taste of the stuff.

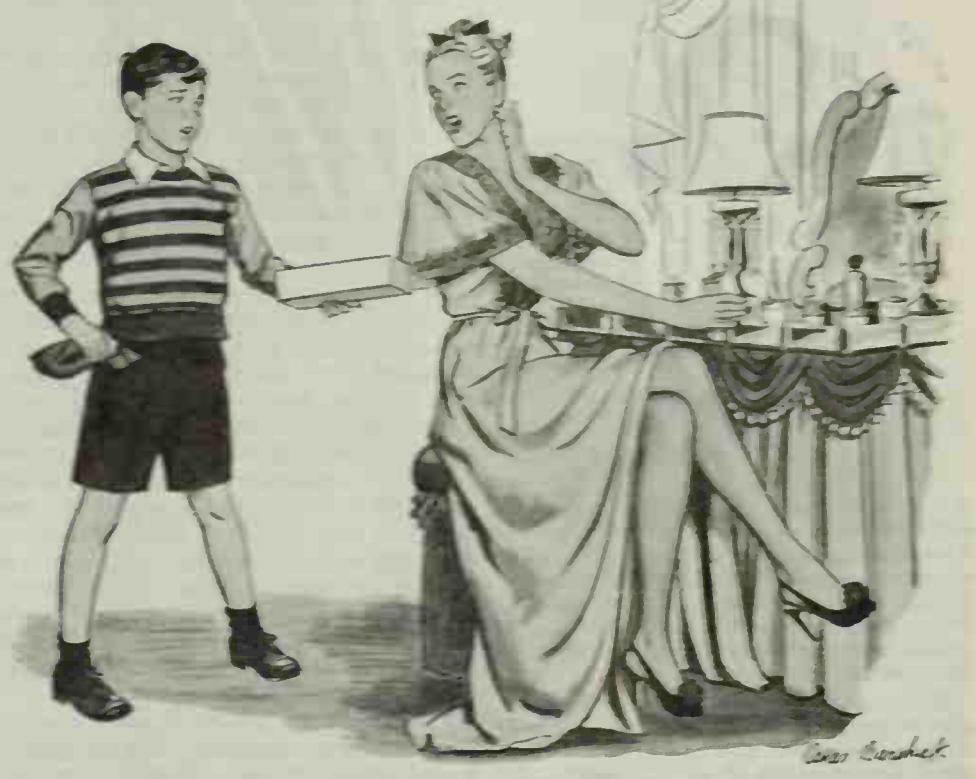
Properties of Resin Glues

Now along come resin glues that in- sects don't like, and that stay stuck through all weathers. This allows houses, inside and out, to be made of plywood, not to mention all sorts of other outdoor uses, even to boats. It also allows the stressed-skin construction of modern building, a system of gluing panels to a framework that gives a stronger wall, per unit of weight, than conventional hammer-and-nail, piece-by-piece con- struction—a big help to prefabrication.

There is still plywood made with natu- ral glues, which are cheaper, for interior use. But the booming of the plywood in- dustry dates from the use of synthetic resin glues, and the makers of the glues modestly take all the credit. While the public may get starry-eyed over the idea of an all-plastics building shining in the sun, they point even more happily to a piece of plywood measuring ten feet by thirty, and call it plastics' literally biggest contribution to building, and a much more practicable one.

People in the plastics industry see

"But I didn't say tissues . . .
I said KLEENEX!"





It's not the same thing at all—brilled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a so-ft tissue. A Kleenex Tissue. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex isn't an- other name for tissues?



Your Mother's right—for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is different. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!



I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary tissues—when my nose knows there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!

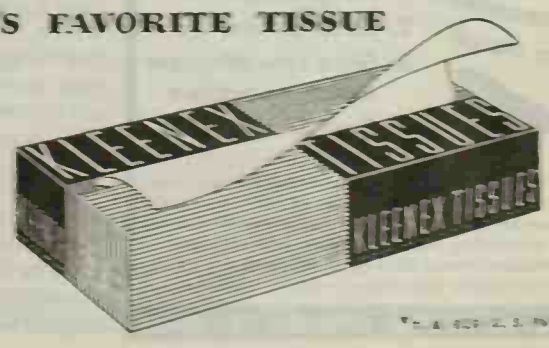


I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any bumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex quality come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty soft. And husky! Your eyes tell you there is only one Kleenex.

Now I know... *There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE





*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"I should Worry I should care"



Even a millionaire can't have more perfect toilet bowl sanitation than you. Sani-Flush gives you complete cleanliness and odorless freshness by its thorough, disinfecting chemical action. Cleans away stains and film where germs lurk . . . is quick, easy, sanitary. There's no work. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush.

Safe with septic tank systems. Effective in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

USE TWICE A WEEK





Your car is sure to need New Piston Rings

Be sure they're New

LEAK-PROOF

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PISTON RINGS

Every car someday is sure to need new piston rings. When yours does ask your repairman for Leak-Proof.

Guaranteed to do all 4

1. Keep oil down
2. Keep power up
3. Give smooth, new motor operation
4. Give longer life

This means when your repairman installs these rings, he is backed up by a guarantee of satisfactory piston ring performonce for 10,000 miles or one year, whichever occurs first, under the terms ond conditians of the McQuoy-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring Replacement ond Labor Guarontee ovoiloble upon request.

McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS

nothing wrong with conventional materials. They think steel, concrete and such are fine, though they admit a slight admixture of plastic might help them along for certain uses. They're working on that now.

At one big chemical company we saw a small and valuable rod of metal mixed with plastic that could resist fire and chemicals, even boiling hydrochloric acid and even fluorine, which attacks glass. It is used now for gaskets and washers and chemical tubings, and certainly at the price, $15 a pound, it isn't going to get into very common use. But the price was $40 a pound just a year ago, and you never know what may develop from such beginnings.

In the same place we saw a foamy core of plastic, lighter in weight than cork, bonded between two thin sheets of metal. Intense heat on one side of this sandwich, they told us, makes the other side only slightly warm. The core also insulates against sound. Its first use will be in fire doors in airplanes, and it may never reach your house. Or it might. It's expensive. But the new plant that is to make the main ingredient for it, which is cellular cellulose acetate, in case you want to know, was enlarged five times before the roof was put on, and mass production has already brought other plastic materials within easy reach.

Plastics are already being used in other ways for heat insulation. The enameled, prefabricated houses being manufactured by boatbuilder Andrew Higgins have a concrete core insulation that depends on an admixture of plastic resin to make it fizz up when poured, filling all the wall space with light, foamy stuff that does a heat and sound insulating job. Plastic resin sprayed on fibrous glass mats makes them stay put permanently for house and refrigerator insulation.

It's these countless ways of making other materials (from paper and cloth to wood and steel) do a new or a more versatile job, that offer the biggest and perhaps the most dramatic field for plastics.

Possibilities in Home-Building

Just the lightness in weight, with strength, that plastics can accomplish could revolutionize building codes—once all the possibilities are accepted. It's even possible, one man told us, to fabricate strong partitions out of paper laminated with plastic resins. Lighter furniture is already here, made of plywood that can not only be bonded with synthetic resins but curved under heat and pressure at the same time, forming chairs and tables all of a piece, that are light yet strong.

But we won't go overboard in a hurry with the davenports and the grand pianos you've read about, that you can hoist with your little finger. Even if they're desirable in every way, which hasn't been proved, we have to get used to these ideas a few at a time. There's a new test model refrigerator, for example, with an interior capacity equal to that of the mammoth in your kitchen. It's so small, however, it takes up much less room and is so light you can easily push it around; thanks, as you have guessed, to strategic use of plastics, especially in minimizing the thickness of insulation necessary.

We have been using words like plastic and resin here without trying to define them, because even people in the business have arguments about just what they mean. If you want to go into that, and get bogged down in chemistry besides, you can go and take a course. There is an imposing list of universities that now give courses in plastics.

There are a dozen trade publications devoted to the subject, and three national organizations working to develop standards and to spread sound information. One of them launched last spring a widespread movement for informative labeling, to steer us through the maze of plastic items and advise us on their care. Then, for one thing, we'll know most plastic dishes can't stand high temperatures. (One company, just to confuse matters, has recently announced a colorful plastic that can withstand boiling water. Heretofore only so-called thermoset plastics, which don't come in the giddy colors we like in the kitchen, could withstand such heat.) And we'll stop, they hope, scrubbing any plastic things with scouring powder. They need the same care we give our glass and china, even though they're not so breakable.

Another national organization is sponsoring a project at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to develop methods for testing plastic performance, just as we have methods for testing metals. The use of metals grew so gradually that standards evolved naturally, but plastics have become so big so fast that one of their severest growing pains is establishing exactly what each can and cannot do.

Admittedly there have been plenty of misuses of plastics. Some of them are natural mistakes in a new and complicated field. Many of them are due to ignorance on the part of manufacturers, who think plastic is plastic. They don't bother to check with the makers of the plastic materials they use, though each of these big chemical companies has a board of experts ready and eager to give advice, even to advising against the use of any plastic at all in many cases.

What about soybeans and the coal? Well, Henry Ford, who started it, gave up on the soybean idea. Coffee beans and pine knots have been tried, too, and abandoned. Coal is a source for some plastics, but so far back. It's coal tar, a by-product from burning coal, that contains benzol which, when extracted and combined with some other things, becomes phenol, which eventually turns up in the handle of your iron. See how that is? Cotton, wood pulp and other natural things are also plastic sources. But the witchery the chemist performs turns them first into something unearthly, that gives you the creeps. You feel, when you go into a chemical plant where plastics are made, that maybe man has something quite unruly by the tail.

Take one of the simplest and oldest plastics made, which is celluloid, though called by other and fancier names today. It's essentially a blend of guncotton, camphor (man-made) and alcohol. Brew these together, and you get an inert mass of stuff that looks as much like a great hunk of suet or raw fish anything. It's tough and rubbery, smells to the high factory ceiling camphor. A workman attacks a blo this with a knife, carving off hunks he feeds into the maw of a machine with heat and pressure, puts it throu strainer and two layers of fine linen.

The stuff that oozes in spaghetti mation out the bottom of the mach on another floor, is carted off to mammoth machines where it is to between rollers that treat it like do

At one stage, especially if the pl is going to end up with the mottlin tortoise shell, it looks almost appeti lying diagonally in a container in brown strips mixed with strips that semble candied orange peel. But the machines take over again, pres this collection into one solid, mo hunk, knifing it off in layers, etc., et

Even in a small factory, where miliar, friendly gadgets like red yellow plastic cups pop out of the chine, you'd feel overwhelmed at the chanics if you didn't have to laug their Rube Goldberg aspects, with c ful granules going into a hopper at end of a giant machine and, a m later, cups popping out at the other

It's a relief to realize, after through a few factories, that man i in charge. He's the brains of the che and the creator of the machines. the skill of the workman, and of the who designs the mold so it can do a cise job well. He's the designer c the plastic articles, which can be effi and beautiful if he's smart.

He even works in the same fan places, from big factories to back- setups. In an old town like Leomi Massachusetts, which has the bi concentration of plastics industries o town in the country, they're still m combs and knitting needles in the rambling wooden buildings where things were made a hundred years It's just that, instead of using animal and ivory, they're using plastic toda

It's nice to know, too, that the tion of the celluloid collar carrie though now in the form of the fronts of nuns' habits. They look as and crisp as though they still depe on starch instead of plastic. But th keep is nothing like it.

It looks as though plastics had their place. Only it's a thousand p with more coming up every day.

THE END



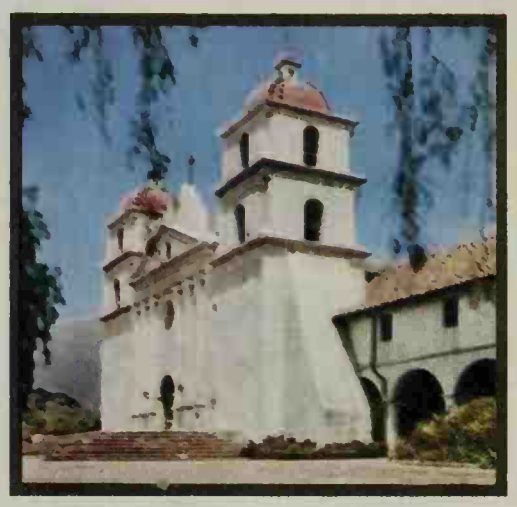
"Do I look like a friend of the bride?"



reproduction was made from a 4" x 5" Ansco Color transparency.



• *35mm transparency size.*



• *2¼" x 2¼" transparency size.*



• *2¼" x 3¼" transparency size.*

A new thrill—Take pictures on Ansco Color Film!

Color Film gives you transparencies such as ever dreamed you could take!

Ansco Color Film is the *true-color* film. It you transparencies that catch every subtle vibrant and alive with *natural* color. It cap- delicate flesh tints, the green of leaves, the blue of the sky, exactly as they looked when you tripped the shutter! You will be delighted when you view your Ansco Color transparencies against light or project them on a screen.

If you have a darkroom, you can develop Ansco Color Film at home. Or your local dealer can give you *quick* processing. And he can make gorgeous color prints from them on Ansco Printon!

You can use Ansco Color Film if your camera lens is f6.3 or faster. Available in 35mm cartridges, 120 and 620 rolls, sheet, and 16mm sizes. Try Ansco Color Film *today!* Ansco, Binghamton, N.Y.

Ask for ANSCO color film!



only this
toothbrush
has this
modern
cleaning
angle



SQUIBB ANGLE
TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror
to reach more places



WHY I BROKE WITH ROOSEVELT

Continued from page 28

stories about there being no need for a ballot."

"That's perfectly silly," I answered. "There has to be a ballot. Any effort to prevent a ballot or a roll call will be the one thing that's needed to wreck the Democratic party in November. It's just too ridiculous to dicuss."

"Of course, of course," he said slowly and, I thought, somewhat regretfully. "I agree with you on the situation, but the papers are talking."

"Once again, I want to say to you that I will do everything possible to conduct a dignified convention. Some people are trying to bully the situation and roll over everyone, and if that happens it will be just too bad . . ."

"Good," he cut me short. "Good."

I left for the convention.

I raised my gavel, almost at the stroke of noon, and the convention was launched into history.

After my opening address, which was well received, the stadium organ was to have played When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, by way of a musical tribute, but the power mysteriously failed. Well-wishers of mine later taxed Mayor Kelly of Chicago with deliberately arranging the failure, an allegation which he denied.

The fireworks started Tuesday. That night the permanent chairman, Senator Alben W. Barkley, was to speak. There was no indication that the address would offer anything unusual until the President told his White House press conference, in response to a probing question on politics, that Barkley would read the convention a message from the White House. Within two hours Jimmy Byrnes called me with the news. His voice was charged with suppressed excitement.

"The President has released his delegates," he said.

"Finally?" I asked.

"He has authorized Barkley to tell the convention he has no desire to run again and never had."

"Oh," I said as noncommittally as I might. "That's a brick of another color, as me father used to say."

Byrnes hung up, somewhat annoyed by my unenthusiastic reaction, I think. Soon after, Herbert Bayard Swope was on the phone with an entirely different version of the coming statement. His story was that the delegates had *not* been released.

A little later Frances Perkins marched in to see me. She asked my opin the President's statement.

"Frances, to tell you the truth, I familiar with it," I replied.

"Jim," she said at length, "h President talked to you about it?"

"No," was my emphatic reply.

"It sounds incredible," she sai to herself. Tears welled in her eyes went purposefully through the do

About twenty minutes after ei I was preparing to head for the st the White House called.

"Jim, I've been trying to get afternoon," the President began h "I haven't been able to catch up What are you up to out there?"

"Oh, I'm a pretty busy fellow, sponded somewhat perfunctoril afraid. Just for the record I made later and found that there had b White House call during the afte

"Jim, I wanted to tell you that has that statement we talked abou cided that it would be best to re after the permanent organizatio set up. It's best to do it that way.

He did not read the statement not know what it was until I got convention hall.

Mystery of a Phone Call Sol

At the hall I ran into Miss P As we were being swept along th below the platform, she smiled at

"Did you get a call from the House?" she asked archly.

"Yes," I acknowledged. "And make a good guess as to who was sible for it."

"You'd be right," she said as w rated at the head of the stairs.

I confidently expected that th ment would be the signal for a stration. I was surprised, th when one broke out at Barkley mention of the President's name.

In no time, banners were dancin the aisles. Here and there, there tussle over a state banner. I saw tor Tydings standing with outthru grimly hanging on to Maryland's ard and stoutly resisting every to wrest it from him. The Garn gation hung on to one Texas ban the Massachusetts delegation o held by my crowd.

Barkley began pounding for early in the demonstration, so I



COLLIER'S "Okay, dear, I've stopped the electricity" FRITZ WIL

Who is the No. 1 man in your life?

(WHOEVER HE IS, YOU'LL BE HIS NO. 1 GIRL IF YOU GIVE HIM THE GIFT HE'S ALWAYS WANTED—A FINE HAMILTON WATCH)

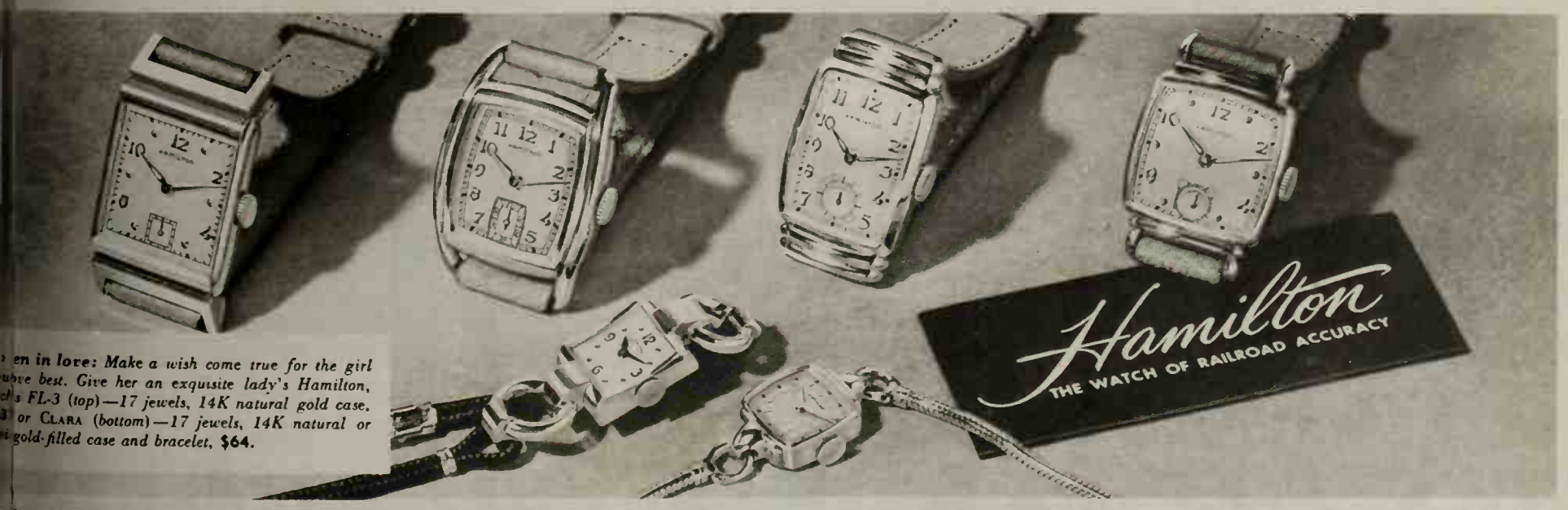


…ND. Remember the day you mar- …e master of the house? He'll love …en more on your anniversary if …member him with a Hamilton. … is the WESLEY, 19 jewels, 14K … gold case, with Hamilton's finest …*ion* movement . . . **$180.**

BROTHER. Is he getting married soon? For generations the most prized of all wedding gifts has been a handsome, faithfully accurate Hamilton—the fine American watch—such as the good-looking DODSON, shown below. 17 jewels, 10K natural gold-filled case . . . **$52.25.**

DAD. How old will he be on his next birthday? Whatever his age, he'll be as excited as a small boy when you fasten that distinguished-looking, dependable Hamilton on his wrist. The EMERSON (shown below) has 17 jewels, 10K natural gold-filled case . . . **$55.**

SON. There's no boy quite like him of course. So when he graduates, on his birthday, or for Christmas, why not give him the gift he'll wear proudly for a lifetime—a fine Hamilton? The 19 jeweled, 14K natural gold-filled NORMAN, below, is a suggestion. Price . . . **$66.**



…en in love: *Make a wish come true for the girl …ve best. Give her an exquisite lady's Hamilton, …'s FL-3 (top)—17 jewels, 14K natural gold case, … or CLARA (bottom)—17 jewels, 14K natural or … gold-filled case and bracelet,* **$64.**

…e hairspring ever developed! It's the exclusive *Hamilton Elinvar Extra*—non-magnetic, rust-proof and true at all temperatures. First used in Hamilton Railroad Watches, then in Hamilton navigational war …e his spring now assures greatest possible accuracy in every Hamilton made. At better jewelers everywhere. All prices include Federal Tax. Send for FREE booklet. Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-4, Lancaster, Penna.

People are saying —

"You *get* more – *save* more – when you buy Chevrolet!"





Yes, you get more beauty, comfort and all-round performance with economy in this new Chevrolet than in any other car in its field . . . and you also save money on purchase price, operation and upkeep . . . for Chevrolet alone gives BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!

Whenever and wherever people talk motor cars—and almost everybody's doing it these days—you'll find the tide of favor running more and more strongly toward this *bigger-looking, better-looking* new Chevrolet for 1947.

That is true because men and women are convinced that this car gives *BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST*—takes extra-good care of their desires as well as their dollars . . . and your own tests will tell you they're right.

Look at the new Chevrolet and you'll see it's the onl its field with the luxurious *Big-Car beauty* of a Body by Drive it and you'll know it's the only car in its field gi *Big-Car performance and dependability* of the famous V Head Thrift-Master Engine. Ride in it and you'll realize only car in its field combining the *Big-Car comfort and safe* Unitized Knee-Action Ride and Positive-Action Hydraulic

And yet this beautifully balanced line of Chevrole cars is the *lowest-priced* line in its field, and owners will it has the lowest operating and upkeep costs as well!

You get more, and you save more, when you buy C . . . the only car giving *BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST* . . . and the wisest investment for you.



CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



Yes, people are saying —



"IT'S THE NEW CHEVROLET

for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!"

rst was entirely genuine. Once restored Barkley droned on peech.
obviously "prepared" demon-egan to shape up. Gradually filled with strangers carrying cardboard banners. They ifting from foot to foot as the dences rolled on.
th he produced what I was r—the statement:
resident has never had, and day, any desire or purpose to in the office of President, to idate for that office, or to be l by the convention for that

shes in all earnestness and sin-make it clear that all of the to this convention are free to ny candidate."

Statement That Fell Flat

gave the statement to the full onant lungs. Then he turned await the roar of applause. s no applause! The delegates . The strangers flashed their which read "Roosevelt and " and began shuffling through ncouraged by smiling approval boss, Mayor Kelly. The organ ut the delegates stood silent in s, eying the marchers with dis-

y, from over the loud-speakers t the hall came a bellow: "We sevelt."
was registered on all faces. med. The thundering voice or 45 minutes, chanting at in-

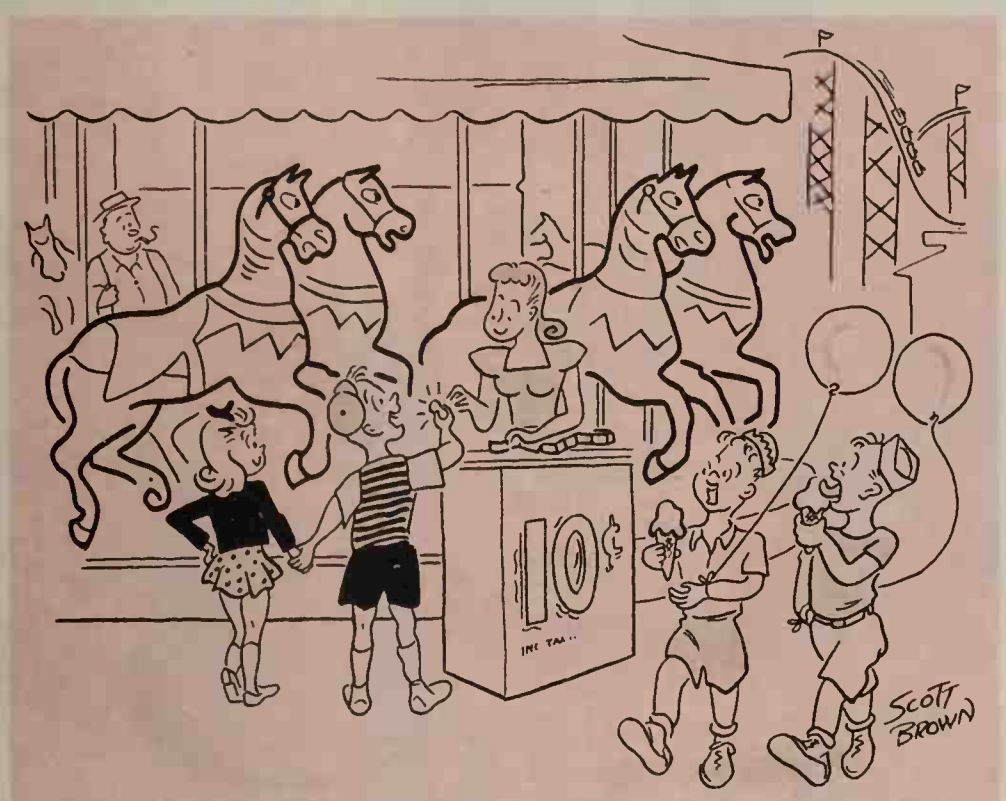
party wants Roosevelt! The eeds Roosevelt! Everybody sevelt!"
n the platform were as bewil-he delegates over the identity e. Reporters finally tracked it ll basement room where the circuits were centered. There, imself immensely, was leather-homas D. McGarry, superin-f sewers for the Kelly-Nash He had been selected for the lly himself.
the machine-made tumult of of the sewers, I pondered the s statement. It certainly did ach what he had promised at rk. No one except the Presi-satisfied with it. Everywhere arded as misleading and eva-

xt day was in one respect the pinnacle of my life. When I t the convention, I went to the to shake hands with Carter o had come from his home in to place my name before the n.
r," I said jokingly, "I think it is d taste for a man whose name o be placed in nomination for dency to stay on the platform e proceedings."
ked at me sharply and smiled d but illuminating smile. "Jim, you, I wouldn't be too modest thing I did in this convention."
the platform, I made my way to n office and seated myself be-iio.
an Barkley introduced Senator o began to speak in a rather ping voice.
first words there were a few ich swelled into a chorus. For time in that convention, I be-iting mad clear through. Here of the greatest Democrats in the a man who had made a reputa-long and successful public ca-g booed by Democrats because the courage to stand before a tic gathering and present my consideration. He was entitled tful attention because of his years, position and services and he was being booed by a lot of political riffraff, who had no right to the convention floor, and perhaps a few misguided zealots.

Quite abruptly his whisper surged into a fighting snarl. He continued with his speech, referring at one point to Thomas Jefferson, "who less than three years before his death appealed to the party which he established never to nominate a man for the third term for the Presidency." He concluded by placing my name in nomination.

A short ovation followed. I remember it was short, but at least it was genuine. Everyone in that vast hall who cheered for Farley meant it. Not a single one was paid and not a single one did it to keep a job. Mayor Kelly's organist was silent; the band forgot to play, and in a few moments my "parade" was over.

After the seconding speeches, I started for the platform. Edward J. Colgan, Jr., of Baltimore, was nominating Tydings. Booing had by this time become a habit. Then silver-haired Wright Morrow was at the rostrum nominating Garner. The booers lost none of their ill manners.



"There's Whitley, blowing it all in on women and horses"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

The Texas delegation bravely trooped around the hall to the tune of The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You, and "Cactus Jack" had demonstrated his courage to stand for his convictions.

"The roll call is concluded," Barkley announced in stentorian accents.

One hour and ten minutes later the third-term tradition was broken. The vote was: Roosevelt 946½, Farley 72½, Garner 61, Tydings 9½.

Before my nomination I had gone to Barkley and Byrnes and told them I wished to move that the nomination of Roosevelt be made unanimous after the roll call.

When I was introduced by Barkley, I was greeted by a standing ovation from the delegates. The galleries displayed enthusiasm for almost the only time during the convention. I accepted this as vindication of my stand.

"Senator Barkley and fellow Democrats," I said. "I have pursued a course here that has been dictated by the deepest convictions. I wanted this convention to proceed as Democrats should proceed, to nominate its standard-bearers in keeping with the high traditions of our party. That is the only Democratic method and that has been observed.

"My name was placed in nomination for the Presidency of the United States by a great and noble American. I am grateful to those delegates who voted for me and to those who would have voted for me had they not been otherwise pledged.

"It is, therefore, a great pleasure for me, Senator Barkley, to move to suspend the rules and declare President Franklin D. Roosevelt nominated for President of the United States by acclamation."

There was a tremendous roar from the convention. The organ, Mayor Kelly's organ, had no trouble this time with When Irish Eyes Are Smiling. I acknowledged the salute and turned away from the rostrum. I regard that moment as the one in which I turned my back on active politics.

Thursday morning, July 18th, the President called me early. He was as gay and bright as he had been after the 1932 and 1936 nominations. If he had any regret at being drafted or if he preferred to retire to Hyde Park, it did not show in his voice. His manner was as warm as it had ever been.

He told me that he had decided on Henry Wallace as his running mate. I protested: "Mr. President, there is no use kidding yourself. The nomination of Wallace won't help the ticket in any way. While I have a personal regard for Wallace as a man, for his integrity, for his courage and for his energy, the people look on him as a mystic and I think you'll regret it."

"He's not a mystic," Roosevelt snapped. "He's a philosopher. He's got ideas. He thinks right. He'll help the people think."

"Maybe so. This is your ride, Mr. President, and it is up to you to select the man you want alongside you. But Jesse Jones would be my choice. He'd offset the lack of business support, big and little, which will come if Wallace should be the nominee."

He was silent.

I went on: "Jesse would also offset arguments about the influence of the Hopkins-Ickes-Corcoran-Cohen group and those responsible for the silly performance out here."

The cordiality died out of his voice. He concluded by saying, "Well, Jim, be sure to make certain that the Vice-Presidential nomination is unanimous. By the way, you were grand last night, Jim."

Later I called on Jesse Jones at his hotel. I found him dictating a statement for the press declining the Vice-Presidential nomination.

"Jesse, I'm with you if you stay in the race," I said. "But I'm not here to advise you. That's something for you to decide."

"What would you do, Jim?" he asked.

"Dead in the room, Jesse, if the President did not want me, I wouldn't run."

"He doesn't want me because he thinks I'm not well."

"Jesse, that's not the real reason. He just doesn't want you, and you might as well face it. Now, I'm for you. If you change your mind and stay in the race you have my vote and support. I think you can be nominated with my support."

"No, Jim, I guess I'll let this statement go. I won't change my mind."

During the afternoon I could not resist calling up Ickes and congratulating him on Wallace's coming nomination. Ickes was feuding with Wallace and had long been at odds with Hopkins.

"Wallace's nomination is a damned outrage," Ickes sputtered.

"Seriously," I said, "what do you think of things?"

"What do I think of them," he roared. "Who cares what I think? Here I led the whole third-term movement while Hopkins was in the hospital and they thought he was going to die. Then he comes to the convention and I'm not consulted at all. I knew nothing about the program."

Elliott Roosevelt came in to say he thought it would be a great mistake to nominate Wallace. I told him I was for Jones. He met this with, "If you nominate Jesse, I'll second it." I told him that was all right with me and that we would talk it over when his mother arrived in Chicago.

I drove out to meet Mrs. Roosevelt at the airport. She was accompanied by Franklin, Jr. When we discussed the Vice-Presidency, she and Franklin, Jr. agreed that it was a mistake to nominate Wallace.

At the hotel, Mrs. Roosevelt put in a call to the White House.

"Franklin," she plunged to the point, "I've been talking to Jim Farley and I agree with him Henry Wallace won't do. I know, Franklin, but Jesse Jones would bolster the ticket, win it business support and get the party contributions."

Finally the President asked that I be put on the phone. "I've given my word to Wallace, Jim," he told me. "What do you do when you give your word?"

"I keep it," I answered quickly—perhaps too quickly and too sharply.

Mrs. Roosevelt and I went out to the convention together.

One by one the field of some seventeen Vice-Presidential candidates was narrowed to three men. Only Speaker Bankhead, Wallace and McNutt were left in the race. McNutt could have been nominated, but he withdrew his name at the request of the President. The delegates were ugly. They did not want Wallace.

A Protest Against Bossism

Not all their resentment was personal, however. They were showing their resentment against "bossism." But they were trapped by the President's adroit maneuvering. No one who studies this convention can deny that the President showed himself to be a master of political rough-and-tumble, with no holds barred.

The final vote brought Wallace only 627 votes out of 1,100. There is no doubt in my mind that Mrs. Roosevelt's appearance and her speech about the burdens of the Presidency in critical times saved the day for the President. He knew what he was doing when he sent her.

The next morning, when the Democratic National Committee gathered at the hotel, my statement of resignation was read before the committee men and women—about 110 in all. It concluded with this pledge:

"I shall co-operate to the fullest extent with my successor as national chairman in setting up the machinery for the coming campaign. I have said repeatedly that the American people want the Democratic party to remain in power. My opinion has not changed, and again

That Julep in July!



This novel julep set, a Kentucky Tavern Creation, is available in its entirety at better stores everywhere.

KENTUCKY MINT JULEP (here's how!): Chill julep or 12 oz. glasses in refrigerator. Muddle 3 or 4 leaves of (not stems) with teaspoon of powdered sugar and teaspoon water. Fill cup with finely crushed ice, pour in one Kentucky Tavern. *Stir briskly until frost appears and ice dropped 1 or 2 inches. Fill remainder with crushed ice pour in another jigger of* Kentucky Tavern. *Decorate mint and insert straws through sprigs. Clip straws off ne of mint (so you get your nose right in it while sipping); in icebox for half an hour (if you can wait that long) serve, sip and smile!*

Glenmore Distilleries Company
Louisville, Kentucky

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

plge my full support to the Roose-
t Wallace ticket."
I as glad to get that on the record to
a off any accusations of my being a
cead. But I was sad as member
member of the committee stood up
c iver impromptu expressions on my
i ation.
I id not see the President after the
ention until July 26th.
loysius, everything came out all
in the convention," he said. "Now,
is a general sentiment on all sides—
it's unanimous—that you partici-
in the campaign. Everybody's for
Jim. Me, most of all. You could
meone else be appointed campaign
ger and still hold the chairmanship
me, while actually you would be
ng for your family. It's as simple
t, Jim. It would mean a great deal
party."
r. President, that just can't be
" I answered. "You can't have
d authority around a campaign
quarters. And I don't want to be
cly connected with the national
nittee in any way."
ll you have to do, Jim, is have your
on the letterheads as chairman and
will be helpful," he suggested.
just can't be," I said. "My mind
de up."

ague Is Curious About Wallace

I hanged the subject by telling him a
relayed to me by a newspaperman,
after the Vice-Presidential nomi-
n Hague was asking what kind of a
w Wallace was. He urged one of
ace's friends to get word to Henry
e should have some practical politi-
dvice and the best place to get it
d be from Kelly and Hague.
rank is muscling right in as usual,"
ughed.
e talked briefly about the coming
ion. "Jim," he confided, "I've told
amily I want them to vote for me,
I also told them I wanted them to
I will be defeated."
hat is the best thing that could hap-
to you," I said seriously, "and I'm
certain it won't happen. If anyone
iders this one a walkaway he is
y."
short time later Mrs. Roosevelt
d me to lunch with her. Over our
she added her voice to the Presi-
's, urging me to remain as national
rman. I declined, giving my reasons,
adding: "I don't know whether you
w it or not, but the President never
ussed his candidacy with me until
Sunday I saw him at Hyde Park."
never knew it either, believe me, un-
hat afternoon," she cut in. "After you
Franklin told me he assumed he
ld have to run."
hursday, August 1st, I went down to
shington for a meeting of national
mittee members who were to pick
successor. We met in the President's
e at the White House.
he President was in his best form. He
charming, disarming, persuasive and
mate. His smile flashed on all, but
warmest smiles were directed at me.
Sentiment has developed in every
ion of the country for you to retain
chairmanship," he said. "Everybody
the party knows you, Jim. And to
w you is to love you. The party ex-
ts you to do your duty, Jim. The
ty needs you. The success of the party
the coming election and campaign
uld be assured with you at the helm,
."
This was the only time since 1930 he
acknowledged my services and then
nowledgment came only because he
nted to persuade me to his will.
But I had made up my mind.
"We could go on talking here for hours
but the necessity of my carrying on,
we just aren't going to get anywhere,"
nswered. "I appreciate the confidence
expressed in me. But I have made my decision."

The meeting closed with the appointment of Ed Flynn as my successor.

I shook hands with Flynn, remarking, "I don't know whether to congratulate you or to commiserate with you."

"My wife will kill me for this," he said ruefully.

On August 7, 1940, I wrote my letter of resignation. My association with private industry was announced two days later. My only comment was, "I am going to be very happy," and I was never more right, even when I predicted in 1936 that we Democrats would carry everything but Maine and Vermont.

The end of that month I attended my last Cabinet meeting. After it was over, I said my farewells to the other Cabinet members with whom I had worked.

Just before I left I said goodby to the President.

"Take care of things in my absence," I said. "And protect my interests."

"It's not goodby, Jim, because I want you to see me whenever you pass through the city. Give my regards to Bess."

We shook hands.

I carried his words to Bess the next day. She was not impressed.

Before I left Washington, I talked with Cordell Hull about the convention. "I think I was treated unfairly by that fellow," he said, "in his not letting my name go before the convention. That is not so bad as the fact that I have received no recognition for what I have done as Secretary of State in a most trying and most vital period of this country's history."

"What about the Vice-Presidency?"

"Oh, that!" He leaned back in his chair and smiled. "He tried everything he could think of to get me to take it. He argued and smiled. Then he smiled and argued. I said, 'No, by God!' and 'By God, no!' and that's all there was to it. I felt he was trying to kick me upstairs. I'd rather go."

Congratulations—and the Reply

Three months later, after the election, I wrote the President a letter of congratulation. It read in part:

"I want you to know I have a deep and sincere interest in the success of your new Administration. In electing you for a third term, the American people gave you an unprecedented honor and I am sure you are determined that they shall never regret it. There were some who used the third-term issue as a convenient front to oppose you and there were some honestly concerned about the breaking of this tradition, and I happened to be in the latter group. Nothing would make me happier than that your accomplishments during the new term will confound the first group and reassure the second."

I received a reply written aboard the Presidential Special as Roosevelt was heading for Warm Springs. The President wrote:

"You know I am a funny fellow in that unlike many, many people I do not get excited by what you call an 'unprecedented honor.' The reason is that I am perhaps a little 'queer' in never having sought public office for 'honor.'

"To put it another way, I would have been just as content in my own heart and conscience to give service to the country as a private citizen as I would to give service to the country as a first-term or a third-term President."

The letter was unsigned. It bore nothing but the typewritten initials, "F.D.R." Later I learned that the President had deliberately chosen to let it go unsigned.

THE END

This article and the four which preceded it are selections from a book by James A. Farley, to be published early in 1948 by Whittlesey House.



DRINKS HAVE *More Life* WITH PIN-POINT CARBONATION

Like the gleam of summer moonlight... the goodness of sparkling Canada Dry Water can't be imitated. This world-famous mixer costs no more than most ordinary club sodas ...carbonated tap waters. Here's why you'll want to insist on Canada Dry Water—always:

1. *Pin-Point Carbonation* – means longer-lasting sparkle.
2. *Exclusive Formula* – makes your drinks taste better.
3. *Special Processing* – assures purity, balance, clarity.
4. *Superior Quality* – uniform the world over.

P. S. It's enjoyable as a table water, too. Try it.



Where there's LIFE there's
CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

Still Only 15¢
(in most areas)
Plus deposit

ONLY ONE UNIT ★ NO SEPARATE BATTERIES
The ONLY HEARING AID with the "Magic Mike"
ALL YOU WEAR
VACOLITE
★ MINIMUM SIZE plus ★ MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY
THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT IN ELECTRONICS and SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH. FULLY GUARANTEED FOR 2 YEARS.
FREE BOOKLET write
VACOLITE COMPANY
3003 N. Henderson
DALLAS, TEXAS
SMALL ★ COMFORTABLE ★ POWERFUL

timber line
THE STATIONERY THAT MAKES LETTER WRITING A PLEASURE
MFG. BY ROCKMONT, DENVER, COLORADO

Indian
WORLD'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

PULVEX "DDT" FLEA POWDER
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Kills the fleas Quickly! Keeps others off for Days.
Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.
Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

Continued from page 25

that such things were a subject for mixed company.

As if he heard the reproof, Willie put down his glass of milk. So long as he was going to be stubborn, Jean saw, he was going to be stubborn all the way.

"It's too early for them," he said. "They never run till after dark when they do run. And then you never know what part of the coast they'll pick."

Bob nodded, and looked at Jean. His eyes slid over her face and down the open throat of her white blouse and he seemed to make some pleasant inner decision.

"Tell you what," he said to her. "While we're waiting, let's ride up to Malibu." He glanced at Aunt May. "I'll have her home by nine."

HIS audacity hung above the table like smoke. It was a moment before Aunt May found her voice. "Unfortunately," she said dryly, "it's Jean's week to do the dishes."

"Yeah?" He looked back at Jean. Then his broad tan face spread in a smile. "Okay," he said. "I'll dry."

He looked even bigger in the tiny blue and chrome kitchen. As he balanced the dishes casually in his large hands, he whistled, following the melody of the record Willie was playing on the phonograph in the living room.

When they were almost finished, he stopped whistling. "What do you do with your free time?" he asked.

Jean groped in the soapy water for the silverware, trying to think when Aunt May left her any free time and what she did with it.

"I don't know—" she began slowly. "We go to the movies. And Willie and I play tennis on the public courts." That wasn't what he meant, of course, so she said, "Sometimes I go dancing."

"That's a gay program for an old maid," he said.

He was laughing at her, and after what she'd said on the beach, who could blame him? She finished the silverware, pulled the rubber stopper from the sink and dried her hands on a dish towel.

"Thanks for helping," she said. "I'll put the glasses away."

She was standing on tiptoe, fitting Willie's milk glass into its proper place on the third shelf, when she felt him behind her. He reached up and slid the glass easily into place. Then his hand fell on her shoulder.

For an instant, she stood quite still. The chemistry of her blood seemed to change, to grow thinner in substance, and all her perceptions sharpened. The living-room phonograph seemed to blare.

This can't actually be happening, she thought—I must be exaggerating it. Probably he doesn't even realize he's touching me. He turned her around and smoothed her hair gently with his palm. Then, very slowly, he bent down and kissed her.

Aunt May's voice crackled from the living room: "Jean, aren't you through yet?"

She drew back from him in confusion and rearranged her hair as if she were rubbing away his touch.

"Yes, Aunt May," she called. "We're finished."

Without looking at him she walked quickly into the other room. . . .

Precisely at eight o'clock, Aunt May put the last stitch in Jean's new middy blouse and lifted Willie's socks from her straw sewing basket. "You read too quickly to be retentive," she told Bob reprovingly.

He glanced up from the 1926 movie magazine. "I'm just looking at the pictures," he said. "You know, these ought to be in a museum. I never saw magazines this old before."

"They were here when we bought the house," Aunt May said crisply. "Jean, as long as you're just sitting there, why don't you roll the edges on the handkerchiefs you promised to make for me?"

Jean looked up from Willie who was lying at her feet tinkering with the radio he had made last winter. Actually, she had not been seeing Willie. She had been wondering how many women Bob had met as he had met her—ambling into their lives, making love to them and wandering away as easily as he had come.

She said, "Yes, Aunt May," and went to the bedroom to get the handkerchiefs. I'll have to stop this, she told herself. It's silly; he's just a man Willie picked up and invited to dinner. I'll never see him again.

When she came back, Bob yawned and tossed his magazine to the stack beside the chair.

"I wonder if the run has started yet," he said.

Willie looked up from his radio. "You'll hear people yelling on the beach if they come."

"It's a mystery to me," Aunt May said, "why a young man should drive all the way from town to see a swarm of fish."



"Anything I can do to help, dear? Light the candles, maybe?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

"They say it's like watching silver waves roll in," Bob said evenly. "I guess it's pretty wonderful."

Aunt May thrust her needle into Willie's sock. "You're most poetic," she said dryly. "How long do you intend to keep up this vigil?"

"I don't know," Bob said. "All night, if I have to."

Right then Jean knew Aunt May had had enough. "Young man," she said, "there are two kinds of people in this world. Those who work and shoulder the burdens, and those who waste their time playing. If you wish to wait for these—these fish, it would be kind of you to do it someplace else. I have to iron the children's clothes now. And after that we are all going to bed."

Aunt May got up from the rocking chair, dropped the sock into her sewing basket and replaced the lid. Her face beneath her neat hair was cold. She stood waiting.

Slowly Bob rose. "Okay."

Willie pushed his radio against the wall with a clatter. "Try Santa Monica, Bob," he said warmly. "They run better down there anyway."

"I'll take you up to your car," Jean said. Her voice sounded low to her ears and her lips felt stiff.

Bob looked at her. There was tenderness in his eyes and something else which frightened her a little. "It's just up on the highway," he said.

"I know. But the steps are bad." Her breath was short as if she had been r ning. "I'll get the flashlight."

As she turned toward the kitchen, A May put a finger on her arm. "Willie show him the way, Jean," she said.

Jean paused, looking into the dry, li face before her. She knew what A May was really saying—that neither them knew who Bob was or what he v She was saying that he was a man men were untrustworthy. They were d gerous. Aunt May was reminding he her father.

And Aunt May was right, Jean herself. Bob was no one. A stranger idler, a man who kissed her lightly in kitchen as he would kiss a hundred g She stopped and stared at him.

"Never mind," he said from the d "I'll make out by myself."

He disappeared into the darkness she stood there watching after him. beach noises fell on her ear, the w and the cars above, but she did not no She did not even notice the new nois Willie shouted.

"Hey! Hey, listen! People yelling Jean looked at her brother. He st with his head tilted a little to one side a second, then ran out to the beach. screen door banged behind him banged again and he was back. His face glistened with triumph.

"The run is on—listen!"

And now she could hear the dis voices and laughter, piercing the thic constant noise of the surf. "Bob—" stopped, looking at Aunt May.

"I'll get him," Willie said. "He h started yet."

AS HE put his hand on the front d knob, Aunt May said, "No." voice was jagged against Jean's ears. him go."

Yes, let him go, Jean thought. Let go away and never come back. The be safe.

Of course, she thought. I'll be as as Aunt May.

Before they could stop her, she run out into the night. It was fresh there was a cool wind blowing. She fo the steps, wobbly slate slabs set in steep hill, and in the darkness they all her attention. Even so she tri and would have fallen if Bob had caught her.

He laughed and pulled her dow side him on the stone.

"They're running," she said. fish."

He smiled. "So were you, little

"Don't you want to see them?"

"We've got time," he said, "lot time."

THE END

Cooking's soon done – more time for fun with this new

FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC RANGE



Surface Cooking Units are fast-heating Frigidaire Radiantube Units. Definite heats eliminate guesswork. No smoke, soot, danger from fuel or flame.

"Thermizer" Cooker (deep-well) is almost a whole range in itself. It boils. It steams. It bakes. It roasts. It cooks a complete meal for as little as two cents.

Automatic Clock Control cooks an oven meal while you're away. Turns oven on, off—has meal ready any time you say. Automatic time, temperature signals.

Even-Heat Oven—*so fast* it's ready to bake in 5½ minutes; *so big* it holds six full-size loaves of bread. All-porcelain interior. Handy waist-high broiler.

You're twice as sure with two great names

Frigidaire *made only by* **General Motors**



These folks must think I'm a HOT water spaniel!

Always giving me *baths!* Oh well, guess that's the way it is when you live in a house with a Frigidaire Electric Water Heater. Easy come, easy go! Just turn a faucet and here comes the hot water. *Plenty* of hot water, so nobody has to go easy on it!

Frigidaire *made only by* **General Motors**



Meet the new

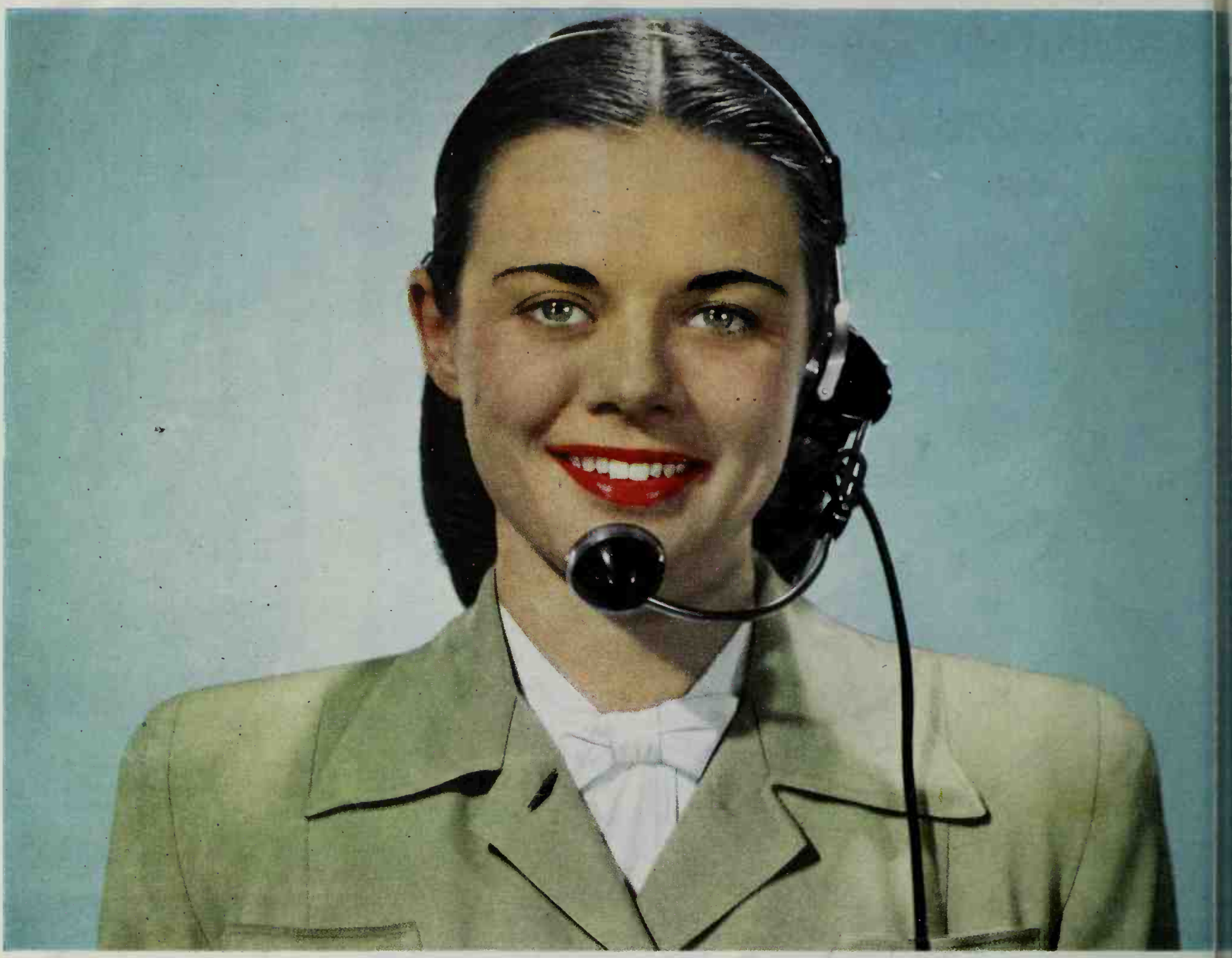
Frigidaire Cold-Wall

Special design—chilling coils built into walls—provides *moist* cold, so foods stay fresh, vitamin-rich; *never need be covered.* Holds 35 pounds of frozen foods. Quickube Trays give trigger-quick ice service. Cold-making mechanism—the famous Meter-Miser—is simplest ever built: uses less current than an ordinary light bulb.

Frigidaire *made only by* **General Motors**

ee the Frigidoire Dealer ear you. Find name in lassified Telephone irectory. Frigidaire ivision, General Motors orporation, Dayton, hio. Leaside, Ontario.

Listen to "THE MAN CALLED X" on your radio every Thursday night. See newspaper for time and station.



Call Me Anytime

PERHAPS we've already talked over the 'phone. If not, chances are we shall—sooner or later—because more and more people are calling me these days—people who want to enjoy the advantages that only air travel provides.

I'm "Reservations"—the person who answers when you call American Airlines to reserve a seat aboard a Flagship. I hear from all kinds of people . . .

A voice asks for a reservation to a place halfway around the globe—perhaps the voice of a diplomat who tomorrow will sit at an international meeting . . . Again, an eager young voice comes through, asking about seats to Niagara Falls—or maybe Mexico. A honeymoon trip! The young, the old, the famous and people from all walks of life—going places, near and far.

I get a lot of satisfaction out of helping so many different people, traveling to so many different places. So do all the other young men and women who, like myself, are reservations agents. We form a person-to-person link between you and American Airlines.

We're on duty all along American's routes at home and abroad—twenty-four hours a day, every day. People call us for reservations to more than 1,500 places in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Europe—in fact, all around the world. Among us, incidentally, we speak twelve languages. We've been carefully selected and trained to give alert and friendly service. We're proud to have been chosen because we're proud of American's reputation for personalized, cou teous service.

The new thousands of people who are b coming air travelers get their first impression American's standard of service when they ca me. They judge American by my attitude an efficiency. So, when they call, that's my oppo tunity to show American's interest in people an respect for the dignity and well-being of th individual. The problems of each individu traveler receive personalized attention—wheth it be for a commuter flight, a transcontinent flight or a transatlantic flight.

That's as it should be, isn't it? That's why it such a pleasure to help make American's servic available to more and more people.



AMERICAN AIRLINES

AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. • AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES, INC.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Continued from page 26

s agent, a Mr. Bernie Williams, and made a low, passionate sound which, he said, repre- Miss Sheridan's aura. This sound once translated into "oomph." s were stopped everywhere and carried the news that Annie was he Oomph Girl." The studio set 60 dinner for a few influential to publicize this great decision few weeks Annie was Number 1 fan-mail list. The word went the world. On October 16, 1946, Sir Raymond Evershed ruled in that it might be admitted to ritain and Northern Ireland as a ark.

g her tough years in Hollywood eridan often issued bitter state- ying she wished she were back enton, (b) Dallas and (c) Texas. moments she also deprecated use ord "oomph" in connection with re and personality. She de- "oomph!" as "what a fat man en he leans over to tie his shoe- telephone booth."

of the greatest triumphs of " was recorded March 25, 1943, e respected Milwaukee Sentinel the alcalde of Parangaricutiro, án, Mexico, as attributing a vol- plosion to her presence in the rhood. "Volcano Shakes as Ann ' the headline said. A move was o name the new volcano Mount , but no one, including the Mexi- ed it.

e time, North Hollywood, where , was advertised on billboards as ome of the 'Oomph Girl.' "

gure and Acting Criticized

he few occasions her figure has lversely criticized she has come to its defense. "My only physical she insists, "is that I'm pigeon- She also defends her acting, which w critics frequently find less than "I'm just not the Academy type," she admits. "I don't pre- be. I just want to do a good job od story. If I can be a quarter as Bette Davis, I'll be happy."

Taking no chances on a lack of artistic recognition, shortly after her first great success she presented herself with a gold bracelet, inscribed: "From Clara Lou to Ann: You continue to amaze me, kid!"

She married first S. Edward Norris, a stage actor, in Hollywood, in August, 1936; they were divorced in October, 1937, having separated after just 375 days of marriage. Mr. Norris said the affair was a "mistake."

She was engaged to George Brent, another actor, twice before she married him in Palm Beach, Florida, on January 5, 1942. The first engagement happened soon after Mr. Brent saw her on the Warner lot, wearing a smock. Someone asked her what she had on under it and she let it fall open, revealing a bathing suit. This turned out to be a flimsy reason for a betrothal, and the deal was called off. It was on again later when Mr. Brent gave Annie a sterling silver service, initialed B. After some thought, she decided this meant she was to become Mrs. B.

Before she married Mr. Brent she gave out a statement saying the man she married might be 45, but his spirit would have to be 21. Mr. Brent was 38 at the time and announced he would "rather marry a screwball from Texas than something solid from Pasadena." Despite the merging of a spirit of 21 and a screwball, the marriage lasted only 263 days, despite an elaborate set of rules for the general deportment of both parties. The rules were thought up by a press agent, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. knew anything about them until they read them in the paper.

After the divorce there followed a bleak period in which her name was "linked" mainly for publicity purposes with various Hollywood characters. But true love failed to appear, although on April 2, 1940, Richard Brunnenkamp, a 19-year-old UCLA junior, handcuffed himself to Miss Sheridan in a theater lobby and swallowed the key. It just happened that cameramen were there to get pictures, and a further amazing coincidence was that a preview of Annie's new film was just starting. Some cynics have since doubted the essential purity of the



member now, we're glamorous show girls on vacation—not schoolteachers"

LIER'S MARY GIBSON

C. E. WOOLMAN — pioneer in commercial aviation whose successful career has carried him to the presidency of Delta Air Lines—says:



"Words take wings with a Scripto pencil"

Like people at the top in every field, President Woolman of Delta uses Scripto mechanical pencils. With a Scripto, he can forget pencil performance and think only of what he wants to say. And so can you. The long 4-inch Scripto lead is always ready to write when you are. Each one averages 22,000 words . . . can be replaced quickly and easily. Give wings to the words you write by starting today to use Scripto pencils. Take several home and enjoy their convenience there, too. In their brilliant colors, they make exciting gifts for school children . . . make writing, figuring and drawing fun. They can be imprinted for company identification or for advertising.

Arrow indicates refill signal visible through jewel-like translucent barrel of model illustrated. Also in opaque plastic.

20¢

Scripto REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LONG-LEAD MECHANICAL PENCIL

You can renew the lead and eraser in a Scripto pencil in a few seconds with long, strong Scripto refill leads and snap-in erasers. Keep a pack of each within your reach.

10¢

(Prices higher in Canada)





"Good Grain and Good Judgement must go into the vat, if Good Taste is to come out of the bottle."

Ideals of the Founder **VALENTIN BLATZ**, 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

Blatz

BREWER OF BETTER BEER . . .



© 1947, Blatz Brewing Company. Established 1851 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

an's motives. He said he did it bet.

y case, it turned out that Mr. kamp was not exactly the type man Annie honed for and her continued.

g this period she grew mildly hical and gave out with long deis of her ideal man, who seemed ible a combination of Hercules, a scientist and two Texas Rangers. nce said: "I would rather go out evening with a young man who $5 to spend than with a man who n throwing away $500 for enter-."

dded that her ideal man someeared to her as a blond and at es as a brunet, but always men- physically active and willing to her talk. "Does anyone," she 1944, "know where I can find Up to the spring of 1947 there no definite answer.

Telling Off a Brass Hat

g the war she flew thousands of th camp shows and acquired the G.I. Annie" following an episode China-Burma-India front. After knocked herself out entertainps all day, a general sent two get her to entertain him privately, ing the soldiers with court-marhey returned without her. Her ts on this bit of effrontery melted Mount Everest, more than 200 way, and endeared her forever to and file.

lso voiced opinions about Special officers who, to please their gen- omised them she would visit the on certain dates. When she show up—the tours having been d in Washington and out of her —she was criticized by the same Service officers, trying to cover r failures to make good. Her s on generals and their aides are oted in barracks and mess halls, h approval.

March 12, 1942, Private Henry David of the United States Army quest to the American Red Cross, for a transfusion of Miss Sherilood. He said he didn't feel well. Cross replied that Annie's blood mixed up with that of millions of eople's. Sorry.

years she carried on a running ith Harvard University, starting e time when The Lampoon, a ity paper, titled her The Most y to Succeed of all movie starr a long time she hurled insults aper and the college.

vard," she said once, "is the home unadulterated heel—and you may ne."

university maintained a dignified under all this provocation, but heridan is always glad when the gets thoroughly trounced at foot- he hopes someday to be there t is licked, 109 to 0, by Texas .

of the official biographies describ- s Sheridan's private life says that oset is filled with pretty night- she never wears. . . . Before going she climbs into bed with a cigand a book—preferably one by et Maugham—and reads until she owsy. This is usually after two or ages."

Maugham has very handsomely to retort to this bit of sly literary m. Miss Sheridan, refuting her pher, says she often reads Mr. am for two or three hours withling asleep.

tever happens to her screen career ssured of her picture in seed catafor twenty years, accompanying ograph of the Ann Sheridan Rose. ermaine Plant and Seed Company, rs of this bloom, describe it as "a vibrant pink." Annic is quite a gardener, and speaks learnedly about the right way to get more potash into the soil and allied lore.

A Mexican real-estate firm once gave her a tract of land at Nautla, on the Gulf Coast north of Veracruz, and she plans to keep up the taxes and maybe someday build a home down there. She likes Mexico and the Mexicans and attends bullfights when available.

Occasionally, she is presented with the tail of the deceased bull as a trophy—a gift she always accepts with considerable aplomb.

Some years ago she endorsed a canary food and lately received a gift canary from the food concern. This talented bird is slowly driving everyone insane on the Sheridan ranch. It trills during telephone calls, accompanies the radio and the phonograph and takes a shrill part in all conversations. It is only a question of time until someone gets around to wringing its little neck.

Although she conforms to few conventions she followed standard Hollywood practice by having a battle with Warner Brothers. Nearly every player in the film plant has had a battle with Warner's. The fighting is pretty bloody and often goes on for months, after which the parties kiss and make up and go back to making pictures again. Annie's battle started when Warner's wanted her to do another musical and she refused. That put her on the shelf for eighteen months. Both sides toughed it out until the studio offered her the starring role in Nora Prentiss. She accepted, scored a hit and went on to make The Unfaithful with Lew Ayres.

At times Annie is mistaken by autograph fans for Rita Hayworth, Ann Sothern, Anne Baxter and various other movie Anns. When someone comes up to her and says: "Miss Hayworth, could I have your autograph, please?" she always obliges with "Rita Hayworth" in flowing Spencerian. Saves argument.

Even Beauticians Like Her

She is almost unique in Hollywood in that practically everyone who knows her likes her. She is liked even by beauty parlor operatives, who are notoriously bitter about movie stars. She takes advice easily from people she trusts and gets along with directors better than many temperamental players.

She won't fly unless she has to, and when she goes East likes to hole up in a drawing room aboard the City of Los Angeles and catch up on her sleep, and her reading. On vacation trips to Sun Valley she trains up, although most stars fly the route.

Annie is no night-clubber. In the evenings she likes to lie around in slacks reading, and playing records and drinking Coke. She drinks Coke from unbreakable tumblers, being a girl of occasional wild free gestures that sweep glasses from tables.

She also drops trays of biscuits, cartons of eggs and other things around the kitchen and thinks sometimes of acquiring a set of unbreakable glass utensils. She can cook chicken passably well, but sniffs at the usual Hollywood star pose of being able to whip up a seven-course dinner unaided in twenty minutes.

She is a natural redhead, ranging from copper to crimson according to the demands of her directors. Five feet six, she weighs in normally around 115 pounds. Her eyes are hazel. She likes inordinately long red fingernails and very little make-up, being a soap-and-water girl from way back. She eats like a horse, but a fairly strenuous physical life keeps her in trim.

She goes to few parties, but when she does she likes to dress up; she has been on several "best-dressed-women" lists in the past few years.

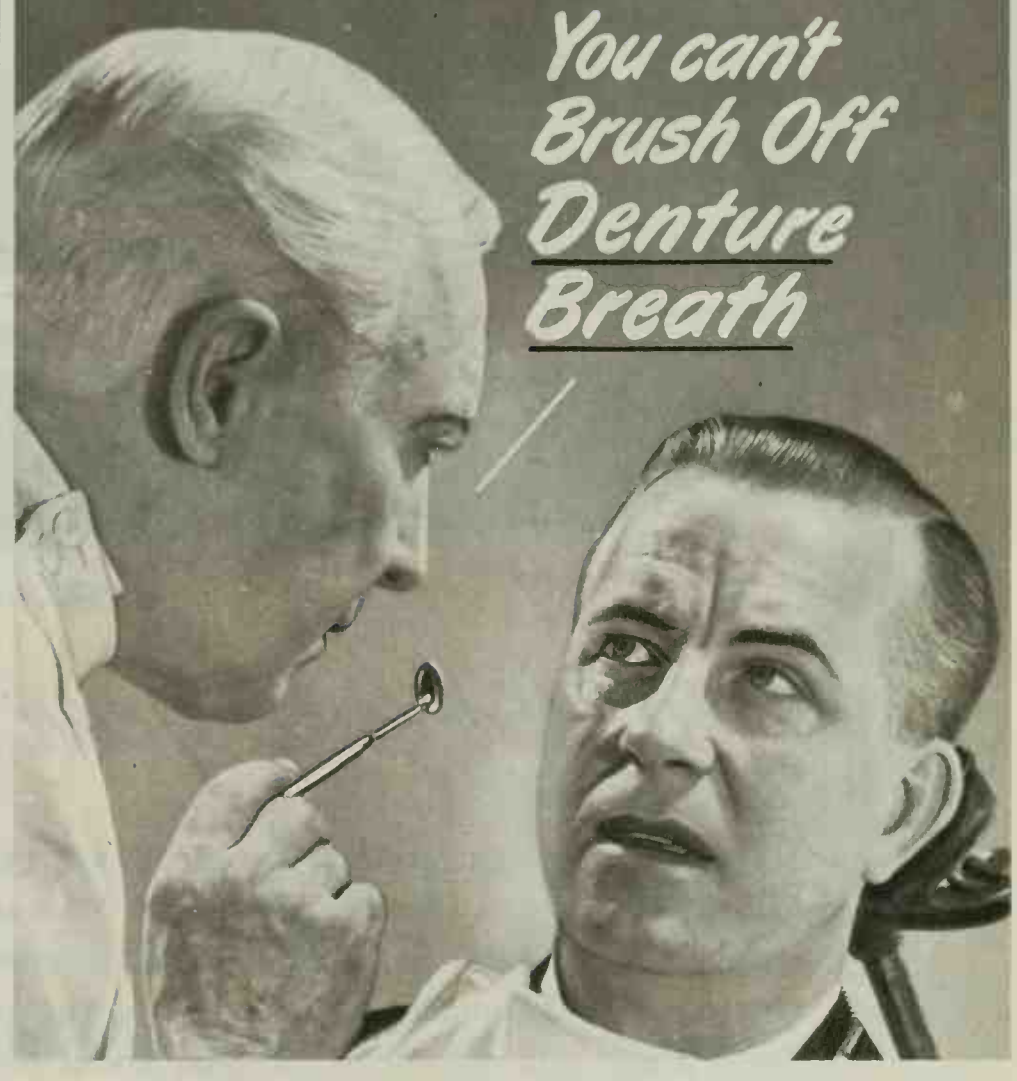
THE END

False Teeth?

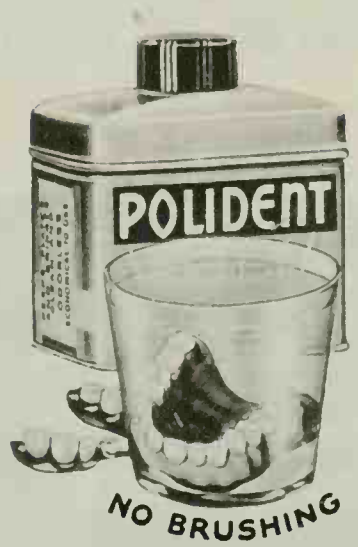


DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"

You can't Brush Off Denture Breath



Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



Sook plate or bridge doily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and woter.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

Buy an economical can of Polident, world's largest selling denture cleanser, 30¢ and 60¢.

Use POLIDENT Daily

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP Made and Guaranteed by POLIDENT



Still a full year ahead!

Just a year ago the first KAISER and FRAZER came off the lines at Willow Run. Henry J. Kaiser and Joseph W. Frazer had accomplished an industrial miracle in offering newly designed, newly engineered, *wholly postwar* automobiles far ahead of the rest of the industry. Today these cars are *still* a full year ahead of competition! Their beauty will be reflected in models announced later by other manufacturers. Their styling can be imitated. But their performance and ride will continue to be exclusive KAISER-FRAZER features.

KAISER

BODY STYLING BY Dutchess

FRAZER

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN



CITY WITHOUT SECRETS

Continued from page 13

ut a first-class reporter gets sto-
sn't sent after." By this defini-
st Missourian reporters are aces,
can top Martha Ann Turner's
coverage last year of Winston
ll's visit to near-by Westminster
of Fulton.
lton without a press pass, against
ion from half the Missourian
the relatively few but illustrious
es from the world press, Martha
ided her best bet was to observe
le things that tell you so much
person." With many guards out
e was surprised how easy it was
around the hill in back and enter
the kitchen.
aids there were too busy clean-
fter luncheon to remember "the
ings" about Mr. Churchill or
t Truman, and Martha Ann was
lly shooed into the dining room
he stood in the doorway and
the two statesmen putting on
ats to leave for the auditorium.
President gave me the
smile," says Martha
ut Churchill didn't
a tumble. "Probably
nervous about having
c," she thinks. When
t, the only thing to do
go upstairs and look
Mr. Churchill's bed-
as a disappointment.
ing was neatly packed
es bearing the simple
"W.C."—everything,
except the Churchill
ox on the chest of
. The cigars were
huge," according to
Ann, who was look-
the little things. She
o of them just in case
y at the paper ques-
ner story.
after, the F.B.I. men
led on the house, de-
d the mattress on
Churchill slept and
part most of the bedroom furni-
vidence had turned up that some-
been in his room while he made
ech, and the F.B.I. were taking no
on delayed-action bombs.
s all news to Martha Ann when
rd of the ruckus the F.B.I. had
After all, nobody paid any atten-
en she sauntered down the stairs
t the front door, toting a cigar in
hand. Back at the Missourian,
dn't pay much attention to her
ither. "Not factual enough," she
d. But her hometown paper, the
is Press-Scimitar, published it in
And I reckon," says Martha Ann,
clear up quite a lot of facts for
B.I."
't often, though, that news turns
nd Columbia in person. Mostly
rian reporters have to dig it up
nder the placid surface of town
mpus. In one year of interview-
ssourian representatives rang 16,-
orbells by actual count. Statistics
reat help, too.
st found out we're going to have
babies here this year," exclaims a
porter dashing into the city room.
good way to attract favorable
on from the city editor," it says in
ssourian rule book, "is to volun-
ws stories or suggestions for news
." Many of the university's
d veterans live in government
installed on vacant lots through-
wn, and one cub out to curry favor
s city editor noticed the size of the
doors. They are very small. Sup-
veteran's wife, about to have a
found she couldn't get out? The
lesk was not favorably impressed.

PORTRAIT OF A HOUSEWIFE TALKING TO HERSELF AS SHE PACKS FOR THE FAMILY'S SUMMER VACATION

We'll load up the car, and get started by ten,
And not six A.M. as we planned.
We've done it before and we'll do it again.
We'll load up the car, and get started by ten.
This schedule is very much frowned on by men—
It's something they can't understand.
We'll load up the car, and get started by ten,
And not six A.M. as we planned.

—Margaret Fishback

A few days later, though, the cub had his story—in reverse. One of the heftiest of the local doctors, summoned to a delivery case in one of the trailers, had trouble getting through the door.

"Tripod," the 3-legged mongrel the Missourian staff rescued from the gas chamber, is good for a feature now and then, in thanks for which the reporters deposit his daily half pound of hamburger in a dish outside the office of Dean Frank Luther Mott, Ph.B., A.M., Ph.D., Litt.D., L.H.D.

But in a town with a girl population of 9,000 from Stephens Christian College and the university, the best news source in the animal world is the common mouse. On the feature side, Jane Carruthers wrote the definitive piece on the rodent entitled What Makes a Good Mouse. In England, Jane noted with interest, mouse Derbies are gaining a popular following that rivals horse racing.

In the spot news field, honors this year go to the mouse that disrupted and almost wrecked a girls' rooming house. The Missourian reporter described how a nightgowned posse of roomers hurled hairbrushes, mirrors, books and chairs as they chased the intruder from attic to basement. No names were mentioned—yet the day after the story, a dozen landladies stormed into the city room demanding a retraction. The mouse, incidentally, got away.

Not all Missourian representatives are looking for news. Success in obtaining advertising, the students learn, is also important in running a newspaper. Against the rival Tribune's six paid solicitors, the Missourian throws an army of over a hundred in the siege of local business firms. "At least my store is never empty," one local merchant comments.

But over at the Tribune, Publisher H. J. Waters (himself a graduate of the journalism school) makes no bones about it. "It's unfair competition anyway you look at it," he tells you. "They don't have to pay their staff, and whenever they run into a tough account they hire a professional ad man to get the business." Even at the Missourian they admit their setup is hard to beat. With none of the usual worries about overhead, the paper's educational charter also exempts them from income tax, Social Security and the provisions of the State Compensation Act.

But the Tribune, with a circulation of 7,400 against the Missourian's 4,500 manages to do all right. Its solicitors, though few, are experienced and there to stay, while the student shock troops change two or three times a year. This can be a real disadvantage, as one girl found out when she tackled her first account, a men's clothing store named after the university's tiger symbol.

"Is Mr. Tiger in?" she inquired sweetly.

"I am Mr. Tiger," said the manager and gave a loud roar. The girl fled.

Beginners who set out to learn by experience are bound to make a few mistakes and one of them, which crops out far less often now than before the war, is the Hollywood notion that the reporter is a very tough egg. Last semester, one cub spent his first morning in the city room wearing his hat on the back of his head and dangling a cigarette from his lips—unlighted, of course, since smoking in campus buildings isn't permitted.

"Columbia Missourian, go ahead!" he answered the phone in an ominous monotone. A Ladies Aid secretary calling to report a sociable was so startled she couldn't speak for an instant. "What's the pitch, lady?" growled the cub. An assignment to cover the sociable soon brought him face to face with the stark realities of practical journalism.

Writing, too, the cub soon discovers, is a lot harder than it looks in the movies. "The bullet," he pecks out eagerly after a visit to police headquarters, "hit the girl he was engaged to's brother." Headlines have to tell the gist of a story in so many lines of so many characters; and even when the cub has accomplished this feat, some killjoy can always find fault with a masterpiece like:

MARRIAGE OFTEN UNNECESSARY, DECLARES PASTOR COUNSELING YOUTH TO "WAIT AND BE SURE"

The first weeks, though, smooth off most of the rough edges and every class has its quota of "naturals"—cubs who could hold down paying jobs on any newspaper. What with the G.I. Bill of Rights enabling veterans to complete their college education, the Missourian also gets students with more actual newspaper experience than some of their faculty bosses, who have to decide what gets into print.

Since newsprint is limited, this poses a real problem: how to select from its enormous news and editorial output the small fraction the Missourian has space to publish.

"I believe," wrote founder Walter Williams in the famous Journalist's Creed inscribed in bronze in the Missourian headquarters, "that suppression of the news, for any consideration other than the welfare of society, is indefensible . . . that individual responsibility may not be escaped by pleading another's instructions or another's dividends."

Students and faculty members alike will tell you it's hard to live up to that standard against the Missourian's editorial policy, which they define as "Stay out of trouble"—not only with state legislators always ready to cry "Red" but with the local community, a Middle Western town with a strong Southern exposure to "white supremacy."

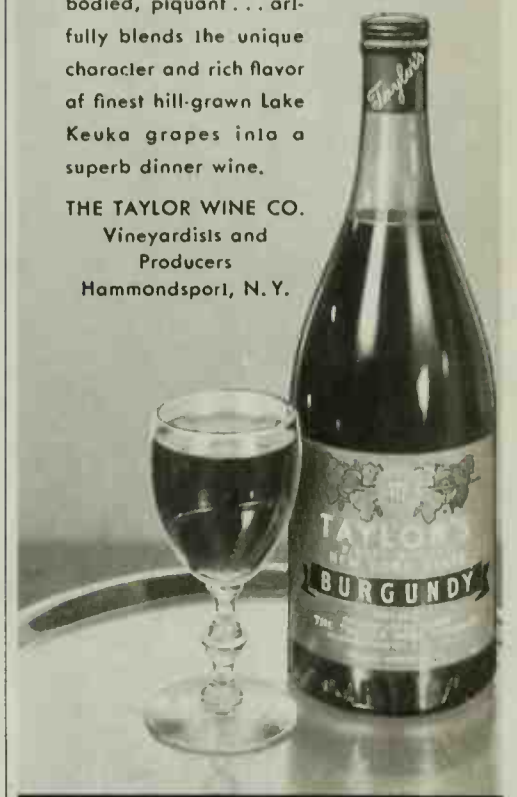
But restrictions bother Missourian reporters far less than you'd think. Spread throughout the town in concentration of two to every city block, they boast a word-of-mouth circulation bigger than their paper. So long as they go on reporting out loud, Columbia will remain a peculiarly vivid example of an American phenomenon—a city without secrets.

THE END

CAPTURED FLAVOR *from* NEW YORK STATE

Taylor's New York State Burgundy . . . richer, full-bodied, piquant . . . artfully blends the unique character and rich flavor of finest hill-grown Lake Keuka grapes into a superb dinner wine.

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
Vineyardists and Producers
Hammondsport, N. Y.



TAYLOR *Wines*
FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK



ZIPPO *Windproof*
LIGHTER
The Lighter that made the World Lighter-Conscious
ZIPPO MFG. CO., BRADFORD, PA.

IT'S A GIFT

Permanent wick, abundant fuel supply. Patented hinge-lock and assembly. "Sure spark" wheel. Life-time guaranteed, no one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO.

STREAMLINE SILVERLIKE CASE $2.50

Facsimile of any signature or three initials, $1.00 extra. Also sports motifs, fraternal or club emblems, special trade mark designs, etc., available.

Exquisite Engine Turned Case in 14K Gold $175 or Sterling Silver $20. Plain Gold Case $165. Plain Silver $15 (plus 20% Federal tax).

ORDER FROM YOUR FAVORITE DEALER



TOO LATE FOR LOVE

BY THOMAS W. PHIPPS

—but for Cass it was never too late for deception

As if sensing her thoughts, Cass touched her fingers. Marjorie, it's always too late, isn't it?" It's madn thought quickly, but I wonder—I wonder if it is

MARJORIE stopped the taxi a block from the hotel. It had been drizzling all day and now the late afternoon sun had broken through and there was an inviting freshness in the air. As she paid the driver, a young boy with sparkling black eyes touched her on the arm and held out a basket stacked high with violets.

"What do you say, lady? A bunch of these and you can't lose—"

"No, thank you," she said, with a smile.

The boy shrugged and turned away.

Marjorie walked on. When she reached the entrance to the hotel she hesitated. She slipped her fur over her arm and lightly touched the fringes of her soft, brown hair; then she turned resolutely and went into the lobby.

She had been waiting only a few minutes when Cass pushed through the revolving doors. He was wearing an old riding jacket of his father's; in one hand he had a thick hawthorn stick, and in the other a small bunch of violets. He stood just inside the doorway, acclimating himself to the heat and smoke of the crowded lobby, his long, thin face more poetic than ever, and then he saw her.

She was sitting in a big leather chair, her head, as always, a little on one side as if she were listening to some private music, her white-gloved hands folded in her lap. For a moment Cass stared at her, then he waved the violets and started over.

Marjorie sat quite still. This was the first time she had seen Cass in three months. After fifteen years of marriage they had had a trial separation and now, here they were, coming face to face to turn in the results.

All the way on the train coming East, Marjorie had been rehearsing this meeting; exactly what she was going to say and how she was going to say it. But now, with Cass only a few yards away, her mind went into a total blackout and, like a s about to play To a Wild R school concert and forget opening bars, she felt a sudd It didn't really surprise her Cass had always affected her t Alone, she was articulate a but under the cold scrutin dark eyes she became confu tongue-tied. She reached for and looked hurriedly aroun ladies' room; she needed a utes' reprieve, but it was too was already at her side.

"Hello, Marge," he said i low voice.

(Continued on page 8

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



Help yourself to *Some Super Driving*

GO AHEAD—take the wheel of a Hudson, first chance you get. And as you press the starter button, look around you!

Catch the gleam of color that smiles up at you from the hood. Glance at luxurious upholstery, in an unusual fabric-leathergrain combination. Then relax into your favorite driving position on Airfoam cushions. You're about to find out why the word "*Super*" has always been identified with Hudson.

As you move out, listen for that Hudson Super-Six or Super-Eight engine. You won't hear a thing, for it is smooth power, perfectly balanced, that has won for Hudson 149 *official* records—more than are held by any other stock car in the world.

Pick out a sharp turn. Hudson rounds it with less turning of the steering wheel than you'd expect. The little steering you do is *completely effortless*, and you'll notice there's no swing or sway. Then have a go at a rough road . . . you'll wonder who *smoothed it out* since you last drove it!

Yes, help yourself to some *Super* driving. Your Hudson dealer, one of a nationwide group of 3,000, is ready—the sooner you see him, the quicker you can enjoy *Super* driving every day!

HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN





Two famous lines—the Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—in popular body styles. Your choice, in either series, of 102-h.p. Super-Six and 128-h.p. Super-Eight engines. Your choice, too, in both series, of nine fresh new colors and four 2-tone combinations; with a wide optional selection of equipment and accessories.



What every bride *shouldn't* know:

WHAT it feels like to be poor . . .

What it feels like when your first-born needs an expensive doctor—and you can't afford it . . .

What it's like wanting a home of your own . . . and never quite getting it . . .

What it's like having your kids grow up not knowing whether they'll ever get to college . . .

What it's like to see the Joneses and the Does and the Smiths able to travel abroad—but never you . . .

What it's like to have to keep telling yourself, "He may not have money, but he's my Joe."

There is no cure-all for all these things.

But the closest thing to it for most of us is something so easy and so simple that you almost forget it's there.

It is the Payroll Savings Plan. Or—for people not on payrolls—the new Bond-a-Month Plan at your bank.

Each is a plan for buying U. S. Savings Bonds automatically.

Either one of these plans helps you—as does no other system we know of—to save money regularly, automatically, and surely—and to hang on to that money till you need it.

So if you're a groom—or a bride—or if you know one, here's a bit of friendly advice to take or to give:

Get on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-a-Month Plan where you have a checking account.

It's one of the finest things that a young couple can do to start married life right.

Save the easy, automatic way. . . with U. S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

DARK HORSE TO RIDE

Continued from page 15

lyful of this Slippers business."
I know. Your brain's chewing a
ot digesting much. You figured
the answer—it isn't." Petey
to the waiter for more coffee.
d gotten it and tasted it, he said,
after you're married, you can
ad out into a little ranching, an'
while slink outa the farming."
what I figure."
ust be something, to whip you
his way."
s." Jeff put his elbows on the
ning forward. "You know the
lue lupine in May?"
."
her eyes. You've seen a black
ned up for a fair?"
odded. "Slide the butter closer."
oved the butter plate. "That's
You've seen a yearling filly? A
? An Arab? That's her figure.
around her makes me—"
coughed a delicate little cough
s hand. "What does she think of
ng today?"
doesn't know. Hell! I haven't
but twice in six weeks. It's
even miles from my place to the
Jeff looked as if he wanted to
an't get over there and back be-
ilkings. It's only once in a long
n get Hoe-Handle Jake to come
up with the cows."
d'you figure she'll say?" Petey

understand, maybe." Then, as
with himself: "I've got to make
oney to pay back the bank." He
umbnail along the blue oilcloth.
ack Thomas fifty I'd finish one-
e all-around championship."
snorted and pretended he was
with a fit of coughing. "That
mart. You're sore at Mack be-
wouldn't give you a re-ride last
Miles City." Petey shook his
ou've got your work cut out for
. Pete Day's down from Calgary
last season Tom Triplett ran you
Sphen—and he's getting better. I
ow how much that horse Zeke
t of you. I felt that when you
didn't think you could ride him
nd pulling leather. The Jeff Ben-
ew would o' cut his throat before
hat."
shoved back his chair and stood
y. "It's time we go to the chutes."

ILE waiting for the calf roping,
ff let his Pronto horse sashay
to get warmed up. He picked
ut in the grandstand; he had at
friend in the crowd. From the
rs he felt the chill of hostility—
with Pooley had brought that on.
riders he was a maverick, and he
their good-natured ragging that
the sharp edge of nerves.
Loomis, in the judges' stand,
s megaphone. "Chicken Farmer
coming out," he bellowed.
face went red at the cackling
that rolled across the arena.
ically he straightened Pronto—
broke and the flag dropped. He
calf in fourteen seconds. It stood
m Triplett did thirteen eight, and
y thirteen and two-tenths sec-
hrough the rest of the events he
imself just short of tops.
it was over he went to the pen-
aped tent to draw for the next day
lect his daily money. His lone
s bulldogging, and he knew that
he'd drawn was a weak-necked,
critter.
Thomas grinned as he paid him.
ouldn't like to pay that fifty now,
ou?"
just getting warmed up, Mack."
e the words sound confident, but

he didn't have the old fire. Something was gone. . . .

When the orchestra from Great Falls opened the first dance, Jeff was standing before Edith and Martha. Harry Strange came from nowhere out of the crowd, and taking his wife by the arm led her onto the dance floor.

"Harry still puckered?" Jeff asked Edith.

She made a little face. "He's jealous of you."

JEFF held out his arms and she came to him—lovely, slim and tanned—and he wondered if there really was as much lupine on the prairie that spring as he thought there was, or was he just remembering her eyes?

He tried to make easy talk, but the response he got was restrained, cool. When the number was done, he said, "Let's take a walk."

They edged through the crowd and walked toward the chutes and the deserted grandstand. A steer in the corral back of the chutes was bawling to the world, and a rising moon lighted a halo over the eastern hills.

"Like the show today?" Jeff asked.

"It was thrilling—and brutal."

"Are you huffy because I'm riding?"

"No, it isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"The trouble you made when you rode into town today—Pooley." She looked up at him. "That was mean, Jeff, just plain mean."

"He asked for it."

"By calling you Slippers?" she asked sharply. "Where's your sense of humor?"

"I guess I lost that when Zeke dumped me."

"You lost more than that. You've changed a great deal in the past week."

Jeff dug his heels into the ground and stopped short. "I've changed my way of living—tried to change my thinking because of you; now you don't like it!"

"We're not talking about the same thing."

"What are we talking about?"

"You—"

"I can't keep up with you. Let's go back." He saw Edith to Martha's side and turning on his heel, left the pavilion.

As Jeff turned his back on her, Edith Oliver had an idea. She turned to Martha. "Do you know Petey Wells?"

"Yes."

"I want to meet him—right away."

Martha waved toward the stag line. A half-dozen riders broke toward her. Gently waving her hand and shaking her head, she cut them down, one by one, until Petey came across the floor in his peculiar hitching stride.

"Petey," Martha said. "Meet Edith Oliver—and she wants to meet you."

"Mr. Wells, will you dance with me?"

"Why, sure, if you can get used to my gait. It's something like a Percheron with stringhalts."

Edith rose and went into Petey's arms and they moved slowly around the floor. "You're a good friend of Jeff Benton's, aren't you?" she asked.

"Win, lose or draw, he's my boy."



"I suppose I'd better get home and make a pretense of eatin' supper"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

"I thought so. He's told me a lot about you." She smiled. "I want you to do something for him—and me."

"What?"

Quickly, a bit breathlessly, Edith told him of their quarrel, of her plan and what she wanted.

Petey shook his head. "Can't do it! It'd be plumb dishonest."

"Not even for Jeff?"

"Not for my own mother."

"It's the only thing that will straighten Jeff out—and I won't marry him the way he is now."

"I'm sorry, Edith honey, but it's no dice." Petey ground his teeth when he saw the tears in her eyes. Jeff was right about the lupine. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right, Petey." Edith tossed her head back and looked up at him and the tears were gone. "Let's just dance and have fun." . . .

When Jeff entered Morgan's, the bar was deserted save for Pooley Jones. Jeff wondered if he had left the place at all during the day.

"Hi ya, Pooley?"

Pooley grunted. Jeff edged up to the bar alongside the man and waved to Morgan. "Two glasses and a bottle."

Pouring the drinks carefully as though it were a rite and a privilege, Jeff slid one near the old rider's elbow. "I'm sorry about this morning."

Pooley turned to the bar. He looked at the drink and looked at Jeff. "I was out o' line, way out."

"I wish you'd forget the whole deal," Jeff said.

The corners of Pooley's heavy mouth turned up and his jowls flushed pink. He hooked two fingers around the glass. "Mud in your eye, Jeff." Throwing back his head he tossed the drink down in one motion.

They cemented the good feeling built on the first with two more.

"I never saw you ride, Pooley."

"Little before your time."

"Were you out today?" Jeff nodded in the direction of the chutes.

"Yup."

"What's wrong with me, Pooley? My riding?"

"You're not sure any more, Jeff. You go through the motions all right, but it appears to me like you're looking for a soft place to land." Pooley pulled his shoulders up in a shrug. "It's a funny thing about that. One day I was a top bronc rider, the next day I wasn't. It was a funny thing," he repeated softly.

Jeff slid two silver dollars across the bar to Morgan. "Eight drinks out of this." Pocketing his change he went to the door. "Take care of yourself, Pooley."

"Same to you, son."

Returning to the dance pavilion, he stood in the circle of stags and watched Edith dance three straight with Petey Wells. Petey was cantering through the steps with a small hitch in his hips as though he needed a spread of axle grease in his joints.

Flipping his cigarette over the rail, Jeff went to his room over the Chinaman's and went to bed.

WHEN Jeff was through his last event the next afternoon he went to the barbershop and had the zinc tub filled with hot water. He climbed in, bone-tired and sore, letting the hot water ease the aching fatigue from his body. "You're washed up, cow-poke," he told himself, "in more than one way."

He was late getting to the headquarters tent and the place was empty save for Petey Wells. "Here's your daily money, Jeff."

"How'd I do?"

"You won the bulldogging and bareback ride; second in the calf roping, third in th' rest." Petey shuffled his feet and studied the shine on his boots. "I drew for you. You drew Midnight in the saddle-bucking finals."

"Never heard of him. He's probably a sleepwalker."

"They say he's a hell-roarer."

"How do I stack up on all-around points?"

"Third. It's a Mexican stand-off between Pete Day and Tom Triplett. You ride this Midnight horse tomorrow, and you've still got a chance to make Mack Thomas pay off." Petey made a cigarette and lighted it. "I met your girl."

"She's not my girl."

"That ruckus you two had, it'll straighten out."

Jeff shook his head. "Not a chance, Petey. We don't think alike." . . .

He knew he was shadow-jumping with his pride, but he didn't go near the dance. He moped around Morgan's, and Pooley Jones came in—Pooley was drunk.

"Been looking for you," he said thickly. "They're fixin' to frame you."

"Who's going to frame me, Pooley?"



Pomp and circumstance keynote changing of The Guard

Londoners flock daily to marvel at the machine-like precision of The Guard, resplendent in towering bearskin shakos. This distinctive ceremony is an essential part of the panorama that is London—as, indeed, is a deserved reputation for famous dry gins.

Barclay's London Dry Gin

Made in America
with costlier imported flavors



TWO HUNDRED years ago, a formula for a distinguished dry gin was devised in London. This ancient and honored formula is now the basis for Barclay's Gin, made in America with costlier *imported* flavors. Barclay's grain spirits are re-distilled with *choice imported* botanicals. You'll welcome Barclay's Gin (full 90 proof) at its few cents extra cost. Next time, enjoy this London tradition.

Barclay's
Distilled
LONDON Dry Gin

JAS. BARCLAY & CO., LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL. • DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF

"Some wise jazzbos who don't like you."

"How?"

"You jus' keep your peepers open," Pooley said mysteriously and would say no more.

Jeff shrugged. He bought Pooley a drink he didn't need and went to bed.

The next day as he made ready to go into the hole for the calf roping, he searched the stands for Edith but couldn't spot her. He drew a long breath. Win or lose, frame-up or no frame-up, he'd shoot the works and give them something to remember him by!

Pronto broke after the calf, tiptoeing. Jeff made his throw with a short rope, tied fast and was swinging down the rope before the calf tail-snapped around.

"Eleven seconds even!" Jerry Loomis bawled through the megaphone and there was a roar from the crowd. Jeff whistled through his teeth as he rode away.

The steer he drew for bulldogging was too big, too strong and too mean. He was on him four jumps from the hole, but lost time stopping him and more time throwing him. He limped away from the animal with strings of red-hot fire streaming through his groin. Pete Day won the event, with Tom Triplett second. The seesaw fight continued.

Breaking from the chute on Monkeyshines in the bareback event, Jeff rode him high, wide and handsome, but he thought he was going to keel over after the pickup. He walked stiff-legged to the rail and leaned against it. Finding a place in the shade, he lay down. He was fagged and the fire in his groin was burning into his stomach. He closed his eyes and didn't get up until he heard Jerry Loomis over the megaphone: "Slippers coming out o' Chute Three on Midnight."

CLIMBING the rail to the chute top, he looked down on the horse. Something hit him a wallop in the solar plexus. Beneath him, ready to go, was Zeke. Swinging around, he glared at Petey Wells in the judges' stand.

"You dirty, double-crossing dog!" he yelled. Pooley had been right, after all.

Petey made vague motions with his hands.

"Now we'll weed out the chicken farmers from the bronc riders," Tom Triplett shouted.

"Are you coming out, or do I disqualify you?" Mack Thomas shouted at him.

"I'm coming out—" Jeff settled into the saddle and the gate swung open.

Midnight erupted with a bawl. He caprioled so high it looked as though he were walking the top rail of the chutes. When he came down, his nose was between his front legs and flirting with his tail. He sunfished as he reached for the sky again. On the third jump he hit the center of the arena and when h down his legs were four rigid granite. For one blinding mom thought he was gone. His w jammed against the horn and h went weak from the pain in his s but he recovered, and in that mo came to love the horse under h swept him from ears to tail, but h left no mark. Midnight was givi ride that would clear up a lot o and would get no spur from him.

He knew now what Edith h talking about, and it had nothi with riding broncs or chicken fa

Jeff heard the pistol shot that the end of the ride and the picku came in. He slid off the far sid snubbing horse and went to h Getting to his feet he walked sti to the fence; if he bent his kn would cave on him. With the ro crowd beating wildly, he tried cigarette, but his fingers would right, and he ground the toba paper under his heel.

Loosening his belt from ar throbbing stomach muscles, he for the judges' stand; he had a c Petey. All along the way, he from the gang that put kinks in l It was like the day Tom Three rode Strawberry!

"Great ride, Slippers!"

He cocked his hat and grinned Going to the trough by the washed his face and waited. V last event was over, Petey We down from the stand and stood

"Did Harry Strange and Ton get you to draw Zeke for me?" Petey.

"Nope, Harry don't own more."

"Edith buy him?" Jeff felt h the right track now.

"Night before last, after your

"How'd you settle on a name night?"

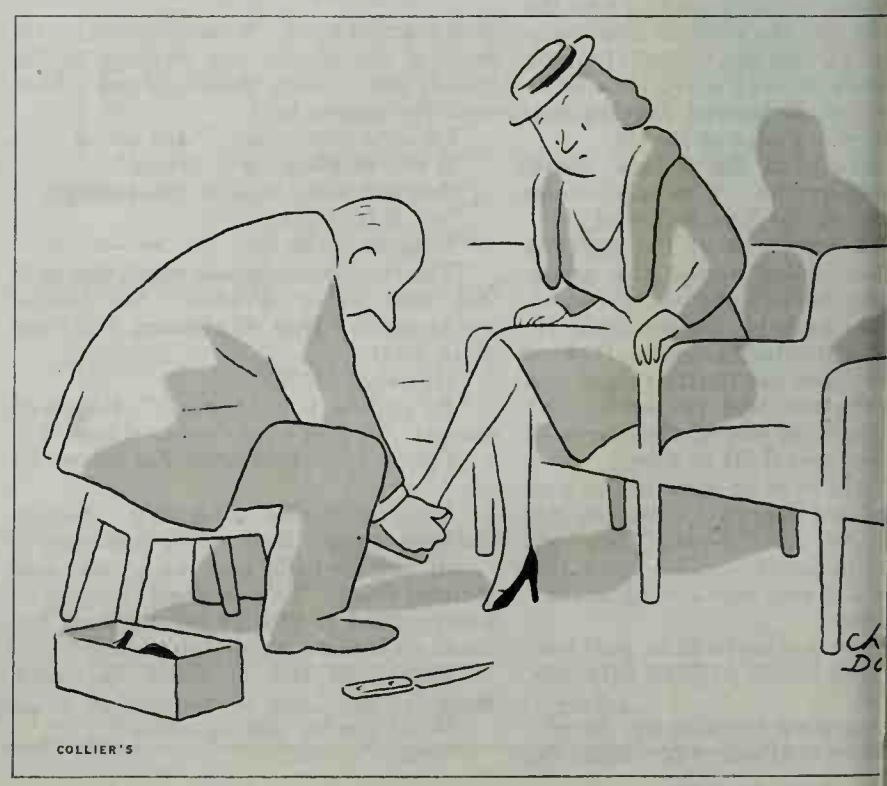
Petey smiled. "Well, he's a bla an' it took till midnight for Edi me into making the draw. I had with three people first—Mack Tom Triplett an' Pete Day. M willing, I might say eager, fift eager. Tom jumped, figuring would throw you right out o' Pete Day said he didn't care w you rode; that's the kind of a is."

"I didn't see Edith in the sta

"She figured she couldn't tal said if you was interested, she'd ing at the ford."

Jeff tried to be casual abou mounted. "Thanks, Petey," he Pronto was full of go as he trail to the Teapot Ford.

THE END

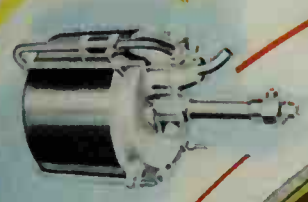


Bendix Brakes

NDARD OF SAFETY WHEREVER WHEELS TURN



The Bendix Ratar Broke far all planes gives maximum braking with minimum weight.



Bendix Hydravac power braking is the largest selling hydroulic-vacuum unit ever built.*

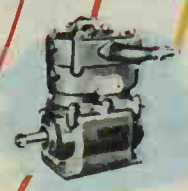




The Bendix Caoster brake for bicycles staps faster, coasts further, losts longer.



... introduced a new ... standard with this im... bus emergency broke.



Bendix-Westinghouse oir brakes—the world's mast widely used automative air brakes.



Bendix is the world's largest builder of hydroulic and mechanical automotive brakes.

Bendix Eclipse brake linings are standard equipment on America's leading cars.

... man took to traveling on wheels the problem of safe, sure stopping has ... vital than dependable starting. In fact, without constant improvement in ... vancements in faster transportation would have been immeasurably handi... endix, for years, has kept brake development in step with modern needs. ... duo-servo principle which makes brakes so easy to apply . . . the four... es that more than doubled braking ability . . . the hydraulic brakes that ... smoothly and positively . . . the power brakes that make trucks and buses as safe and effortless to stop as passenger cars . . . longer-lived, weather-proofed brake blocks and linings—all these were essential to automotive progress *and all have come from Bendix*. Today, advanced Bendix brakes stop transport and personal planes with the same certainty, and keep millions of bicyclists safer on highways everywhere. Because brakes are plainly so important, and because Bendix, on its record, is the greatest name in braking, wouldn't it be wise—if you buy, build or sell planes, bicycles or automotive equipment—to be sure you're braked by Bendix?

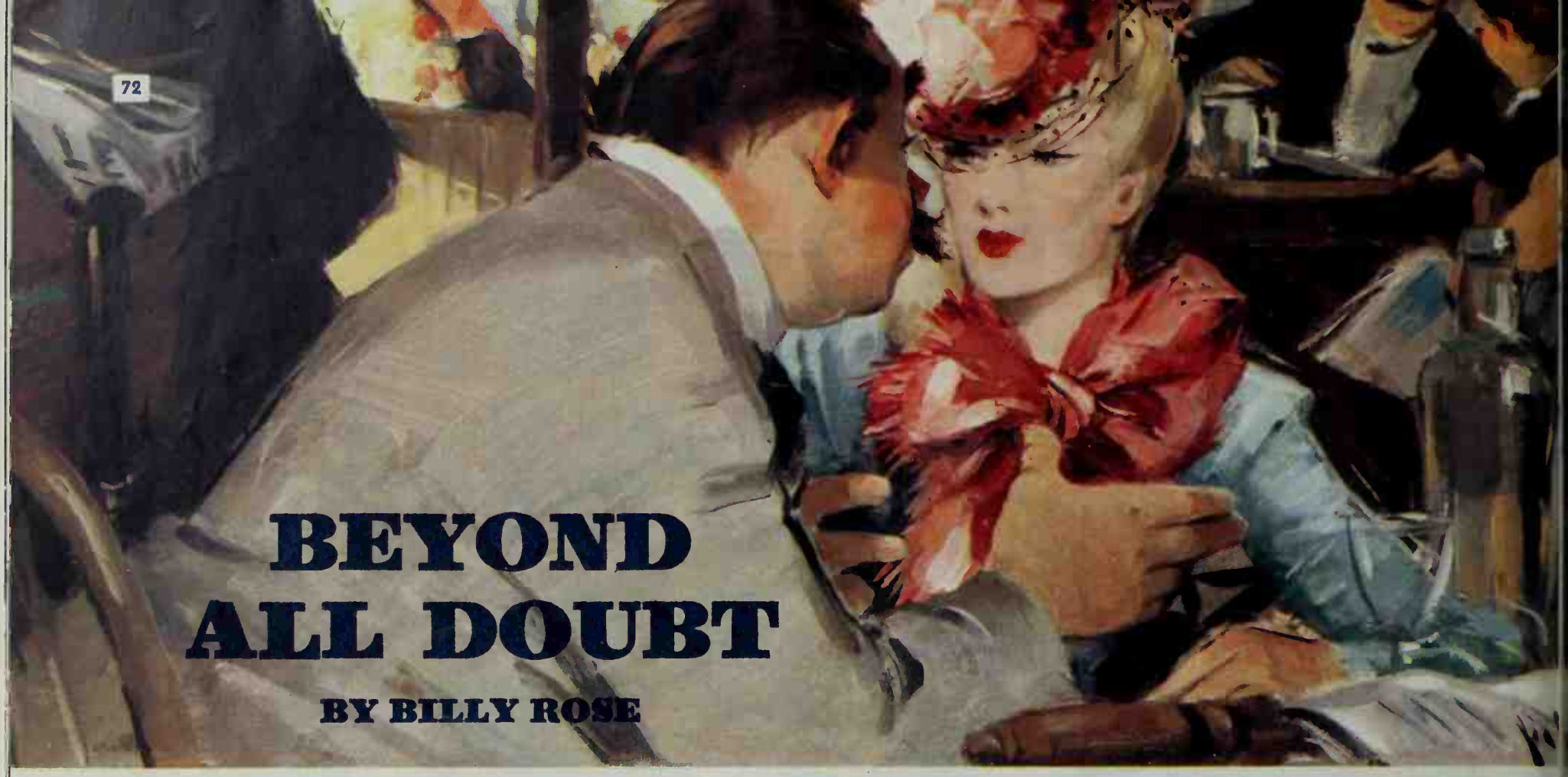
...VER YOU GO YOU'LL STOP BETTER BECAUSE OF

...ODUCTS: automotive brakes, corburetors, landing geor • BENDIX RADIO*: radio, rador, television • ECLIPSE* ...tarter drives, bicycle brakes • MARSHALL ECLIPSE*: broke lining • ZENITH*: corburetors • STROMBERG* ...uretors, fuel injectian • FRIEZ*: weather instruments ond contrals • PIONEER* flight instruments • ECLIPSE* ...essories • SCINTILLA*: aircraft ignitian, diesel fuel injection • PACIFIC*: hydroulic systems • RED BANK*: ...inverters • BENDIX INTERNATIONAL: 30 Rackefeller Plazo, New York 20, N.Y., Coble "Bendixcarp" New Yark.

© 1947 BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, DETROIT 2, MICH. *TRADEMARKS

...S • MAGNETICS • ELECTRO-MECHANICS • AEROLOGY • OPTICS • CARBURETION • HYDRAULICS

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION
FIRST IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING



BEYOND ALL DOUBT

BY BILLY ROSE

Henri Volpin was reading his paper when the strange girl came in and sat down at his table. Volpin ordered a bottle of cognac and the pair began

THEY'RE bringing Volpin in now," said the man from the London Express.

Most of the village of Villeroi was squeezed into the courtroom. The accused man sat down in the prisoner's box and rested his fat little hands on the rail. When he noticed people staring at them he tried to hide them in his lap.

"What could twelve women have seen in such a man?" the correspondent of the Paris Press wondered aloud.

Then the judge spoke: "The prosecution rested its case last night. The attorney for the defense may now proceed."

As Philippe Durand got to his feet, even the judge leaned forward. Every eye fixed itself on the man who had come down from the Belgian capital to defend Henri Volpin. This was the legendary criminal lawyer who had cheated the gallows seventy-one times in seventy-three murder trials—this baldish, paunchy little man, whose suit could have used a pressing!

"Not much to look at," said the bailiff to the clerk.

"Notice the suit he's wearing," whispered the Brussels reporter to a friend. "Back home he's one of our best-dressed men."

"Gentlemen of the jury," Durand began quietly. "Henri Volpin is accused of the murder of twelve women. For a week, I have listened as the prosecutor of this court tightened the noose around my client's neck.

"You may have wondered why I did not cross-examine the witnesses. You may have wondered why I did not try to confuse the woman who was so positive Volpin was the man she saw twenty meters away on a dark night. I passed up these tempting opportunities, gentlemen, because a lifetime in the courts has taught me that the character of the accused and the character of the evidence are more important than whether a certain clock is five minutes fast or slow.

"And now I ask you to remember that no eyewitness to any of the murders has been produced. No one has found so much as a fingernail of the missing girls. Your prosecutor has built his case on what we lawyers call circumstantial evidence—some half-remembered words, a button here, a few high-heeled shoes.

"At this moment, if you were polled, I know what your verdict would be. Some of you might even be glad to lend a hand with the rope."

"With pleasure," muttered the clerk.

Durand heard him and smiled in his direction. "It is clear Henri Volpin's time is running out," the lawyer went on. "Since this is so, perhaps we might use a few minutes of that time to review his life.

"I know something about such a life. Except for the name, the village I was born in is this village. My father, who was a judge in that village, in many ways resembled the honored judge who presides over this court. I remember a bookkeeper in my village who was a great deal like Henri Volpin. He was a quiet little man—no one ever gave him a second look.

"From the evidence I've heard this week, I gather that in the forty-one years Volpin has lived in Villeroi, scarcely anyone has given *him* a second look. And in a village such as Villeroi, that is not the usual thing. A necktie with a Brussels label, an extra glass of cognac, a walk with a girl is enough to get a man talked about.

"My client came as close to anonymity as is possible in Villeroi. On occasion, you discussed him. But we of the villages discuss everybody.

"ACCORDING to the testimony, here is what happened to this obscure bookkeeper: One evening a car drove up to your only hotel. An expensively dressed man and a girl wearing no stockings demanded and got the best room. The hotelkeeper's wife testified she heard loud talk in their room next morning. She told you the man drove away and left the girl behind. That afternoon, the strange girl walked into the little café where Henri was reading the Liége paper over a beer. She sat down with him.

"The waiter has told you Henri bought a bottle of cognac, and the pair discussed going to the bookkeeper's house. The strange girl was never seen again. The learned prosecutor has produced no one who actually saw them enter Volpin's house, but he introduced as evidence a high-heeled shoe found in Volpin's bedroom. The hotelkeeper's wife recognized it as the strange girl's.

"A week later, the attendant at the cinema saw Volpin sit down next to the Molreaux girl with the painted lips. The widow Préjean, Volpin's next-door neighbor, says she heard a woman laughing in Henri's house that night. She swears it was the laughter of the Molreaux girl. The Molreaux girl has not been seen since and the prosecution lays great stress on a green suède pump found in my client's bureau drawer.

"Next, you heard the testimony about Louise Rhon, the schoolmistress from Saint-Vith. The head of the school told you Mlle. Rhon resigned her position to come to Villeroi and marry a bookkeeper named Volpin. The cartman swore he deposited the lady and her baggage at the defendant's door. The prosecutor showed you a brown walking shoe discovered in M. Volpin's cellar, and Mlle. Rhon's sister came from Saint-Vith and positively identified it.

"You have heard the detailed testimony regarding the disappearance of eight other girls under more or less similar circumstances.

"When Moya, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Dr. Benois, vanished, the police arrested Henri Volpin. The bookkeeper had been seen buying her a bottle of perfume at the apothecary shop. A later search of Volpin's lodgings uncovered the assortment of high-heeled shoes.

"This is the case against Henri Volpin. M. Volpin may not be the kind of person you would choose as a friend, but you are not here to pass on his qualifications as a dinner guest. You are here to decide whether he lives or dies.

"Remember that under the laws of Belgium, it is not a capital offense to collect high-heeled shoes. Under the laws of Belgium, you must not send Henri Volpin to his death unless you are convinced—beyond a reasonable doubt—that he committed murder!"

The father of fifteen-year-old Moya jumped up. "There is no doubt!"

"Gentlemen of the jury," I went on, "if there is a doubt minds, you must acquit." He looking at each juror in turn. you *do* doubt," he whispered though you don't know it yours

"There is no doubt! There doubt!" shouted the sister of th ing schoolteacher.

The judge quieted the court, paunchy little lawyer in the r suit continued. "If one of t you are so sure is dead were into this courtroom, what wo say? Would you then be so the other eleven are dead? you still be sure there is no do

He slowly raised his ar pointed to the green-curtaine at the back of the court. "Ge of the jury," he commanded, *you to direct your eyes to that*

THERE was a sharp int breath as heads through courtroom turned. The steno stopped writing. A small boy stood up. Almost everyone in lage was related to one of the girls. A draft from an open fluttered the curtain in the d

After what seemed like when the silence was poundin eryone's head, the attorney Brussels spoke:

"Forgive me for building u hopes. Forgive me for this little trick. No one is going through that door. *But I was one in this courtroom who tain of that!* Everybody else somebody might. In every mi was a doubt. And, gentlemen jury, if there was doubt in yo a minute ago, how can you s man to his death a minute late

Philippe Durand sat down.

"Your man from Brussels something," whispered the Pa respondent to his Belgian "Volpin will walk out of th room a free man."

But Volpin didn't.

The verdict was guilty.

The sentence was death by

One of the jurors had not bookkeeper had never once toward the door.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. L. PELLICER

U'LL REE BING AND BARRY OP 'GOING MY WAY'!

Paramount *presents*

Bing Crosby
Joan Caulfield
Barry Fitzgerald



in

"Welcome Stranger"

with

WANDA HENDRIX

FRANK FAYLEN · ELIZABETH PATTERSON · ROBERT SHAYNE

LARRY YOUNG · PERCY KILBRIDE

Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Arthur Sheekman and N. Richard Nash • Story by Frank Butler

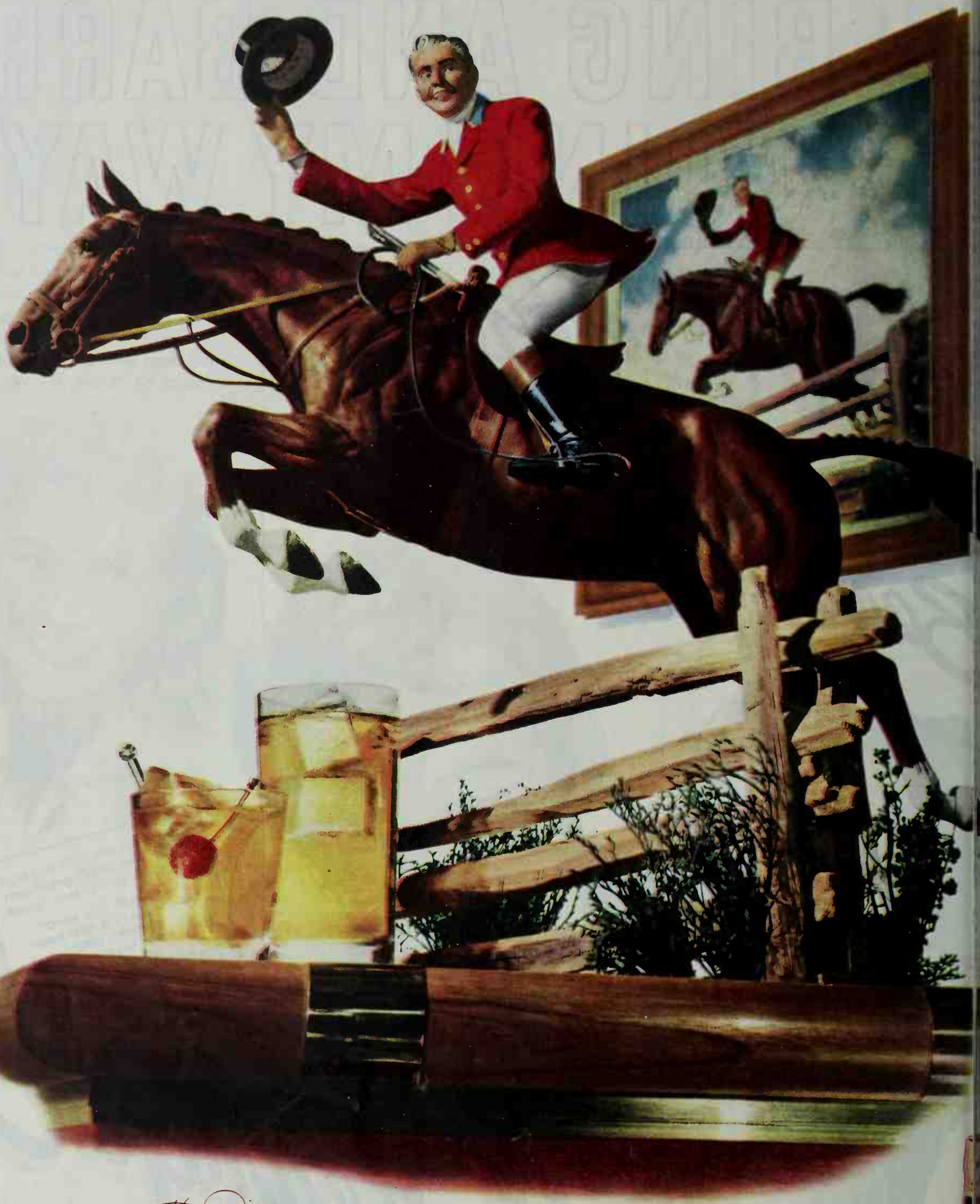
Lyrics by JOHNNY BURKE • Music by JAMES VAN HEUSEN

The news the whole world has been waiting for! Bing, back again with Barry, and even better in a story . . . believe it or not . . . by the very same man who co-authored that immortal hit, "Going My Way"!



Bing sings these love-songs to his "Blue Skies" sweetheart . . . and she falls in love again!

"MY HEART IS A HOBO"
"AS LONG AS I'M DREAMING"
"COUNTRY STYLE"
"SMILE RIGHT BACK AT THE SUN"



"First over the bars!"

Neither we, nor anyone else, can tell *you* which whiskey tastes *best*. You alone can decide that...for taste is a *personal* thing. But we *can* say this: Hunter has kept its own loyal following by being *very different* from any other whiskey on the market. Possibly, it may not suit your taste. But you *should* try it! For thousands of men who *have* tried it once, have liked it instantly—and today prefer it to all others.

HUNTER

SINCE 1860

HUNTER-WILSON DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY. BLENDED WHISKEY, 92 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

...PECTOR CHAFIK CLOSES THE CASE

Continued from page 11

...or Chafik answered with sharp ... "You can see for yourself. ...rn in dirt die in dirt. Here is ...s. Furthermore, our records at ...ers should be known to you." ...apidly as if his files and index ...e spread before him he recited ...man's history, "Galani, Yusif. ...ghdad. Secondary-school edu... ...mployment, clerical. Served as ...r with British forces until 1945, ...ess forced resignation. Brother ...i Galani, an official of the Fi... ...nistry—" Chafik shrugged and ... is on a white card and his life ...ly as spotless. Who would kill ...n?"

...he crossed the threshold he ... hand, touching first his fore... ...then his heart with the tips of ...gers, a salaam of respect to the ...though he glanced at the body ... on a cot at the far side of the ... did not immediately go to it, ...yed the floor, the walls, and the ...hatch of date-palm fronds ...which the sun slashed. He ... the few pieces of furniture, un... ...uch a hovel, and ran his finger ... back of the solitary chair. ... he said. "Painfully clean." ...aside a curtain of sacking which ...ne corner of the single room, ...ed a pile of straw which had ...aromatic smell. A ragged but ...ded blanket held his attention. ... he said again.

...dy," said Sergeant Abdullah. ... visitors were expected. The ...ich was a bed for children has ...ly shaken." Inspector Chafik ...esture of annoyance and added, ...rds are not in order. There was ...on of children on the man's ...two take his name."

...said Abdullah, astonished. ... is a food bowl by the dead ...e," Chafik explained. "You will ... shelf three other bowls. There... ...e are four people living here, ...or man does not spend *fils* on ...does not need. The bed of straw ...fficient for adults. Therefore ...children, and small children. ...t fits as a thread in the design of ...Let us see what pattern is woven

...nt to the cot and looked care... ...the first time at the body. Ga... ...been a big man, but he was so ... y disease that he now looked ...brittle as a mummy. He lay on his back on a clean, patched sheet, his shoulders cradled by pillows. His only garment was a shirt of Egyptian cotton, fine as lawn. The comfortable appearance of the corpse was spoiled by a terrible bruise in the center of the forehead made by a heavy, blunt object which had crushed the skull. Some blood had oozed from the wound, but the main hemorrhage was inward and death must have been instantaneous.

On the floor was a towel folded three times like a bandage. There was blood on it, and Chafik, having looked from the pattern to the dead man, said to the alert sergeant, "Fetch me the policeman who was first called."

WHEN he was alone, Chafik completed a quick search of the hut and bent to examine a heavy stone which was hollowed to form a crude mortar. The pestle, also of stone, had a wooden handle bound with cloth. There was a small sack of grain, almost empty, near by, and as the policeman who had found the body came in, the Inspector said, "For grinding grain to make *khobis*."

He looked up with surprise when the policeman respectfully answered, "Yes, sir. It is so used."

"So I speak my thoughts aloud?" smiled Chafik. "It is indeed a bad habit. May I now hear your report?"

"Sir, I am of the suburban mounted patrol. As I rode along the railway embankment I heard shouting and came down. There were many people about this hut and I ordered them away. Inside was the dead man as you see him. He had been discovered by a woman who cares for him when his wife is away—"

"Why does she go away?"

"Sir, she washes clothes for the effendis of Baghdad—"

"Hardly a living," said Chafik. "Soap has the value of gold, and customers are few now the British have gone. The husband, of course, could not work?"

"I have been two years on this patrol," the officer answered. "He has always been too ill to leave his hut." The picture of tragic poverty was getting clearer, but at the same time it became less and less clear why Yusif Galani should have died violently.

Once again the Inspector looked at the folded towel he had found on the floor, and holding it up he asked, "Where was this when you viewed the body?"

"I touched nothing, sir—but the woman who found him said there was a



"Thought you'd like to see how I'd look, just in case you ask me"

SALO ROTH



are YOU in this frame of mind?



If you're thinking of building you'll be happiness ahead to make this the corner stone of your plans: You're not merely buying so much land, material, shelter. You're laying a foundation for a life rich with all the dreams you've ever had.

Make the most of it. Employ an architect's professional skill to guide your ideas. Select a dealer and a builder who think in terms of homes, not houses. And... specify building materials whose quality will contribute to the years of pleasure you'll enjoy under your own roof.

Of course, it takes specialized knowledge to evaluate building materials accurately. But *company name* is a reliable general standard by which to measure this quality. And the CAREY name is backed by 74 years of manufacturing experience... by countless hours of research.

So, if you're in a frame of mind that goes with home building or remodeling, remember this: CAREY manufactures Asphalt Shingles, Asbestos Shingles and Sidings... Asbestos Wallboard ... Rock Wool Insulation... Miami-Carey Bathroom Cabinets and Accessories. See your CAREY dealer for more specific information.

USE THE BUILDING HELP AND GUIDANCE OF YOUR LOCAL CAREY DEALER

Practically every CAREY dealer offers special help to simplify many or all of the following new construction or remodeling problems. Ask your CAREY dealer about...

1. Design Data
2. Cost Estimates
3. Site Selection
4. Financing
5. Material Specifications
6. Construction
7. Insurance

Carey products for home building

Asphalt Shingles • Asbestos Shingles and Sidings
Asbestos Wallboard • Rock Wool Insulation
Miami-Carey Bathroom Cabinets and Accessories

THE PHILIP CAREY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CINCINNATI 15, OHIO

In Canada: The Philip Carey Co. Ltd.
1557 MacKay Street, Montreal 1, P. Q.

cloth over his face, which she lifted."

Chafik said in a worried voice, "If the towel had been wetted to cool his brow the thing would be understandable. But it was not wetted. This is grotesque." He gently placed the cloth on the crushed head of Yusif Galani and added, "It covered his eyes." Turning to Sergeant Abdullah he said in an explanatory voice, "Obviously the pestle used for grinding grain was the weapon. It was replaced in the mortar afterward and is unstained because of the towel. You will find no fingerprints because the cloth binding of the handle presents a broken surface. I am undecided whether this is an exceptionally clever crime, or one of extreme stupidity."

"In either case you will solve it—"

"If God wills. I have no powers myself." Inspector Chafik took a final look around the room and going to the door said, "I leave you to receive the doctor, Abdullah. Medical evidence is often unintelligible to the lay mind and confuses thinking. But check on the nature of Galani's illness and ask about the drugs you will find by the bedside. It is possible that some drug made him sleep, and that he was killed when sleeping. The autopsy will give us the facts on those points."

He left, saying in a clear voice, "A comfortable corpse. A very fine shirt. Such cleanliness." Sergeant Abdullah watched him go, with affectionate amusement because he knew Inspector Chafik was unaware he was speaking thoughts.

OUTSIDE the hut in the shade of the courtyard wall a number of women were crouching, their black veils drawn to hide their faces. They wailed incessantly, hennaed finger tips fluttering against their lips to produce a high, bubbling cry. Chafik stopped and said, "Is the woman of Yusif Galani here?"

One who sat silently apart from the noisy wake, nursing a small child, answered, "I am the wife."

The Inspector said to the others, "It would be better to think of the living. Go back to your cooking pots." The women fled, their black garments fluttering in the hot wind like the ragged wings of crows.

The little man lighted a cigarette. He could see only the eyes and part of the forehead of Galani's wife, for the folds of her outer robe were modestly drawn. He noted the cleanliness of the child and was pleased with the mother's dignity. Here, he thought, is one with courage, but her suffering is too great to be relieved by tears. He moved awkwardly because he did not wish to intrude on grief, but questions had to be asked and he was glad when the woman opened the conversation by saying, "My man is dead."

"He is with God."

She answered in a voice husky with tears, "He was a good man. Why does God strike a good man with sickness and leave him helpless? Is there a God?"

Chafik said, shocked, "There is a God, or you and I would not be here. What name have you?"

"Zenobia—"

"I see only one child. There should be two."

"The other has gone for water," the Widow Zenobia said, and then lifting her head and with pride in her eyes, added, "He comes now. Truly as good a boy as his father was a good man." She was silent as a boy came up the path carrying a gourd of water, which he presently handed to her. He was a tall, thin lad, his only garment a cotton gown held at the waist with a strap. His head was wound with a ragged, but clean turban cloth and he looked at Chafik with the restless, searching look of one who, even at his age, lived by his wits. "Ahmed has ten years," the woman said. "He is a man."

Chafik said, "Then I will talk to him as a man," and turning to the son of Yusif Galani he asked, "Who killed your father?"

Ahmed answered, "I do not know, but when I find him I will take his life."

His mother clutched his hand, moaning, "Such words should not be in your mouth." To Chafik she said pleadingly, "He knows nothing, because he went early to the bazaars to earn money by carrying parcels."

"I made twenty *fils*," the boy said proudly.

"Good!" Chafik suddenly smiled. Turning to the woman he asked, "Who killed your husband?"

"I know not." A hand still slender although work-hardened reached outward and upward and then fell listlessly to the ground. "I know not," the Widow Zenobia said again. "I went to the city with wash for a customer, taking my other child with me. There was some trouble and I was late back."

"And the name of the customer?" Chafik prompted.

The woman gave the name of an English resident of Baghdad, and when the Inspector asked, "What was the trouble?" she answered, hesitatingly, "A garment was missing." Hurriedly she added, "And afterward I sat by the river and bathed the child. My man wished to be alone."

"And the reason?"

"He said he expected a visitor—"

Inspector Chafik hid his surprise. His eyes, which matched the desert, were suddenly alive. "A visitor? A man?" he asked. "What man?" But he foresaw the answer.

"A wife does not question her husband," the woman said, and repeated wearily, "He expected a man."

"Had he friends?" Chafik said. "What of his brother?"

There was a flash of fire in the reply, "Hassan Galani left him to die. He would not give one *fil* to help him."

"May God destroy my uncle," said the boy, Ahmed, in a flat, dead voice. "When I went to him and begged for help for *Baba*, he beat me. He is cruel. He—" Ahmed was silent, digging nervously at the gray dust wtih his bare toes. Then he asked, "Did the visitor kill my father?"

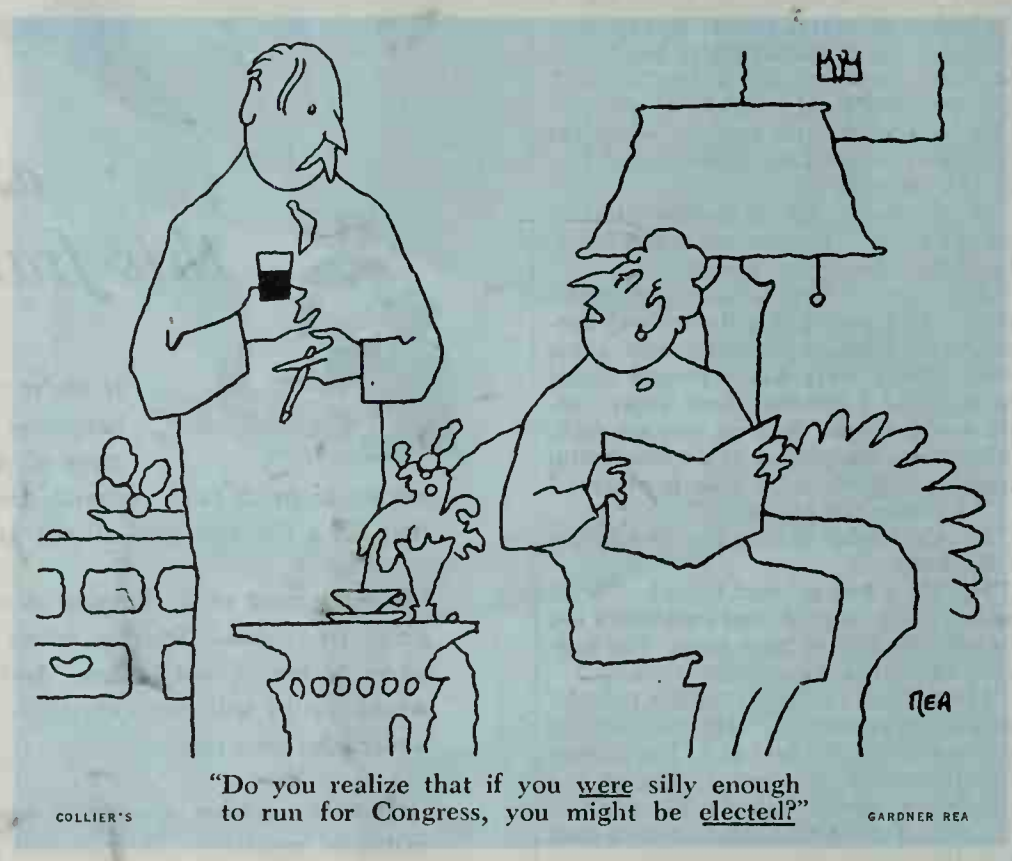
Chafik parried with a question, "Did your father tell you of the visitor?" and when the boy shook his head the Inspector beckoned one of the uniformed officers from the door and told him to inquire if a strange man had been seen. He realized the chances were slight because the hut was at the outskirts of the slum and hidden by the curve of the railway embankment. "Go with the policeman," he commanded Ahmed. "Perhaps you can help him." When the boy had gone, he said to Yusif Galani's wife, "He is very bright."

"There was never a better son. If his uncle would help so that he could have learning—"

Chafik said, "The law will make him help. You are now a destitute widow with children. Hassan Galani, as next of kin, must help. Such is the law."

The woman answered slowly, "I have heard of that law. My man spoke of it and said he wished he could die so that such a claim could be made on his brother." She repeated the hopeless gesture of her hand and finished, "Now death has come to him. Death has come to him."

The Inspector threw away his cigarette and watched the neighborhood children fight for the smoldering butt. He cleared his throat loudly and said in a harsh, rasping voice to hide his emotion, "So he wished to die? Well, it was a pity he had to leave us with so much mystery." He took a thin billfold from his pocket and found three dinars, which he dropped by the woman's side. "Go with God, Widow Zenobia. I will speak to Hassan Galani



"Do you realize that if you were silly enough to run for Congress, you might be elected?"

about his duties." Abruptly Chafik turned away and walked to his car.

He was stopped by the policeman he had asked to inquire about the dead man's visitor. As he expected, there was no witness, and he said, "The English have a proverb about a needle and a bundle of hay. To find a man in a desert is equally as difficult." Chafik looked back at the miserable hovels crouching breathlessly under the merciless sun and was closing the door of his car when the boy, Ahmed, who had been standing behind the policeman, darted forward. "Effendi—" the boy began, and stopped with his thin, brown hands clasped and the interlaced fingers working nervously.

"What is it, Ahmed born of Yusif?" Chafik said to him.

"The visitor killed my father?" Ahmed asked.

"The unknown man," Chafik said gently, "is a dark thread drawn through an unfinished pattern. Until the weave is complete I cannot answer."

"There was a man near the hut when I left this morning—"

The Inspector caught the boy by his thin shoulders. "What? Why did you not tell me?"

"I did not wish to speak in front of my mother—"

"Good! It is right that as a man you should not talk of these matters before women. Who was the one you saw?"

The boy said breathlessly, "My uncle!" and shaking himself free ran into the gray, burning wilderness between the huts, leaving Inspector Chafik motionless by the car.

Chafik drove back to his headquarters on Al-Rashid Street and the policeman had to touch his arm to rouse him from his thoughts. The little man said, "The evil that men create returns a hideous guest," and went up the narrow stairway, leaving the driver confused. At the top of the stairs was a door boldly lettered H. J. ELLSWORTH, and the Inspector passed it on tiptoe because he had a desire to report to his superior, the oliverish Englishman appointed by the Iraqi government to head the Criminal Investigation Department.

When he was safely in his office Chafik telephoned the home of Hassan Galani. A woman's voice answered, "My husband is at the Ministry," and Chafik said, "You are sure, Madame?" He glanced at the instrument as the voice replied, shrill with complaint, "At first he telephoned to say he was there, but my husband does not ask questions when a man stays away from home. Are we not hostels?"

Chafik said, "Madame, madame, I am only an acquaintance of Mr. Galani's" and hung up quickly, thinking with pity the growing emancipation of women in Iraq had the Western wearers of veils emancipated tongues.

"There is danger in this," he thought as he lifted the receiver again to call the Ministry of Finance.

Hassan Galani was not in his office and the Inspector left a message for him to come to headquarters. Then he opened a new packet of *Ghazi* cigarettes, sat at his desk staring at nothing and, unconsciously thinking aloud the rambling words following "—It is almost woven. I do not see the design." And hearing the echo of his own voice he smiled a little foolishly and was glad when Sergeant Abdullah came into the room.

Marshaling details like a platoon of soldiers, the sergeant made his report. The police surgeon's examination showed the man was dying of cancer. He would perhaps have lived another six months. The drugs at the bedside were to relieve pain. He had taken a sleeping draught before he was killed and there were traces in the bowl of sour milk at his side. It appeared he was killed with the pestle of the mortar. Two blows were struck, but one was sufficient. He knew nothing.

"And saw nothing," said Chafik. "The cloth spread over his face is a significant detail."

He was silent with his thoughts and roused himself when an orderly entered and said, "Hassan Galani is here to see you."

The Inspector rose to receive the visitor, saying to Abdullah, "This is private, but look at the man as he goes out. There is the shadow of death around his neck—"

HASSAN GALANI was a heavy aged man whose dignity was equal to the weight of his swollen paunch. His position in the Finance Ministry was important, and he said harshly as he entered Chafik's office, "What is the meaning of leaving a message for *me* to come to *you?* I am disagreeably surprised, Inspector Chafik."

The little man answered, bowing his sleek head and smiling ingratiatingly, "I do apologize, but the matter was of importance and I feared you had left for Baghdad because you were not home last night." He did not miss the quick flash which darkened the visitor's sallow, unhealthy face, nor the anxious expression. "Were you away from Baghdad?"

Hassan Galani removed his tarboosh, the black peakless hat of the Iraqi, and mopping his almost bald head he said, "I spent the night at my garden. Yes, at my garden up the Tigris. It was such a hot night. I have a small house there and often sleep—" Abruptly

it's a smart family **that knows how to go places on a budget!**

You're off to a perfect vacation with Samsonite . . . America's most popular luggage! Here's real sturdiness . . . and luxury features . . . in luggage matched for beauty, matchless for economy. Samsonite's tremendous production explains it . . . gives you a two-piece set for the usual price of one! For a million-dollar vacation on a down-to-earth budget buy Samsonite, for the whole family!

a. Ladies' O'Nite $16.50

b. Men's Overnight Case $16.50

c. Vanity O'Nite $16.50

d. Armor Bound Pullman $27.50

e. Armor Bound Hand Wardrobe $34.50*



Samsonite Ladies' Wardrobe $24

Samsonite Men's Two Suiter $24

Strong enough to stand on

Samsonite STREAMLITE LUGGAGE

Denver **SHWAYDER BROS., Inc.** *Detroit*

MAKERS OF SAMSON CARD TABLES, SAMSON FOLDING CHAIRS, SAMSONITE LUGGAGE

FLIGHT PROVEN

AERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

Samsonite. Standard Samsonite prices ...ll prices subject to existing taxes.



jet BEATTIE LIGHTER

- Guaranteed jet-action
- Nothing mechanical to get out of order
- All models designed with slip covers for easy fueling

HEAVY NICKEL PLATE $5 — NO FED. TAX
MOROCCO or PIGSKIN $6.50 — NO FED. TAX

Heavy Gold Plate $15 — Plus 20% Fed. Tax
Solid Sterling Silver $30 — Plus 20% Fed. Tax

See your dealer or write
BEATTIE JET LIGHTER DISTRIBUTORS
17 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.

"UNBLOCK" your DIGESTIVE TRACT

And Get Genuine Relief That Makes You Feel Really Good Again

Don't expect to get relief from headache, sour stomach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalizers if the cause of your trouble is constipation.

In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when the lower part gets blocked food may fail to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is something to "unblock" your lower intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively—help Nature get back on her feet.

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as directed. They gently and effectively "unblock" your digestive tract. This permits all 5 of Nature's own digestive juices to mix better with your food.

You get genuine relief from indigestion so you can feel *really* good again.

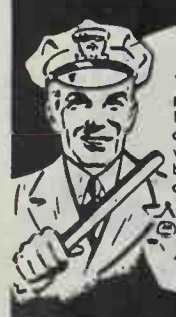
Get Carter's Pills at any drugstore today. "Unblock" your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.



BUY SHOES DIRECT
SAVE
the Retailers Profit
20 Million Prs. Sold
WRITE FOR FREE MONEY SAVING CATALOG

—showing how Sutton brings you finer shoes for less by saving you the RETAILERS PROFIT! Gift Free with each order. Make shoe Dollars Do Extra Duty this modern way, proven best since 1898. Over half million shoes in stock. For Special Value Catalog and Gift offer, send name and address on postcard to
GEO. M. SUTTON SHOE CO., DEPT. C-1
32 Sutton St. Baltimore 1, Md.

POCKETS THAT *can't* BE PICKED



*SAFETY-LOCK-POCKETS

Wonderful new invention foils pick-pockets, prevents accidental loss. Not a zipper! Nothing mechanical. Unique construction provides protection. Can be operated by a child. Improves appearance of clothing.

Now in Men's and Women's Garments, Shirts and Sportswear.

Ask for Safety-Lock-Pockets in the next garment you buy.

*Patented

APPAREL SAFETY-LOCK-POCKETS COMPANY
20 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago 4, Illinois

recovered his dignity and with it anger. "This is an outrage, Inspector! Why should you ask where I spent the night?"

Chafik, spreading his hands with the curved palms upward, said, "I talked innuendoes to find courage to break sad news. Your brother is dead."

"The only brother I had disgraced me with his poverty. As far as I am concerned he died long ago—"

"Poverty is not a crime, Mr. Hassan Galani."

"A man in my position must think of his reputation—but I do not care to discuss family matters with you." Hassan Galani rose heavily to his feet with the intention of leaving, but turned to ask, "How did Yusif die?"

"He was murdered," answered Chafik casually, and then in his most silky voice: "A witness has stated you were near the hut when your brother died early this morning."

"What an abominable lie!" shouted the man. "I was—" He stopped with a look of horror.

"You were at your pavilion on the river?" Chafik prompted. "Please do not trouble yourself over this foolish witness. It will, of course, be necessary to check with the servants of your *bayt,* a little matter which I will do most discreetly." He watched his visitor fumble blindly for the chair. "You see," Inspector Chafik went on, "*if* you could not prove your alibi—excuse the word, Mr. Galani—it would be very awkward. This witness hates you. He would swear before God you were there, and it might almost appear you had motive to kill your brother, because, as you told me, his poverty disgraced you."

Hassan Galani said with a pitiful attempt at dignity, "I forbid you to question the servants at the pavilion."

"Perhaps," Inspector Chafik said, "you were not there?" And leaping to his feet with a tiger's spring he shouted, "Where were you?"

"I—"

"Circumstantial evidence can hang a man. Where were you last night? Where were you this morning? Why were you so late at your office? Why have you not been home?"

"I—" and, his face glistening with sweat, the man whispered, "I was with a woman."

"Yes," Chafik said. "You were with a woman. I thought the perfume which still clings to you did not come from the flowers of your river garden. Oh, Mr. Galani! Mr. Galani! Your dignity almost brought you to the scaffold!" He opened a drawer of the cabinet behind him and extracted a card. "My index cards are very complete. There is much on this one to interest the Minister of Finance. You appear to have expensive tastes, dangerous in a man who helps handle the nation's exchequer. There are the names of many women on this card. What name shall I now add?"

WHISPERING, Hassan Galani said, "Khurrem—" The name was drawn from him like a tooth from an abscessed mouth.

"Khurrem," the Inspector repeated thoughtfully. "Turkish. 'Joyous,' a notorious dancing girl at a certain cabaret in Baghdad who has already ruined several men." He wrote on the card and then said curtly to the man who was huddled on the other side of the desk, "You may go now. But remember that your brother's widow and his children are destitute, and by the law of Iraq you must support them. Be generous, Mr. Hassan Galani, particularly with the boy, Ahmed. And do not forget my records."

When the man had gone stumbling out, Sergeant Abdullah came from the other room where he had been taking down the conversation. He said with disappointment, "You have removed the shadow of the noose from Hassan Galani's neck, sir."

Chafik answered, "I have taken away that shadow, but he still lives under the shadow of my index cards."

"Both are uncomfortable, sir." Abdullah hesitated, troubled by the dead look in the eyes of his superior. He asked, in the hope of rousing Chafik from his thoughts, "Who was the witness who lied?"

"The nephew. The boy, Ahmed. His uncle planted hatred in his heart and it came back with interest. When he heard his mother say Yusif Galani expected a visitor, he saw his chance—" Inspector Chafik groped on his desk for the folder containing the reports of the case. He said, "There is medical evidence that the man took a sleeping draught. Does one do that if one expects a visitor?"

"By God, no!"

"Abdullah, it is not for you to support an opinion with the name of God—but the woman, Zenobia, she also lied, like her son lied. Obviously if she gave her man a drug to make him sleep he did not expect a visitor. Please to consider the facts. They are all there to read, and the design is complete now the false thread of Hassan has been drawn out." When Abdullah continued to look at him, his swarthy face paling, the Inspector went on, "What did we see in the hut? What was our strongest impression?"

"Cleanliness and tidiness. Exceptional cleanliness and tidiness, as if preparations had been made for a visitor—"

"Or visitors with curiosity, such as ourselves. The Widow Zenobia has great pride. We will now check on her pride." And reaching for the telephone he rang the number of the English resident for whom the Widow Zenobia did washing.

Sergeant Abdullah heard him say in his precise English, "Mr. Williamson? This is Inspector Chafik of the C.I.D. I understand you give your laundry to a poor woman and have a complaint about a missing garment—" He chuckled into the mouthpiece and said, "Oh, yes, even lost laundry concerns us! Surprising things come out in the wash. . . . Thank you, Mr. Williamson. Thank you." And putting back the instrument he said to Abdullah. "It was a shirt. A shirt of fine Egyptian cotton."

"The corpse—" began Sergeant Abdullah.

"The corpse wore such a shirt," Chafik said. He drummed the desk for ment and then went on, "Why does honest woman steal to dress her such a beautiful shirt? Have here pride, decency? Is it not the to bury the dead in the finest garm The sergeant did not reply, but his moved in a protesting gesture tow ears. Inspector Chafik continued, pering now, "And so we come to th spread over the face of a man wh drugged by a draught introduced i morning milk. Hiding his eyes. T his eyes."

Sergeant Abdullah said, "All-m God! How could one look up face of one who was loved, an strike the fatal blow? Sir—"

INSPECTOR CHAFIK rose to h He said harshly, "You will ple silent. I do not know what you Yusif Galani would in any cas died, and in agony. Furthermore had lived, perhaps his sons wou have lived. Those who live in p must deny their children food wh man is sick." He reached for a cig



"Always the library! What on earth do they think the dinette is for?"

COLLIER'S ROBER

found one, but was blind to the n on his desk. "The Widow Zenob said, "can now make a legal claim support of the children, and hers wise law obliges Hassan, as next of do his duty. That is sufficient, S Abdullah!"

He went to the window and down at busy Al-Rashid Street, taxis and horse carriages were mix crazy tangle. When he turned smiling faintly. "Don't you thin said, "that some passing nomad the hut and struck the unfortuna because he moved and was possi ing to cry out?"

Standing at attention, worship look, the sergeant answered, "That appear to be the solution."

Inspector Chafik said, "Yes, it appear to be the solution, and man, without motive, would be find." He picked up the folder an to the door, saying over his sh "Obviously we close such a case. make my recommendation to ou Chief Inspector Ellsworth. V doubt he will tell me I am a very man—"

THE END



Midsummer Day's Dream

No parching sun . . . no steaming pavements . . . no sultry skies.

Just thoughts of a snowy slope and an icy stream waltzing to the whisper of wind in the pines.

Sound good . . . ?

Well, why settle for a dream when you can have a tall, cooling glass of Goebel Beer practically anytime.

Right . . . ?

GOEBEL BEER

Nationally famous for good taste

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY, DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN

GEORGE SHEPHERD

PLATTER PATTER

by Anne Cleveland



"Well Gosh, Miss Heatherbloom . . . I just can't seem to feel *anything when it's not Johnnie Guarnieri!"*

MORE NEW "MUSTS" FROM MAJESTIC:
Six scorchers in a hot piano album by *Johnnie Guarnieri* (M-11). "Romance with Eddy Howard," the juke-box champion's latest album (M-15). "Play Pretty for the People"—seven favorites by Louis Prima (Album M-3).

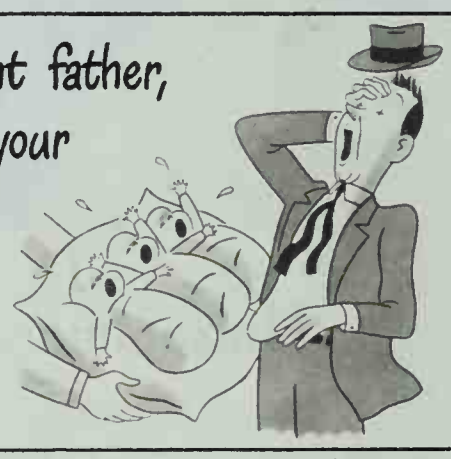


Majestic RECORDS

MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION, ELGIN, ILLINOIS

If you are an expectant father, the odds **AGAINST** your having triplets are **8,000 to 1**

From "You Bet Your Life" by Leo Guild
Courtesy Marcel Rodd, Inc., Publishers





BUT the odds in **FAVOR** of your liking **MARACA RUM** are **301 to 1**

Based on statements of prominent purveyors of liquor as to whether they personally like Maroca Rum.

MARACA RUM
LIGHT AND DRY...
in step with the times





Distilled, prepared and bottled by Mayaguez Distilling Company, Mayaguez, Puerto Rico. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Agents for U.S.A.

Puerto Rican Rum
White Label
Gold Label
86 proof

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

from an airplane at 12,000 feet with canvas wings, and at 2,000 feet he opened two parachutes and came safely to the ground and took his bow! Boy, you should have seen him! W. D. Ross, Ontario, Cal.

GRUSKIN-GLUSKIN

DEAR EDITOR: Ward Dorrell's letter in The Week's Mail (June 7th) mentions "Two-Headed Gluskin," famed twin-nobbined ballplayer, who could watch two bases at once. Shame on Mr. Dorrell, it's spelled Gruskin. PAUL ALKON, Portsmouth, N. H.

It's Two-Top Gruskin and the mistake happened because Gruskin wasn't available for confirmation, since he was in the Army at the time, serving as a lieutenant colonel. One half was a lieutenant; the other a colonel.

ERRORS OF COMEDY

DEAR EDITOR: I'm having cartoon trouble. Once I could figure out most of them, in time. No harder than a quadratic equation. Now, if I understand half, that's good. How about printing an answers department way back toward the end? Or upside down?

DON F. KENNEDY, Detroit, Mich.

. . . I'm disgusted clear through with the dopes who write to you as I'm doing! I'm dumb, I guess. I look at the cartoons; if funny, I laugh, if not, I turn to the next one. Sometimes I don't catch on and I fuss a bit, not too much, but I *never* even see mistakes in them! I just enjoy them as they are. CHARLENE H. BARNETT, Youngstown, Ohio

. . . On looking through the May 31st issue, we ran across this cartoon which we did not understand. Please explain it.

BARBARA WITTE, San Antonio, Tex.



"Now that just doesn't make sense"

Mr. Partch's travelers are two accountants who are resting after balancing their books in the only way that is possible these days!

MONKEY BUSINESS

DEAR EDITOR: A study of Lawson Wood's monkey plus companions (June 7th), with Ted Shane's explanation on page 8, would seem to point a bit of a moral:

That "Snerdian Simian" Cholmondeley
Underrated "fowl creatures" so dolmondeley,
That the whilst he did wait
For a nibble, his bait
Became "fowled," with expressions yumyolmondeley.

EDWARD P. TOBIE, Saylesville, R. I.

COLORATURA COLLABORATION

DEAR SIRS: Re editorial Art and Ideology —They Don't Mix (May 31st) I believe the records will substantiate the fact that Kirsten Flagstad's husband sold (at a good profit) lumber to the Nazis. That lumber undoubtedly went into barracks that housed soldiers that killed many of our boys.

Are not even geniuses and artists morally responsible for their actions? It is to these people that we should be able to look for leadership.

If they cannot differentiate between right and wrong, why are the peop intelligence and ability expect W. CARLTON FISCHER, Casa G

HALF SHOT

SIRS: "Walter sat up as if he'd it says on page 26, Collier's, J How They Harmonize!). The other team—I shot sat or fell EDWARD ORPEN, T

You must have shot them in

BIG DOGS

DEAR EDITOR: Re Trouble Af Carson (May 24th), I belie manufacturers should be rep well as the parents. My boy (s wears a 12-E shoe, but I have to buy more than two pairs a the right size. I was forced t shoes on him which resulted Now he wears a built-up sh have to do exercises for some don't the manufacturers put line of sizes?

ELIZABETH MCCOY, A

BEAUTY DOTH PRO

COLLIER'S: Current article C Street Sex Appeal, June 7th) Porter "only woman finan My column "Chats With W tors" has appeared Los Ang Times past two years. I was f woman to write series fina Wall Street Journal this Coa people among my following mad including Herb Caen, C HAZEL ZIMMERMAN, San Fr

Meanwhile the Atlantic C pretty calm—so calm that who was half a mile downwi Street thought he heard an point crash on the Stock Exc

WITH FOUR PAIRS OF

DEAR EDITOR: In The Custo Again (May 31st), note Mr "A man who couldn't buy a s during the war can now buy ber for $29" but unfortunate say where. We may have $2 vicinity but they are still pri $55; and the good house dr cost $8 but that can now b $4 is still only a postwar drea MRS. L. F. AVES, Siou

CHECKREIN

DEAR EDITOR: Three cheers nay's article The Husband (May 24th). Why should the alimony so his former wife a Easy Street?

LT. DONALD A. JOHNSON, C

THE FINAL BLA

DEAR EDITOR: I have read T the echoes and reverberation in The Week's Mail. My hob analyzing writers, and I ofte ists, extroverts, introverts, p different types of frustration.

The Blast was a psycholo the latent fear of exterminati ing from the criticism, it s produced the desired result who wrote of being put to sle reading it, was actually so Blast that he had to write h an emotional release. Severa call The Blast fantastic, infa connected tripe. This psych suppresses his subconscious ing the danger, or by belittli

The Blast was good. Let like it, and scare the hell Sadi

Ypsi State Hospital f Y



Scene from the Samuel Goldwyn Production, "The Best Years of Our Lives"

"Your Unseen Friend" helps bring you "The Best Years of Our Lives"

All the beauty, talent and skill of Hollywood are at the mercy of a slender strip of film.

And Nickel is the *Unseen Friend* that helps make the picture clear and easy on the eyes.

For every foot of film must be processed with great care. Any contamination from corrosion of the metal equipment would make the picture "foggy," or otherwise impair the quality of the film.

The smooth, clean surfaces of famous Nickel alloys, like Stainless Steel and Inconel, protect the precious film from effects of corrosion and impurities. Thus Nickel plays an important role in bringing you the full enjoyment of movies, whether from Hollywood or your own camera.

Just one more way Nickel is *Your Unseen Friend.* It's "Unseen" because Nickel is usually combined with other metals and you seldom see it in its pure state. It's your "Friend" because it serves you often and well.

* * *

Send for your free copy of "The Romance of Nickel." Address Dept. 45.

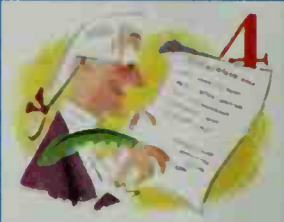
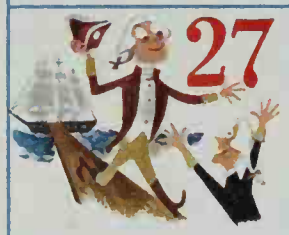
THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
New York 5, N. Y.

EMBLEM OF SERVICE

INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**

...Your Unseen Friend

KINSEY'S JULY CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1 WACS become Regular Army "men," 1943.	2	3 Cervera's fleet sunk by Adm. Dewey off Cuba, 1898.	 4 Decl. of Independence signed, 1776.	5 P. T. Bar 1810. There'
6 First all-talking movie, 1928. Yatata–yatata!	 7 Boulder Dam begun, 1930. A dam big project!	8 Liberty Bell c ing for John Ma		10 vade Sicily nd air, 1943.	11 The Marines have landed! U.S.M.C. estab'd, 1798.	 Caesar bo Long time
 13 So this is Summer? Yep . . . in Australia!	14 French Independence Day. Bastille stormed, 1789.	15 Magna Carta gra Don't take it fo		17 Conference, 1945. ur big business.	 18 Indian treaty negotiated by Illinois & Mo., 1815.	19 Bloomers fir 1848.
20 U. S. flag raised in Berlin, 1945.	 21	22 Finish of 1st ro world solo flight		24 Armada being de- by British, 1588.	25 Farragut made first U. S. Admiral, 1866.	 Postal Syste Neither rai
 27 Lafayette arrives in Phila., 1777. Hi-ya, Laf!	28 First World War begins, 1914.	 Another Kinsey Julep, Colonel?	Delicious, that is!	31 Edison invents phono, 1877. Ah . . . platter-brains!		

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

For cool refreshmint in July... Kinsey juleps you should try!

July's just the month to enjoy these delightful Mint Juleps made with superbly smooth, flavorfull Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Bruise mint in bottom of tall glass. Add teaspoon of powdered sugar, two ounces of rich, full-bodied Kinsey. Fill glass with shaved ice, stir until frosted. Decorate with mint.

Man, that's really refreshing! But *whatever* your favorite summer drink, try it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. You'll enjoy its fine flavor and bouquet immensely . . . *most* folks do!

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

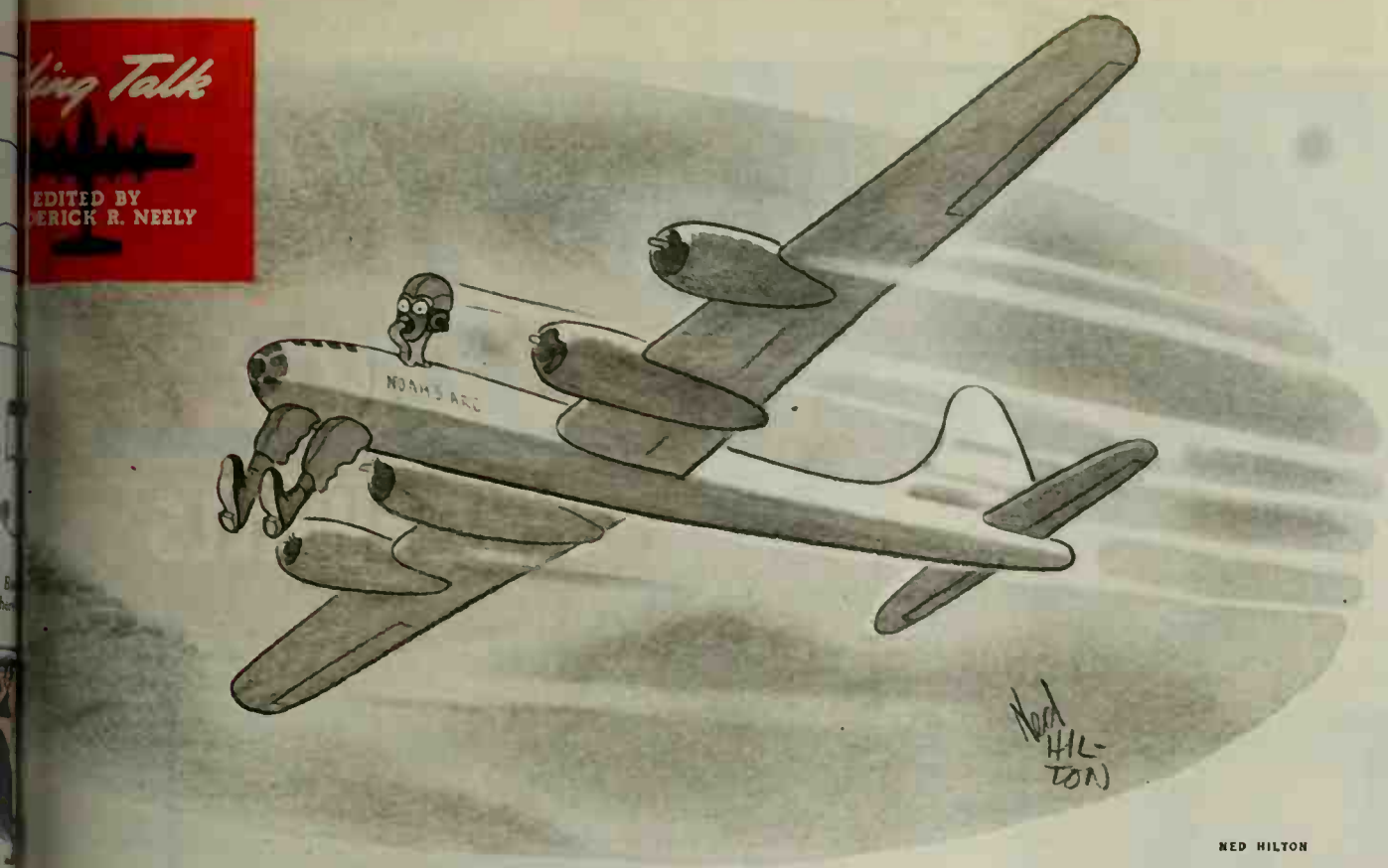
the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments



FREE! Recipe Book. Write Kinsey, E-2, P. O. Box 2016, Phila. 2, Pa.

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.



Planes shrink at a 40,000-foot altitude . . .

SKY LIMIT

s A. Fraser, one of the nation's ing high-altitude airmen, has ove 40,000 feet more often than r pilot. Here is his story of some bstacles to be overcome before fly at or beyond eight miles in n aircraft as we know them to- old to Louis R. Huber.)

HE toughest frontier in history only eight miles away but it's traight up. Which is why air- it at very high altitude, heralded " to be commonplace, won't be. engineering research pilot, I e the last person to deny that, ly, you'll step into a space ship, d a short time later arrive at a on anywhere on earth; perhaps other planet. Such flight prob- be achieved someday but, stick- alities and the best aircraft we w—either in operation or in im- prospect—I predict it will be years before any air liner will u higher than 30,000 feet as a procedure.

problems increase and become ficult the higher an airplane flies. 30,000 and 40,000 feet they at a much faster rate and each is a hundred times harder to ie. We at Boeing have spent me above 40,000 feet than any oup of airmen, and as a result, 25,000 feet is now safer than at We've been above 40,000 feet 0 times, yet the longest we ever hat high was three hours and 44 . This approaches the practical w, for a vast amount of knowl- mains to be gained and under- efore commercial aircraft can e satisfactory performance at much in excess of 35,000 feet.

e what the problems are eight p, let's make a flight in Noah's ormer B-29 Superfortress bomber modified for high-altitude re- The plane's name, by the way, ble pun: Two of every electrical carried in it, and electrical arcs chief form of electrical mis- r we find in the upper air. Al- ve have made two high-altitude grams for the Army Air Forces, jective being routine operation of heavy aircraft above 40,000 feet. This flight is the third in a similar program.

It's a clear day as we walk out to the ship in the warm sun on Boeing Field in Seattle. Our crew consists of Copilot Bob Robbins, Flight Engineer Ben Werner, Aerial Engineer Ben Head, Photo-recorder Operator B. A. Smith, Temperature-recorder Operator Bill Deason and Electrical Engineer Charlie Rehkopf.

We climb straight for Mount Rainier, fly over the northern side of the mountain, begin a right turn and head back toward Seattle. Soon we're climbing across the invisible sky frontier. The stratosphere begins in this region where the air continues to grow thinner but maintains a constant temperature. Through our headphones the voice of the flight engineer says we are at 41,000 feet. That's nearly eight miles.

WE LEVEL off for our tests. You look down and feel a powerful sense of unreality. From horizon to horizon, at this height, is nearly 600 miles. You can look far out on the Pacific Ocean in one direction and over into Idaho in the other. The Pacific Northwest's precipitous mountain ranges are a schoolboy's papier-mâché relief map.

Some scattered clouds have clustered around Mount Rainier, off to our right. Its peak is at 14,408 feet, but from where we are, the mountain resembles a heap of vanilla ice cream. Seattle, almost directly beneath us, isn't a city, it's a map. Its hills don't show; it is flat and lifeless. The water-front piers are threads on a frayed trouser cuff, lying at the edge of a puddle—Elliott Bay. You can move your toe and blot out half the city.

Navy aircraft carriers, anchored in rows behind Bainbridge Island, are matchboxes on a sheet of glass. The mile-and-a-quarter-long floating bridge, reaching from the edge of Seattle across Lake Washington to Mercer Island, is a gray needle. It is complete with an eye, too—the slip into which the movable span recesses when boats must pass. At Point Wells, an oil depot a few miles north of Seattle, huge round tanks are a cluster of insect eggs.

One of the first high-altitude problems discovered was airplane shrinkage. The wings seem the same as at take-off; actually they're several inches shorter. So is the fuselage. Although we're snug and warm inside, the outside air temperature is now around 67 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. That shortens the whole airplane. In early high-altitude flights it caused control cables to go slack. It froze ordinary greases so thoroughly they resembled hard rubber; whatever they were supposed to lubricate was gripped tight.

Those difficulties were eliminated long before we first got to 40,000 feet. Airplanes still shrink, of course; but we have developed new mechanisms, antifreeze greases and other ways of keeping cables and pulleys in good working order despite the cold.

With breathing for the engines provided by superchargers and for us by cabin pressurization (See Wing Talk for April 5, 1947), these problems have been met. However, we found others at 40,000 feet. Cylinder-head temperatures, for example, were normal on our flight up until we reached 35,000 feet. Then they soared. The outside air at 40,000 feet, although very cold, is too thin to absorb and carry away the heat.

In the electrical field, high altitude raises particular Cain. Various electrical devices often go haywire; their insulation breaks down, they heat up and burn out. And a B-29 depends very much on 157 electric motors and generators.

AIR is an insulator but at 40,000 feet it is so thin that it loses much of its value in that particular. Moisture, too, normally serves as a lubricant, and its scarcity at those heights contributes to excessive wear.

Our high-altitude electrical troubles would vanish if we could place all the plane's electrical equipment inside the cabin, for there the vital cushion of insulating air would be provided by pressurization. Unfortunately, however, electric motors and other devices run by them must go where they are needed, in the unpressurized engine nacelles, wings and tail. If we could pressurize those areas it would also solve the problem; but pressurizing them would be expensive—maybe too expensive to be practical.

Better, perhaps, to stick to lower altitudes of 25,000 and 30,000 feet where air travel is just as good and the electrical and other difficulties can be overcome. That's why Boeing Aircraft is recommending 25,000 feet as the best flight level for its 80-passenger Stratocruisers scheduled for service on six world air lines upon completion of government tests now under way.

High altitude is great stuff but only when you go so high and no higher with the equipment we have now. Meanwhile let's be satisfied with the fact that when we're to fly regularly at 25,000 feet, that level will represent a sudden rise to twice the height our best aircraft have, until very recently, flown. ★★★

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since Mr. Fraser's story was prepared, Westinghouse has announced the development of a high-voltage alternating current system for large aircraft, which will "eliminate or alleviate problems now encountered with electrical systems at high altitudes," according to J. D. Miner, manager of the Aviation Engineering Department. The new system has been installed on the AAF's two Very Heavy Bombers, the Convair B-36 and the Northrop B-35 Flying Wing for tests.)*

Their peaks 33 miles apart, Mt. St. Helens (9,671 feet) and Mt. Adams (12,307) look like this from nearly eight miles up

ROBERT MOODY





It's OK lady—
you can't scuff Lyon Whitewalls



7 BIG FEATURES OF LYON WHITEWALLS

SCUFF-PROOF . . . can't touch curbs!

EASY TO CLEAN . . . a few swishes with a wet cloth restore their beauty!

LOW INITIAL COST . . . less than half the price of a *single* white sidewall tire!

NO UPKEEP EXPENSE . . . cleaned free of charge when the car is washed!

FADE-PROOF . . . they *stay* white! The white enamel is baked on bonderized (rust-proofed) metal.

QUICK INSTALLATION . . . can be snapped on all four wheels in less than five minutes!

BETTER APPEARANCE . . . make wheels look smaller and tires look larger to give cars a longer, lower look—the appearance car designers have always sought!

The search for a better looking and more practical whitewall is over! Yo ne longer be afraid of spoiling the wheel appearance of your car every time y The new, metal *Lyon* Whitewall is the perfect answer . . . it is the *only* whitewal hat cannot damage! In all, it has seven distinct advantages. And the cost of L n walls, by comparison, is *remarkably* small. You can buy an entire set of fo than half the price of a *single* white sidewall tire! And you can get them *nou* ro car, tire or gasoline dealer.

Prices: Standard Steel Model (16" wheels) $6.95 Per Set of Four. De Luxe Steel Model (15" and 16" wheels) Four. Sets of Five Priced Higher. A Fair Trade Product Sold Under Applicable Fair Trade Law

WHITEWALLS* ARE THE EXCLUSIVE TRIM RING PRODUCT OF LYON, INCORPORATED, 13881 WEST CHICAGO BLVD., DETR

STAY EAST, YOUNG MAN, STAY EAST!

Continued from page 19

s, working them nine months, n and starting with new ones rentice scale. The hirings are with a great fanfare; the firings quiet. The truth is that the n for the veteran is over. He fought in the Bulge or at ut now he is merely a worker

f the large plants have stopped terans' agencies for replace- ey prefer to hire at the gate in y. The men gather every morn- mployment director comes out you—you—and you, and the way. They soon get into the ake whatever they're offered." ou look at it from another an- ing doesn't seem to add up, be- Angeles is actually having a oom. Sixteen per cent of all housing in May was in the Los rea. New developments can on practically every outlying ere are 40,000 units available, new houses on money like that; you have a bad time with the rent. And what hits L.A. hardest is the realization that 67 per cent of veterans applying for public housing have lived in California less than a year.

"We thought we had reached the saturation point a year ago," says Tryon, "but they keep coming. At first the veterans had a little money saved up from the war or they could cash their bonds, but now they land here with no resources and can't get a job. It's heartbreaking, it's an impossible situation, and it's rapidly driving all of us distracted."

The effect on the veterans is even more serious. The pressure has become so great that many are cracking up. When things were normal for them they were able to forget their war experiences, but without homes or jobs and not much hope for the future, the strain becomes too great for them. The veterans' hospitals are jammed, and in May the Veterans Service Center was forced to place



"Oddly enough, the action of this whole play takes place on a beach at Cape Cod"

mpleted or near completion. eterans are living in hen roosts. er is simple: money.
s Angeles houses range in price 00 to $13,500. Rentals are cor- gly high and there are few of ce most new homes are on the of town, miles from anywhere, starts with an immediate disad- He either has to have a car or d on bus service that can be chy at best. Anybody who has os Angeles knows that every- ns to be twenty miles from ev- lse. So the new purchaser needs en he must have saved enough n payment on the house, rang- $200 to $1,200. In most cases make up the difference between ans Bureau appraisal and the price—which may amount to or thousands. After that he et monthly payments running $52 and $75 a month.
teran doesn't have it. A state housing made by Senator Ger- ra's committee showed that 59 f the veterans have monthly in- $150 or less. You don't buy 168 psychiatric cases every night in the Norwalk State Hospital, where they were grateful to find room to sleep in the hallways.

"And the jails are full of men who should be in hospitals," a physician told us bitterly.

But if conditions are tough for the veteran it is nothing to what they are for the Negroes and Mexicans. Before the war there were 60,000 Negroes jammed into the colored quarter around Central Avenue. The population has now grown to 180,000, and the Negroes have had almost no opportunity to spread. The Veterans Center has done a backbreaking job in keeping unemployment of ex-soldiers down to 50,000 in the county, but there is nobody to fight for the unskilled Negro or Mexican.

Fear of racial troubles is so great that for several years the Los Angeles police and sheriff's office have had complete plans worked out for quelling a riot before it could get started. Little Tokyo in the heart of the city is a source of apprehension now. When the Japanese-Americans were forced out after Pearl Harbor, the Negroes took over. With the end of the war and the return of the Japanese, tension mounted to a point which has the authorities walking the floor nights. All of it stems from terrible conditions of overcrowding and unemployment.

The growth of Los Angeles during the war was fabulous; the city now claims 3,630,883 in its metropolitan area. This meant an increase of 30 per cent in the city and as much as 2,000 per cent in near-by San Fernando Valley. Out of the total population 600,000 are veterans and 51 per cent of them come from outside California.

Los Angeles alone has 65,000 veterans in college and junior college and another 40,000 in trade and high schools. Classes run from early morning till late at night. It is a common sight to see students drifting away through the darkness after their last classes around eleven at night.

When the newcomers don't want jobs they want educational facilities. It is difficult to say which is harder to come by and the lack of college space is affecting not only the out-of-state veterans but the high-school graduates of California. It's getting so they can't get into their own colleges and they're becoming bitter about it. We talked with the mother of a California boy who was also a veteran. Because he got back late from service he had to take extension instead of regular courses at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Going to College the Hard Way

"He gets up at seven every morning and starts work at seven thirty. He studies till noon, has lunch and is back at it till five. He goes to his first class then and has another at seven. He gets through around ten and then comes home and studies some more. He knows if he falls behind they'll be only too happy to get him out and make room for somebody else."

But of all these ills, housing remains the worst. Recently an attempt was made to promote co-operation between landlords and veterans by radio. There was a daily program in which pleas were made on behalf of incoming families. "I have the families right here with me," said the announcer. "Now, will somebody call in and offer them a place? They can pay; they're eager to pay."

There was great excitement over one phone call, which offered room for four families. The four families were waiting tensely when the prospective landlord showed up and took them to his property.

There were accommodations for four, all right—in four chicken coops that still needed cleaning.

Another big-hearted man had a bed for rent but it had to be for two people. Price: $10 a week each. In brief, $100 a month for the rent of one room.

The Veterans Service Center's files has reports of this kind:

(a) Family of thirteen people; living in two rooms.

(b) Family of twelve in two rooms; four grown people to each bed.

(c) Thirteen in family, father killed in explosion; family moved to abandoned mortuary.

(d) Family with eight children living in one room, the children literally sleeping in shifts.

(e) Young veteran couple had been living in chicken coop until January rains washed them out. Started living under railroad bridge but stopped by police. Saved by woman who allowed them to wall off end of her back porch.

(f) Family of nine living in tent in San Fernando Valley—mother and father,

How to give
QUICK REST
to tired eyes
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



EYES OVERWORKED? Put two drops of gentle, safe Murine in each eye. Then feel that refreshing, soothing sensation that comes instantly. You get—



QUICK RELIEF from the discomfort of tired eyes. Murine's seven important ingredients are scientifically blended to cleanse and refresh overworked, tired eyes. Use Murine morning and night and whenever your eyes tell you to.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES



Jack of All Trades

American Hydraulic Jacks are made in models and sizes for cars trucks, farms and factories In every case, they "float your load" quickly and surely.



You can't beat an American!

American Hydraulics Inc.
Sheboygan, Wisconsin
©1947 AH, Inc.

WONDERFUL WAY TO
EASE MISERY
OF SIMPLE PILES

Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

*Pile Ointment and Suppositories.

ADMIRATION
POCKETCHIEF
TRADE MARK
A Man's Handkerchief
... real value ...
individually wrapped.
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN
BETTER DRUG & CIGAR STORES
15c • 20c • 25c • 50c
A UNIVERSAL HANDKERCHIEF

America's

Largest Selling Ale



ighters, one son, one son-in-law babies.
examples could be duplicated of times and the crisis they its Los Angeles in a difficult po- the first place all loyal An- and there are few others) are their fairy city will soon be st in the world. They would ge everybody to join them in so, and suddenly they are para- h fear. It can be understood l-searching goes on when the eles City Council adopted a resolution begging veterans to from the city.
y has done a wonderful job the Veterans Service Center, upies three floors of a building nd Broadway and shelters un- der this roof all groups interested in the veteran's problem. (These include among others the American Legion, American Federation of Labor, American Red Cross, C.I.O., United States Employment Service, Veterans Administration—eighteen groups in all.) They operate under a total budget of around $750,000 and have been going for three years, caring for approximately 500 cases a day.

"But finally it has swamped us," says Tryon. "We can't cope with it and if unemployment grows it will become a problem not only for the city and state but for the federal government. We can care for our own but unfortunately we can't handle every out-of-stater who wants to come."

This, then, is Los Angeles' dilemma. The city council has said it; Mayor Bowron went on a national radio hookup earlier in the year and said it; the veteran authorities say it with tears. According to the L.A. Housing Authority they now have 370,000 substandard dwellings. Within earshot of City Hall, there are slum areas among the worst in the world. Other sections are rapidly being made into slums by overcrowding. Sixty-five per cent of the families can afford no more than $40 a month for rent; the new homes being built rent from $70 to $100 a month.

This is the advice Los Angeles has to give: (a) Don't come unless you are assured in advance of a place to live. (b) don't come unless you have a job lined up. (c) don't come unless you have some money saved. (d) don't come.

THE END

THE NEWHOUSER NUISANCE

Continued from page 17

the knee if it won a ball game. other fighters, Newhouser is not throw it in when it counts.
clutch," he says, "I give them itches, the curve or the fast one. enough, you know you've done anyhow. But if you used the they conked it, you'd never ng yourself."
had ever been any doubts courage (which there wasn't) it led in 1944, when he and Dizzy re a team that pitched almost . They were in forty-five of enty-five games. The pair won ee of the fifty-one victories in ch, saved two in relief and o ties. They were in six of the games. The St. Louis Browns pennant on the last day of the t Newhouser won twenty-nine d Trout twenty-seven for the s a two-punch pitching unit they records for achievement. They n more than the famous Dizzy Dean combination in 1934; e than Grove and Earnshaw in one more than Stan Coveleskie Bagby in 1920.
5, Newhouser picked up a bad midseason and was in such pain was left behind when Detroit n an Eastern trip. When the n out of pitchers, Newhouser n from Detroit and pitched in ame of the New York series. He all right until the Yanks filled with Keller at bat. Until that adn't thrown a curve; now he e and struck Keller out. It al- d Hal and from then on he used out his hard one and a change-up le beat them 4-0 and he con- ne of his greatest triumphs.

e a Seven-Inning Pitcher

user is a peculiar individual in gains weight during the playing nd loses it in the winter. In his ys he lacked stamina ("seventh nd then BAM!") and even now eleven hours sleep a night. He t after he pitches and never ore than two or three hours a er a game. Next day he can alk from stiffness but he has eep the second night and feels third day. He doesn't smoke attempts at drinking have been l.
ss I just don't know how to do ays.
r years he was one of the heav- 's in baseball. Dizzy Trout, who he Newhouser Boswell, reports sion when the string bean won a Dick Bartell by mangling four- k sandwiches, three barbecued sandwiches and two quarts of ice t a single sitting.



"How about a nice hunk of that roast beef?" suggested Trout.

"Shucks," said Hal modestly. "I don't want to make a hog of myself."

Newhouser says he never had a model as a pitcher and picked up his original style by monkeying with it. At the beginning of his career when he was eager to get all his strength into his pitches, he pulled his leg up so high his knee came between his hands on the windup. It was much like pitching out of a barrel and he has dropped that for the benefit of occasionally seeing his catcher. He had a knot in his shoulder for several years but seems to have grown out of it, just as he has the heart condition that kept him out of the service and for a time threatened to end his career. He has never had a sore arm in his life.

It can be said for him that he is not a prima donna when it comes to working. In 1944 and 1945 when the pennant was at stake he was in the bull pen steadily. He opened the present season in St. Louis on a day better fitted for arctic maneuvers than baseball. The game was halted once for thirty minutes and a second time for forty minutes by rain. This meant that Newhouser warmed up three times. He shut out the Browns, 7-0, with four hits. "Three games I pitched; that's all," he said proudly.

The Browns spent little time in admiration of the feat. With this game, Newhouser had beaten them thirteen times in a row and they were beginning to suspect that he had something they couldn't fathom.

It is possible to get a fight in any bar or poolroom over the respective merits of Newhouser and Feller. Last year Bill Veeck rigged up a "Pitching Battle of the Century" or something in Cleveland between the two giants, and Newhouser blew Cleveland out of the park. He fanned nine, shut them out 4-0 and allowed only two men to reach first! Early this year the boys hitched up again and Feller had his fun. He beat Newhouser, 6-0, and allowed Detroit only three hits. So what does it all prove?

On the personal side, Newhouser is a strange contradiction. He is city-reared and yet he is as suspicious of strangers and as uncertain in life as any hillbilly. Once when a magazine writer wrote him for an interview and suggested that he was nuts not to take advantage of the opportunity, Newhouser considered that he was being called crazy and was greatly hurt. He now has an attorney friend in Detroit who handles his affairs and helps him with the Hal Newhouser Fan clubs, which do a good work in keeping youngsters occupied and out of trouble.

A Saga of Boyhood Calamities

Perhaps some of his self-consciousness comes from a scar under his right eye which was due to an infected pimple as a baby. If one catches him only from that side his face takes on an evil look which is not warranted by his blond hair and pleasant ways. According to accounts by Leo Macdonell of the Detroit Times, Hal is lucky to be alive. At the age of seven he fell off a woodpile onto a board full of spikes and punctured his stomach. At nine a playful companion opened his head with a brickbat; while playing basketball he got a floor burn which eventually turned into blood poisoning; in football he busted a few blood vessels.

Newhouser has the greatest respect for Vern Stephens, the St. Louis Browns' shortstop, considering him the best all-around player in the league. This is because Stephens pulverizes him when they meet. He has the usual trouble with Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams but thinks Lou Boudreau of Cleveland is the smartest hitter of them all.

Joe Gordon has always given him trouble, but his headache for years was Bob Johnson, old left fielder for the Athletics and Red Sox.

"He used to murder me," says Newhouser. "Batted .500 against me."

Newhouser is something of a Ring Lardner you-know-me-Al character with Boy Scout attachments. Like all players who have acquired the modern lore of the game, he finds Steve O'Neill the best manager in baseball, Mr. Briggs the finest owner in baseball and Detroit the greatest town to play in. He says he has never dickered over salary or held out for a better contract, but the Detroit writers lift a questioning brow at this.

In any event, Detroit has treated him well and he has treated Detroit well. He is said to have been paid $45,000 in 1946 and to have signed for $50,000 this year. In addition there have been bonuses.

"He's not the gentlest character out there," says Tebbetts, who used to catch for him, "but he wants to win. I know a lot of pleasant guys who never win."

THE END















Solves Both the Travel and the Housing Problem

The Palace Travel Coach! A luxurious home to take with you when traveling—or to live in until houses again become plentiful. Has combination living room, dinette and kitchen, and separate bedroom—all completely furnished. Efficient air and heat circulation. "Uniflow" lighting and a host of other unusual features.

The Only Trailer With An Automobile-type Body

It has a die-formed, "Pan-L-Frame," aluminum body—an exclusive Palace feature, resulting in increased strength and, at the same time, reduced weight. It's the trailer, above all others, that you will want to own. Moderately priced. Send postcard for name and address of nearest dealer.

FREE Catalog

PALACE CORPORATION
Flint, Michigan

CLEAR, DEPENDABLE RECEPTION

BOWERS RADIO



BOWERS
A Name to Remember

BATTERIES • SPARK PLUGS • RADIOS

BOWERS BATTERY & SPARK PLUG CO.
READING • PENNSYLVANIA

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Fast Relief For Sore, Fiery Feet

Eases Tight Shoes Almost Like Magic!

Use soothing, refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your troubled feet. You'll marvel how quickly it relieves tender, burning, perspiring or odorous feet . . . how amazingly effective it is for easing new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Sold everywhere. For FREE sample, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois.



Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER

DAB
NEW AUTO PAINT THAT JUST WIPES ON

Anyone can get a factory-like finish with DAB. Takes only an hour to apply, takes only an hour to dry dust-free! No brush or spray—just wipe it on! Guaranteed 2 years. One quart paints the average car. All colors. $5.95 QT.

If dealer cannot supply you, write
NU-WAY PAINT & SUPPLY CO.,
314 Lincoln Ave.,
Canton, Ohio

A product of the Armolile Co.

TOO LATE FOR LOVE

Continued from page 66

Marjorie jumped up, feeling a little ashamed for it. "Hello, Cass."

They stood side by side, but not together, then he lightly touched her arm and held out the violets. "Last bunch in New York," he said dramatically; "or so the old man on the corner told me."

Marjorie took them and held them against her cheek. They were cold and damp and full of perfume. She remembered the young boy with the full basket. Still painting pictures, she thought quickly, telling half-truths for romantic effect. She gave a little sigh. "Thank you, Cass," she said, in a level voice. "They're lovely."

Cass ran his fingers through his thinning hair. "How about a drink?"

"Fine."

THEY crossed the lobby and went into the bar. It was a dark room and they found a table in the corner.

He ordered, then he sat back. "You're looking quite enchanting. You must have had lots of sun."

"Yes," she said, ignoring his extravagance. "Arizona's full of it."

"The Cape was wretched," he said. "Nothing but fog and rain."

"I wasn't sure you'd get here," Marjorie said. "You know how you are about dates!"

"This was a very special one, Marge."

"Yes," she said. "I know. Three months to the day."

They looked at each other and smiled. They were being almost painfully gentle, treating each other like invalids.

"Did you get my wire on your birthday?" Cass said, as the waiter brought the drinks.

"Yes. It was sweet of you."

"Not so sweet," he said. "After all, my dear, you are my wife." He raised his glass in a gallant gesture.

She nodded and sipped her drink. He looks tired, she thought, and his color is bad. A wave of protectiveness swept over her, but she quickly pushed it away. "Did you get any work done?" she asked.

"A couple of landscapes," he said. "Getting that Cape dampness on canvas is slow work."

"Yes," she said, automatically falling back into the habit of accepting his alibis for laziness. "It must be."

"Every one has trouble with it," he said, authoritatively.

"Do they?" she said, quietly, remembering that last year "every one" had trouble with "the Cape sunlight," and the year before, "the curious texture of the Cape sand."

They were silent again. Cass had started idly sketching with a match on a napkin. "What did you do?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "I fell off an enormous gray horse and I burned my fingers in a camp fire."

"You!"

"Yes," she said, lightly. "I've changed my type."

He gave a little laugh. She noticed that his hair hung untidily over his collar and that there was a button off his shirt.

She reached for her drink and, this time, took a big gulp.

"This is pleasant, Cass," she said, "but it isn't what we're here for."

Cass stopped his sketching and glanced up. "No," he said, after a moment, "it isn't what we're here for."

"Do you want to start," she said, "or shall I?"

"You start," he said, in a low voice.

All right, she thought, taking a deep breath, I'll start. She rubbed her cheek with the violets, then she put them down and folded her hands in her lap. "Cass," she said, "how much did you miss me?"

Cass hesitated, but when he spoke there was a sudden softness in his voice. "I missed you a lot, Marjo caught the change in his tone. miss me?" he asked, after a p

She swallowed hard. "Yes, I missed you, but that doesn't thing to do with anything."

"No?"

"No," she said, "that's just h

"Oh," he said, fingering his g habit."

"Yes," she said, "the import Cass, was that although I mis was happier than I have been

"Oh," he said quietly, "were

Marjorie nodded. Lord, sh I should never have come. I'm hurt him this way. A letter w been much kinder. "You see, really such a very different ki son from you. You live so mu dreams and private thoughts unintentionally, you cut anyo your life. I'm the—opposite have many dreams, but those I want to share."

Cass moved uncomfortab chair. "What are you trying Marjorie?"

She reached for the violets them up to her nose. "I don' ought to go on, Cass. I think w be happier living like this."

"Apart?"

"Yes," she said, "apart."

"You want a divorce?"

"Yes," she said, gently.

Cass raised his glass and

"I'm sorry, Cass, with all m sorry. I'd do anything not to

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I'n would."

"Can I have another drink,

He beckoned to the waiter the order, then he sat back. glanced at him. His eyes were his lips were drawn tight. I'd n take it so badly, she thought. to put out her hand, then s back. I mustn't give way now, to be painful for a while, but i thing for both of us.

The waiter brought the dri

"Is there anyone else?" opening his eyes and looking

Marjorie shook her head. not, Cass, you know that."

"What is it, then?" he said.

SHE put her head back a cushioned seat. Oh, she t many, many things, my d thoughtlessness, your conc sharp, bitter tongue that alwa one thing that will hurt the then the baby—the baby w have—and all the tenderne never shown me—so many th

"You know as much about Cass."

He sipped his drink. "Yo short memory, Marjorie."

"What do you mean?"

He put down his glass. we'd had a pretty good life He half closed his eyes. "Rem house we had our first sumr Cape—the one near the playh

"Yes, I remember. You only cool room for your stu

He gave a little laugh. "I other things, Marjorie, midni with red wine—the time I t Hyannis to the dance—and red slacks. I painted you in against a dune—remember?"

"Yes," Marjorie said, "I ren

"Were those days so bad,

"No, Cass," she said, "there derful moments, but—"

"But what?"

"There were other mon Whole days at a time when hardly say a word, when you

pletely out of your life I might e existed. And then, sometimes did speak, it was worse still. I I, I was ugly, I was common—erything you didn't like." She It's no use going back over all "

e said, "I guess not."

was a silence. Cass' shoulders ped and he sat quite still star- on into his glass. Marjorie he violets and all of a sudden an ache in her throat. We've much time, she thought, and e end, all I'm doing is hurting what else is there to do? I've away and try to live again.

aw her expression. "No," he etfully, "there's no use going r anything." He brushed his tly over his forehead. "But e thing I want you to know, to always, anything I've ever 's been worth doing has come "

Cass said, "you've shown me et inside people and that's the portant thing an artist has to

Cass—I haven't touched your 've never let me."

ve an ironic little laugh. "I have done anything without jorie."

ie turned slowly. Was it possi- all, that she really had been im- o him—*was* important to him, of all the quarreling and bitter- e was a solid basis for their mar-

sensing her thoughts, Cass put hand and touched her fingers. lear Marjorie, it's always too t it? Everything's always too

ie sat quite still and up from m of her mind an idea stirred. ess, she thought quickly, but I —I wonder if it is too late. If last, you understand yourself, e's a chance you'll understand . Cass—if only there were a

es a long time to grow up," Cass quiet voice.

rie watched him, and into her heart, hesitantly, at first, then with a rush, came a wonderful lightness. He *has* changed, she thought quickly, he really has changed. Cass, dear, if it's true we could start all over again—

She looked down and suddenly she saw the violets. For a moment she stared at them; then, as if a cold wind had hit her in the face, she drew back.

"Last bunch in New York—or so the old man on the corner told me."

SLOWLY, the words came up and echoed in her brain. She glanced quickly at Cass, then back to the violets, and as the implications of the childish lie broke through to her—the incorrigible faking that would go on and on as long as he lived—the hope faded from her eyes and they filled with tears.

She turned. You're right, Cass, she thought—it is too late. There's no magic left.

She got up and pushed back her chair, a heavy sadness weighing her down so that she moved slowly.

He had watched her expression change. For an instant, the lines around his mouth drew down. Then, as if he understood, he gave a deep sigh. He put out his hand and laid it gently over hers. She could feel a warmth in his fingers that had not been there for years.

She reached down for his handkerchief. This is the end, she thought, wiping her tears, it's run its course for both of us.

Their eyes met, and for the first time in their lives, they were two people completely together, completely peaceful.

"Goodby, Cass," she said. He looked at her, then he picked up the violets. He held them lightly to his lips, then he gave them to her. She took them and without a word, turned and walked away.

Cass watched her across the room. When she reached the door she stopped and glanced back over her shoulder. He blew her a kiss. For a moment she stood still, her head a little on one side. Slowly, she smiled. She waved his handkerchief, then she went out.

As she started down the street she saw the boy with the violets. He was tugging at the arm of an old lady and his basket was still stacked high.

THE END



"Ho-hum, there's nothing deader than today's news" JEFF KEATE

Yes... he's used to the best!



He pays $600 for his Bolex camera...

...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

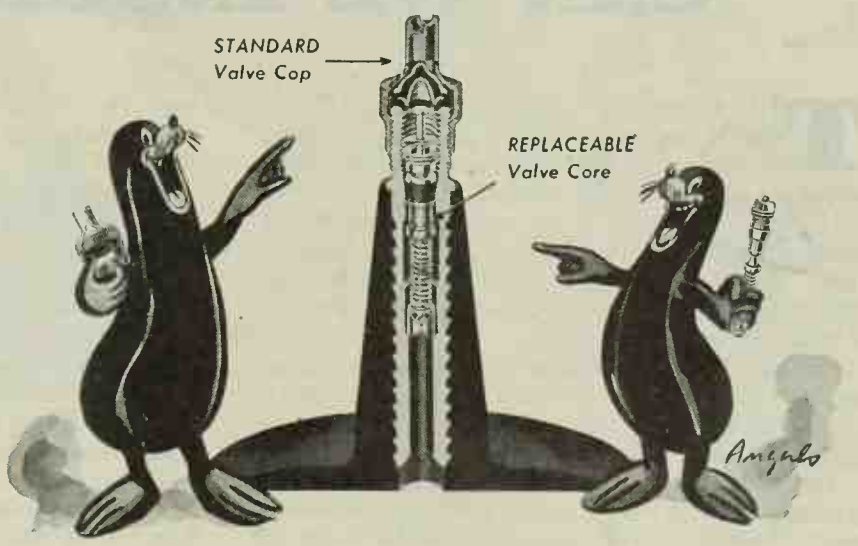


BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company



CARS RIDE ON AIR

Yes, compressed air actually supports your car. But it's not just how much air you put in your tires, it's *how much stays in* that counts.

The Standard Tire Valve plays a mighty important part in the life of your tires.

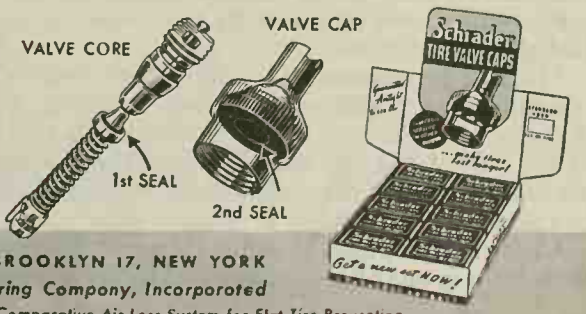
Notice the two sealing units. (1) The Core that holds the air in the Valve. (2) The doubly reinforced brass and rubber seal *inside* the Cap that guarantees an air-tight, dirt-proof Valve up to 250 lbs. pressure.

The next time you look at your tires—check these two sealing points. You can replace the parts yourself, or ask your dealer to do it for you.

To "Make Your Tires Last Longer," **RIDE WITH BOTH SEALS,** Buy them where you see this display

Watch your Pressures, Keep a Schroder Tire Gouge in your car

Schrader
PRODUCTS
CONTROL THE AIR



A. SCHRADER'S SON • BROOKLYN 17, NEW YORK
Division of Scovill Manufacturing Company, Incorporated
Originators of the Comparative Air Loss System for Flat Tire Prevention

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

WALTER DAVENPORT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor



CAN WE INSURE AGAINST WAR?

THE answer to the above question is: Of course we can't. There isn't any absolute insurance against anything, because this world is a most uncertain place.

However, we can, if we will, take out fairly thorough coverage in an effort to save ourselves from having to fight any more wars, atomic or otherwise, and to make reasonably sure of winning if we do have to fight.

President Truman late last year appointed a nine-member committee, called the President's Advisory Commission on Universal Training, to look into these possibilities from all angles.

The commission was a distinguished one, comprising M.I.T. President Karl T. Compton (chairman); Joseph E. Davies, former ambassador to Russia; Princeton President Harold W. Dodds; Attorney Truman K. Gibson, Jr.; the Reverend Dr. Daniel A. Poling of the Christian Herald; Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg of industrial relations fame; Judge Samuel I. Rosenman, onetime adviser to President Roosevelt; the Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, vice-president of Georgetown University; and General Electric President Charles E. Wilson.

It investigated and deliberated, and recently came through with a long, detailed and possibly frightening report on what we can do to keep wars away from our door in future or win them if they succeed in kicking the door down. The report is now being discussed far and wide by American lawmakers and military men, and no doubt by the leaders of potential enemy nations.

Much of the emphasis is placed by the President's commission on universal military training for American young men. It is recommended that each of our boys start a year's hitch at age 18 (or 17 with parents' consent), and spend the first six months in basic training in camp or aboard ship.

Under this proposal, he would then pass the other six months in one of several optional forms of training. Or, if qualified and ambitious to do so, he could make the Army, Navy or Air Force his career.

The object would be to provide this country with large numbers of men who would know what to do when and if an air-borne attack by atom bombers, followed up with air-borne infantry, were to surprise us some morning in a super-Pearl Harbor and blast a lot of our cities' gizzards out.

What we are chiefly afraid of is that if the American people consent to such a system of universal military training they may be lulled into a feeling of smug, false security.

To do that, it seems to us, would be to commit as suicidal a mistake as the French people did before World War II, when most of them concluded that the Maginot line was a 100 per cent insurance policy against any more invasions by the Germans.

The President's commission also wants this country to have an adequate Regular Army, Navy and Air Force, "capable of dislodging enemy forces from bases near this country" and of establishing new bases "anywhere in the world for new hammer blows against the enemy homeland."

We are also strongly advised by the commission to build and maintain a powerful mobile force of long-range bombers, their avowed job being, in case of necessity, to carry atom bombs to any point or points on the globe, for swift and merciless retaliation against any attack on us.

Needless to say, we would maintain a large and growing stock pile of the newest in atom bombs for these planes to carry.

Almost as important as the fighting services, according to the President's commission, is an efficient and thousand-eyed Intelligence service—in plain English, a spy system—to counteract the efficient spy systems of various other countries, and "to discover war plans of a potential aggressor or extension of his sphere of influence to replace the cushion of time which the United States no lon as a result of the speed of atomic attack."

Along with all these recommendatio warning that our monopoly of the at technique probably will not last beyond that by 1955 a large-scale, all-out atomic us will be possible.

This would be a grim and costly progr

We tried several easier and seemingl alternatives between World Wars I an United States led the disarmament parad promoted the Kellogg-Briand Anti-Wa 1928; adopted stringent neutrality legisla 36, and clung to it till after World War I 1939.

All these things were expressions of American abhorrence of war and desire t peace. But all that they accomplished was around the world the impression that t States for some reason would never fight the end, we got into the worst fight in wor

It may be that the United Nations—the pression of American abhorrence of war— to be a powerful agency for war preventio day perhaps U.N. may make big natio ments unnecessary. But that time is no even in sight.

Until that time arrives, we can see nothi United States to do, alas, but to concert it along pretty much the lines mapped by dent's commission. The plan isn't perfec at least a carefully considered basis for di and action.

Whatever we do, it seems to us the portant thing of all is to avoid, persist always, the Maginot line state of mind- never to kid ourselves that we can go to fensewise because of some slick weapon it be universal training or the atom bon other. France did that once.

EVERSHARP

answers your $64 Question!



ERSHARP
ENTATION
ST $14.75

n $9.75. Matching EVER-
RP Repeater Pencil—$5.
Choice of Colors.

Guaranteed Forever. If your
ARP ever needs service and is re-
o EVERSHARP, we will put it in good
g order functionally for only 35¢, ex-
for missing parts, accidental, or willful
age. This service is guaranteed not for
ars, not for life, but Guaranteed Forever.

You Always Write *Best*—with *EVERSHARP*!

Write with this new EVERSHARP Pen and instantly your writing looks clearer—smoother—with more *you* in it. The large 14K gold Magic Point writes with your own characteristic flexibility of line and shading . . . and so *smoothly*, it's silent! Magic Feed prevents ink leaking—anywhere . . . Writes *more* words with *less* refilling. Matching EVERSHARP Repeater Pencil feeds new points, when you need new points, like a machine gun—when you click the Magic Button with your thumb. See it today!

Give EVERSHARP—and you give the finest!

© 1947, Eversharp, Inc.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!



More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before

"The shortage taught me the big differences in cigarette quality," says Miss Decker

SMOKERS everywhere shared your experience with cigarettes, Miss Decker. They too smoked many different brands . . . and *compared*.

And millions found that experience *is* the best teacher . . . that for day-in and day-out smoking pleasure you just can't beat the rich, full flavor and the cool mildness of Camels. That's why today more people are smoking Camels than ever before. But, no matter how great the demand for Camels, this you can be sure of:

We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.





Getting cigarettes was hard way! It wasn't much fun, standing in line, taking any brand you could get. But that's when millions learned what cigarette suited them best —Camels!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Sa



According to a recent Nationwide survey

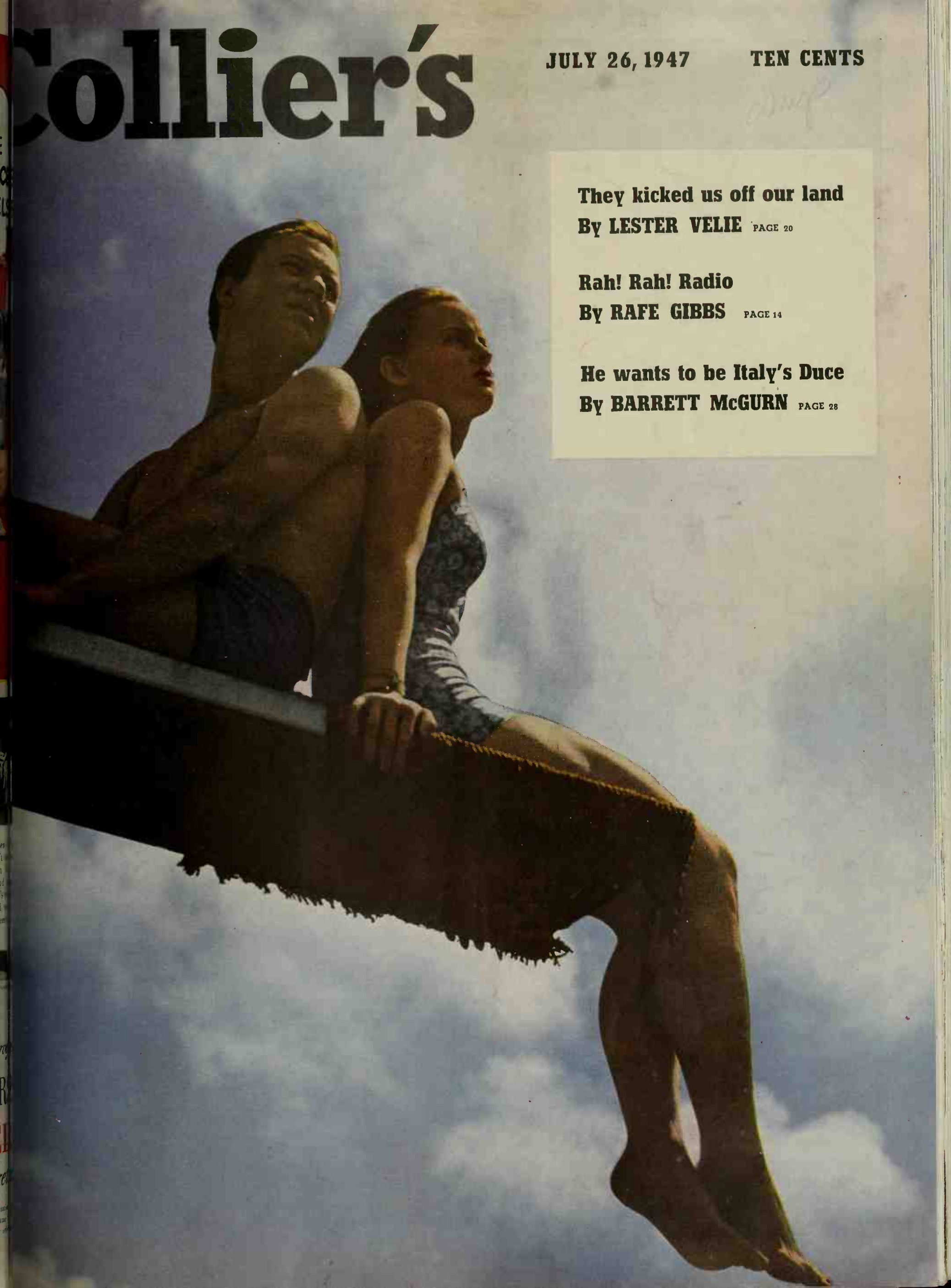
MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations—113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other*

Collier's

JULY 26, 1947 TEN CENTS



They kicked us off our land
By LESTER VELIE PAGE 20

Rah! Rah! Radio
By RAFE GIBBS PAGE 14

He wants to be Italy's Duce
By BARRETT McGURN PAGE 28

Fathers and sons are a common sight in the busy Studebaker plants—As a result, there's a consistent continuity of high quality construction in Studebaker cars and trucks. Peter and Floyd Dreibelbis, pictured here, work in different departments although they've been photographed together. In many of the Studebaker father-and-son combinations, however, the son is an apprentice—the father his instructor.

Men of conscience as well as competence build long life into your Studebaker



A thrilling eyeful at anyone's doorway! Sweet and low—a melody in metal—that's how delighted motorists describe the far-advanced 1947 Studebaker. Whether your preference is a Champion, a Commander, or a special Land Cruiser, each 1947 Studebaker is a real postwar car in performance as well as styling—luxurious—amazingly roomy—with such unique Studebaker advancements as non-glare "black light" instrument dials and safety brakes that automatically adjust themselves.

This painstaking care began back in 1852 . . . it's worth more than ever now in 1947

IT'S certainly sound sense to put your new-car money into a distinctive postwar Studebaker.

You get far-advanced styling and engineering—a really modern 1947 automobile. This up-to-dateness gives you the finest kind of motoring now. It's sure to make your Studebaker a much demanded car when the time comes to trade it in.

But your best reason for buying a 1947 Studebaker is the trustworthy quality of its workmanship. It stands up remarkably because the men who build it put pride into their work as well as skill. These men come largely from fa whose names have long been p Studebaker's history. It's in their to believe that good workmanshi hand in hand with good will.

That's why the surviving soundn your Studebaker is the constant e your neighbors. A Studebaker never wears out.

It represents more than the so a paycheck to Studebaker craftsm represents a reputation that they kinsmen and fellow townsmen hav upholding for more than 95 years

STUDEBAKER

The postwar leader in motor car style

© 1947, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indian

Don't expect a Royal Welcome if you bring INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!



Get after it quick with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC!

E look on her face says more
t an a thousand words—nice
pe just don't care to mix with
ie of infectious dandruff!

n't think for a minute you
augh off this troublesome
tion. Infectious dandruff is
o catch, but *hard* to get rid
o don't fool around. At the
sign of objectionable flakes
dscales start with Listerine
tseptic and massage.

Antiseptic action is important where germs are present, and Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on the scalp by the million, including Pityrosporum ovale, the "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent in infectious dandruff.

Scalp and hair are given an invigorating antiseptic bath. Almost at once excess flakes and scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels delightfully fresh.

In a series of tests 76% of dandruff patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of 4 weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatments. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The TESTED TREATMENT

Chest **DIPPING?**
Spirits **SLIPPING?**



Look better-feel better

"Bracer"* SUPPORTER BELT



It tucks your tummy in, your chest goes up, shoulders back—you feel better and look years younger when you wear a Bauer & Black "Bracer." By its gentle support, "Bracer" helps relieve fatigue.

Newly-designed, all-elastic, two-way stretch, seamless waistband fits you snugly, minimizes rolling. Exclusive tubular elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll. Ample-size fly-front pouch is self-adjusting to any position!

For all-day wear, "Bracer" is comfortable, convenient, restful. Ask for it at department, men's wear, drug and surgical stores . . . $3.50.

"BRACER* ROYAL" *has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you even more supportive action . . . $5.00*

"Bracer" SUPPORTER BELT

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company
2500 S. Deorborn St., Chicago 16

COLLIER'S

July 26, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managin*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*P*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGH	

THIS WEEK

FICTION

GENIUS WORKING — By HENRY NORTON — 11
Edna Mae worshiped him. She even got him out of jail!

A THING CALLED HEART — By ROBERT GIBBONS — 16
Jeep Jackson was a big man—in everything but size.

A GAME FOR TWO — By CATHERINE HUBBELL — 22
Margo couldn't bear to see her daughter grow into womanhood.

THE AUTOGRAPH — By DON POPE — 26
The Short Short Story.

GARDENIA — By KATHRYN GRONDAHL — 50
It took a generation, but he finally atoned for his guilt.

MERCHANT OF VALOR — By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND — 62
The Serial Story. The fourth of five parts.

ARTICLES

BOY VS. BASS — By WARWICK M. TOMPKINS — 12
Thrills of spearing a 25-pounder underwater in the South Seas.

RAH! RAH! RADIO — By RAFE GIBBS — 14
College broadcasters enjoy privileges denied to larger networks.

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY — By HANNAH LEES — 18
Aptitude tests that eliminate waste motion in choosing a career.

THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND — By LESTER VELIE — 20
The first of two parts. How Western stockmen are trying to grab over 200 million acres of the public domain.

CONEY ISLAND IS A HOWL — By AMY PORTER — 24
High spots of New York's seaside playground for the masses.

HE WANTS TO BE ITALY'S DUCE — By BARRETT MCGURN — 28
The rise of Guglielmo Giannini, who seeks to take Mussolini's job.

GLAMOR HITS THE RANGE — By JIM MARSHALL — 34
What the well-dressed cowgirl is wearing—and what it costs.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIALS: *Separate Peace Prospects • This Priceless Freedom • Food That Gets There* — 82

COVER — By *JAMES SNYDER*

THE WEEK'S M

DAY-PART-I-MEHNT DE CO-RE

DEAR SIRS: As I was reading you zine of May 31st, I noticed a m the cartoon. It reads, "Je suis tr I believe you'll find that the acc très goes toward the left. *N'est-c*
JOSEPH RICCARDI, Clevela

Vooz est absolutement correct, m L'accent que vooz are obvieuxly to eez call l'accent grave, et we ployé l'accent aigu.

HIGH-STRUNG

DEAR SIR: In The Week's Mail, J there is a reference under "Hum tic" to the number of city block light years.

It is indeed more than all the the world can boast. Just to give idea, suppose that ordinary kite or string about one fortieth of an in ameter were available in a length 100 light years.

If this piece of string were around and around the earth like yarn, so that all of the surface of were covered, there would be ab 000 layers of string over the earth and the entire earth would be cove almost a quarter-of-a-mile-thick w Judging by the way some of the p the earth have been acting, it mi good idea to start winding.
F. W. GODSEY, JR., Pittsbu

Sounds like a sensible idea. W saving string right away. But wh to wind the string?

WATCH OUR LANGUAGE,

GENTLEMEN: "Damn" was incorre in Heavy, Heavy Over Head Chrichton (May 24, 1947). The v tended to express carelessness an connection the word should be "c rived from "tinker's dam." A ti called upon to do mending of ke pans; in performing the task he necessary to build up a little wal to hold the mend in place until t hardened. After the repair was then useless dam was carelessl aside, whence our expression "dor tinker's dam."
MILDRED OGLE, Bunker H

Not that he gives a tinker's dam name is spelled Crichton. Webste "d——" to "dam."

THE GENTLER SEX

DEAR SIR: The article on my gra ter, Conchita Cintrón (Beauty in

(Continued on page 81)

Vol. 120, No. 4. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17. N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Sprin Changes in address should reach us five week of the next issue date. Give both the old a dresses. Entered as second-class matter a Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of Ma and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. or art submitted to Collier's, The Natio should be accompanied by addressed envel turn postage. The Publisher assumes no r for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

O's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



DUCTIVE South American aristocrat. Rugged JOHN WAYNE smashes conventions, risks ruin, to win LARAINE DAY in RKO's *Tycoon*, ned in Technicolor. It's Laraine's most seductive role. Picture unds in fiery love scenes, whirlwind action, breath-taking spectacle.



DESPERATE one-man battle against police. HENRY FONDA, murder-suspect, and BARBARA BEL GEDDES, his injured sweetheart, huddle despairingly in scene from *The Long Night*, a Hakim-Litvak production. Star cast includes VINCENT PRICE, ANN DVORAK.



SHOPPING ABROAD proves fascinating pastime for MARTHA SCOTT during filming in England of James Hilton's *So Well Remembered*. Five stars head the huge Anglo-American cast: Miss Scott, JOHN MILLS, PATRICIA ROC, TREVOR HOWARD and RICHARD CARLSON.



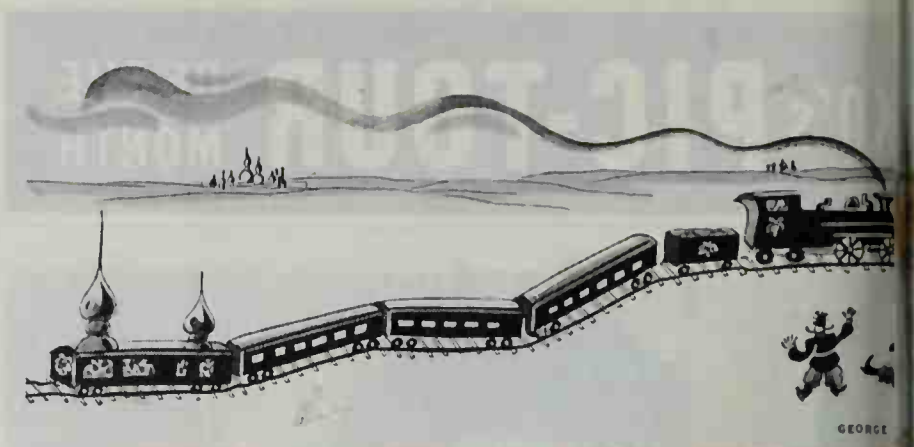
HOTLY PURSUED by Willie the Giant, terrified Mickey Mouse flees for safety in this scene from WALT DISNEY's Technicolor musical cartoon feature, *Fun and Fancy Free*. Mickey's mistake: visiting the giant's castle, uninvited. EDGAR BERGEN, DINAH SHORE top big cast.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*



GEORGE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

For several decades after Russia's first railroad began to operate between St. Petersburg and Moscow in 1851, the trains running on Sunday and holy days carried, for religious services, one or two "church cars" whose special equipment included stained-glass windows and sacred paintings.

For every 1,000 Americans who died last year of heart disease, 295 were of normal weight, 227 were underweight and 478 overweight; while for every 1,000 who died of diabetes, 238 were of normal weight, 152 were underweight and 610 overweight.



Of the 30 most popular cocktails and other mixed drinks—from the Alexander to the Zombie—in the United States today, rum is the chief ingredient of eight, whisky of seven, gin of seven, wine of five and brandy of three.

America's greatest furor was that created by Jenny Lind, the Swedish singer, during her concert tour (1850-1852). Its extent is indicated by a collection of Lindiana owned by the New York Historical Society which contains, among its thousands of items, scores of the countless articles on which her name and portrait were used as a trade-mark or decoration, such as bonnets, beds, whiskies, wall-papers and men's fancy vest buttons.

The Todas of southern India, a tribe of 700 aborigines who still permit brothers and friends to have wives in common, devote little time to a profitable occupation as they are supported largely by a neighboring tribe which regards them with superstitious veneration. The Todas themselves so worship the cow that their single temple is a dairy presided over by their chief holy man who desanctifies the sacred milk before its distribution.

Probably the most fantastic ever made for an article of a historical importance was that American who, a few years ag ited a number of museums in tempt to sell "the skin of the s that tempted Eve in the Garc Eden."

A unique double suicide by e cution was committed by an un couple in 1926 near Trieste, After wrapping many yards o tric wire around himself an sweetheart, the young man tied to the other end of the wire and it up and over a high-tension tra sion line.

During the theatrical year ended May 31, 1947, pro started new Br 17 of wh out. Of those that opened, 13 within a week and ten others w month, while 16 were hits (1 more performances). Three of successes were among the 1 shows still running at the end season.

Recent cases in which diffi were considerably lessened b psychological effect of color i the repainting of a black a soothing green which resulte tremendous decrease in the num suicides who jumped from it, a repainting of telephone booth ors which resulted in faster con tions and the elimination of v lines.

The Euthanasia Society of A is now conducting a campai legalize euthanasia or "mercy ki on the following basis: Any san who wishes to be put to death his incurable physical suffering first apply to a court for a permi mitting with his petition an af from his doctor. Then three sicians, appointed by the cou vestigate and, if they approv permit is granted and the patien use it or not—if and when he ch

Contrary to the common beli most lynchings are incited by a attacks on white women, not than 600 of the 3,700 Negroes ly in the United States in the p years were accused of any kind crime.

Ten dollars will be paid for each i cepted for this column. Contributio be accompanied by their source of i tion. Address Keep Up With the Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y. This column is copyrighted items may be reproduced without pe

WHOSE DOG IS THAT ?

From the clues given, can you name the famous owners of these happy canines?

"ereg Duda" is a puli (Hungarian sheep dog) owned by a Metropolitan star who has been called "Queen of American Carmens." Miss S. was n Deepwater, Missouri . . . started to sing at the age of five . . . has ed in pictures, but at present is devoting her efforts entirely to opera, t, and radio work.

he likes golf, tennis and driving her black convertible . . . often taking he wheel from her chauffeur. She always looks for the "Ethyl" trade- when buying gasoline because: "Driving is more fun when the car runs t—smoothly and powerfully! That's why I choose 'Ethyl' gasoline."



Bruce" belongs to one of the busiest men in radio. Mr. G appears on as as eleven shows a week and his specialty is kidding sponsors and mercials. He works without notes or script . . . just says whatever comes his head . . . which is something when you consider he's on the air about een hours a week. You can hear him over the CBS network at 11 A.M. T Monday through Friday and at 9:00 P.M. EDST Tuesdays.

His home is in Virginia, where he enjoys sailing, raising horses and ng his new car. He says he always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "If n't, they wouldn't put my name in this ad."



2. "Great Pal," a Great Dane, belongs to a famous movie comedian who is coming back to the screen after an absence of several years. This should be great news to the folks who roared at the antics of this frantic young man with horn-rimmed spectacles when he starred in "Grandma's Boy," "Safety Last" and "The Freshman." His new, sure-to-click comedy is "The Sin of Harold Diddlebock," a feature release of United Artists.

He lives with his wife and children in Beverly Hills, drives a light gray convertible and collects old cars. He uses "Ethyl" gasoline in *all* his cars because: "There's nothing like 'Ethyl' gasoline for bringing out the power of a new car and putting a bit of life back into an old one."



Read this to check your identification of the dogs' owners:

It's pretty hard to identify somebody from a picture of his or her dog. Also the fact that the person is an "Ethyl" gasoline user is not the best of clues. Millions of people like both dogs and high-quality gasoline. However, we think we've given you enough other clues to identify: 1. Gladys Swarthout. 2. Harold Lloyd. 3. Arthur Godfrey.

These famous people look for the "Ethyl" trademark for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They know the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means the oil company has improved its best gasoline with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This famous ingredient steps up power and performance—helps any car, new or old, do its best. Ethyl Corporation, New York.



LOOK FOR THE
"ETHYL" TRADE-MARK

Guide
SEALED BEAM
UNITS



More new cars are factory-equipped with
GUIDE SEALED BEAM UNITS
than any other make

GUIDE LAMP DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS
SAFE HEADLAMPS ARE "CORRECTLY AIMED" HEADLAMPS—
HAVE YOURS CHECKED TODAY

THE WEEK'S WORK



"I'm sorry—the machine decided," Humor Editor Williams tells a sad cartoonist, as his Gagometer tears up her idea

TO TELEVISION, the Space Ship and the Bomb, we can now add another miracle of scientific achievement: the Gurney Gagometer. It seems that Mr. Gurney Williams, Collier's humor editor, has looked at nearly 1,250,000 cartoon gags and he thought it high time someone came through with a machine to take over the job. So he got together the works of an alarm clock, a rattrap, a mousetrap, a photographic timer, various springs, a buzzer and a bell.

Gurney hooked up these mechanical intestines to several flashlight bulbs and batteries, and set the intricate mechanism inside a wooden cabinet. Finally on June 12, 1947—while Mrs. Williams was crying, "Gurney, the screens aren't in *yet!*"—the machine worked.

Do not get the impression that the Gagometer is the mechanical dream of an impractical Edison. It actually operates. While Mr. Williams lolls leisurely, a lovely assistant slips a cartoon idea into a slot at one end of the Gagometer.. The mechanism whirs, indicating the gag is being pretested by an Assistant Brain. If the idea has possibilities, it is put through for further consideration. The starter button is turned, the Electronic Brain goes into action. A flashing light indicates the Brain is thinking.

Should the idea be deemed unworthy, a buzzer sounds ominously, and torn pieces of gag are ejected brutally from the top of the machine. If okayed, the idea is paid for immediately—three cents! Instructions for operation are clearly printed on top: *"Caution:* Use only as directed. If headaches persist or recur frequently, consult your doctor."

When pressed for a carefully prepared statement on his amazing device, Mr. Williams said, "I understand the British and the Russians are working on similar devices. The British call theirs the Hawscope, the Russians named theirs the *Mashina Dlya Shootok* (Machine for Gags). They're both two years behind, neither having the Assistant Brain, one of the best-kept secrets of the peace."

We understand cartoonists are feverishly working on a counter device.

ROBERT GIBBONS (A Thing Called Heart, p. 16) grew up in an atmosphere of local athletics in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where his father was a high-school coach who believed in "heart" as the essential ingredient of a ballplayer. "He had to believe it," explains Mr. Gibbons, "being one of the lightest guards ever to l football at Alabama."

As soon as he reached the discretion, Mr. Gibbons, wh twin, began writing. So fa ground out millions of wor which about 300,000 have mostly in two novels. In 1 married, had a son, now seven, he describes as a born ball statesman, writer and scientist. he went to war, serving abo LST, and ashore at Leyte and

When Joe Garagiola, C catcher, got his thumb busted the World Series of '46, Mr. G recalled the same thing happe Joe during a game at Rizal S some months earlier while c for the Manila Dodgers, a team managed by Kirby Higt also recalled watching a little named Schantz or Schanz wo Okinawa against Manila.

"He was so small that his u draped down to his ankles," sa Gibbons. "He lost the game had heart, and the whole stadiu him. I don't know whether th man has made his way into p

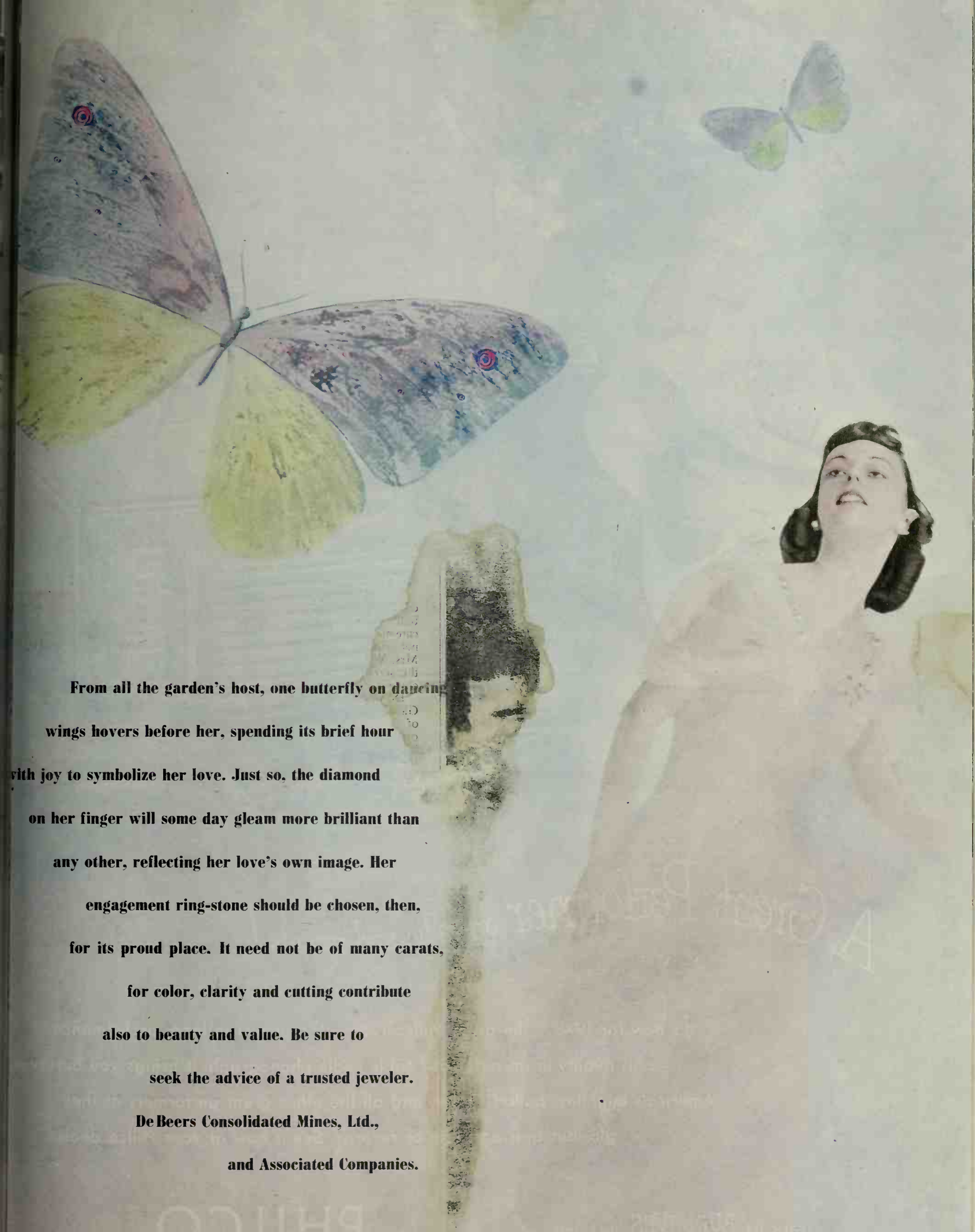
"The characters of A Thing Heart are out of my imaginati they are tempered by recollect such things as a twice-busted th little man in an oversized unifo the nature of my father's spor ship."

Mr. Gibbons admits hero w motivates a lot of his writing, practically all the heroes of his have turned out to be lechero so-and-sos. "But I'm not going cule my son when he begins to at this baseball star and that c hero," he adds. "For I'll still b veling, in my reserved, adult my own personal heroes."

EXTRA! Flash! Special! morning of Friday, June th a member staggered across th of the New York Stock Ex carrying stacks of the new C under each arm, shouting, " dope on why Farley brok Roosevelt!" Trading stopped a bers rushed up and got the copy. Next day's reports sho market had risen.

This week's cover: Blue Jimmy Snyder captured the v blue of the Bahama heavens British Colonial Hotel in Nassa foreground is pretty attractive posed by native Bahamians. . .

TED S



From all the garden's host, one butterfly on dancing wings hovers before her, spending its brief hour with joy to symbolize her love. Just so, the diamond on her finger will some day gleam more brilliant than any other, reflecting her love's own image. Her engagement ring-stone should be chosen, then, for its proud place. It need not be of many carats, for color, clarity and cutting contribute also to beauty and value. Be sure to seek the advice of a trusted jeweler.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.,
and Associated Companies.

ONE-QUARTER CARAT $95 TO $210 — ONE-HALF CARAT $230 TO $500 — ONE CARAT $600 TO $1165 — TWO CARATS $1400 TO $2900

The prices above for unmounted quality stones were averaged from a great many stores in April, 1947. Add 20% Federal tax.



A Great Performer on radio and records!

It's new for 1948...the great Philco 1256...the utmost in tone, performance and quality in an automatic table radio-phonograph. It brings you Burl Ives, America's mightiest ballad singer, and all the other great performers at their glorious best on radio or records. See it now at your Philco dealer.

LISTEN TO BURL IVES, the Friendly Philco Troubadour, Friday evenings, Mutual Network and many additional stations.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

arvey stumbled into the room. Edna Mae put her arm ound his shoulder. "How did you find me?" he asked



ENIUS ORKING

HENRY NORTON

're still tops," Edna Mae Harvey Renner. "And no er copywriter can make t statement." However, other copywriter tried

HARVEY RENNER wrote radio commercials. Yes, Harvey Renner was the type of person who enjoyed writing radio commercials, and with men who knew commercials best it was generally conceded he did a very nice type job.

Harvey had a noble brow, straight blond hair, and inky fingers. In an occupation usually noted for oddly assorted garments, thought-glazed eyes, and a tendency to three-day drunks, Harvey was notable. He drank sparingly, his neat gray suit just missed being dapper, and his pale, narrow, sensitive face had all the calm intellect of a bank clerk or a horse player.

At the moment Harvey was putting the final deft touches to a singing commercial. Strictly from Gilbert and Sullivan, the music, so the internal rhyme scheme had to be fast and tricky without reducing the sponsor's name to unintelligibility. Unintelligibility on the radio usually results from an announcer or singer tackling a word like unintelligibility.

He was seated at his desk, beating out rhythm with a finger purpled by ditto carbon, when Edna Mae Scott put her three-dollar coiffure into the room. She was Mr. Disbrow's secretary. The ill-informed might cling, if they wished, to the idea that Mr. Disbrow was the brain behind the advertising agency of Yates & Disbrow. Edna Mae knew better. Were she ever to leave Mr. Disbrow, for any of the reasons that kept coming to her mind, the entire enterprise would, she was sure, fold up.

Edna Mae, having a deep-rooted respect for the symptoms of genius at work, waited quietly; after a moment Harvey's hand slowed and he turned to look at her. The sunlight from the reception room beyond touched her hair and built a small leaping fire among her blond-gold curls. Harvey sighed and all memory of the commercial vanished.

"Orbed maiden with white fire laden," he quoted softly, and sighed again. "Yes, Miss Scott?"

Edna Mae puzzled briefly over his use of the word "orbed"; then, smoothing her dress at the waist, she decided that no matter how he intended it, she had a right to it.

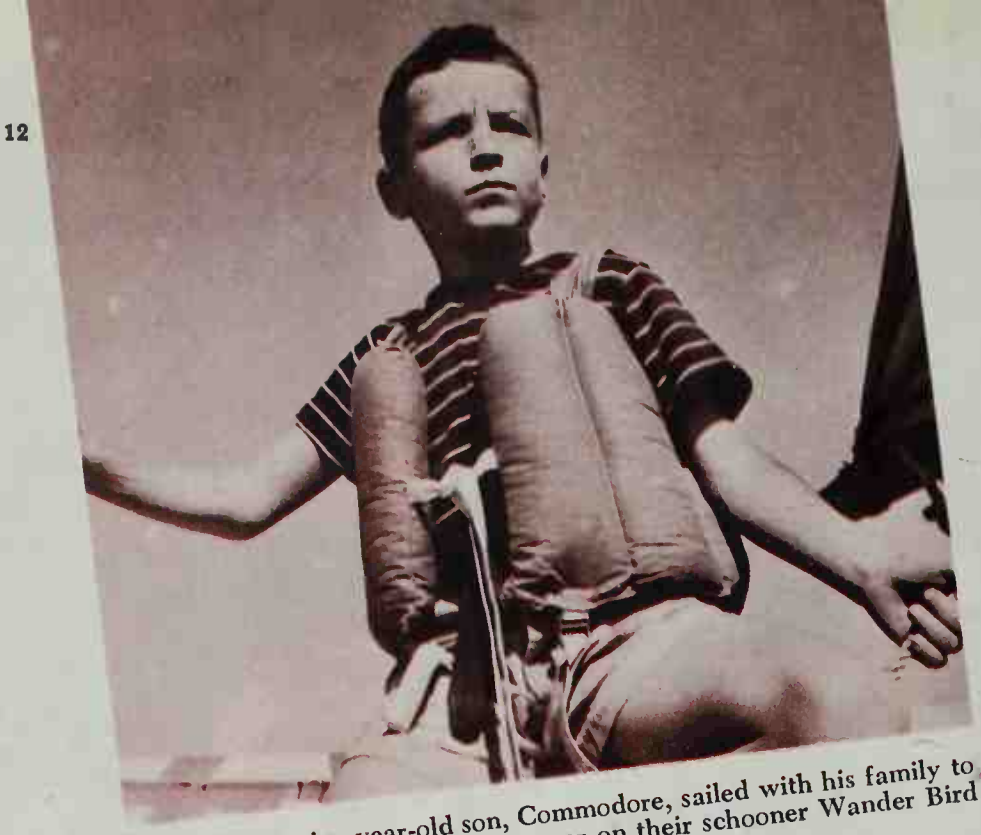
"Idea conference, Mr. Renner," she said. "Mr. Disbrow and Mr. Evans right away, in the room."

Harvey frowned at the clock and checked it elaborately with his own watch. He had plenty of time to finish his work, but there was no harm letting people know how busy he was.

Edna Mae added softly, "And Mr. Castle, too."

Harvey Renner got to his feet immediately, said, "Thank you, Miss Scott!" with more warmth than the occasion seemed to *(Continued on page 60)*

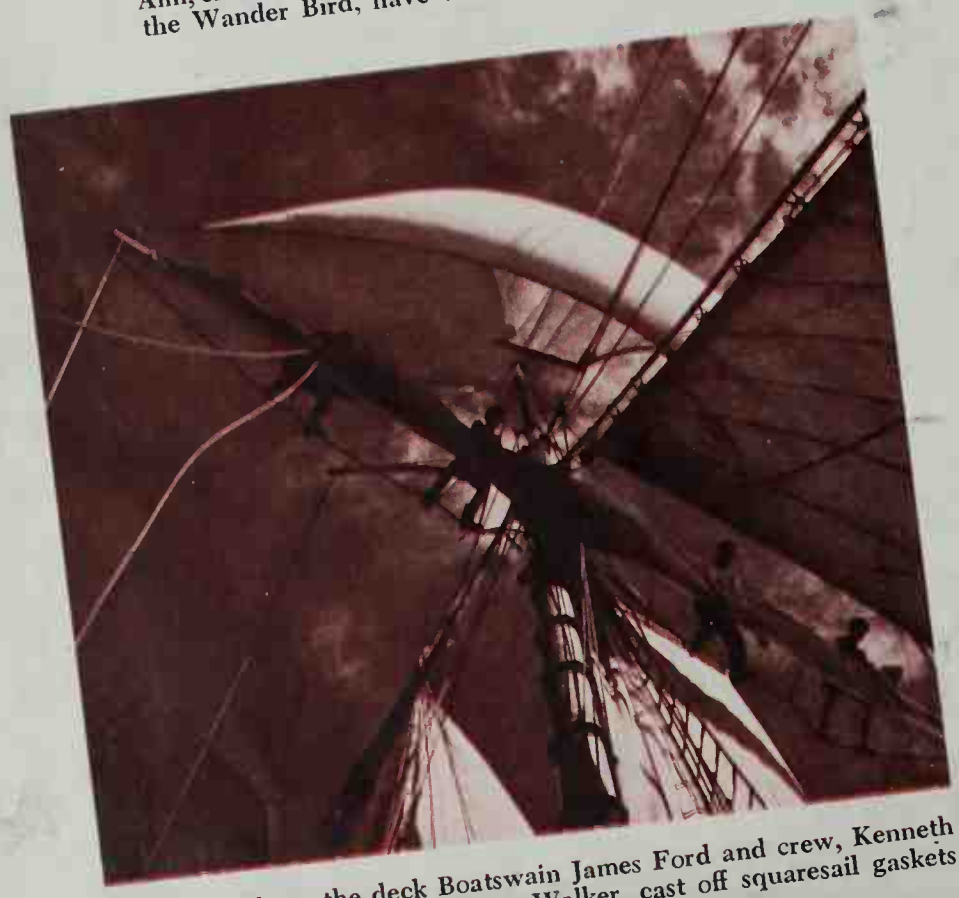
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG



The author's nine-year-old son, Commodore, sailed with his family to the South Pacific just before the war on their schooner Wander Bird



Ann, eleven, and her brother, Commodore, have lived all their lives on the Wander Bird, have done things most children only read about



Fifty feet above the deck Boatswain James Ford and crew, Kenneth Brown, Donald Strauss, William Walker, cast off squaresail gaskets

BOY vs. BASS

BY WARWICK M. TOMPKINS

Deep in the dangerous waters off Tahiti, a nine-year-old American boy stalks and finally shoots a sea bass that weighs nearly half as much as he

MAKOA'S paddle missed a stroke as he waved to his friends on the American schooner, Wander Bird, anchored just inside the reef in Papeete, Tahiti. Makoa was dressed for hunting in the ocean's depths. His golden skin glinted with coconut oil, and his shock of black hair was sleeked down and caught by a bright band of plaited fibers. His only garment was a scanty *pareu* patterned with a white flower.

For all of his weight he was not squat nor ugly as he sat in the green dugout. He had the smooth muscles of a great swimmer and tireless paddler. Today he was taking Ann, 11, Commodore, 9, and the Skipper on a fishing expedition, but there were no rods or reels in the boat. The fishing was to be the more exciting and difficult sport in which the fishermen swim underwater to shoot their game with peculiar weapons.

"We're all ready," Skipper greeted the Tahitian, "I see you've brought the spears and slings!" In the bottom of the canoe lay a half-dozen slender rods with barbs at one end and several short lengths of bamboo with strong rubber loops lashed at one end. "Bring your diving masks, you two," the Skipper called to the children, and they jumped into the canoe.

Their diving masks were oval pieces of glass mounted on red rubber which covered their eyes and noses, but not their mouths, and were held in place by heavy rubber bands. The purpose of the mask is to keep water from getting against one's eyes. Unless a diver is swimming he lets his mask hang around his neck and this the children did now as Makoa headed toward the reef, the canoe and its single outrigger leaving a double wake.

On the seaward side of the reef the water was suddenly blue and deep. "Makoa made a special spear for you, son," Skipper told Commodore. "Let's see what kind of a hunter you are." The spear was three feet long, thinner than a lead pencil and more like a tailless arrow than a spear.

"Here's the sling," Makoa said. "Put your spear through the tube, pull back the rubber band and zing! Let 'r go! It works like a slingshot. You'll soon get the knack."

Commodore slipped over the side of the canoe and lay face down on the surface of the water as he paddled slowly along the edge of the reef. The world he saw was different from anything he'd ever seen before. He was excited and even a little frightened. What creatures might not be lurking along those coral cliffs? He had heard of fierce eels and the huge M rays which flit like bats through tropic waters. He knew about sh the deadly barracuda and the tridacna, that monstrous clam v can trap and kill any diver.

Only the brim of the reef's prec was brightly illuminated by the In the crevices of the palisade, plants flourished, and animals v he could hardly distinguish plants. In the bubbles and back of the surf the upper growths v vigorously, but farther down, mo were slow and languid.

The face of the reef was pocked caves, tunnels and passages le into darkness. It was a fairly re precipice, but now and again were isolated piles, standing like tles in watery silence.

When Commodore swam o ward he discovered there were sounds in the water. The surf h dominant splash, and out of its ti roiling a gentle rain of debri lazily down the cliff. Stones and lumps ticked delicately as bounced. He watched Skipper unsuccessfully at a rainbow fish picked up the metallic "pingk!" the arrow struck the reef.

"Over here!" Makoa called t swimmers. "Good hunting!" He treading water and pointing o Here an underwater cape thrus from the reef. Twenty-five feet a sandy bottom shelved graduall deeper water. Commodore coul black outcroppings of rock sla upward from the sand. The rested on a graceful, natural Through it, slim green sha drifted. He gasped when he re that these were fish.

Makoa suddenly raised himself exhaled explosively, and droppe first toward the bottom. When h far down Commodore saw him easily, his broad feet beginni thrash in short, hard kicks. Ahe him the fish shifted away un sinking closer to the bottom or g under overhanging rocks.

Commodore was obliged to br and when he looked down Makoa was already rising t phantly. A second or two lat broke surface and shook his spe two-foot fish was impaled on i jaws gasped and from the flailin strings of diamond drops flew in arcs. Makoa paddled to a roc tied his catch to it with a bit of

"Looks easy," Commodore tured rashly.

"Anything a champion does easy," Skipper cautioned. "Co

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

wh me. You'll see it's no sim-
ic"
n ad concluded it was sufficient
o watch the others. Now she
d nd stared down through the
w of her mask. In the scene
er she detected something
e familiar. *Where* had she
u a fabulous world and such
e reatures before?
k, Skipper and Commodore
eneath her, moving with
grace like actors in a slow-
n film. They glided through
ntemptuous of gravity. Each
comet's tail of bubbles. They
ed thickets of unearthly
b y and hung meditatively over
astles, turning masked faces
y and that, fingering odd

Rogers! Of course!" she
n chuckled. "That's what they
. That's where I've seen all
e re—in comic books!"
lay only Makoa shot fish. It
ek later before Commodore's
y arrived. "Too bad we can't
s," he groused that morning,
ily sharpening his spear for
time. "I've hit at least five
fine rocks."
t get discouraged," Skipper
We can dive twice as deep and
n twice as long now as we
week ago. Your luck will
Mine, too, I hope. Today
going to take us farther
e reef."

Stalking a Big One

ur later the quartet was swim-
r from Papeete. Makoa had
spot fairly alive with fish.
t! Right below me," the
hissed suddenly. "Here's a
ow. Take a look." The
slipped up to him silently.
he is, by that blue rock, to the
it, a little."
! Over that nest of pebbles.
egular whale."
nty—twenty-five pounds any-
aybe more," Makoa said, "a
sea bass."
" above, the fish showed only
g, thin wedge of his back,
and dark like the stones below
ut for the slight shifting of his
nd the slow fanning of his
would have been nearly invisi-

e him back into that little bay
him," Makoa said. "Don't
ntil you get him up against the
He can't maneuver so well

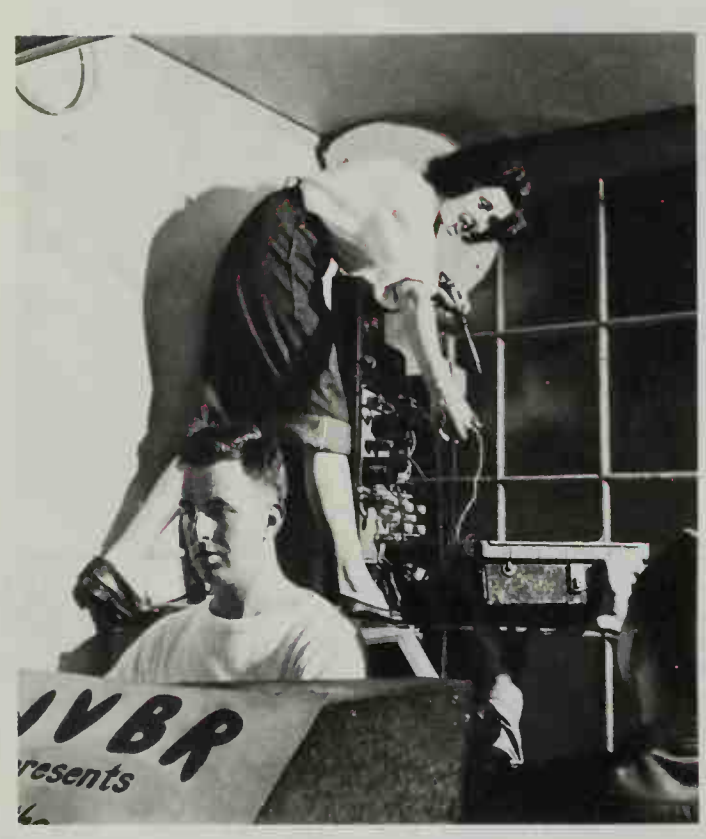
modore and Skipper dived
is fast as Makoa. Commodore
ched the bass from Makoa's
ling himself from rock to rock,
pper closed in from the right.
slanted straight toward the
spear sliding back into its tube
sly as the bass backed away
ensively.
nt that fish; I hope he misses,"
odore was thinking. "Makoa's
o many this past week."
's spear left the tube with that
ic sluggishness peculiar to this
ine world, and Commodore
t ring on the rock. Missed, he
t exultantly.
h bass made a lightning twist
oward Skipper as Makoa re-
his spear, and Skipper fired
(Continued on page 57)

ly in front of Commodore,
three feet away, the big fish
into open water—and stopped

TRATION BY DAVID SHAW

RAH! RAH! RADIO

BY RAFE GIBBS



The coed is chief engineer of Cornell's station WVBR (Voice of the Big Red). She's repairing the equipment

THE most insolent, idealistic, raucous, sentimental, daring, conservative industry in the nation today is college radio. It is also the poorest financially and the fastest-growing.

If anybody would like to argue any one of these points, welcome, welcome. The Intercollegiate Broadcasting System, operated by students and for students on campuses all over the country, thrives on argument. Choose your own side, pro or con, on any question; name your own weapon, reason or roughhouse. The collegians are virtuosos of persuasion.

When certain Yale men felt that the Princeton campus radio was presenting the football situation in an unfair, or unfavorable-to-Yale light, they took the argument into the enemy's territory.

They drove to Princeton, deployed into scouting and attacking parties, tiptoed into the WPRU studio, strong-armed the eight persons they found there, including the announcer, engineer and commentator, lashed them to chairs, placed their own previously prepared platter of football commentary on the turntable, and predicted to the shocked radio listeners of Princeton that Yale would win Saturday's game—which, as it happened, Yale did.

But within minutes after the offending platter began to grind, Princeton listeners came to the rescue, pouring out of houses all over the campus. In a soul-satisfying riot, they roughed up the invaders and threw them out. The next week a giant "P" was burned into the grass at Yale's stadium.

Of course from an elderly point of view, all that was proved by this melee was that boys will be boys.

But sometimes the college radio boy devote their talents to higher purposes. away at campus problems, they work tolerance, they try high-minded experim sic and the drama, and some but not tackle national and international affair

The radio talent of Brigham You sity, Provo, Utah, protested the high pr books in a little skit entitled The Presid Freshman (no connection intended with ber of their own faculty). A part of t ran something like this:

President Slushbottom: Now, my bo thing you must do is buy textbooks.

My boy: Yes, sir.

President Slushbottom: You will n ogy I, by Slusnbottom, $4; Sociology M by Slushbottom, $5; Sociology Made E Slushbottom, $4; and Sociology, by Sl $6, a comprehensive work. Got those boy?

My boy: Yes, sir, but . . .

President Slushbottom: You can stop my boy. I know what you were going t you cannot buy these books secondhand. try to sell them at the end of the year. A every year, that's the Slushbottom way. think I can live on my salary, do you?

Professors in some colleges objected t spread custom of broadcasting Music t expressing doubt as to the compatibilit with mental effort. But the Intercolleg

Men from Brown and girls from Pembroke College demonstrate a studio technique that is informal, fresh, strictly collegiate. In a round-table session over Brown's WBRU, students discussed birth control



At Brown the "underground" radio is only a probl ics, not politics. This group is checking transm



The Intercollegiate Broadcasting System has very little money, limited facilities and a small audience. But it is the fastest-growing and freest-talking network in the nation

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE HUSTON

…m lined up a galaxy of psychologists on … proved, for working purposes, that mu… …ather than hindered study. Classical …s, not dance music.

…/BRU of Brown University invited de… …question: Should Brown students be …o eat in college mess halls? The result … such a resounding "No!" accompanied …marks about college food, that the ad… … gave up all attempts to legislate …ppetites.

…/VBR of Cornell University came to the …onfraternity students who claimed they …crimination in the matter of getting de… …s at football games. The system of seat …was revised.

…ians, in a series of round-table inter… …faculty members, asked the president, … W. Dodds: "Does Princeton discrimi… …t Negroes on admissions?"

…d the president.

…g that it was curious that there were …Negroes in a student body of 3,500, a …ed why applications for admission car… …ion as to race. Not, the president said, …s of discrimination.

… was said on the subject. But WPRU… …ith interest that next year's application …ot ask about race.

… won a minor victory over college regu… …n its series of programs dazzlingly but …y entitled Sex after Six. The idea was …e "all out by six" rule for women visit…

ing in men's dormitories. The students, contending that 6 P.M. was too early to break up a cocktail party, plugged for an extension to 9 P.M. The college authorities compromised on 7 P.M.

College radio was born at Brown University in 1936, when David Borst and George Abraham hooked up low-power transmitters to interdormitory heating pipes. Within a few years 12 more colleges established stations, applying the technique now generally in use, of hooking up to regular electric wires. In 1940 these stations formed the Intercollegiate Broadcasting System, a strong central organization with headquarters in New York, on which any college may call for help in solving its radio problems. David Linton is its only full-time officer, but many professionals, including the two Brown men who started the whole thing, are on call.

After the slowdown of the war, college radio has picked up again. It is twice as big a thing today as it was a year ago, and it promises to be twice as big again by this time next year. It now reaches more than 100,000 listeners through broadcasting stations in 32 colleges and universities scattered through the country. IBS reports that 20 more stations will go on the air in September.

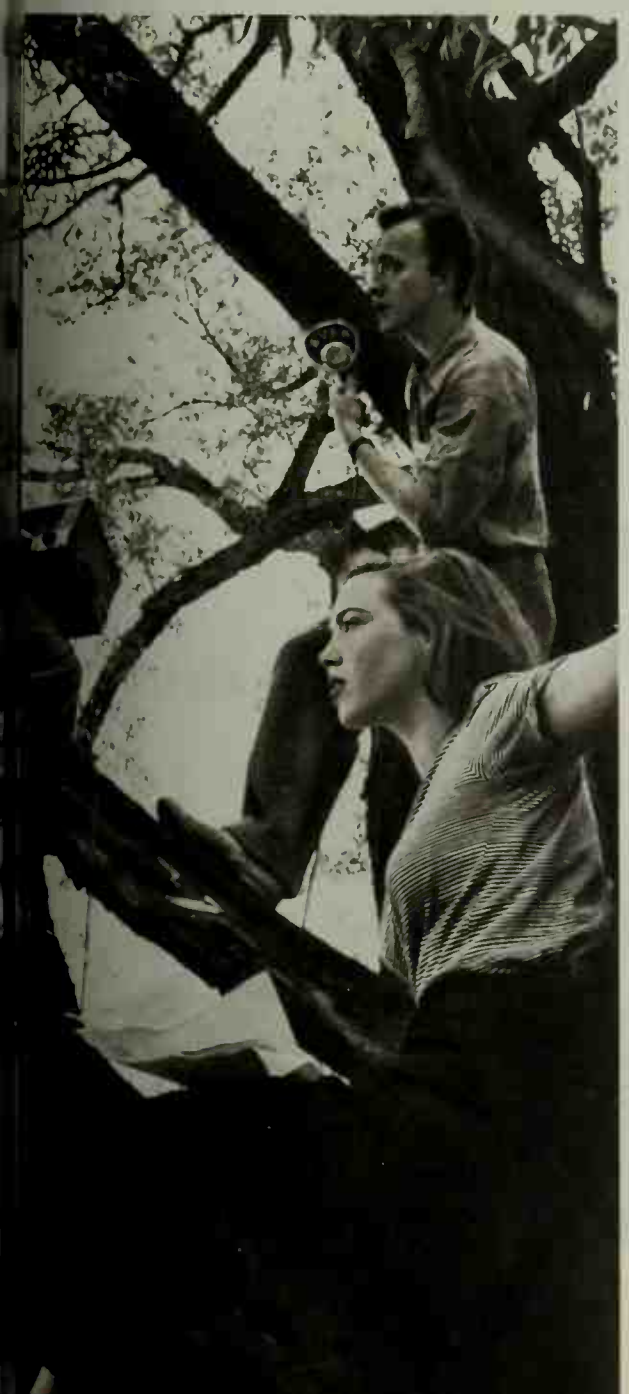
In addition IBS has 18 more "trial" members, whose stations are under construction. Plus applications for membership and calls for technical help from many more student groups. Plus plans for regional, national and finally international hookups with students all over the world.

College radio has limitless ambition. It even hopes, by grace of sponsors, *(Continued on page 52)*



Students are often interviewed on the campus. Questions can be more controversial than commercial radio allows

…Cayuga's waters an on-the-spot crew from WVBR …e treetops to broadcast the Cornell boat race



The Cornell outfit bought this 1922-model station wagon, for use as a mobile unit, but couldn't often take it out because of flat tires. Makeshift equipment, however, discourages few campus broadcasters



A THING CALLED HEART

BY ROBERT GIBBONS

The story of a game little man who made the Big Leagues

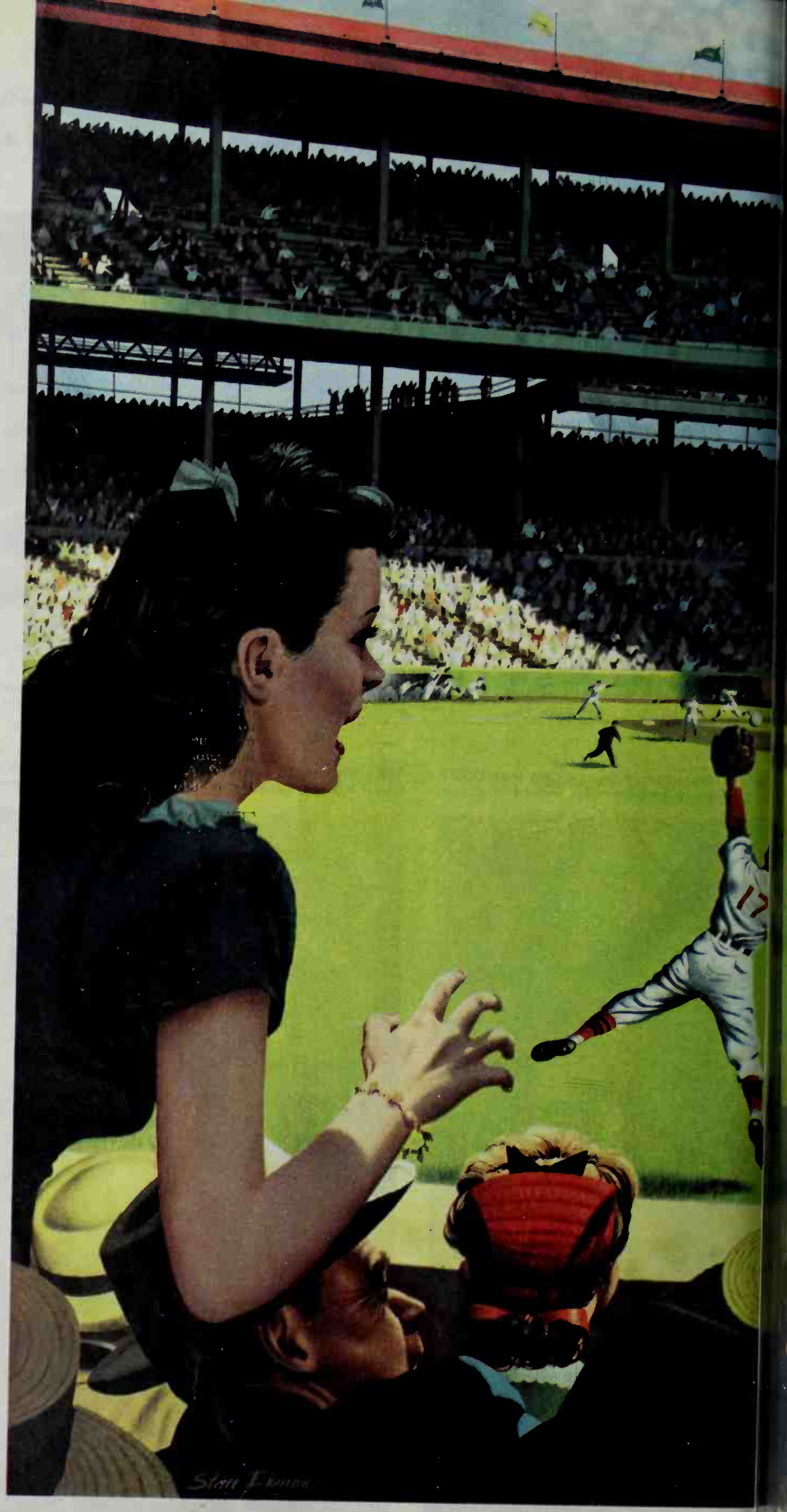
IT BEGAN as long ago as the first part of last year and as far away as Rizal Stadium in Manila—a far place made remoter still by a far time. It began when the USO All-Stars came, in the course of their Pacific tour, to Manila, where they played a five-game series with the Base X Blues. It began when big-leaguer Ed Rankin said to Willys Jackson—

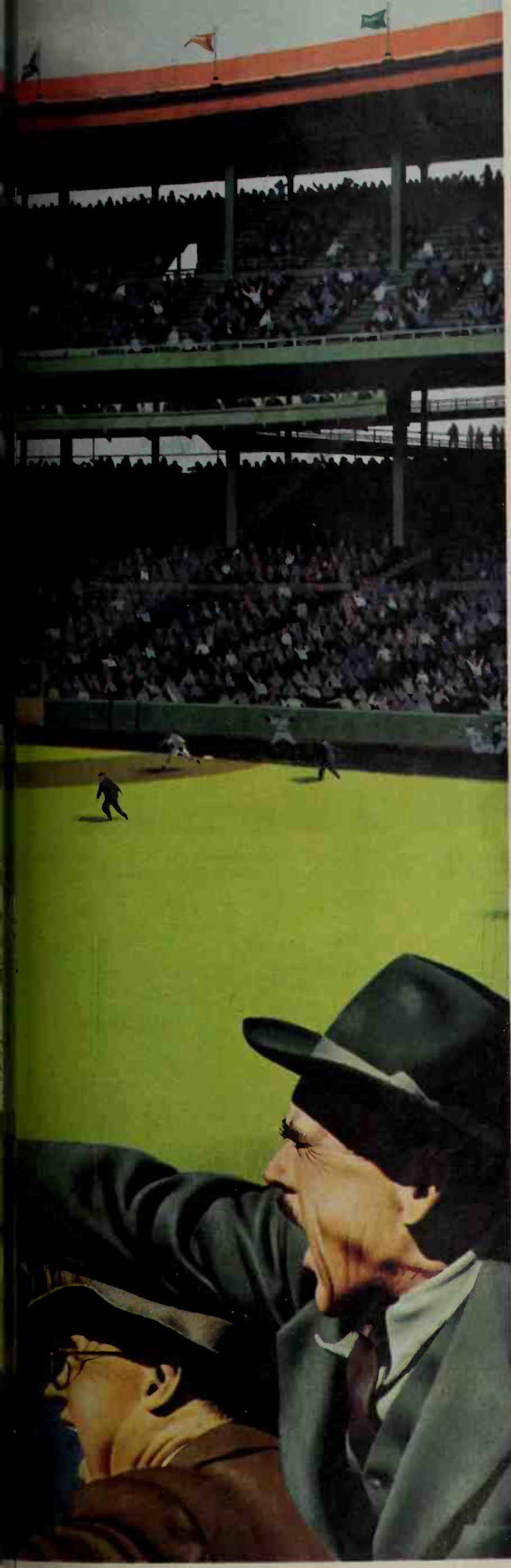
But before that, there had been a war, and before the war, Willys Jackson had pitched ball in the industrial leagues of Vulcan City. There they ranked him with the game's great right-handers before he was out of high school. Home-towners are that way. "Little Billy," they called him. "That's my little man," they said. "That's my boy." Even when he couldn't finish a game he got the kind of hand that fans give a favorite. But most of the time he finished his games, and most of the time he won them. They said in Vulcan City that he was booked for the majors, you couldn't keep him out with a locked gate.

But Sam Chester, who had edited sports through more years than Willys Jackson had lived, shook his head and said to himself, "He's mighty small for the big leagues. He'd need an arm like leather and more heart than the law allows." Then, to hide his doubts, Sam whooped it up in his column. For Sam was a sentimentalist to whom sports were essentially games, not big business; they were games played by men, and Sam liked to believe that a little man could sometimes have enough of a thing called "heart" to make up for what he lacked in brawn. That was Sam's belief, and he sold it to Willys Jackson. It happened that they were both pint-sized men.

In the summer of 1941, the Hawks signed Willys Jackson and sent him to their Southern Association farm. Before his selective service number came up, he pitched three games, winning two. Myers of the Appeal wrote: *For his size the best right-hander these old eyes have glimpsed in many a moon.*

After that, the only write-ups Willys Jackson got were in mimeographed camp newspapers—*Jackson Blanks 167th. . . . Little Giant Handcuffs*





Eglin. He burned down everything he met in the service outfits, but the going wasn't professional. It was a hybrid game they got from crossing the sand lot with the majors. A man couldn't tell whether he was getting better or worse. He couldn't tell whether he still had what it took. In Manila, for instance, the Base X Blues had World Series veterans teamed with guys who had never managed to get beyond utility outfielder for Chattanooga—or some cow college in Texas. In this conglomerate, Willys Jackson—or Jeep, as he had come to be called—played second base and Marc Nettles played short, when not taking their respective turns on the rubber. And though for four years the game of baseball had eddied in the swollen current of war, Billy the Jeep still played the game as he thought Sam Chester of the News might like to see it played. That was as it should have been—for if so enduring a quality as heart cannot last four years, what can?

But a romanticist who clings to such things must have his heroes, near and far. Willys Jackson had them. Near was Marc Nettles, who had given him the name "Jeep." Marc was an old campaigner—five years with the Hawks before he got into the Army. He was a bony, sun-hardened, even-tempered man who believed no fairy tales about the sporting world. He chewed his tobacco and spat cynically into the abiding dust of the Orient. "Nahhh, Jeep boy. You'll find out, you'll learn. In the majors they spike you in your sleep. They cut out your heart to make a lousy dollar. Why don'tcha go back home and hunt muskydimes or whatever you was doing before they rassled us into this Army? And play ball for fun, son. Hell on it for a living."

THIS cynicism from so near an idol did nothing but strengthen Jeep's faith. He listened and laughed, taking it all in in the way a kid brother takes in the worldly wisdom of an elder. He said, "You going back to the Hawks, ain't you, Marc?"

To this stock question Marc Nettles had a stock reply: "Sure, Jeep. But I'm in a rut. All I know is ballplayin'. I couldn' sell Bibles—not even in Mi'ssippi." The thinly spat tobacco juice, the twisted grin in the lean, unbelieving face. And Jeep the believer laughed. Great kidder, old Marc was.

Meanwhile, a far idol drew near.

There had been a time in Willys Jackson's life when his greatest heroes of baseball were hitters, not pitchers. It was in those days that Ed Rankin had first become a bright name, and in those days—when the diamond was an empty lot behind the Dixie Produce Company's warehouse—a boy going to bat said to himself, "I'm Babe Ruth," or "I'm Lou Gehrig," or "I'm Ed Rankin." And that was what he was in his mind. So it had been with Willys Jackson, and some of the luster of those other days lingered yet in his mind.

"You ever know Ed Rankin, Marc?"

"Yeah, Jeep, yeah. We was with Shreveport once, way back."

"What's he like?"

"Well, he's a good-enough ballplayer," Marc said. And that was all he said, because nobody was paying him to tell the Jeep about what heels sometimes got into pro ball. Some things the kid would have to learn the hard way. He would have to learn that Rankin was a big, hog-jawed, ham-handed slugger who despised such minor subtleties as the bunt, the five-dollar hotel room, the subway; he liked to slam the old ball out of the park, live in a suite, take a taxi wherever he went. Lower than all the low things of the world he ranked little men, and the lowest of these were pitchers. But that was something the Jeep would have to learn the hard way.

IN THE first game with the All-Stars, Jackson was hot. They said in the stands that he was hotter than a firecracker. They liked to see a little man do well. He gave up five hits, struck out Ed Rankin twice. That was a mistake. It brought on the trouble in the second game—Jeep Jackson was playing second base.

The battery for Base X was Marc Nettles and Tommy Bizzoco, and Marc was pitching a competent game, nothing inspired like Jeep's game of the day before, but fair. He was a run behind going into the fourth, but nobody was sweating any blood over it. Even Billy the Jeep felt a divided loyalty as Rankin came to bat. A man could have too many heroes sometimes. Of course, the thing to do was to play to win, and that was what Billy meant to do. But if big Ed happened to like one of Marc's pitches, maybe planted it outside the park, well—wouldn't it be all in the ball game? And wouldn't it give the guys in the stands a big kick? And wasn't that what the game was all about—wasn't it just a part of the big show to keep everybody happy until the boats went home? Sure.

Over the PA system came a brief announcement: *T/5 Irwin P. Miller, report to your company headquarters. You are going home.* The stands cheered for Irwin, whoever the hell he was. "Hey, Mac, what if that hadda been you?"

"Who? Me? Why, I'da stayed for the ball game."

"Like hell."

"Lookit old Ed. I'd know that big guy at the plate anywhere in the world."

"Even Manilya?"

"Even Manilya, gurilya. Look at 'im." The sergeant laughed to remember and to have remembrance so crystallized that he could feel it where he lived.

Marc Nettles burned a fast called strike down the middle. He just didn't go for this big fellow; never had. Catcher Tommy Bizzoco, cocky and prancy-legged, strode out beyond the plate, gestured choppingly with the ball at Marc. "You got 'im playing for our side, Marc. You got 'im standing here. Show 'im your fast one now." Marc felt a grin twist his lips. The young'uns like Tommy and the Jeep, they were eager. They played it for a game.

Rankin reached for the next one, sent a looper between first and second, an easy single. The outfielder came in on it, bobbled the ball. Rankin rounded first and started for second. Then there at the bag was the little squirt who had set him down without a hit yesterday. Okay, Junior, stand there. This is a man's game. Rankin went in sliding. There was some dust,

(Continued on page 46)

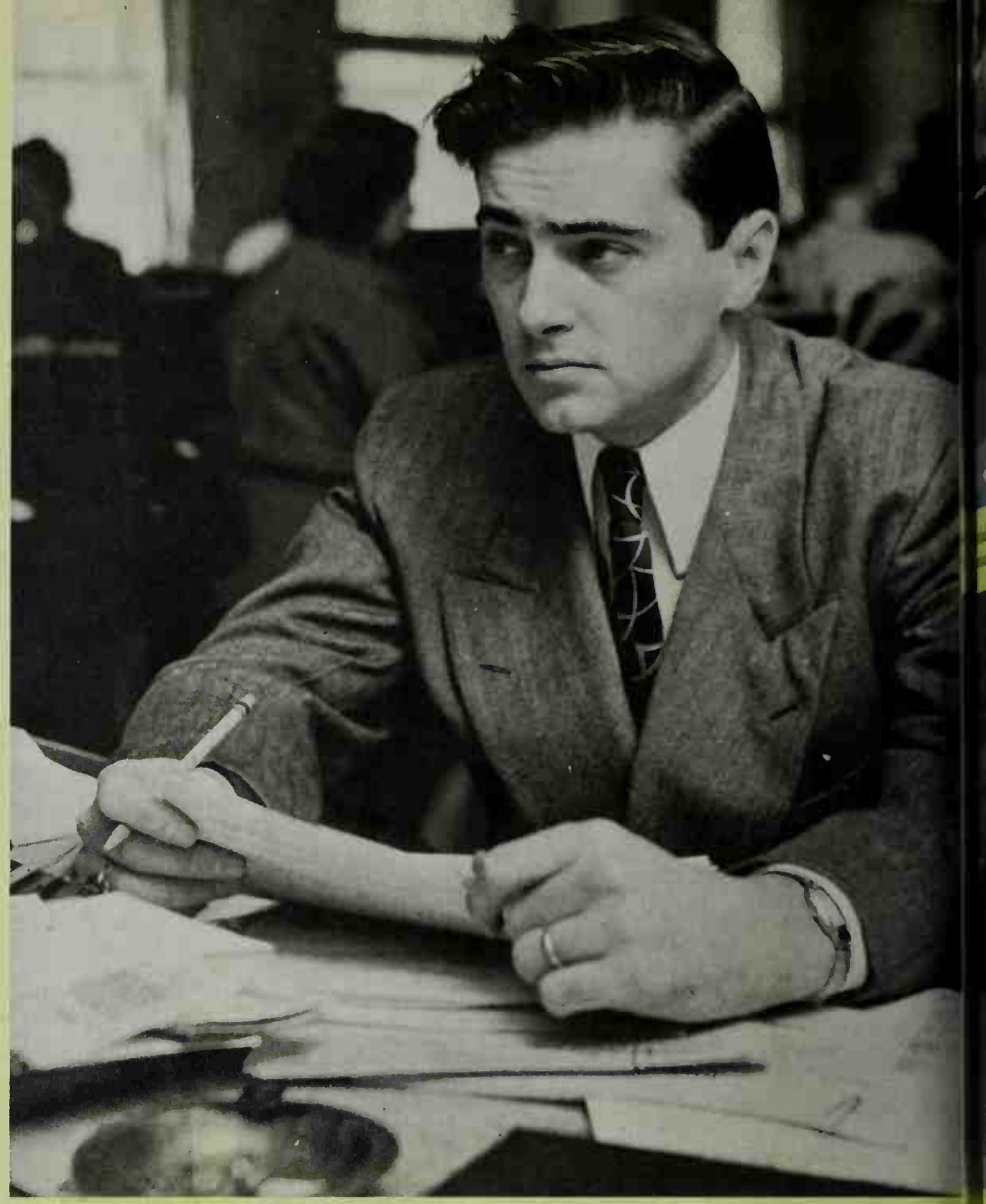
In the way that Jarrell leaped and stretched his gloved hand high above his head was something that—beyond work and play—deserved Olympian accolade

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

BY HANNAH LEES

Have you a special talent? Chances are you have, and aptitude testing can uncover it. The result may surprise you



A typical aptitude-test subject, Laurence H. Hudson, clerk in the office of B. W. Dyer & Co., s
was unhappy in his job and agreed to try the Johnson O'Connor Research Foundation career-s

ANYONE ever call you a born salesman? A born cook, artist, mechanic or anything else? If so, it's probably true, and you're lucky if you're working at it. But even if you aren't, the chances are seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to one that you were born to do something better than most people. And if you're that odd one and in addition have a very large vocabulary, you may well end up a big-shot executive. So says the Johnson O'Connor Research Foundation, which ought to know—having spent twenty-five scientific years isolating human aptitudes and finding out just for what part of the world's work their owners are best suited.

It all started in 1922 when the engineering department of General Electric was trying to find ways to utilize waste products and, thinking logically, began also to try to find ways of fitting men more exactly to their jobs. Standard intelligence tests hadn't seemed to help much.

So Johnson O'Connor, a young engineer with the company, who had a background of astronomical-mathematical research, worked out a test which showed that some people, regardless of education, intelligence or training, were much quicker and surer with their fingers than other people. Another test showed that some people were particularly deft at using tweezers and they weren't necessarily the same people who were deft with their fingers. In a company that manufactured intricate electrical equipment, this was an important discovery, and there might well be many others.

O'Connor set up a laboratory right in the plant—calling his work Human Engineering so as to come under the engineering department budget—and began to work out other tests for other important aptitudes, and to give them to the employees. As men found themselves being shifted to jobs they could do better and liked better they started bringing their families in for testing. In a few years the O'Connor Laboratory had to split off from General Electric and become a full-time project on its own.

Today there are ten permanent laboratories scattered about the country, most of them under the name of Human Engineering Laboratories and all giving uniform aptitude tests. The best-known one was at Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken until the war nosed it out, and is now in downtown New York, but other big ones are in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles. And there are any number of traveling laboratories that go out and set up shop in schools or factories or other organizations. Sometimes they test just one department or class, sometimes the entire pay roll or enrollment. Often a firm will make a radical redistribution of jobs, based on aptitude findings.

Probably the most striking thing about these Human Engineering Laboratories—beyond the fact that given seven hours of anyone's time and twenty dollars of his cash, it can tell him what he is likely to be good at and why—is their extremely unpsychological approach in this psychological age to the question of human abilities.

They're an Inborn Gift

Aptitudes, they believe, are as inherent as blue eyes and more so than curly hair, and have little relation to intelligence and even less to environment or childhood conditioning.

If, in spite of your fondest dreams and after years of exhausting practice, your daughter still hates the piano, it needn't mean she is in revolt against you or even that she has no soul. Possibly she simply wasn't born with finger dexterity. An aptitude test could have told you this before she ever went near a piano.

Or if your boy, to be more practical, has trouble getting through simple arithmetic, and routinely fails all his written exams, don't laugh hollowly, if he still talks about being an engineer. He may have great structural visualization, lots of creative imagination and a very subjective personality, a combination which belongs to most top-flight engineers and scientists. All he may lack is natural skill at pencil and paper work—a ing aptitude, they call it. All need is to shift to a small schoo can help him get through the elementary paper work witho much discouragement.

That is one reason why the Engineers encourage parents their children tested early—nir say, is not too young.

Many a boy who could hav important engineering work h his life as a garage mechanic he was too slow at writing do answers in examinations ever out he had tremendous talent sign.

These are fancy words: fing terity, structural visualizatio counting aptitude and the rest, tests that go with them are rem simple.

Suppose someone gives you with a hundred little holes an with three hundred small ste Suppose you're told to put the the holes, three pins to each h ing only one hand. If you fi great many holes in a very sho you have finger dexterity and be good at making exact di good at dressmaking and work, good in an assembly lin good at playing the piano. If slow and clumsy at this you ha let other people do the fine ha of the world, because howeve you practice and improve, peo

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FONS IANELLI



bulary test Hudson scored 22, average for a clerk's vocabulary, but ious to find what other latent talents might fit him for a better job



The wiggly-block test determines your ability to visualize objects in three dimensions. Hudson's score here was 44, showing a tendency to deal in abstractions



ity in the tweezer test indicated Hudson could work well with small example, in dentistry, watch repair or preparing advertising layouts



The problem in the inductive-reasoning test is to select three related pictures from a group of six. Hudson's high score here demonstrated his executive ability

l finger dexterity will always do hings better.

ose you are shown a block of cut up into a number of wiggly Suppose this cube is taken efore your eyes and the pieces d out haphazardly. How fast u put them together again into a lock?

t's structural visualization. If n do it fast and easily you ought building things, or designing , or working in a laboratory.

n Asset in Many Callings

ineers, architects, stage design- d scientists need structural vis- tion and are, in fact, seldom a s without it. Surgeons need it But if it should take you long, sting minutes to put together mplest of these wiggly blocks ave nothing to brood about. It y means you naturally think in ctions. Lawyers, bankers, teach- id businessmen are all in work eeds no structural visualization ey are much better off without

e Foundation's favorite proof aptitudes need have nothing to ith intelligence came when a inent college professor brought ung relative in for testing, a ing boy but one of disturbingly Q. It took the professor a pain- arter of an hour to put together the same wiggly blocks the charming dimwit could assemble in less than a minute. Even if the boy never got through high school, with this ability there were a dozen different mechanical jobs in which he could be useful and comfortable—and that was worth knowing even at the expense of the professor's momentary loss of self-esteem.

If someone should show you two formidable columns of figures side by side, how quickly could you check the two and find which pairs were the same and which different? That's a measure of accounting aptitude. If you can do it fast and accurately, you might be a good bookkeeper, a good stenographer, a good statistician or expert accountant. You'd probably be happy working in a bank, at anything from teller to president, depending on your other aptitudes. Musicians need accounting aptitude too, strangely enough, to read difficult musical scores easily.

If, on the other hand, you stumble through the columns and they swim before your eyes it doesn't mean at all you aren't quite bright, merely that paper and pencil work is always going to be a little tough for you. You may still be a brilliant salesman or business executive.

How do you naturally think? Not how well, but how? If someone popped the word *table* at you, would

(Continued on page 59)

Results of the completed tests suggested that Hudson was best qualified for a career in advertising. After a year's training he was made advertising manager



THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND

BY LESTER VELIE

A few big cattle and sheep ranchers out West, squeezed by economic pressure, have waged a battle, so far successfully, to get their hands on U.S. public lands totaling half the area of 13 states. Here Collier's Associate Editor Lester Velie, after a tour of the range country, presents his report on this war against all the people in the land

OUT of the dry, white heat of Utah's August, 150 big cattle and sheep ranchers clumped into the lobby of a Salt Lake City hotel one day last year and tossed their off-white Stetsons on a table. As they crowded into a conference room the ancient rivalry between cattlemen and sheepmen, who had fought bloody brawls with barbed wire and guns and nooses for domination of the West's limitless range lands, was forgotten in the face of a common enemy —"bureaucracy."

For two days the men talked and planned. The presence of Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada, reported The American Cattle Producer, monthly organ of the American National Livestock Association, "did much to guide the thoughts and actions of the conference." Among other actions the ranchers appointed a committee to plan how they could get their hands on public lands whose total area was half the size of the 13 mountain states. The ranchers' motive, they sincerely believed, was to save their economic hides.

What they did not see was that if their scheme succeeded they might well impoverish the entire West.

At Denver early this year the big stockmen showed their hand. A joint committee of the American National Livestock Association and the National Wool Growers' Association came out with their plan and the slogan to push it.

The plan: The government should sell 145,000,000 acres of public lands to a closed shop of ranchers now grazing the lands, and only to them. The price: from 9 cents to $2.80 an acre, 10 per cent down and 30 years to pay. The slogan: Return the public lands to the West (i.e., a favo 000 ranchers).

"If we play our cards right, the jack pot," a leader of the st said.

Hitting the jack pot for th men could break the bank for of the West. For the stakes c be higher: the West's two b sources, its land and its water

Looking down on part of th 000,000-acre jack pot from a the range country reaching we Great Plains to the escarpment Rockies seemed boundless. could understand why the seemed inexhaustible to the cattlemen. This jack pot, if the cattlemen, would only be a ning in shifting the public l private ownership.

Sure to follow would be 80,(acres of forest grazing lands

Grazing by too many cattle in the range country has spoiled the sod and dumped the good earth into the rivers on so grand a scale that downstream the river beds often are higher than the surrounding country, as is Albuquerque, below



ing a total kitty of 225,000,00

In a sense the big ranchers c expected to take a proprietary a toward the range, for they ha it as their own for years. Th land was once known as the American Desert, and was tho be quite valueless. Then alon the hard-working, resourceful men and tamed it. They fou searing droughts and raging bli transformed the grasslands cattle empire and laid the foun for a whole region's economy.

Today these men, still hard ing, still conscientious, fear t government will force them duce their herds, and they acquisition of the public la necessary for their survival.



last of a once vast public
, these lands contain unde-
ed oil and mineral wealth, and
y calculated deposits of ura-
ore, source of atomic energy.
es the strategic watershed area
mountain streams bear the arid
most important crop, its water.
great Rio Grande, Colorado
er river systems which make
ible to far away as California
xas. (Some stockmen look no
than the cow's cud, but as we
e, overgrazing the watershed
already drying up many an
community's water supply.)
last of the unfenced open
where Americans can hunt,
camp on their own federal
s to yield tourist revenues which
e difference between prosperity
ression for some states. (Colo-
e estimated its tourist-busi-
come last year at $150,000,000.)

ockmen Hold the Aces

ir play for the public lands
stockmen held seemingly un-
e cards. They control two
l unit trade associations which
for only a small fraction of the
ry's livestock output but wield
ty as if they speak for all.
possess a lobby that knows its
y from Washington so well that a
$3,000,000 in subsidies for the
woolgrowers last year and this year
punched holes in the State Depart-
ment's tariff program.

But the Western stockmen's ace in
the hole is the Cow Bloc, which in-
cludes some of the capital's most in-
fluential senators. One of them, the
silver-haired and lovable Pat McCar-
ran, is an old hand at playing with
blocs. As field general of the classic
Silver Bloc, McCarran was so per-
suasive that Uncle Sam wouldn't sell
his own Treasury-held silver to hard-
pressed war producers at less than
$1.29 an ounce, although the world
price was then 35 cents.

The Cow (and Sheep) Bloc really
took on political muscle with the Re-
publican triumph last fall. For then,
through the happy workings of
chance, seniority and astute politick-
ing, chairmanships of both the Senate
and House public-lands committees—
guardians of the public domain—fell
to two Cow Bloc members.

Representative Hardin Peterson
(Dem., Fla.), lands subcommittee
chairman in the House, an ardent
watchdog of the public lands, whose
disorderly, friendly office is piled high
with conservation literature, stepped
down for a new kind of leadership.
Succeeding him was Representative
Frank A. Barrett, taciturn Laramie,
Wyoming, lawyer, whose four years in
Congress have been distinguished
chiefly by his single-minded purpose
to dispose of the U.S. public domain.

To the chairmanship of the Senate
Committee on Public Lands came a
man of similar mind: Senator Edward
Vivian Robertson, also of Wyoming,
owner of 2,400-odd sheep grazing the
public ranges, ex-vice-president of the
Wyoming Stock Growers' Associa-
tion, and member of the American
National Livestock Association.

"Like setting wolves to guard
sheep," Lee Casey, columnist for Den-
ver's *Rocky Mountain News*, ob-
served wryly.

Campaigning for an Empire

This spring the Cow Bloc members
swung into action on widely scattered
fronts to liquidate the public-lands
empire.

One front was the Cow Bloc's own
battle of the Pacific. When Congress
recently debated the terms under
which Hawaii should come into the
Union as a state, the Cow Bloc sought
to set a precedent. Let Hawaii, the
state, get the public lands owned by
Hawaii, the territory, Representative
Barrett insisted. There was a good
reason for Barrett's stand: Once Ha-
waii came in with the territorial pub-
lic lands, why couldn't Wyoming, say,
claim the government-owned lands
lying within its borders?

The Cow Bloc was busy on a sec-
ond front too—the 233,000 acres of
spectacular Wyoming lands fronting
the majestic Teton range, known as
the Jackson Hole Monument. Here
Representative Barrett was pressing a
bill to abolish the monument and re-
open the beautiful mountain park to
commercial exploitation. Such ex-
ploitation before the government
moved in had already pocked the area
with hideous billboards, unsightly
shacks and other catch-penny lures
for the tourist.

In this case too the Cow Bloc has
the same, single-minded objective.
Several hundred cattlemen fear they'll
lose their bargain-price grazing rights
if the Jackson Hole area continues as
a monument. More important, in the
over-all Cow Bloc strategy, is the
precedent angle. If the stockmen win
at Jackson Hole they set a precedent
for breaking open all the national
parks to hungry herds of steers and
clover-lipped, close-cropping sheep
which shave the grasslands as close as
a razor would—and too close to pre-
vent erosion of the land.

But these battles of Hawaii and
Jackson Hole, important in them-
selves, were only frank assaults.

The stockmen and the Cow Bloc
know how to attack frontally, too.
Last year Senator Carl A. Hatch,
of New Mexico, introduced a bill
to sell two thirds of the public lands
in the state for the benefit of public

(Continued on page 4)

ILLUSTRATION BY A. LEYDENFROST



A GAME FOR TW

BY CATHERINE HUBBELL

It isn't easy for a girl to grow up when her mother is trying so hard to stay young

BEING home made a difference in one's thoughts. The Weldon School for Girls closed early. "Too early," Mother said, running her lovely, narrow hand over Daphne's taffy-brown hair. "But, darling, it will be wonderful, of course," she added.

Mother was a business girl. That was how she thought of herself, Daphne knew. Not a businesswoman. A woman wore size 18 dresses, arch-supporter shoes, and gentle furrows somewhere on her face. But Mother —her name was Margo, like a dancer or an actress—Mother was a girl. If she was thirteen, Mother was thirty-five, and that was not thinkable. She was not thirty-five at the office where she thought up ways to advertise things. Nor was she thirty-five when Laurence Driscoll, one of the vice-presidents, took them to dinner—mother and daughter. To the Cascades, or the Starlight Roof.

Mr. Driscoll had gray in his hair and he *did* have furrows—the kind that come from squinting out of airplanes, or sailing his boat. He seemed a lot older than Margo; Mother seemed to amuse him. "Margo, you're a child," he would say, and Mother would put her head back and give that tinkling laugh, so that Daphne wriggled a bit.

Mother *was* good about Daphne's clothes. She didn't put little-girl things on her, all smocks and fullness. She let Daphne be thirteen, all right. There was the dahlia-red silk, the aqua jersey. But mother herself was size 11, and she had raven's-wing hair, black and glossy.

At school there had been her friend, Dora, who read grown-up plays and wanted to act, even though she was plump. There were other girls, pretty ones, clever ones. Girls without families, or girls with five brothers. But through all the small skirmishes, misdeeds and excitements, their thinking was arranged. They said, "Oh, heck, prunes again!" or, "Miss So-and-So is a goop," and they wrote poems for the school paper. All day and evening, they took each hourly hurdle and at night they slept lightly, dreamlessly.

In the city, there were so many pieces to the picture of living. Ideas jumped up because of a song, or a hat, or remembering the way Mr. Driscoll put a hundred-dollar bill over the dinner check. There was a technique about living which her mother had learned, and Daphne was afraid she wouldn't be as good at understanding the technique as her mother was. She was already taller than Margo, and sometimes she bumped into a table or a chair as she moved around the apartment.

"Darling," Margo would say, with a smile, "walk by, not through, it."

And there was the girl downstairs, called Winifred. They had met in the elevator. Blond and gossamer, though only fourteen, she was plainly not the kind who bumped into furniture.

"Dig me for a movie," Winifred had murmured, but Daphne felt shy.

The apartment was full of Mother: her yellow bedroom with the crystal bottles on the dressing table, and Mother's clothes on padded hangers; dove-gray note paper.

"Let's see, camp opens June 25th. We'll have to shop, Daphne—you've grown."

Daphne knew camp was not just camp. It was a Solution. Mother had said to Lea Davis, her best friend: "Yes, I can tell you, Lea, it's a luxury, having my little girl. I hate to give it up. But you know, New York is impossible."

Mother said New York was impossible, but Mother was completely New York.

Daphne kept begging, "Mother let me stay here, I'm tired of camp. I won't be a bother. Let's have a summer together."

And her mother rushed to her, "Daphne, dear, it's not that you could ever bother me. Can't you see, I'm worked to death at the office? And it gets hot, even with roof gardens, hot and dusty. Would you like Dora to visit for a few days?"

Daphne saw herself leading the plump Dora into Schrafft's, across Fifth Avenue. Dora whose mother disapproved of New York, because it made Dora think about acting more than ever.

Daphne took a tortoise-shell comb and swept her hair up.

"Not Dora, Mother. Just us."

"Precious," said Mother, looking up at her—Margo was so small—"I do believe you're going to be something special, tall and individual, with a graceful neck."

Daphne suspected her mother believed that the best kind of women would always be size 11.

"No, Daphne, camp again. Let me see—hiking shoes, and these tennis ones will do." And there was Mother holding Daphne's quite large sneakers and looking for some place to put them temporarily.

THE phone was always ringing for her mother. The doormen bowed in half for Mother. Sometimes Daphne believed traffic changed just because it was time for Mother to cross the street.

In the mornings, after Margo had left, Daphne straightened the apartment. She put away the blue dishes and drew up light bedspreads. Then she could go to the park with a book. Mother had swept her hand across the shelves—"I'm not going to put things under lock and key, Daphne. You're old enough to have taste."

It was exciting to have Mother talk this way.

She could go to the Shelton for a swim, or meet Mother for lunch with some of her office friends, who would murmur nostalgically: "That wide-eyed look—we've lost it."

And Margo in cream-colored linen and a bellhop hat of emerald green, looking like someone any studio in Hollywood would sign up, sat back pleased. Daphne understood that her mother loved her.

At school, the principal liked to say, "It is an art to choose a perfect thing and hold to it, content."

But Mother had many things. She had success, beauty, a town apartment, a daughter. Being a widow had not made her solemn. She could have Mr. Driscoll, too, Daphne thought.

And when she looked at her mother's life, Daphne thought that the principal's philosophy seemed rather empty.

Daphne took the bus along the drive some mornings, or went into the Modern Museum. Right now they had a Mr. Chagall whose work was very difficult—particularly the one called Celebrating My Birthday where he rode through the air gazing at himself in a hand mirror.

Then she wrote long letters to Dora, although she did not have boy friends to mention, and Dora, somehow, had acquired one. It was very important. It was the way you made your mark in the world. There were two kinds of girls—those with boy friends and those without. Even Mother had that smiling expectancy about men.

At the school dances, when boys came over from a near-by academy in station wagons, Daphne was in agony. She was tall, she was never going to be cute. It always ended with some teacher coyly leading a boy up to her; usually the boy was all teeth and frantically plastered-down hair.

Still, on the radio, married people suffered so.

It was fun to have dinner with Lea Davis, Mother's redhaired friend. Lea was thin and amusing, and she was not a girl. She was a woman. In spite of their friendship, Margo and Lea often disagreed.

"Honestly, Margo, you have more vacation time piled up than any of us," said Lea. "Why don't you give yourself a break?"

"I just can't, Lea. There's that new cosmetic line, and Laurence Driscoll said—"

"Ah." Lea cast a green-eyed twinkle at Daphne, and Mother got stiff and cool, for a minute. Sulky, like a little girl.

A week before camp, it got very warm. Mr. Driscoll took them to his Connecticut house for the week end. They swam at Compo Beach, and Daphne gulped grape juice when the others had cocktails. Lea Davis came along, and a huge man called Duke Winters.

The grownups talked a gr about trends, Russia, oil and autosuggestion in adv Through their voices Daphne something not restful, someth ing to come out on top. As she at Lea in white shorts and bra, her mother in checked g Daphne felt that Lea wasn't and that she was nervously bid time, waiting for something. when Mr. Driscoll and Lea clock golf it was as if they had around them, as if they knew from way back, had always them.

The man called Duke was b jolly. He romped with Mr. D two cocker spaniels and with D

"This little miss is potentia told Margo. "She'll be a model, so day, and everyone will fall for

Daphne felt warm and con When she wrote Dora she cou tend Duke was a beautiful age— 28, and it would be like mentio boy friend.

ON SATURDAY night the to a country fair, and M got on the merry-go-round with D and Daphne. Daphne narrow eyes as the horses flew up and d and Mother looked about sixtee as she saw Lea and Laurence D watching, Daphne felt her c grow hot and angry. Lea look most as if she pitied Mother.

Daphne was ashamed to ashamed. She thought of her m as perfect. Yet Lea and Laurenc those doubtful smiles as Margo flying around on the painted

On the whole, nobody happy or rested.

Duke drove Margo and D back to New York. He was d ent from Mr. Driscoll. His c were not sharply pressed, and not care about running his o boats or planes. What he lik making furniture, he said.

Speeding along the Bronx Parkway in the dark, Daphne feel the friendliness flowing from It was as if he were trying to Margo through her. Margo, o other side, was cool, unreachabl

Duke said good night, but h were for Mother. The eyes sa friendly, be nice—I adore Daphne wriggled inside, but M only gave that light, spoon-agai laugh.

Monday in New York was ho

"Baby," Margo said, w bronze leg paint and a pink "don't stir. Meet me at five Drury Lane, and we'll go to a cooled movie and sit."

Daphne reached out and h her. "Mother, you look so cute

Mother gave a little grimace belief. No, the week end seem

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Daphne felt on the outside of a bright, bad dream, lost in a personal misery, while others lived and laughed, and went in pairs

CONEY ISLAND IS A HOWL

BY AMY PORTER



Take a look at that crowd on the beach. It isn't surprising that hundreds of children get lost on a busy day at Coney Island. The policewoman is entitled to scowl too, for she'll have to ride herd on the strays all day, even though she knows that at least half of them were lost on purpose. A mother will turn her child loose, watch till a policeman spots him, then go her own carefree way into the surf. She knows the city will care for him till she claims him

LAUGH? They die laughing at Coney Island. They laugh as they tumble down the giant polished wood slide together, they laugh when the man presses the button that releases the air that blows a girl's skirt up over her head, they laugh when the ocean waves smack them down, they shriek with laughter when they start the awful descent from the top of the roller coaster.

Oh, Coney Island is a funny place. They even have laughing robots there. A big fat papier-mâché woman laughs so loud you can hear her a block away, and when you come up close you can see she's shaking all over with mechanical glee, head wagging, chest heaving, arms flapping. She does this all day long, never stopping for a second, to give the customers an idea of how much merriment they'll have if they buy a ticket to her Fun in the Dark ride.

Laughter is for sale at Coney Island, along with fright, horror and, in a way, love. By offering these commodities at low, mass-production prices, the Island proprietors are doing a fine business that seems not to feel stock-market fluctuations, buyers' strikes or other hazards that trouble most businessmen.

Only one thing can wilt Coney's synthetic cheer, and that's rain long as the sun shines, all is w the Island, and the hotter it s the better. When a real heat wav New York, inhibiting the city's tomary activities, when it's too h eat, too hot to sleep, then, oh Coney Island comes into its Then anybody with a few nick his pocket can trade the city's he a share in Coney's three and a miles of Atlantic Ocean beach, and a half miles of boardwalk, and a half miles of joy rides, hot fun houses, waxworks and shows, all more or less cooled by water breezes. Anybody can, about one seventh of New Y 8,000,000 population does.

On a very hot day Coney I never fails to come through wit makings of a little story for the papers: "Heat draws record th to Coney Island . . . two drowne ten arrested . . . 353 lost children for by police." On such a day C Island always poses for that pi you see every year showing its b flypaper-packed with wriggling manity, each person occupyin Park Commissioner Robert M once sorrowfully pointed out, space than that required for a c

(Continued on page 44)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN



who takes four showers daily in wine, has a card in the Plumbers' Union. n it by designing her own heated shower stall. Some of Tirza's customers ver seen a flesh show before. She finds this amazing, but makes it up to giving full measure as advertised. Her costume is okayed by authorities



This show has been running steadily at Steeplechase Park for more than 45 years and it still panics 'em. The clown is known as a legspert because of his skill in maneuvering unsuspecting girls into position over air vents. When gallant escorts grow indignant, the clown and his helpers use them to get more laughs

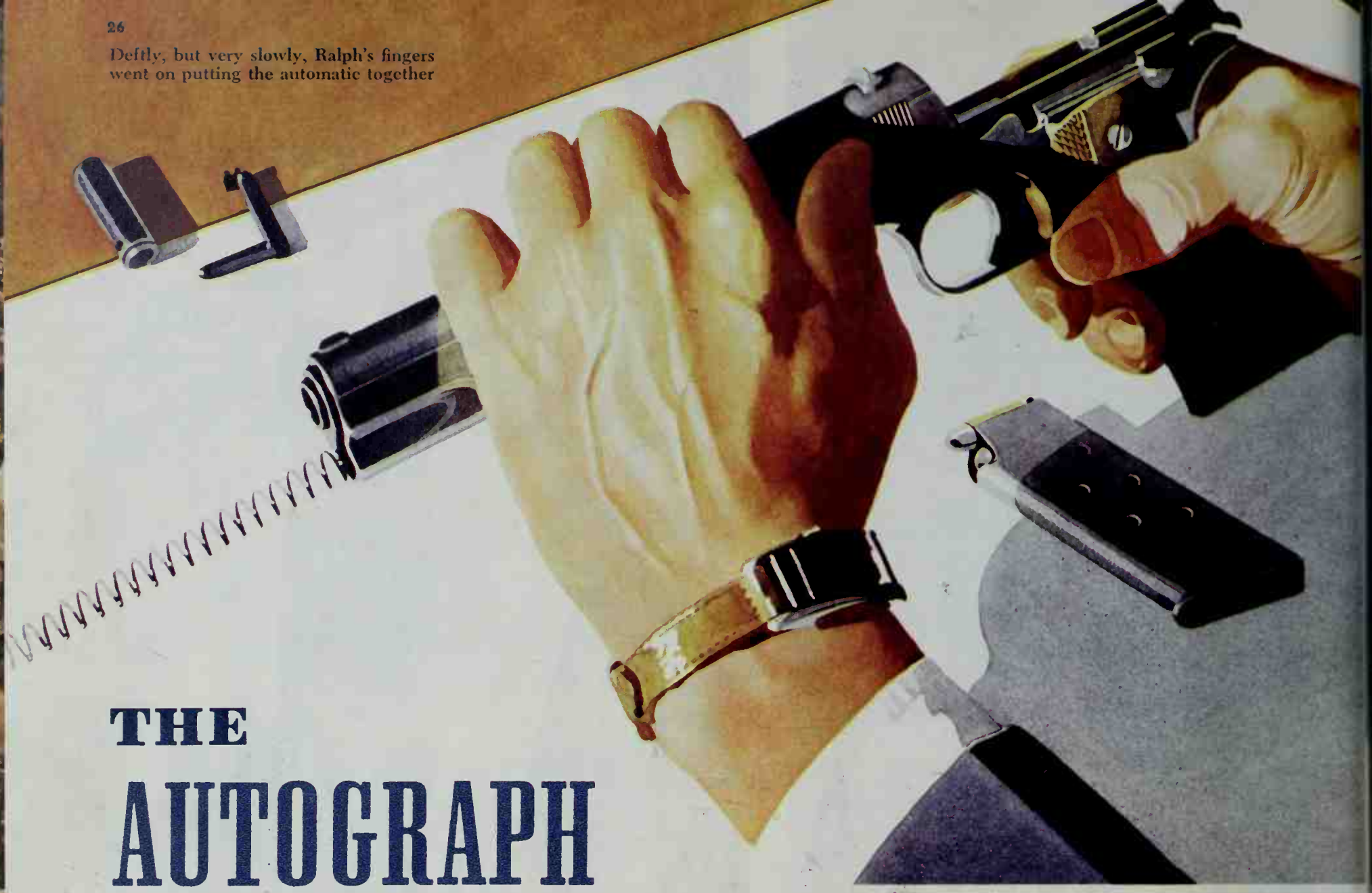
n the Tunnel of Love move slowly along a completely darkened canal, endants count that trip lost which doesn't bring back at least two lipstick- d men. More violent rides have stolen this technique, and it's possible enjoy romance in the dark while having the daylights shaken out of you



This infernal machine turns full loops, providing the ecstatic customers with what psychologists call "secure insecurity." The insecurity is obvious; the security comes from centrifugal force and a couple of little bars to grasp. A foot pedal will stop the motion, but it is best not to stop it upside down



Deftly, but very slowly, Ralph's fingers went on putting the automatic together



THE AUTOGRAPH

BY DON POPE

"WELL?" said Ralph Bozeman, his voice small and mean like himself. "Spit it it out, Charley, before it chokes you."

He stared blankly at Charley, not into his eyes but over the big fellow's shoulder at a spider-shaped stain on the dirty brown wallpaper. His fingers went on putting the .45 automatic together, deftly because they knew the insides of guns like the tongue knows the mouth, but very slowly so as to irritate Big Charley.

Big Charley, straddling a crippled kitchen chair, watched the thin white fingers thrusting one small part of the pistol into another, this way and that. "Look, Ralph," he said, "do me a favor. Will you do me a favor? Quit cuddling that rod, it gives me the jitters. That live cop in the closet, he gives me the jitters too."

"You were born with the jitters," Ralph said. "The copper's tied good. He'll keep."

"For how long? If he ever gets a chance to talk, we'll—"

Ralph's bleak eyes flicked across him. Charley let the sentence die.

"He won't talk." Ralph reached with taunting slowness for the pistol barrel. Polishing the barrel with a scrap of oily flannel, he made a little ceremony out of it like a man cleaning a favorite pipe.

"You and your damn' guns," snorted Charley. "Mooning over 'em like they was dames!"

Bozeman's thin nostrils flared. "Women!" he said. "I hate women. They'll put a noose round your neck."

"Sure," Charley said. "You go soft on anything and you're asking for it right between the eyes. On *anything*."

"Shut up. You talk too much." Ralph held the barrel firmly, pinching the butt end between thumb and forefinger. "A gun," he went on, "is a man's best friend. Treat it right, and it won't never cross you." He seated the barrel in the receiver and his movements were suddenly swift as he capped it with the slide and reached for the link pin.

"Put the copper in the car," he said harshly. "I'll be ready by the time you are."

Nobody could say Ralph Bozeman wasn't a sport. He let the copper stumble three steps up the highway before he shot him in the back. He wiped the pistol thoroughly, fought off the temptation to keep it, and tossed it beside the body as Charley skidded the car around.

"There," Ralph grunted, "let the fingerprint dicks work on that. Much good it'll do 'em."

THE man in the green eyeshade laid the pistol on the desk and shook his head at the lieutenant of Homicide. "No prints, Lieutenant. Wiped clean as a whistle."

"Yeah," said the lieutenant of Homicide, "that's what the department lab said. I guess I didn't really expect you to find anything they couldn't. Only—" He rubbed his forehead with a freckled hand and sighed. "Well, there goes our last chance of convicting those two rats."

"No luck at sweating it out of them?"

The lieutenant studied a bruised knuckle. "Yes and no. The big fellow sang like a canary, but he'll probably take it back in court. We couldn't crack Bozeman. Anyhow—" He shrugged. "You know how the law reads. One crook's word against another. Means nothing either way. We need a witness and"— he flapped a hand toward the pistol, where it lay squat and ugly in a pool of light— "the only witness we can locate won't talk."

The man in the eyeshade coughed. "Ballistics?"

"Simple," the lieutenant said, "and useless. Army gun. Stolen from a National Guard armory."

The man in the eyeshade, who looked like a professor of English literature and was in fact a professor of criminology, built a finger tent. "Tell me about this man, Bozeman, Lieutenant."

"Ralph Bozeman. Alias this and that. Graduate of the best penitentiaries. Bank robber, kidnaper, cop killer. Out on parole, naturally. The old sad story, like a thousand others, except that—he has an almost pathological love of guns."

The professor leaned forward. "H'm. Not unusual in those who make a living by violence, but—you know, I'll give you odds he had this gun apart. And if he did—"

The lieutenant of Homicide felt the growth of tension in the shadowy room. He was fascinated by this dry little man who was now taking the pistol apart with a precise skill Ralph Bozeman would have envied.

Recoil spring plug depressed. Barrel bushing out. Recoil spring and guide removed. "That wire prod, Lieutenant. By your hand. T Link pin out. Slide off and la The professor screwed a glass into his right eye and rest of the gun under the light.

"H'm," he said. "Ahh. Your handkerchief please, ant."

The lieutenant found his h shaking. Damn these acade bergs with their sense of dran

HAND covered by the h chief, the professor slip barrel out. He held it up to h the butt end was at an angle t of vision. The lieutenant breathing.

"Beautiful," said the profes rare burst of emotion. Abrup the careless air of a stage r producing a rabbit, he han lieutenant the barrel and the r ing glass.

"In my opinion," the profes leaning back comfortably an out his pipe, "your witness cided to talk. At least," he "whoever had this barrel out tographed it nicely with his and forefinger."

The lieutenant feasted his the intricate little pattern o and valleys that was the sign one person, and only one pe the world. He thought of t empty face of a policeman, twisted face of the man wh his faith in a gun.

And the lieutenant of H laughed deep in his thr wrapped the gun barrel tende handkerchief.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

How to make it a cool 90 in the shade

THE WAY TO DO IT is to mix yourself a Four Roses Mint Julep.

For, on a sultry summer's day, there's nothing quite so cooling and refreshing as the frosty, mint-fragrant perfection of this noble drink.

Four Roses, famed as the *perfect* Julep whiskey, gives a Mint Julep a distinctive, flavorful magnificence such as you've never known!

How to make the world's finest Mint Julep

Take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or simply stir it). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice.

Then pour in that matchless whiskey, Four Roses, until glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till frost forms thick.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof, 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET



Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.



A flashy ex-bricklayer and playwright named Guglielmo Giannini is making a bid for the grandiose office vacated by Mussolini. There's a fair chance he'll get it this year

Italy's misery and despair have set the stage for the rise of playwright Giannini, shown with his secretary, Egino Lazzari, at the first Qualunquist party c

HE WANTS TO BE ITALY'S DUCE

BY BARRETT McGURN

ROME

WHEN victorious American troops turned the Anzio beachhead town of Aprilia back to its residents, one of their first acts was to chip the word "Fascio" from the stone front of the shattered town hall. The thousands of unrecovered mines in the wheat fields and the hundreds of flattened homes were enough reminder of Mussolini and war.

It was estimated that the cost of restoring the town to what it had been would be a crushing $850 per person. With the average wage earner receiving $23 a month all the 3,000 Aprilians looked with a naïve confidence to the town's newborn anti-Fascist government to work some democratic miracle of restoration.

Now, three years later, scarcely $1 per capita has been spent toward repair. The $10,000 rounded up in taxes during the past miserable year was eaten up almost entirely by the semi-starvation wages of the town doctor and nurse and the score of municipal clerks and laborers.

During Mussolini's rule almost all the Aprilians were Fascists. In the first months after the liberation a fourth became Communists, but the rest joined the moderate centrist Christian Democrat (Catholic) party, which was the most successful political group through the rest of Italy.

Now in Aprilia, as in all other parts of Italy, a new political breeze is blowing. In the several weeks since Aprilia's doctor, Giuliano Russo, proclaimed himself a "Qualunquist," 12 per cent of the voters have enlisted under his banner, and the end is not in sight.

Just what "Qualunquism" is, no one in Aprilia is quite sure. That is scarcely surprising, however, for even Qualunquism's inventor, Guglielmo Giannini, a plump fifty-five-year-old ex-Fascist playwright, is not clear about it.

But one thing is certain: It opposes almost everything that Fascism fought, and it affirms a major share of what Fascism supported.

Fascism's stock has risen in Italy these past few months. In the cold, windowless barrooms of Aprilia, some wine drinkers started asserting boldly last winter that they are really still Fascists. On a Sunday afternoon you could even hear a few of them put their heads together to sing Giovinezza (Youth), the Fascist anthem. They did it as a joke, of course, for Fascism is still illegal in Italy. But they were not joking as they recalled the prosperity Aprilia knew under Mussolini.

Aprilia was one of the model farm towns Mussolini built a decade ago when he drained the swamps south of Rome. Most of its new settlers had been landless peasants.

Recall Fascist Prosperity

For a long while after the Allies left, these benefits of Fascism were forgotten, but now men like fifty-seven-year-old Aristodemo Giammaria, one of Aprilia's new Qualunquists, are once again recalling them. His nostalgia is pretty natural.

Giammaria ran the stable for Aprilia's plow horses during Fascism and still has the same job. But like everything else in Aprilia—and all of Italy—his business is much less prosperous. He has only three hors under Fascism he had seven.

When the Americans gave back to its then vigorously a cist local officials, Giammar one of the best propagandists Catholic party. Bitterly anti-C nist, as he had been under F Giammaria smiled his appr fellow Christian Democrats s great slogans across the ruine of Aprilia. You can still se there.

"The Pope sent us spaghett and butter," says one. "Long Holy Father."

But now Giammaria wear lapel the symbol of Qualunqu shows a much-abused, ino middle-class Italian of the Milquetoast type squeezed i representing the government. the victim's pockets tumble c of money—taxes.

To Giammaria and the res aly's Qualunquists, the move protest against the current anti government which has been u return prosperity to Italy.

It is a protest against the f



aming new Mercury waiting at the
standing invitation to *go* . . . to
round town . . . to take an afternoon
e country . . . to set out on a week of
in a car that's more fun to drive!

You'll get more enjoyment from Mercury's eager performance and brilliant beauty. And you'll find real luxury inside, too!

Roominess that invites you to stretch out and relax . . . interiors with a custom-built look remind you that you're riding in one of the handsomest cars on the road.



More comfort — beauty — vision!

Glamour? Plenty! But Mercury is practical, too. That famous Mercury liveliness is fun to handle, but it means a lot more than fast pickup. It means this car is superbly engineered — built with all the experience, skill



More pickup — performance — economy!

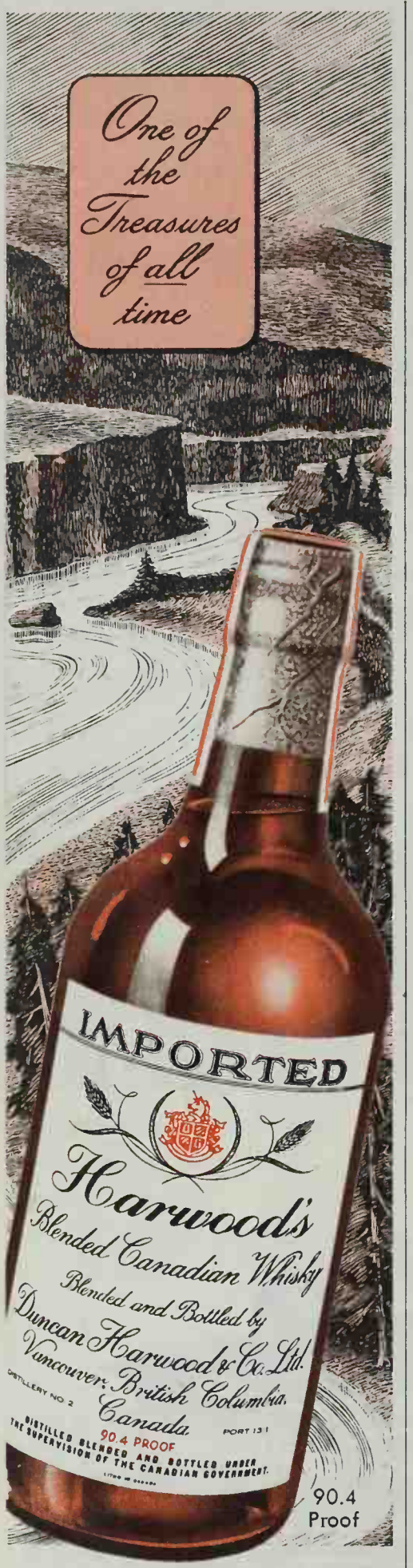
and fine materials that make Mercury a longer-lived car—more economical to drive. For more of everything — more style, more beauty—more room—more performance *with* economy—you'll want a new Mercury!

MERCURY — DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH Mercury



tires at extra cost,



Fraser River and the old Trail, British Columbia. Gateway through which stage-coach caravans once rolled laden with gold from the Cariboo country. This famous canyon is one of nature's treasures of all time in the Dominion of Canada, home of HARWOOD'S BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Harwood's Canadian
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
Sole UNITED STATES Importers:
R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

two rusting tanks still lie in the debris of Aprilia's square;

That the town's two priests must hear confessions inside a box made from packing cases;

That the modernistic theater which once resembled a pavilion of the New York World's Fair is still an unused shambles;

That hundreds of mines in the fields continue to take a toll of shepherds tending their flocks and of farmers driving fence posts; and

That more people live in houses made of metal ammunition cases and slats from Swiss Relief boxes than any other type.

The fact that Mussolini's war caused it all is almost forgotten.

"We hated the cliques around Mussolini but we never had anything against Mussolini himself," Giammaria now reminds his fellow Aprilians as he recruits followers. "Mussolini banished malaria. He kept order here. Now you go out and you never know when some crook will stop you. What we need is a strong man. Someone who will govern us well. What we need in Italy is one of those big sticks policemen use. Not a little one, but one of those big ones. To hit people on the head. . . ."

The man to whom Qualunquists look to do this job is large-bellied sandy-haired Guglielmo Giannini, an ex-bricklayer who has rallied at least 3,000,000 of Italy's 20,000,000 voters to his nebulous cause. In his own opinion he will take power in Italy this year. There is a chance he will.

The birth of Qualunquism seems to have occurred on that day in April, 1942, when Giannini's only son, Mario, a handsome blond youth of twenty-one, was killed in a crash of his fighter plane at its home field near Ancona in central Italy. Giannini had joined the Fascist party a year before. A cynic like most Fascists, he had urged his son to have as little as possible to do with the war. Against his advice, the youth took a commission as a lieutenant in the Italian Air Force.

A Political Weekly is Founded

The loss of his son was the fault of the world's "professional politicians"—Mussolini, Roosevelt, Churchill and "the rest of them"—Giannini decided. Unabashed at the immensity of the project, he resolved to do something about it. When the Allies entered Rome he made the requisite application for permission to start a political weekly and after a six-month wait received it.

He called the paper L'Uomo Qualunque (The Common Man), and from it "Qualunquism," in itself a meaningless word, drew its name. L'Uomo Qualunque was one of the first clear voices in a suddenly piously democratic Rome which dared to say that not everything was perfect in Italy's new state of "liberation."

Two months after it appeared, the Italian Press Commission suppressed it, charging that it was "invidious" to Italy's cobelligerent war effort and that Giannini was a Fascist. Giannini managed a successful appeal. Within a half year after L'Uomo Qualunque's reappearance it had the biggest circulation in Italy, 800,000.

L'Uomo Qualunque dared to say what few other "liberated" Italians had the courage to assert. In northern Italy the Partisan underground fighters swaggered along the streets as heroes. Giannini upbraided many of them as "mere criminals pretending to be leftists." The murders and thefts committed as part of the guerrilla war behind Axis lines often had been nothing but crimes for the personal betterment of the doer, Giannini intimated. Many Italians applauded and the paper's circulation boomed.

Within a year Giannini's followers urged him to start a party of his own. He did, calling it "The Front of the Common Man." Lately he has added two more words to make it "The Liberal Democratic Front of the Common Man."

Qualunquism's two-year growth in competition with the sixty-year-old Catholic political movement, fifty-year-old Socialism and thirty-year-old Communism has been phenomenal. The experience of one former Fascist army officer helps explain this growth. "Disgusted" with the high-handed manner of the Partisans in northern Italy, he volunteered as an organizer of the Front and talked his father, a perfume manufacturer in Naples, into turning the firm's office into a Front headquarters. In three weeks he set up a dozen Qualunquist "nuclei" of fifty members in each.

As in other Qualunquist centers, former Fascists were welcomed. "After all they are the better class of people—the only chance to save Italy," the ex-officer explained.

Like Fascism and National Socialism in their early stages, Giannini's movement of criticism has attracted malcontents of almost every type. High-ranking ex-Fascists who have found it difficult to begin life anew in an Italy ruled by anti-Fascists, jobless veterans, large landowners afraid of expropriation by the Communists, churchgoers worried at the rising tide of leftist anticlericalism, all have joined the ranks.

In a score of ways the swiftly growing Qualunquist Front has been reminiscent of the rise of Fascism, which itself took power only two years after Mussolini started it. The very organizational setup of the party is similar. The Qualunquists are organized in nuclei of from five to fifty members. The nuclei are assembled into groups of from two to ten. The groups funnel into "regroupings" which unite the sections of a region. The core around which the party has grown has been Giannini's newspapers.

Besides L'Uomo Qualunque there are now thirty other Qualunquist publications. There are dailies both in Rome and Milan. There are twenty-four regional papers, each with a circulation of a few thousand. There is a woman's weekly, Donna Qualunque (Average Woman), edited by the eldest of Giannini's two attractive daughters, twenty-two-year-old Yvonne.

As issue of the Qualunquist papers has followed issue, the ideas of Qualunquism have become slightly less cloudy. As in early Nazism and Fascism there is still no clear-cut program but this is apparent:

Giannini has no use for the la dent Roosevelt, a man the Qua press has described as "fortun funct." The Atlantic Charter wa a plot to save British and Americ pires." Roosevelt and Winston ill are responsible for much of t destruction.

Communism, Socialism, Yu Soviet Russia, and the "historic" policy of division of power on ropean continent have all been in turn. A United States of E the Qualunquist goal. Appa worthy idea, it takes on a differ plexion when Giannini name who sought the same goal: N Mussolini, Hitler.

Philosophy of Armamen

Giannini would like to see armed Italy. Is that a duplicate solini's program? Oh, no, assures his expanding audience.

"There are four policies for a to follow: to arm and go to wa and remain at peace, to remain and remain at peace, and to re armed and go to war. The prop is the second. Germany chose and Italy the last and craziest o

The irony, sarcasm, invective arity, slang and occasional w have characterized Giannini and lications have made his moveme more palatable to a people, w little enough fun these days. spices his copy with scandalou about prominent Italians, and his pages with gutter language Italians are accustomed to hea earshot of the ladies. To see su print has tickled many "comm

An example both of Gianni ary technique and of his viev ganized labor was given when Lewis' coal strike in America off Italy's fuel supply last f "bourgeois state" had no right t labor leader to cause such w inconvenience, Giannini prot "liberals" such as his Qualunqu in power, no Lewis would get a such a strike, he declared.

Internally, Giannini has ca for an "administrative state" ru nicians, and without his much "professional politicians." It a state in which the common m "bothered," a place in which p booms until every farmhouse



"Hard to believe—but a year ago this was all grown up in peas, corn, potatoes and weeds!"

COLLIER'S

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



The Pilot thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is PHILIP MORRIS so much better to smoke?"

"Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. **"Less irritation means more enjoyment.** That's why the PHILIP MORRIS smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.

TRY A PACK TODAY!

ALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS



television set. Most of the administrators who acquired experience during the past generation were Fascists, many of whom are just leaving jail. The only "professional politicians" who have a voice now are the anti-Fascists. How a Qualunquist state set up under these conditions would differ from the old Fascism remains an open question.

Giannini has professed himself no longer a Fascist. He has repudiated the Roman salute, the high boots and the slogans of Mussolini's Fascism as ridiculous trappings to which Italy will never return. But as often as he rejects Fascism, Giannini seems to talk in a curious circle that brings him around to the same position Mussolini probably would have occupied if he were alive. Giannini's attitude toward Franco is an example.

It was no concern of Italy during the Spanish Civil War or now what government Spain had, Giannini asserts. "And you may add," Giannini writes, "that the much-reported opposition to Franco does not and cannot exist in Spain. The Spanish Uomo Qualunque knows that Franco saved Spain from war and that there is prosperity and well-being in Spain. There are Spaniards who are discontented with Franco but the reason is that it is he who governs the Iberian peninsula and not they."

In Assembly Minus Necktie

Giannini's attitude toward the Constitutional Assembly which has served as Italy's parliament since the foundation of the republic has been little more respectful than was Mussolini's. To Giannini it is a mere "theater" whose anti-Fascist actors have little grip on the "real politics" of the country. With apparently studied disrespect, Giannini's shirt was tieless when he arrived to take his seat as a newly elected Qualunquist member on the far right side of that chamber.

One of the few characteristics of Fascism which have been missing from Qualunquism has been the bearing of arms. The subject has not been far from Giannini's mind. When three more or less real attempts were made on his life a year ago, Giannini wrote a front-page open letter to Rear Admiral Ellery Stone, the American who has been chief of the Allied Commission in Italy.

If the Qualunquists took up arms in self-defense it would be virtual Fascism, Giannini conceded.

"But what would you do if you were in my position?" the Qualunquist chieftain demanded. "Surely you would order up a nice squad of strong men armed with hand grenades, machine pistols and other such toys. I cannot rec forces on my own account, would be taken for a Fascist. not at all like to wind up beir It was not of himself alone of was thinking, the Qualunqu added. "Any political man menaced. Any rich man is m

With the impudence whic lighted his followers, Giann quick retort when this writ Admiral Stone's answer.

The admiral had pointed c had received no copy of Gian in the mails and, accordingly, reply to it.

"I'll put a copy of the pape velope and mail it to him," G sponded.

The Qualunquist movemen ported at first by the voluntar local well-wishers and by p the papers. Now as Giannini' retary, Egino Lazzari, sits at Giannini's cluttered, nine-ro ment in Rome, he picks tho two-thousand-lire checks fr coming mail (worth about $ Contributions from party an members alike are gladly acc zari grins.

Because Giannini likes t home in his bathrobe, the C headquarters have remained dle-class home. He gets up a at home until 2 P.M., naps f hour, works on until 10 P.M leaves the house just before Until 3 or 4 A.M. he is at his office receiving callers and proofs on his day's editorial. dent Truman he is a dilett player, but most of his spare days goes into reading Italia eign news articles, and into on books on political science

Until his son's death launch paign, Giannini had virtuall ground in political matters. education was discontinued j ishing elementary school in Naples because, as his offici quist biography says, "he wa in things other than those ta school."

Becoming a writer seems t young Giannini's main desire. Federico Giannini, had bee ately well-known journalist but young Guglielmo's mother was an Englishwo Jackson—preferred to see h ticed to a textile shop. Guglie unhappily from job to job, la electrician, traveling in Ita Switzerland and Germany f ance company, performing



"We conduct a weekly radio contest, and all entries become our pr

COLLIER'S

e for a shipping firm, and
ng bricks.
the latter job that Giannini's
point came, in an incident
well prove to be one of the
facts of modern European
annini signed on to help build
i Baths in Naples. The day
opened, a reporter friend of
's father spotted the young
and got him his first job on a
—the Neapolitan humorous
Monsignor Perelli.
y-three Giannini edited a po-
r for a Neapolitan popular
considerable success. His ca-
terrupted twice when he was
r the Italo-Turkish war of
d the first World War. He
of the latter as a monocle-
utenant, decorated once for
He still wears the monocle.
other veterans listened to the
of another newspaper editor,
ssolini, Giannini was still bent
ry career. He founded a the-
spaper, Kines, which achieved
n of 100,000, before he killed
fter accusing his associate edi-
ing to steal its thunder from
plunged into the writing of
cking out forty comedies in
ht years, a few of which were
in America.
has never left his theatrical
s clothes are the fastidious if
that are never out of place
Last summer while he and
delegates to Italy's Constitu-
embly were at work on the
serious business of plotting
y's new basic law, Giannini
to write another comedy.
apparently did not consider
gion very important until his
st movement was well along.
one day last summer he re-
re than half the Catholic sac-
baptism, confirmation, Holy
n and matrimony—which put
od standing in a religion which
t of Italians profess.
iannini a Catholic, many mem-
e mild centrist Catholic party
g over to Qualunquism. Gi-
uld like to have ties with the
ut says he has not been able to
et. But if Italian politics con-
present trend toward Qualun-
the one hand and Communism
er, with no middle-of-the-road
es, it is sure that Pope Pius
nuing assaults on Communism
he playwright-politician.

lternative to Dictatorship

nnini's household headquarters
nquist strategists see the com-
os in Italy as just such a choice
their party and Communism.
le Giannini thinks that in the
ion there will be a winner and
azzari sums it up. "Whichever
o wins could form a dictator-
overned alone. For the good of
Honorable Giannini wants to
te even with Communism, but
use it's their own fault."
subject of whether he is him-
ndidate for the vacant post of
f Italy, Giannini is more coy.
ay on which I would be in-
h a dictatorship," he once said.
feel I could not resist the irre-
rge to give myself a Bronx

his book La Folla (The Crowd),
ay be compared with Hitler's
mpf, Giannini makes it evident
oes not really think a chief of
ds any better preparation than

t the only indispensable quali-
or sitting on a throne—or on
r," the book asserts with some
nni's typical vulgarity, "is to
ackside, and no man lacks that."

Even more devotion to the ideas of Fascism than Qualunquism admits has been shown by various scattered little groups through Italy since the war. Mimeographed sheets have been distributed, pointing out to Italy's ill-paid governmental employees that they were the beneficiaries of many social aids during the time of Mussolini. Black Fascist flags have been found in the morning light flapping from the masts at universities and on public buildings.

"Long live Il Duce" has appeared overnight on walls. Police have uncovered evidence pointing to the existence of pro-Fascist groups, but no evidence has been obtained to indicate that these groups number more than a few thousand members or that they are interconnected in any sort of effective organization.

As the political lines in Italy have been drawn at the extreme right and the extreme left, the Communist answer to Qualunquism has been an indignant charge that Giannini's fold includes not only Axis collaborators but also Fascist war profiteers, feudal Sicilian landholders, "enemies of progress" in the backward heel and toe of the Italian boot and "the most reactionary wing of the Roman Curia" in Vatican City.

Catholics Denounce Demagoguery

The Catholic party has backed up the Communist thesis against Qualunquism at least part way with charges that it is a foul-languaged demagogic movement built on destructive criticism of Italy's struggling efforts to achieve democracy. But the moderate Catholic party is dwindling away as its members, harassed by all the ills of the impoverished country, increasingly harken to the lurid promises of the extremists.

Apparently it is upon the democratic center and the non-Communist left that the U.S. State Department is pinning its hopes. But these moderates will continue to dwindle in numbers unless American help—by example, by propaganda and by economic assistance—is maintained. It is apparent now that the few months between armistice and peace treaty are too short a time to introduce democracy and guarantee its survival.

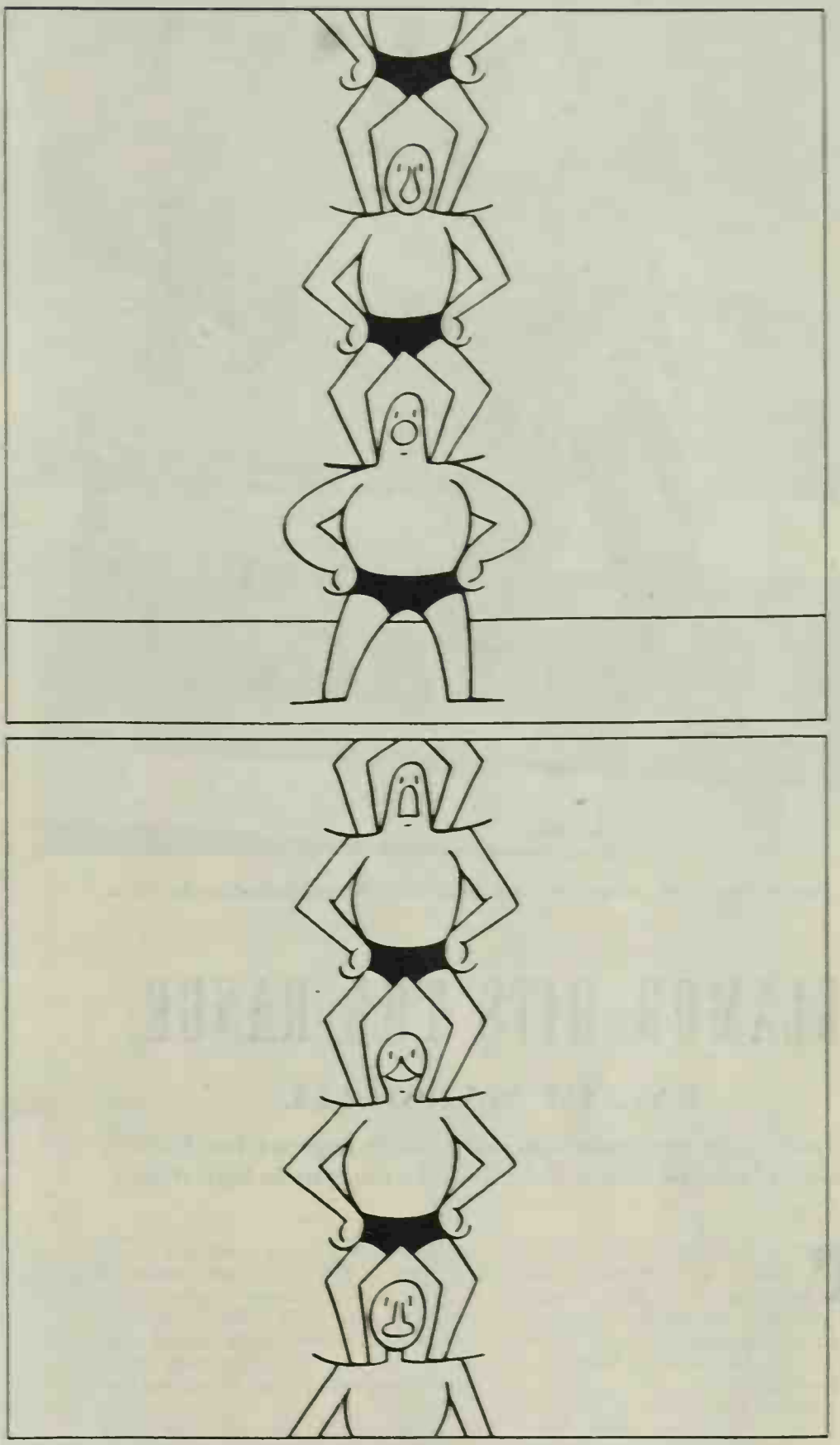
There are those who see in the progressive division of Italian political opinion into two extreme camps the seeds of civil war: One such is embittered Communist Gino Grechi, who works his twelve acres of ruined cotton, grain and sugar-beet land on the Anzio beachhead just outside Aprilia. Fascism took him to Albania, Greece, Libya and Russia as a corporal, and to Germany as a prisoner. It was a system which pretended to be "for the laborer" but, so far as he is concerned, directed all the money "into the pockets of the gentlemen." Under the man-in-the-press symbol of Qualunquism he sees the old Fascists.

"Before they take control," Grechi is telling his fellow Communists at Aprilia, "either we'll all be killed or they will."

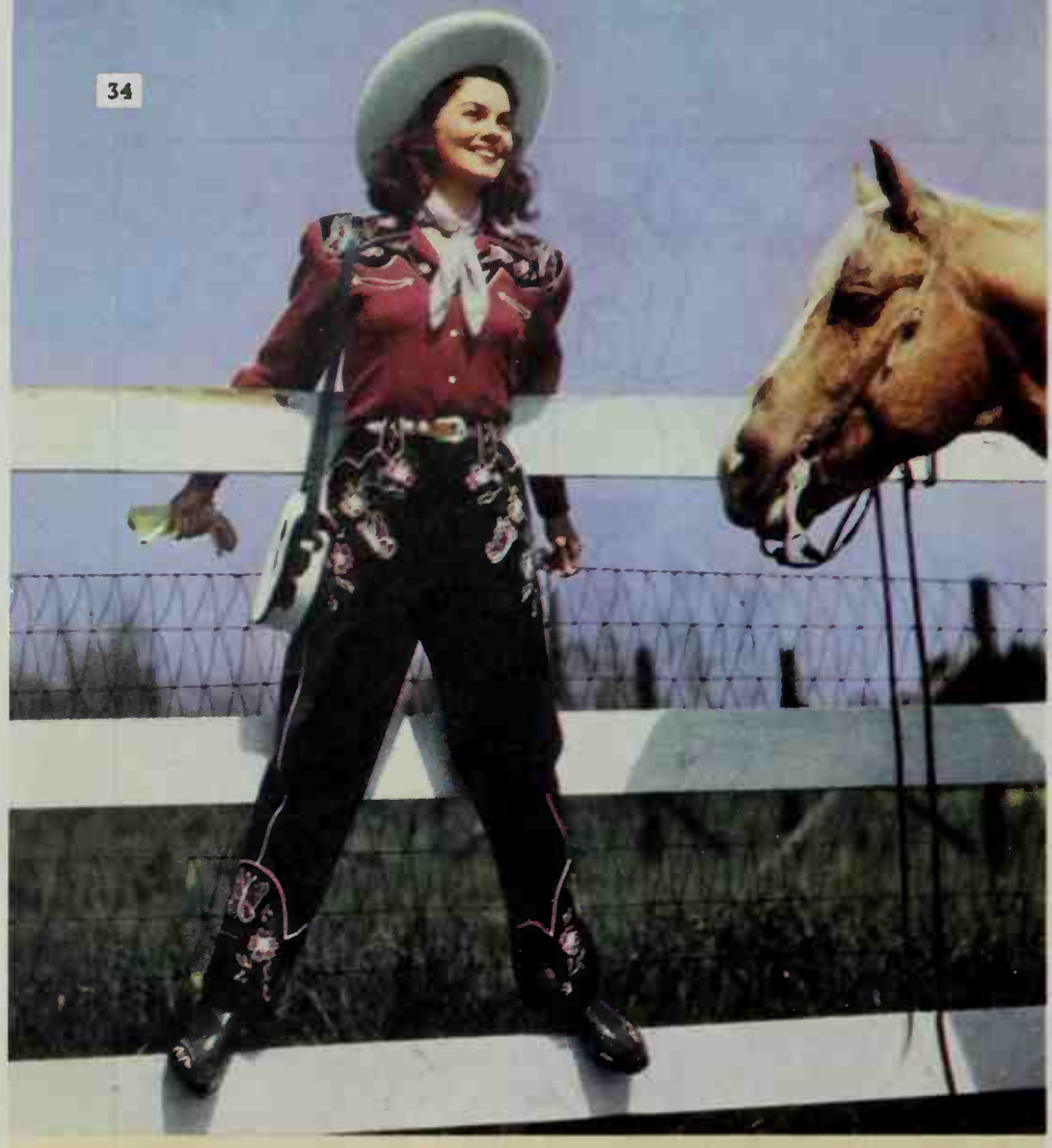
Combat-sick Italians probably will not go to the extreme of civil war. But it is certain that either Qualunquist Dr. Russo or Communist Grechi has a much better chance of finishing this year as political boss of Aprilia than the incumbent Christian Democrat Vindigni. The Communist party commands at least one fifth of the Italian vote and enjoyed recent successes in elections in Sicily. If American aid stopped tomorrow the Communists probably would capture Italy.

Whether the ex-bad boy of a Neapolitan high school will ever don the discarded robes of the other Duce probably will depend in large part on how rapidly American loans clean up the rubble of Aprilia and restore a moderate prosperity. Like Fascism and Nazism, a Qualunquist dictatorship is likely to be chosen only in desperation.

THE END







Miss Joanne Dru's natty ensemble adds up to $370.50, not including the horse

GLAMOR HITS THE RANGE

BY JIM MARSHALL

A poor lady cow-poke's working outfit may set her back several hundred bucks, if she does the thing up in high style

TIME was when a cowgirl could go to work with a few bucks' worth of duds. Today she's probably the most expensively dressed working girl in the world. Her outfit costs her around $400—not counting the horse.

But Marge Riley, once a ranch girl herself up around Sheridan, Wyoming, says a lady cow-poke can outspend a New York or Hollywood glamor girl without half trying. Miss Riley designs most of the cowgirl outfits for the movies and for dude ranch visitors and she ought to know. She's the style queen of the San Fernando Valley, and can ride and rope with the best of them.

Marge recently dressed Joanne Dru ranch style during the making of Howard Hawks' Red River. Miss Dru, in old-style calicoes and ginghams, felt grubby beside the dudes and dudesses who galloped over from near-by ranches to the Arizona location where the picture was being shot. So Marge fixed her up with a standard 1947 outfit like those the dudesses wore.

The bill came to $370.50, starting with a $125 suit. With this went a $5.50 tie, a $15 belt and buckle, a $35 hat with a $15 band, a $60 bag, $65 boots and $50 silver spurs.

A New York heiress who visited an Arizona dude ranch this spring and ordered "the works" from Marge Riley got a bill for $750.50. It itemized down to a fancy Stetson at $150, a $75 shirt and a $75 skirt; $65 boots and $100 spurs; a $75 belt, a $60 bag, and oddments like scarves, ties, tie slides, hatbands and a rope at $75.50. A calfskin jacket to top it off was price-marked at $75. The lady priced a carved, silver-trimmed saddle to go with all this: $375. She found she could buy bridles up to almost any price that she wanted to pay, but a rather modest number would set her back $50.

A great deal of the expense attached to cow-country costumes comes from silver ornaments and carved leather. A girl who wants to let herself go can pile on a couple of thousand dollars' worth of silver buttons, buckles, spurs and saddle trimmings without half trying. There are saddles of carved leather, with silver trimmings, out West, that cost $5,000—and to some ranch queens they're just as necessary as a mink coat on Park Avenue.

Stetson hats cost up to $150 and compare with anything any New York milliner ever turned out. Bags run from $10 to $100 and footgear runs up to $65 a pair—a price even rich city-folk might shrink from paying. A horse or two may easily cost more than a coupé, some of the famous palominos running into the thousands.

Miss Dru used to be a Powers model. She figures that half a century has increased a ranch girl's clothes cost at least ten times. And more than that, if the girl goes in for silver and turquoise trimmings on her outfit, as some of them do.

Incidentally, while a city outfit for a working girl may weigh only a couple of pounds, leather and silver are quite heavy; it takes a good strong girl to wear a cow-country getup all day. ★★★

A GAME FOR TWO

Continued from page 22

have shaken things up, like dice in a parcheesi cup. . . .

Daphne was in the shower when the phone rang. She groped for towel and slippers and went dripping into the foyer.

A voice said, "This is Winifred. Do you remember me?—from the fourth floor."

"Oh, how do you do?",

"I do just awful. It's hot. Would you be interested in a blind date? Two awfully cute boys are coming to see me, and we thought we'd go off for the day."

Daphne wanted to be coolly interested and act as if she might consider it. But she said, "Gee!"

"Well," Winifred's voice was bored, "come down in forty-five minutes, and listen, you're sixteen. I said you were."

DAPHNE stood dripping in the foyer, half miserable, half palpitating. In a way, she had accepted camp as the next thing in her life. These few last days would be just with Mother, eating out and going to shows. Now she had to rearrange her mind and realize that boy friends were still the most important thing in life, and that you were measured by your ability to attract men. A man was a challenge. You faced this challenge, at least. Maybe you failed, but you took it up. Two awfully cute boys, Winifred had said. Daphne swallowed. Her clothes, her nails, her wet hair!

Covering herself with bath powder, she put a polish called Crimson Alibi on her nails and sat achingly tense while it dried. She saw in the mirror a tall, pink-faced girl with tangled brown hair and wide shoulders. She supposed she was starting to come out in the right places, though not quite as right as the people in the movies.

Wildly she searched among her dresses, which all seemed made for picking strawberries. The yellow with the off-the-shoulders neck was best. She put her hair up with combs and flowers and wore a pair of Margo's big earrings. Daphne thought: Sixteen? Well, yes, maybe more. She wished she was meeting a younger Duke Winters.

Her fingers trembling and icy, Daphne rang Winifred's doorbell.

Winifred was something like Lana Turner, Daphne decided, but very bored. She took Daphne into her room, full of small, pink pillows and pictures of boys stuck in the mirror. There seemed to be a vague lack of adults in Winifred's life. She spoke of an Aunt Alice.

"It's awfully hot. I don't know what we'll do. They go to St. Paul's, and their father has been married three times. The third wife is a Hawaiian. I met them at a party. Do you like brunet men?"

Daphne's head whirled. Winifred jumped around so. She wished almost that plump, stage-struck Dora were sitting beside her.

"Brunets," she said vaguely. "Are you going to wear that?"

Winifred had on a black sheer dress.

"I guess so. Your mother's cute. You're not small like her."

"No," Daphne agreed forlornly.

The bell rang and Winifred became less bored. She took Daphne's arm with a firm pinch. "Listen, now. You're sixteen, and act as if you had lots of dates. They're rich. Maybe we can get to the Oval Room for lunch."

The boys had brown faces, smooth and hard. One was very short and blond; the other was tall with thick, black hair that swept off his forehead. They wore tan jackets and light trousers. The blond was Melvyn, and his brother was Andy. Daphne's heart beat too loudly. Andy was like the boys in the hair tonic ads—handsome and grinning. It did not seem possible that he and Melvyn were brothers. It turned out they were or brothers.

Andy said, "Hi-yah, babe? loudly, and Winifred tossed he They did not know each other ve after all.

"This is Daphne Moore."

"Make it Daffy," Andy said, a glance over Daphne and comi to Winifred almost as if to say: I l better.

"Or just Daf," said Melvyn m

Melvyn was quite morose in f was ugly so he went the whole w acted it, too. He had stubby han on his tie was a picture of Niagar

"How are the frogs, Mel?" W asked, now all lightness and gro ness, knowing how to talk to bo turned to Daphne. "He cuts them

Daphne did not know whether "Ugh!" or "How super!" He came out tight and little. "Reall said.

Now they would see she was little girl. She felt her face going

Andy said, "How about going t in the Bowery, or to the zoo."

"No frogs," Melvyn barked.

Daphne had to come in on t She spoke boldly, looking into brown eyes, her heart fluttering r to her mouth, "We could go sw at the Shelton."

The others looked at each o turn. Daphne felt pale. Then An kindly, "It is a nice little thing, is

Winifred broke in hurriedly, get going."

They went out, Winifred with and Daphne not with but along Melvyn. On the street, Melvyn s and brought out his dark glass looked repulsive and gnome-lik

There was nothing said about t Room or the Shelton. When she was not going to be an expensi Winifred became sort of wild and She became a Good Sport. Daph ized that if she didn't hurry and b a Good Sport too, right away, were going to flop.

"What grade are you in?" she st on with Melvyn.

He stared at her from behin glasses. In the best Orson Welle nique he boomed, "I can't be grad fair lady. The school has me do court-martial in the fall, and I drop of frog into the luncheon milk. I for this school world long. I am ing on a phase of the atom bomb will destroy only human beings an animals intact."

Andy threw back a remark, " nut, but he might just happen to g

ANDY, decided Daphne, woul into a man who looked out world in a tuxedo, holding a glass hand—a man with a house full leather chairs, dogs that brought h pers right to him, and married to a tiful blonde like Winifred.

Daphne ached from thinking up to say to Melvyn. She thought sane, scheduled life at Weldon S of camp next week where she wo wearing sneakers and jersey pull while Winifred would be walkin Andy. She saw them walking all o earth, in love, of course. She tho her pretty mother and wondered had ever failed on a date. Tears bled in back of her eyes. To fail at

Winifred and Andy were w close together, Winifred's silk streamed as she walked.

Melvyn's fat cheeks stuck out file. He kicked a tin can under a feet and the man stumbled.

"Young ass," the man hissed.

"Keep cool, brother," said M



MOST POPULAR BEER OF ALL TIME

…sts through the ages have known … serve beer is simple hospitality. … discovered generations ago that … Budweiser is to pay guests a gracious compliment. Thus, in the eyes of hosts and guests alike, Budweiser has become something more than beer—a tradition in hospitality.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · · · ST. LOUIS

IT LIVES WITH
GOOD TASTE . . . *EVERYWHERE*

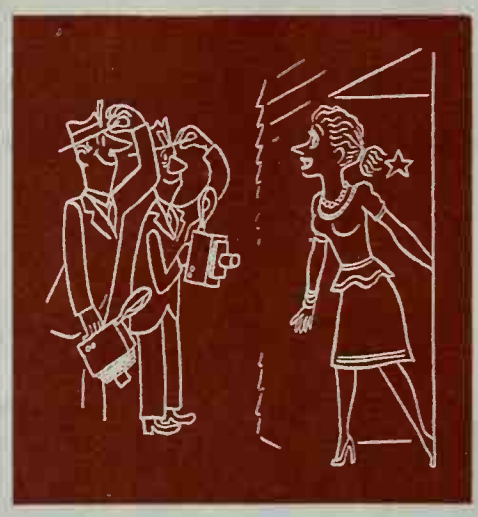
















and to Daphne, "I hate them—messing up the world. Teaching youth, bah! The Eskimos are smart."

"Why?" asked Daphne, relieved to feel they might be having what is called conversation.

"Kill off the old guys. Take them way out and leave them on a cake of ice to die."

Now Daphne knew why girls did dreadful things. If there were only something she could do to make Andy notice her. If she could be a different girl, interesting, sure of herself . . .

They took the elevated down to the Battery. The train was very dirty. The passengers slept or stared ahead of them, chewing gum; or they ogled Winifred in her black dress. Winifred's cheeks got pink. Andy slid his arm in back of the seat, and Melvyn called out coarsely, "No passes in public!"

Daphne thought she would die from pure bitterness.

THE Battery was dirty, too. They had liverwurst sandwiches and cream soda, and they walked through dingy side streets where moving vans and trucks were bunched. A group of Chinese girls passed them. They looked at Andy and giggled and pushed each other. Andy only smiled. Even Chinese girls acted up, thought Daphne in panic.

Once Winifred stood near her and whispered fiercely, "Give out, dopey!"

But Daphne did not know how to turn a mood on and off.

Then Melvyn said to Andy, "Hey—let's go home and tease the hula skirt. There's beer, and cheese and crackers." He threw out his stocky chest and intoned, "And Moussorgsky. We've got the recordings."

"Who?" Daphne asked wearily.

"Moussorgsky—the musician. He and I are buddies. I feel him in me. I'm Moussorgsky himself, walking through the city."

"You're something," Daphne announced tartly, and for the first time, they all laughed with, not at, her. She began mentally to unclench herself.

They went to Andy's and Melvyn's home in the East Eighties. It was a private house with a wrought-iron door, and a butler of whom the boys seemed slightly afraid.

"Now, young sirs, what is all this?"

Melvyn snapped his fingers. "Beer, and cheese and crackers in the green living room, Snodgrass. We're back from the wild and desolate stretches."

"You're too young for beer." The butler scowled at Melvyn.

"Beer, we said," intoned Andy, who was older.

"Is his name really Snodgrass?" Winifred whispered, "I thought that was only in books."

"He came out of a book," Andy said.

It was a gorgeous house, full of paintings, and bronze statues; small silky rugs slid around under their feet.

They played the Moussorgsky records and Winifred smoked a cigarette. She and Andy sat side by side, and Daphne knew this was how life was. Always a man and a woman drew together, looked into each other's eyes. And all else was unimportant, dry as dust. The things the principal at Weldon had said about contentment were words out of a cross-stitched sampler in a crumbling room.

Daphne's heart weighed her down. She dreamed of swimming stroke by stroke with Andy in some blue water, pulling herself up on a raft . . . "Good for you," he'd say. The sky would be blinding silver. Andy would be planning a long trip to, well—to Madagascar. "Daphne, come with me—come."

She saw Andy timidly touch a strand of Winifred's hair, and all was lost.

Melvyn sprawled in a chair, listening to Moussorgsky's Night on Bald Mountain. He had dismissed Daphne from his mind. He was a very young boy, pretending that two things only were of importance—Melvyn, and what Melvyn thought. He would undoubtedly be a big success.

The beer made Daphne hot and sleepy. She glanced up hazily and saw a brown woman in a billowy red dress standing in the doorway. A woman with ink-black hair and full vermilion-bright lips.

"Here's Lani." Andy sprang up.

It was their father's third wife. She walked across the parquet floor on beautiful, bare feet. Her slanted eyes traveled over the girls in an unsmiling way and she inclined her head ever so slightly. Lani did not sit on a chair. She chose a hassock, lighted a cigarette and waved to the phonograph.

"Dance, yes?"

Melvyn frowned. "Go fly your grass skirt. You want the lighter phases of music. My soul is dark and heavy."

"Unload your soul," Andy said crisply, "and put on Cugat."

Andy looked odd. He had gotten up from being with Winifred and was standing in front of Lani.

She put her head back and flashed white teeth at him. "Dance?" she said for the second time.

Andy and Lani danced. He was tall and graceful. They danced with singleness and absorption. Winifred laughed nervously, shot a well-what-do-you-think-of-that look at Daphne, and stared down at her white hands.

Melvyn kept snorting out, "Break it up, break it up, you two."

The butler came in. Picking up the empty bottles and dishes, he went out, his back rigid with disapproval.

Lani acted as if no one was in the room but Andy and herself. The music throbbed in the dimming opulence, and the boy and the brown woman went on dancing, wordlessly.

Winifred walked over deliberately to Melvyn.

"Show me your laboratory, Mel, where you keep things," she said, as sweet as spoonfuls of molasses.

Melvyn tried to be indifferent, but he crumpled into a lump of flattered male.

"On the third floor. I'll cut up a frog for you."

They went away, Winifred like a golden-haired beauty ascending the stairs of some madman's house. Daphne knew Winifred was simply doing this because of Andy and Lani. Winifred would never let herself be without attention, she would know what steps to take.

Melvyn called, "Want to come, Daf, and see my lovely little creatures?"

Daphne shook her head.

Winifred leaned back, elaborately ignoring the dancers. She taunted Daphne, "I guess camp is your speed, all right."

Then Daphne sat and watched Andy and Lani, and the shadows grew longer. She felt on the outside of a bright, bad dream, lost in a personal misery, while others lived and laughed, and went in pairs.

Lani had begun to sing, and smooth, hard face was overlai kind of hynosis. . . .

Daphne could not remember first saw the other man, the man gray hair and the dark red face stood in an entrance out of si Andy and Lani. She shivered. pictures had elucidated most of ferent phases of anger that depicted by a man's expressio now she was beholding a man's real life.

He came away from where standing quickly, and before the could know he was there, the yanked Andy away from Lani, hit him full in the face.

DAPHNE heard the crack blow. Andy was down on t He started to rise. A narrow s blood traveled out of his mou moved from side to side like a t wind, screaming terrible alien so

Daphne ran out of the roo the hallway. The worst part h Andy, half getting to his feet; could not bear to wait and s would be able to get all the way u the man hit him again.

She got out of the house, pu heavy door shut. She thought right. I'm on the street, I must everything is all right.

Andy—whom she loved—w hurt! The picture was printed brain. She would never be able those three people changing th tions in the room.

She took a bus and immediate to feel sick. The driver said, the rear, miss," and then she ha right off, but a man followed stood on the curb. It was M Winters.

"It's all right, kiddo," he kep but his face was distressed.

It was a question of which w distressed—Mr. Winters' face o ne's stomach.

The sympathetic, moon-shap of people went by and Daphne s upside down.

Duke got a taxi. She would h to be alone with her head on leather, riding with her eyes shu

He promised to get her mothe

It's *Smart* to own an Olds

You'll be "in the swim" with the smartest people . . . in a Style-Leader Oldsmobile. This "Custom Cruiser" Convertible, for example, is a stand-out in any gathering . . . in the city . . . at the country club . . . at fashionable summer resorts. And driving this smart looking Oldsmobile—the car with all the automatic features—is as restful as a day at the beach. The top goes up or down automatically. Windows raise or lower hydraulically. The front seat goes forward or back at the touch of a button. And as for the driver . . . all he does is sit and steer, thanks to GM Hydra-Matic Drive*. Gear shifting is fully automatic. There's not even a clutch pedal in the car!





Oldsmobile

WITH GM GENERAL MOTORS HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

*Optional at extra cost.

Swim suit designed by Tina Leser

Convertible Coupe by Oldsmobile.

"PICNIC ON A CALIFORNIA BEACH" by John Gannam. Number 6 in the series, "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it



In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

wrong thing?" he asked, pass-
kerchief over her forehead.
did not think it was food. It
y, the mounting strangeness of
ute. When she remembered
nd Winifred, perhaps still up-
hat house looking at the frogs,
to feel terrible again.
you, Mr. Winters." She smiled
him.
ne Duke, chickie. I'll bring
er around in two shakes."
eame in very soon.
it's the heat, and you need a
change."

other was so dainty. She was
graceful than Lani, more self-
than Winifred. Her mother
er have had the kind of troubles
ad.
began to weep. "She said
our speed.' It's just my speed.
er. I'll always be clumsy and
s will have all the boys. I'll
ute like you. I'm a failure!"
was shocked motionless. Prob-
uestioning, she got Daphne to
out the afternoon. "Brat!" she
meaning Winifred. And when
told her about Lani and the
go made clucking noises.
ought a lace bed jacket for



him tag you a couple of
es just to make it look
d. Then in the fifth—
am!—he knocks you out!"
LES COLIN

"Darling, look at Ingrid Berg-
she cute? Hardly."
gh tears, Daphne remembered
Very likely Ingrid would know
handle the Winifreds.
how can I learn?"
o moved around the room like a
lvering shades, putting shoe trees
hne's pumps. Then she spoke

learn by failing. After a failure,
better. You're a bigger person
t means other persons don't walk
u so much. You know more
ourself. It's like a test in school.
ally you pass it, don't you?"
er's face was earnest, wide-eyed.
nodded, not sure she under-
out warmed inside by something
mother's voice, and Margo held
nt.

next day was different because
ther stayed home from work.
led the office and told them, and
d shirred eggs, which took a long
cook and to eat. After that,
e lay on the sofa reading a movie
about Ingrid Bergman while
seemed very busy at her desk.
ote notes, made some out-of-town
alls and fixed up bundles of
for the Red Cross to send to
. Daphne thought some of the
Mother was sending were too

In the afternoon, Lea Davis came in. She looked as handsome as ever, but subdued. She picked up the movie magazine.

"Honey, don't fall for glamor. It's overworked."

"Daphne should know," said Mother cryptically.

"Margo—" Lea began, looking at Daphne, then away.

"Yes."

"I want to tell you something. I hope you won't think—I mean, you're my best friend—"

Mother seemed paler. She got up and took Lea's hand. "I know," Margo said. "I'm glad. You were always meant for each other."

And then they both cried and kissed each other, and Lea said, "I'm so happy," and wiped her eyes on a handkerchief printed with French words.

"Honestly!" Daphne exclaimed, but she knew what it was before they told her.

"It's Laurence Driscoll," Lea said. "We're getting married, and once I thought—"

MARGO sprang up. "We'll have a party. Lea, call Laurence and Duke Winters. This has to be celebrated."

Daphne could not be sure that her mother was happy. Perhaps she had had a failure, too, the thing she had talked about last night. You could be grown up and get hurt, and not be allowed to show it. She felt a moment of coolness toward Lea. But Lea was kind, really. Today she had a quiet glow to her. And hadn't Mother said about failing—"Eventually you pass"?

When the men came, Mother was in a dark blue crepe with her hair worn in a low knot at the back. She looked, Daphne puzzled, like someone else.

Duke was very nice. He didn't mention about getting off the bus with Daphne yesterday. In a corner of the room Laurence Driscoll said to Margo:

"Margo, I—"

But she wouldn't let him finish. "I'm glad, so glad." And he was looking down at her with a crinkly smile, and suddenly they were just very good friends.

They had cocktails, with the inevitable grape juice for Daphne. She thought they were all different today. They were calmer and happier, and somehow it made New York nice again. Their voices wiped out the sound of a man's quick, running steps and Lani's screaming. She thought, sadly: I'll go away to camp and there'll be the four of them—two pairs, again."

"Margo," Lea began on the old theme, "when are you going to take some time off?"

"Right away," said Margo suddenly. "I've taken a cottage up at Cape Cod and Daphne and I are going up there."

"May I be invited?" Duke said, his eyes pleading.

Mother didn't laugh in that tinkly way or throw her head back. She looked Duke in the face and said, gently, "Perhaps."

"Mother!"

"And Daphne can have her school pals like Dora up if she wants, but the main thing is we'll be together," Mother went on. "We'll have a long, wonderful lazy time. There are things a woman can teach her own child, I guess, that no one else can."

"Bravo!" cried Lea walking swiftly across the room, looking so tall beside Margo. Looking so admiringly at Margo.

Long after they had gone, Daphne lay in bed, her head swimming with the wonder of not having to go to camp. She thought of the letter she would write to Dora. About everything. And then she remembered something else, something that had seemed so different.

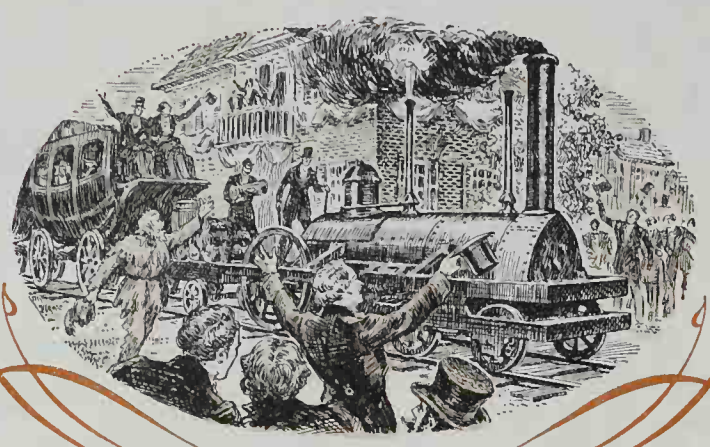
Mother had called herself a woman.

THE END



James Crow and his neighbors toasted Kentucky's first

IRON HORSE *in 1835*



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW



Kentucky Straight

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND



A Truly Great Name
AMONG
AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp. • New York

THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAN

Continued from page 21

institutions there. Under the cloak of charity the Hatch bill would have opened the way for bargain-price land sales in every other of the 13 public-land states. Representative Barrett, in a similar do-good measure, proposed that federal lands in Wyoming be sold to cattlemen (at $1.25 an acre, tops) with the proceeds going to the state university.

Senator Robertson of Wyoming didn't even bother with do-good angles. He proposed simply that the public lands, property of all Americans, be turned over to the states in which they lie. Presumably, the Western livestockmen, acting through their legislatures, could take it from there.

All told, 58 bills affecting the public lands were dumped into the hopper of the 79th Congress. Only a handful, if enacted, would have opened the way for cattlemen, lumbermen and other interests to break into the national parks and forests, to mine the grass- and timberlands without restraint and to exhaust the last virgin preserves of our national wealth.

So far in the present 80th Congress 55 land bills have been introduced.

Public Opinion Is Hostile

But the stockmen's main assault on the public lands was held up while they waged a struggle for public opinion in the West itself. There, the stockmen found to their surprise that their self-imposed crusade to "return the public lands to the West" evoked little gratitude from fellow Westerners. Instead, the livestockman—long the darling of the cowboy country—found himself pilloried as a grasping destroyer of the West's lands and waters.

In the West when men confer it is said, "They're making a medicine together." The public-lands medicine of the big stockmen was so strong that their own neighbors and lifelong friends couldn't take it.

One such neighbor is Charles J. Moynihan, law partner of Dan Hughes, the Montrose, Colorado, sheepman who is spearheading the stockmen's public-lands drive.

"I can't imagine the West I've always known being fenced in by private owners with 'No Trespassing' signs scattered around in every direction," Moynihan wrote Washington officials. "It will make a feudal province out of the Rocky Mountain region . . . and will affect our concept of democracy."

Lee Knous, governor of Colorado and ex-partner of Hughes, rebelled too. The spare, six-foot governor took aside Dan Hughes, full-faced and beefy product of the cow country's good steaks.

"It's inconceivable, Dan, that Congress would enact such legislation or that the public would support it," he said.

In Idaho, the state legislature sent a joint memorial to Congress.

"It has been the common practice for private owners of land acquired at nominal cost, after removing the lumber, to let it go for delinquent taxes thereby forestalling reforestation, development and protection of the land," the Idaho legislators warned.

In Utah, Senator Arthur V. Watkins polled ranchers and others and found sentiment two to one against the land-sale proposal. In Colorado, the mountain region's leading newspapers belabored the land drive so lustily that the Record Stockman, a livestock trade paper, protested:

"Shame on Denver's daily press . . . Here Denver sits, the livestock breeding capital of America, reaping more than it realizes from cattle, sheep and hogs. Yet the Rocky Mountain News and the Denver Post editorially smear t man as a 'land grabber' or a 'sl promoter. Stockmen are goo the livestock paper finished stou

Some of the ranchers aren't s this.

"The proposals were initia very small group of selfish st charged the Carbon Stock Asso small stockmen at Gunnison, C "They'd ruin the soils, waters other natural resources."

By early summer the cou had gathered such force that i reached all the way to W There J. Byron Wilson, three- pound woolgrowers' lobbyist, a boys back home that the land become so hot a political pot better let it cool.

With his ear cocked to th from the West, Senator Jol Colorado called the land drive selfish proposal of all time." the Cow Bloc's Senator Pat M on realizing that sale of the pu would deprive Nevada of m highway funds, knew it was tim a retreat.

"I am opposed to turning over to the stockmen or eve states," he said.

But what the West doesn't kn the public lands have already, been turned over to the stockm livestockmen have become th lords and masters of the land th and the West seems to have wo only to be confronted by the pr losing a war.

What public opinion barred men from doing openly, the Co Congress has done quietly. H they did it. The Cow Bloc hel appropriations for policing th men's use of the public lands. cut the grazing field service bu $1,070,360 to $373,000.

This meant that there coul one office in each state to regu 000,000 acres of range lands 20,000-odd ranchers.

Too Few Police and Pat s

It meant that of 250-odd r aminers and graziers (inspectors odd remain to patrol and police adds up to no federal inspection trol since surviving personnel, a staff, will have its hands full w work.

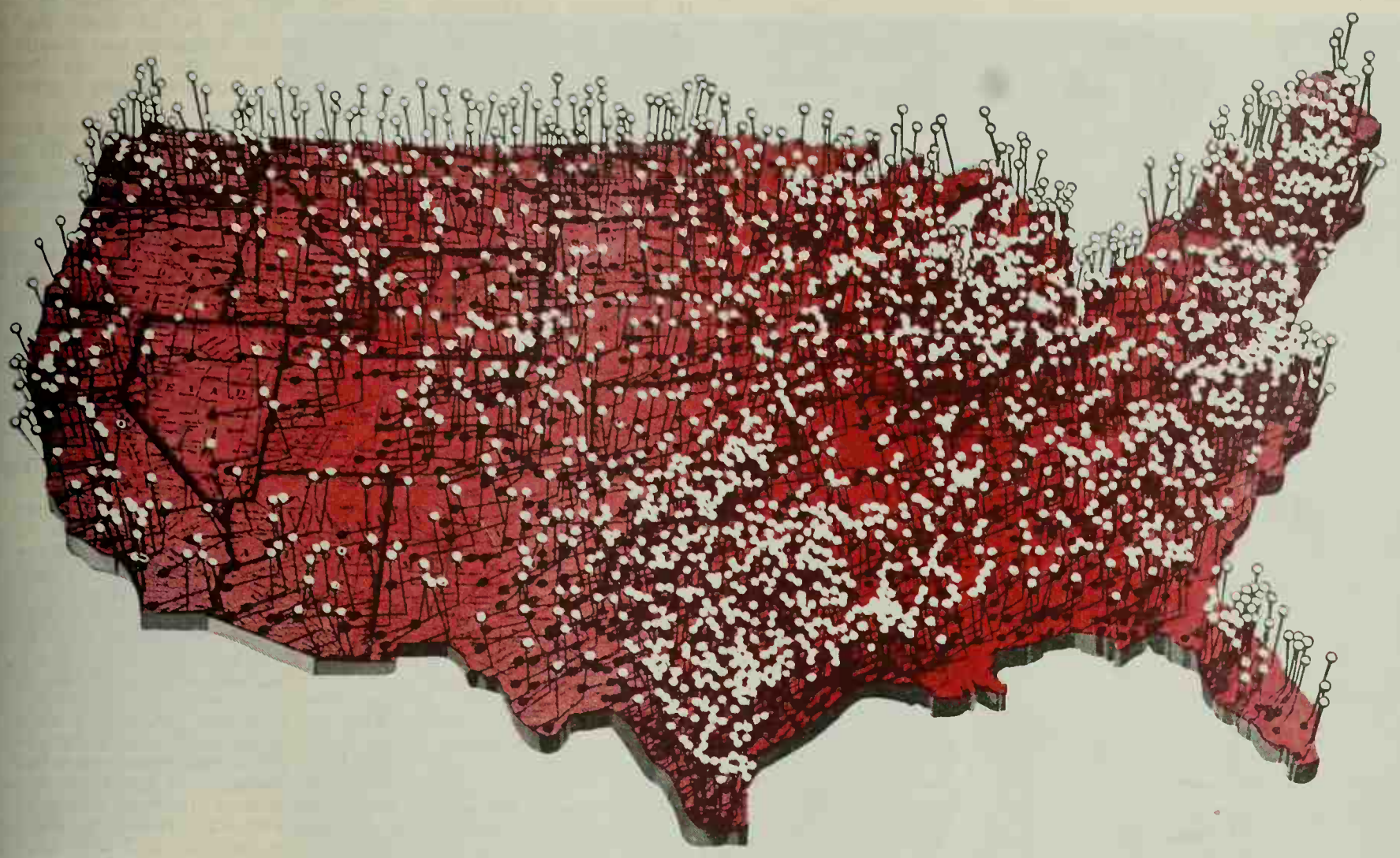
In actual practice, the Tayl ing Act, passed in 1934, to "prev grazing and soil deterioration," repealed.

The way the big stockmen Cow Bloc broke the back of th service is an object lesson in pressure politics in America. step was to capture the grazin The law had set up advisory b stockmen to confer with loca officials about the number of t the range and similar questions a year the stockmen's advisor weren't conferring, they were g orders.

The second step was to inves Grazing Service to death, and Harold Ickes, then Secretary Interior, gave the stockmen an

In an unguarded moment I Congress it would cost only $1 run the Grazing Service. W actual budget turned out to be as much, the House Appro Committee, composed largely erners, began to scrutinize the prices at which the Western were grazing the public lands.

"Such fees—a nickel a cow p —are ridiculous," Representa



Here's something else important you get with

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE



EVERY PIN on this map represents a stock point from which the thousands of Texaco Dealers are supplied.

There are more than 2500 of these Supply Points in all.

That means . . . in every single State of the Union you'll find plenty of well-stocked Texaco Dealers eager to serve you.

You can tour with confidence, knowing that good Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline awaits you from coast to coast.

It is interesting to know, too, that these 2500 Supply Points also render an important service to industry . . . by making quality fuels and lubricants available to industrial plants, *wherever located.*

TEXACO REG.T.M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theater presents the Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.



Quick relief from burning Athlete's Foot!

Amazing Results in Clearing Up Athlete's Foot. Tests prove that 9 out of 10—even severe advanced cases—get complete relief from itching, burning Athlete's Foot after 30-day Quinsana treatment.

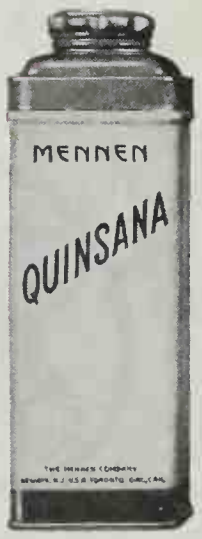
Helps Prevent Athlete's Foot. Athlete's Foot fungi exist wherever there is heat, perspiration and dampness . . . especially in shoes and socks. Quinsana helps destroy these fungi *before* they cause a serious case of Athlete's Foot!

Keeps Feet Dry, Comfortable. No clammy feeling on feet when you use Quinsana. Soothing, absorbs moisture, keeps feet feeling fresh.

Just a Minute! That's all it takes to use soft, soothing, pleasantly scented Quinsana:

Shake Quinsana on feet, smooth between toes.

Shake Quinsana in shoes before, after wearing. Use Quinsana as part of your daily grooming.



Most Chiropodists *(Foot Specialists)* recommend foot massage and soothing Quinsana to comfort, pep up tired feet

The World's Largest Selling Athlete's Foot Powder

MENNEN QUINSANA

H. Andersen of Minnesota, protested. "The Forest Service fee is 31 cents, and in my own country, Minnesota, pasturage costs $1.25 or more per month."

"Raise your fees," the House committee warned the Department of Interior, "or we'll cut your appropriations."

Manfully, Interior tried to raise the fees, only to be taken out of the play by the Cow Bloc. Senator Pat McCarran began investigating the Grazing Service and kept it up for seven years, making that department one of the most investigated in government history. The senator filed five large reports. The last one urged the firing of "a very small handful of self-seeking opportunist administrators," (who had sought to raise the fees).

By coincidence the stockmen themselves brought forward just the candidate to run the Grazing Service and the Land Management Bureau (of which the grazing unit is a part). He was none other than Dan Hughes, the leader of the stockmen's fight to sell the public lands to selected private owners at bargain prices.

Turning over the care of the public lands to a sheep raiser who wanted only to make them private didn't seem as logical to Secretary of the Interior Krug as it did to the big stockmen.

When Krug said, "No," the stockmen gave him their Sunday punch. They hit him in the appropriations. It was easy. The stockmen and the Cow Bloc senators, experts on grazing, told the hatchet-wielding House Appropriations Committee that the Grazing Service needed only a fraction of the money it was getting anyway.

The lands from which the stockmen thus ousted Uncle Sam without buying so much as an acre, had a long history of abuse before the government bureaucrats came. The nomadic sheepman with his several dozen sheep, the cattle baron who staked out miles of public domain for his thousands of steers, the small rancher with his shoestring herd, all these had one thing in common. They overstocked and overgrazed the good earth.

So thorough was their unsupervised grazing that in 1936 the Department of Agriculture reported, "a range once capable of supporting 22.5 million animal units (a unit is one cow or horse or five sheep) can now carry only 10.8 million. On nearly 55 per cent of the entire range area (roughly the 13 mountain states) forage values have been reduced by more than half." It was to halt this devastation that the Taylor Grazing Act was passed in 1934 at the request of most of the Western stockmen.

Attrition of Grazing Ranges

Today, on vast spaces where lush grasses once grew belly-high to a horse, the relentless cropping by too many mouths has so skinned the land that they won't recover in our generation or that of our grandchildren. Government soil experts say the Western range land is sick and requires at least 50 years of careful nursing to heal the damage already done and perhaps another 50 years to restore the health that once supported twice the livestock the range now feeds. But instead of convalescence, the stockmen's virtual repeal of government inspection will intensify the maltreatment which put the range lands in the hospital in the first place.

Small ranchers are worried.

"With the supervision cut, there'll be a struggle for the range, and the little guy'll get pushed around," Ed Ennis, who runs 400 head of cattle in Grand County, Colorado, told me. "Maybe we'll have some old-fashioned range wars, the kind my father saw here years ago. Trespassing? Overgrazing? Sure, how are we going to stop it?" Small rancher Ennis and his friends have been bombarding their congressmen to restore Grazing Service appropriati

Cattle helped make the mour states, and grass makes cattle. By stroying the grass, the Western stockmen are digging a grave for industry.

But the stockmen are hurting r than their own industry. By strippin wide-open spaces of their green c they are letting the rains dump the earth into the West's rivers.

I stood in a gentle spring rain canyon near the Continental D above Boulder, Colorado, and watch segment of the process which thre the life of a whole region. A mou stream which old-timers told me once clear and sparkling was now choked and turgid.

"Too thick to drink and too th plow," a forest ranger put it.

Appalling Waste of Topsoil

Overgrazing had removed the with which nature slows water ru and the unfettered waters were pe off the exposed topsoil and carryi into the stream. The mountain str hustle the silt into the Colorado, th Grande and other great river sy which in turn deposit it at the ra millions of acre-feet (an acre of foot deep) each year in the mam reservoirs. And it is these rese which help nourish the semiarid (The Elephant Butte dam built by fe engineers to guarantee water to Mexico "forever" is already so ch with silt deposited by the Rio G at the rate of 20,000 acre-feet a that the state is alarmed over its supply.)

The same overgrazing that dump earth into the rivers opens up gullies on the uplands as the water once seeped into the high ground rushes down to swell the rivers and an ever-increasing toll of damag flood.

The West has been slow to lin cattleman in the uplands with the and water shortages downstream. Congress slashed appropriations fo reclamation projects in the West, al Western governors hastened to Wa ton and persuaded it to restore mon dams and other water and projects.

A forest ranger commented bi "They're spending billions for crete dams to store water, but they spend pennies for the millions of dams we protect, the blades of nature designed to save the lan water."

The critical area that controls th West's water resources is the wat region which lies chiefly in the fo uplands of Colorado and Wyo Much of this watershed land lies the 80,000,000 acres of grazing lan are administered and protected b Forest Service of the Department o riculture.

With the scalp of the Departm Interior's Grazing Service tied to belts, the big stockmen are now get these 80,000,000 acres of Forest ice lands.

More than half of these are bad pleted, but efforts to cut down the bers of cattle and sheep that gra them have plunged the Forest S into a battle for its life.

The stockmen and the Cow Bloc how to deal with such gover bureaus. The American Cattle Pr (a trade publication) this April po a happy thought.

"Maybe the Forest Service h much money appropriated for its the paper editorialized. "Such a tion can be easily remedied. Cut t propriations."

Another article by Mr. Velie on th ject will appear in an early issue.





THIS IS A "STICK-UP"

"stick-up"—and you're the loser—when dirty oil circulates through your engine. Why ave your oil tested—*free*—by the famous AC Test Pad method, at any registered AC Oil Service Station? This positive test only takes a minute, while you're having your oil checked. r oil contains grit, dirt or carbon, it stands out clearly on the clean white AC Test Pad.

oil is not a lubricant. It clogs piston rings and slots—makes valves stick—wears out moving —wastes fuel and oil—robs engines of power.

u haven't an adequate oil filter, or if the filter element needs changing, "highway ry" is going on in your engine, every mile you drive. You can prevent it by install- n AC Oil Filter or Element, of the right size for your engine, to keep your oil rom damaging dirt. Why not do it today?

PARK PLUG DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Free oil tests, with AC Test Pads, are available wherever you see the official AC Oil Filter Service Station sign. AC Oil Filters and Replacement Elements are also available there.





Oil Filters

No Wonder Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Gin Drinks!



NOT JUST DRY... IT'S "DRY" DRY



—without the slightest trace of sweetness!

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! That's one of *four big reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks. Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly delicate, light *taste!* Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very *smooth!* Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless *mixability* provides the perfect base for Tom Collins, Martinis, *all* gin drinks!



FLEISCHMANN'S

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

CONEY ISLAND IS A HOWL

Continued from page 24

Every year the Coney Island Chamber of Commerce boasts of the resort's drawing power, but objects to the pictures that prove it because "those pictures tend to discourage good customers."

Last season the Island was host to a total of 70,000,000 customers, and the hot-day average now hovers around 1,250,000.

Of these probably not more than half are "good" customers, that is, customers with upward of a dollar apiece to spend. Only a few thousand rent bathhouses in which to dress and undress. The nonspenders come early, bring their own lunch, enjoy sand and surf for free, and go home late. If the night is as hot as the day, they may not go home at all, choosing to make their beds right there on the sand rather than return to the steam-bath atmosphere of a city tenement.

The nonspenders either dress and undress surreptitiously in cars or under the boardwalk, or else they wear their bathing suits under their street clothes, and only have to peel off to be ready for the beach. This is known as "bum-bathing," and those who follow this system are called drippers, because that's what they do when they put street clothes back on over wet bathing suits.

Temptation on Surf Avenue

But it's easy to get rid of money at Coney if you want to. From the minute you leave the subway and emerge on Surf Avenue, you are surrounded with 10- to 25-cent temptations to try your luck, strength or courage, to hit the baby, to see the freaks, alive, alive, to watch the pretty girlie take a bath in wine, alive, alive.

The wine-bath girl, named Tirza, says the kids who gather in front of her place can't believe she really takes a shower bath before their very eyes. She used to offer $1,000 to anybody who could prove her attractions were not true as advertised. But the customers couldn't believe in $1,000 either, so now her barker only offers to "refund your ticket money, plus $1 for your time," if Tirza doesn't live up to her promises. She does, all right, so realistically that the police once closed her show for three days. Now her filmy net G-string and bra have been okayed by the license bureau, and her show flourishes. Winters Tirza spends with her family in Miami, Florida, in the house the wine bath bought.

The aristocrat of Coney Island places is Steeplechase Park, where for $1 you get trees, grass and a place to sit down, plus your choice of 12 rides. No girls.

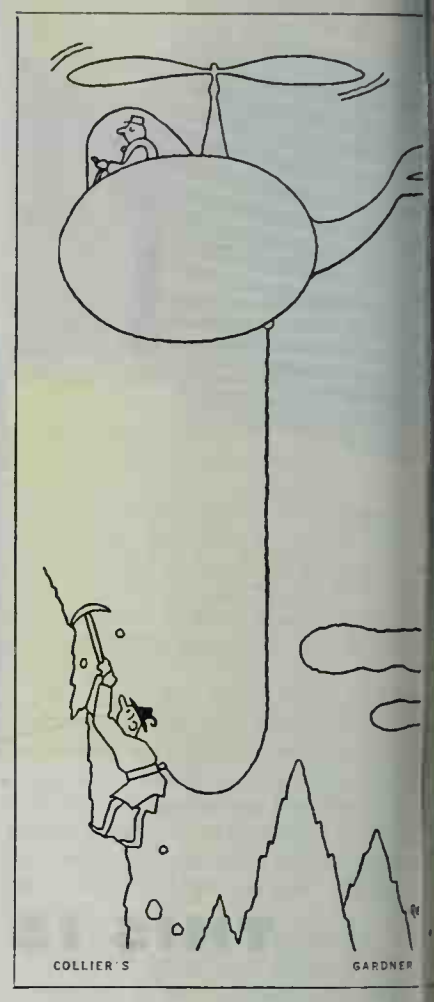
Or for $21 you can buy "the cheapest vacation in New York"—a season pass entitling you to use the 300-foot swimming pool, lockers, private beach and athletic facilities. You may also purchase as many flings as you want on the fright-and-fun gadgets in the park and inside the pavilion—"the only place on Coney Island where it never rains."

Steeplechase, built 51 years ago by George Tilyou and now run by his two sons, George C. and Frank, is the last of the famous establishments which can remember the time when Coney was something a little fancier than it is now, when Eddie Cantor used to perform at Henderson's Music Hall, when Marie Dressler ran the popcorn-and-peanut concession, when Jimmy Durante was a singing waiter, when the wild-animal acts were as good as any circus, when premature babies grew before your very eyes in Dr. Couney's glass-enclosed incubators, and when a Feltman dinner under the trees was as fine a thing and just as expensive as the best in Manhattan.

A little earlier, Coney was the center of sporting society. Jeffries and C[orbett] fought there, and all the race-crowds from Gravesend made it headquarters. Earlier still, Coney almost as social as Newport. It tained the famous in its de luxe ho Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, V[an] Roosevelts, and scores of visiting pean princelings.

The gradual cheapening of the came about through cheaper trans tion. The extension of the five-cen way to Coney in the twenties mark beginning of the new mass-produ nickel-and-dime era. Periodic fires out the costlier places, one by one, ing way for entertainment at pe prices.

One type of attraction, howeve



changed very little since the 1880 rides. Coney Island had the first a ment railway in the world, a mil of roller coaster, built by Lamarc Thompson in 1884. From it hav veloped the fearsome Cyclone anc ens of other variants now in use al the world. The psychological ex tion for the fascination of these vi nauseating rides is that they satisf basic need for mild danger. All are supposed to want the sort of " insecurity" we felt as infants when body tossed us into the air. All of supposed to want it, but some of us

The Tilyou brothers, in de Steeplechase attractions, still follow father's maxims: "Never hire a f attraction that can eat or talk b you," and "Let the customers ent each other." The customers do ent each other hilariously. The pav stage show, consisting of a sta routine built upon the simple bu of blowing a girl's skirt up ove head has been running to a packed steadily, day in day out, for the p years.

There's only one threat to Coney petual existence along its present Park Commissioner Moses says t any more of it burns down, he is to change it into a simple beach an letic resort, minus rides, girls and works.

THE END

T'S HERE!..SUPER SAFE ..AND SILENT



THE NEW *Silent* VACUUM CUP

Millions of test miles prove this handsome new tire wears up to 40% longer and stops 17% quicker. Thicker tread, stronger body . . . longer mileage, greater safety . . . highlighted by the satin-smooth white sidewall . . . make this *America's most modern tire*.

It bears an honored name, rich with tradition for safety, dependability and long wear. Running mate to fine cars for more than thirty years, it now establishes a new peak of perfection in appearance and performance.



Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup is made of
ximum allowable amount of natural rubber
all natural rubber tread in the larger
. and stronger-than-usual rayon throughout
body.
use of its great strength, this tire requires
air pressure. You get a soft-cushion ride, more
y on curves, more tread rubber on the road.
new tire at the sign of the Pennsylvania
ze ... it's tire headquarters.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. • PENN-CRAFT PARK • JEANNETTE, PA.

A THING CALLED HEART

Continued from page 17

there was a close play, there was what looked like a quick jab of Rankin's spiked foot at the little man's leg. But it is hard to say which happens and which is made to happen in a close play at the base.

The Jeep could say, however, because words went with what had happened, and they were: "Dirty sawed-off runt." Nobody else heard the words, not even the base umpire, who had run halfway to second base to cover the play. "Safe!" he called, and leveled his arms out, palms down. He was wearing greens and looked more like a mechanic than an umpire. But his was the say-so.

SOMETHING was happening inside the little man called Jeep. Something that had been inside him a long time was breaking to pieces, and the strange thing he thought of was thin blue china cups which had hung from little brass hooks somewhere—he couldn't remember where.

"Safe!" he yelled. "I had 'im out by three feet!"

The umpire shook his head, inexorable authority. Everybody makes mistakes—even umpires. But umpires can't admit them.

"And he spiked me!" Then Jeep looked down at his leg, saw no marks there, perhaps a snag in the sock, but no marks. "Or tried to," he said. He felt like a kid complaining in the empty lot back home.

Behind him Rankin laughed gruntily. "Whatziss—a man's ball game or a kid's debatin s'ciety, hunh?"

The umpire said, "Play ball."

Marc Nettles came strolling toward them. "Let's go, Jeep boy." The lean brown face, secure from all illusion.

Rankin said, "Hey, Nettles, ain't you guys got any men out here?"

Tobacco juice from Marc's thin lips clotted unbeautifully in the dust at his feet. "We didn' leave many back home, Rankin."

"Bull," Rankin said.

"Gimme the ball, Jeep."

The breakdown seemed over now. It was the end of something. He couldn't remember the blue cups, but—to hell with the cups. It was where something came to pieces and wasn't any more. He could have sworn the spikes went into his leg. Only a snag in the sock.

"Gimme the damn' ball, Jeep."

He felt Marc's bony hand take the ball. The reality of it lifted him out of the nightlike feeling that had been flooding in around him. Marc grinned—same old grin, crooked—and said, "That's just a taste of the big time, fella. Bitter as a chicken with a busted gall, ain't it?" Then Marc turned and went back to the rubber.

For Jeep the blur of stands reshaped itself behind home plate and along the base lines. The diamond spread out, gray earth, green grass. The Jeep moved out to his position. Behind him he heard the grunty laughter and the slanting voice again: "You couldn' be a bat boy wit' my club. In the big time we dust off the plate wit' a little punk like you." Then Rankin took a short lead off second, pawed at the earth with his spikes, and laughed again.

In the fifth game of the series, Willys Jackson was knocked out of the box in the first inning—like this: Jernigan singled to right field. Samuelson walked. Knopka doubled off the left-field wall, scoring Jernigan. Rankin drove Jackson's first pitch over the right-field fence for one of the longest home runs ever hit in Rizal Stadium. Jeep left the game while the crowd was still murmuring over Rankin's drive. . . .

It was the fourth game of the World Series that Jeep Jackson again faced Ed Rankin. In midseason the Hawks had called Jackson up from the minors to help fill the gap left by Marc Nettles, who, after winning five straight games for the Hawks, had departed for Mexico, where baseball in a sprawling adolescence had flung out arms as far as Brooklyn.

When Jackson joined the Hawk club, nobody was talking much about Marc Nettles. Shorty Knopka, third baseman, did have this to say: "You knew Marc in Manila, didn't you, Jeep? Well, you know how he was. He just didn't believe a guy could get anything like a square deal in this racket. He wanted more cabbage, and the boys in the office couldn't see it. They said his time in the Army hadn't done his arm any good. So Marc said, 'To hell with 'em,' and headed south. I think it was a mistake, and maybe you do too, but it's just the way things go."

"Yeah," Jeep said. "Yeah, I guess so." It was like dry sawdust in his mouth. He didn't get it. A swell guy like Marc Nettles.

In his half season with the Hawks, Jeep Jackson didn't finish a great many games. He would go five, maybe six innings, like a fire in dry sedge, and then—the showers. But he managed to win as many as he lost, and that filled enough of the gap to put the Hawks into the Series with the Sox.

The wise guys said it would be the Graysox in five games, maybe four. Marlow might win one for the Hawks, they said, but it would be the Sox the rest of the way. Well, Marlow won his game, scattering five hits into one run. In the second game the Sox jumped on four Hawk pitchers for ten runs, and the Series, tied at one and one, moved to Parnham Field.

The wise guys said that the championship would be decided there. They said that manager Dobbie Oliver of the Hawks had shot his bolt. It looked like they might be right. In the third game Wheeler turned in a two-hitter for the Sox. That made it two and one. Rankin had a home run, a double, and two singles for a perfect day at the plate. The wise guys said the fences at Parnham Field were made for big Ed Rankin. It looked that way. In the first inning of the fourth game, with two men on, Rankin hit another homer into the right-field bleachers. And Willys (Billy the Jeep) Jackson, after one-third inning in his first World Series game, retired from the mound. The Sox won, going away. Three and one.

Then there came a surprise. Marlow won a second game for the Hawks and sent everybody back to Hawk Park—for one more game. You were kidding if you said, "Maybe for two more games?" *"C'uiss Marlow wuk eviday? A guy gotta rest, ain't'e?"*

"So it's all over but dividin' up t' gate, see?"

So—everybody knew it but the Hawks, and they didn't know it. They didn't know it in the sixth game, so they tied up the Series at three all. And that was how it stood when Dobbie Oliver announced that his pitcher for the final game would be Willys Jackson. . . .

There were two little men in the hotel room. One of them stood at a window and gazed out on the sunny distances of morning over the city. The other little man sat on the bed and, with a tiny gold penknife, cut delicate hairlike shavings from his fingernails. His face was wedge-shaped, wrinkled in a perpetual grimace that was half a smile, half a frown. He talked around a fireless cigar clenched between his teeth. He said, "Stories get around, Willys. I know what's eatin' you. I wanted to talk to you after what happened in that fourth game, but I didn't know whether Dobbie would work you again."

The little man at the window shrugged. He had said nothing except a greeting since Sam Chester had come into the room. Sam said, "It happens to rookies all the time, when they first find out that all baseball's not as sweet-smelling a bouquet of posies. They get sawd where their hearts ought to be." changed hands with the knife, trimn away meticulously, as if that were most important task of the day.

"But, Willys, if you think you got s dust—how you reckon I felt? You kn the first World Series I ever cover Nineteen nineteen. You wasn't even bo How you reckon I felt?" He took cigar from his mouth, spat a shred of baccо away. Then he returned the ci still cold and fireless, to his teeth. chewed it, waited.

The little man at the window took small change, counted it over with purpose. The sounds of the city ca distantly in upon the room. The li man on the bed said, "You mentio Marc Nettles in a couple of letters fr Manila. I guess his good-neighbor pol sort of jarred you too, as well as t thing about Rank—"

The little man at the window whir around. The bones in his face seem pressing outward to make spots of wh ness on his skin. "Leave me alone, Sa I know I'm a punk, a runty punk with business in a man's game. Leave me hell alone, will you? I know when licked."

Sam Chester got up slowly. The cl ing of the penknife made a small sing ness of sound in the room. Then S walked to the door. "Okay, Willys," said. "You know where you belong l ter than anybody else can ever tell yo He opened the door. "But you're forg ting about a lot of good guys—like T Lacey and Amos Jarrell and Sho Knopka. It's all Rankin and Nettles w you. Okay."

Sam Chester made to leave, then smi as if on a very fond memory. "You kn better than anybody else whether yo licked. But I remember the first tim ever saw you—you remember? The sc was 38 to 5 in favor of the other guys, a you still wouldn't quit. Remember? you know better than anybody t whether you're a runty punk. And if y are—well, you won't even be playing Waycross in another year. Because be a runt is tough, but being a punk alo with it is lousy. It makes a guy stink. A you know better than anybody t whether you stink."

Sam Chester laughed as if nothing the world happened to be very fun Then he left, because the little man at window was just standing there, sil white-faced, trembling, blinking to k back tears that didn't belong in any ma world.

THE crowd was the largest he had e worked before. But he had to keep mind right in the groove. He was swe ing, not a good sweat, a thin sick moisture on his forehead and upper Some baseball clubs were named birds, and that was the way the cries the infield were, birdcalls, shrill and perative.

"Take your time, kid, take your tim "You're way ahead of him, boy!" stretched, threw. The umpire's fist w up, thumb jutting from it. And that three of them—one, two, three. But big fellow would be first up in the sec inning.

Dobbie came out, helped him into s jacket, patted him on the shoul "Great work, kid! You looked goo good as hell."

Then Dobbie moved away toward first-base coaching box, looking lik man who felt good. But Dobbie di know. The big man was the one, he the one.

The top of the Hawks' batting or got a run, and that put him away ou front, didn't it? And Tim Lacey wa smart catcher, knew as many hitters any other man in baseball. Lacey wo know how to handle the big Wouldn't he?

IT SEEMED A BRIGHT IDEA AT THE TIME

Originator	Idea	Result
A detective in Chicago	He taught his pet spaniel how to push open a door with his nose.	Returning from a night shift, he found the refrigerator open and all faucets running.
A hobo in Goshen, Indiana	After eating a free meal at Salvation Army headquarters, he left this note: "I've fixed your light meter so it won't register."	All the fuses in the building blew out.
A railroad engineer in Chicago	On the day he retired, he tossed his work jacket in the firebox.	He left his last pay check in the jacket pocket.
A migrant to Whittier, California	He found a house for rent and phoned his family in Rochester, New York, to send on all household goods by plane.	His freight bill was $3,000.
A gentleman in Baltimore	He mailed out this letter: "I would like to own $1,000,000. . . . I request each recipient to send me $1 until I have $1,000,000. . . . Self-addressed envelope enclosed."	The recipients turned over their letters to postal inspectors.
A resident of Springfield, Illinois	Arrested for stealing $3,000 from a bank, he explained he had done it to pay off $3,000 he owed another bank.	The judge sent him to jail.
A motorist of Elizabeth, New Jersey	He made a new license plate for his auto out of cardboard, painting a perfect facsimile.	Police saw the difference and the judge fined him $50.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



Gangway, America! Here come the New

'Jeep' *Trucks*



14 BODY AND CHASSIS STYLES—'Jeep' Truck bodies are functionally designed for long life and low maintenance costs. Top of page: steel-bed pickup. Above: platform stake, wood floor and gates. Below: (*left*) canopy top, (*center*) cab and chassis, (*right*) demountable steel van.

The new 'Jeep' Trucks are the biggest news in the medium-duty field. Here are tough, long-lived trucks with low gross vehicle weights in relation to pay-load capacity . . . 4700-5300 gross vehicle weights, ¾ to 1 ton nominal pay-load.

Willys-Overland engineers cut off every ounce of gas-eating dead-weight, producing trucks that whack operating costs but still have the strength and stamina that spell low maintenance and long service. Their lower weight, teamed up with the world famous 'Jeep' engine, make 'Jeep' Trucks the ace buy for reliable performance and rock-bottom costs.

See them now, with their functional bodies that make sense to truck buyers . . . hard-to-damage fenders, well protected lights, full opening hoods, sturdy doors and comfortable cabs.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, Toledo, Ohio

MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST USEFUL VEHICLES



REMEMBER THIS NAME . . .

BREWERS' BEST

PILSENER

BB

BEER

Premium

THE NEW BIG NAME IN BEER





"BREWERS' BEST BEER is among the finest", says Sherman Billingsley, host of New York's famous Stork Club.

Yes, remember the name BREWERS' BEST PREMIUM BEER. Once you t you'll ask for it again and again. For BREWERS' BEST is truly a high qu distinctive beer—with light, clean appetizing flavor.

BREWERS' BEST PREMIUM BEER represents a great stride forward in A ican brewing because it is brewed and bottled by a *country-wide group* of fully selected prominent brewers whose combined experience and reso have produced a superior premium beer.

Remember the name—BREWERS' BEST. You'll be asking for it...and sa after the very first sip, "Now *this* is it—a great glass of beer!"

BREWERS' BEST *Premium* BEE

BREWERS' BEST ASSOCIATES, INC., 620 FIFTH AVE., NEW Y



"Isn't that lawn fertilizer wonderful? You cut it yesterday and now it needs mowing again!"

COLLIER'S — FRITZ WILKINSON

. . ou're forgetting about a lot of gu —like Tim Lacey. . . .

bri delay while Rankin finished g f his catcher's gear. And that t ho. The thing to do was to pitch n d get it over with. Sure.

e big man stood at the plate, his bat easily, loosely, surely— Tim Lacey gave his pitcher a little man nodded, tugged at epped in, threw. Rankin swung fit one. The sound was like the den cracking of a bone. Willys turning helplessly to watch the l an odd feeling that he might ll bounce in Second Street and Macon's Garage, as it had been d days in the lot behind Dixie But when Billy looked, there green distances of Hawk Park, e was Amos Jarrell running se distances.

e Tim Lacey and Amos Jarrell

way Jarrell ran was something ghbred; in the way he leaped hed his gloved hand high above was something stintless, some- t—beyond all shabbiness of k and play—deserved Olympian The park filled up suddenly endously with applause. Billy watching the relay into and e infield, took a little of the of the moment to himself. It gh to carry him past the next rs. The stands gave Jarrell an- nd of approval as he came trot- m center field.

awks went away on infield outs. ited out a walk. Billy went to There was the big man, pound- t in his mitt, looking strangely and invulnerable in his catch- grunting laughter through his ain't through wit' you, Junior, rough wit' you. You can thank r that last one."

so. Jarrell's catch hadn't made a ut of Willys Jackson. Down at e Dobbie Oliver slapped his gether, called: "Let's send 'im o Charlie, boy, let's send 'im o Charlie." But Tim Lacey was ase as Billy took a called third

now where you belong better body else can ever tell you.

in the third he retired three batters in order. Nine now. He ve to hit if he could pitch. Then he fourth, Knopka had trouble t ground ball. The runner went irst. A sacrifice moved him to The third Sox batter was safe at play that held the base runner rd. Then in the pause while Ran- e to the plate, Billy knew what ppen, and he didn't want it to Didn't they know that he had to the big man? To walk him uld be only putting off the in- test.

converged on him—Knopka rd, Lacey from behind the plate, from first. And of the three, ld have known how it was with ckson. Shorty Knopka should own, for he had been at Rizal All-Stars. But Shorty said, "Fill baby. We'll take two." So Jeep e four outside to Rankin, and itch was wrong in him. It shouldn't be. But it had to be. Then, with the bases full, Knopka took a bouncing ball, stepped on third, made the throw to first. In time, by two steps.

. . . good guys . . . Shorty Knopka . . .

But big-league fielding didn't make a pitcher out of . . .

Dirty sawed-off runt. From that the crumbling had begun. And then to help it along had been the way Marc Nettles went. But, before all that, a kid named Willys Jackson had got into the big time with a bunch of schoolboy notions that should have been left as far away as the days when they used to play with a two-bit ball that had sawdust inside. Wasn't that the trouble? Sure.

"You're on deck, bud."

"Yeah," he said. "Yeah." He had to quit going over and over it. In two, maybe three more innings, the big fellow would come to bat again. At the thought of it Willys Jackson felt a dread like a child's fear at the approach of night, the time of darkness and unseen things.

Pitching automatically in the fifth he retired three more batters in order. He did it again in the sixth. As he went out to work in the seventh he realized that he felt tired and beaten, though he was still the one big run ahead. Huss was at the plate. Rankin stood to one side, leaning lazily on his bat, waiting. He glanced out at Willys Jackson like a man carelessly certain of odds and fortune. And Willys Jackson, who had come six innings, wondered what other strength he might find in himself.

AS HE made the first pitch to Huss something rang a bell in the distances of memory, a far bell. *Thirty-eight to five. 38 to 5.* It was a hit, driven between short and third. One on, Rankin up. *38 to 5.* Then with the blurred focus that the years gave to remembrance, the big man wasn't Rankin any more, but was a lad by the name of Ralph Sykes, the captain of the West End Tigers. . . . And the Tigers came in those days down to Southside, and the game was played on a lot back of Dixie Produce. The West Enders had some big boys like Ralph Sykes, and it wasn't much of a contest, even with Willys Jackson pitching for Southside.

After three-and-a-half innings of play, the afternoon would get on toward night. The boys from West End gathered up what belongings they had brought and started off the field.

"Hey, where you think you goin'?"

"Hey, yourself, we goin' home."

"Yeah, but we ain't had our innin's."

"You ain't? Well, ain't that too bad!"

"Hey, but you got to give us our innin's."

"Yeah? Well, you kids choose up sides and play your innin's. We goin' home." Willys Jackson followed the West End boys out to the street, watched them go up the walk, laughing and jollying among themselves.

"We'll getcha next time," he yelled after them. "It ain't no ball game if we don't get our innin's."

"Aaa, shet up, Sawed-off. Shet up and go on home to Mama."

Then one of the two men in a car parked at the curb said, "What's the trouble here, young fella?" He was the little man of the two. The other man was a big man and looked like he ought to be somebody Willys knew.

Willys said, "Aw, they feather-legged on us, wouldn't give us our innin's. Jus' cause they was a little ahead, said we couldn't ever catch up."

"How much ahead were they?" said the big man.

"Aw," Willy said, "jus' 38 to 5." Then the two men got a big laugh out of that, and when they laughed, Willys felt about them the way he felt about the West End boys, so he yelled at the little man and the big man, "We mighta tied it up. It ain't right to quit a game that ain't finished." Then, because he believed so much in the rightness of never giving up, he began to cry.

It was then that the men stopped laughing. The little man said, "Hell-fire, son, you're exactly right. But don't cry about it."

And the big man said, "No—no use in crying. Just be good enough so they don't get you 38 to 5 next time. That's what to do. Be that good." Then the car went away with the two men in it. A long time later it turned out that the big man was Harry Brock, the same Harry Brock that kid pitchers were thinking about when they said, "I'm old Dizzy," or "I'm Carl Hubbell," or "I'm Harry Brock." That was who had sat in the car. And the little man—his name was Chester, and he liked to believe in a thing called heart.

It was in his house, at his dining-room table after supper one night that the paper had been signed which made Willys Jackson the property of the Hawks. Shaking hands with the man who had signed for the Hawks, Sam Chester had said, "He'll deliver, Harry, you bet. He's got an arm like leather and more heart than the law allows," . . . while the little bit of a fellow he was plugging for sat believing that the world must be a pretty fine place, and idly, as he thought, counting the thin blue cups that hung in Mrs. Chester's china closet. . . .

THE birdlike cries of the infield were like bright stones scattered over the cloth of memory. "Be workin' in there, kid, be workin' in there!" "You the one, boy! You the one!"

Tim Lacey stepped jauntily out, pegged the ball to Jeep. "Be pitchin' to me, Jeep, be pitchin' to me." The umpire signaled the count—one and one.

I musta blacked out. I can't even remember. He checked on the runner at first, stretched, threw to the plate. He watched Rankin's bat come around as though in slow-motion. *Klopf!* But that was the sound of a fast ball into a mitt, and Lacey held the ball up for Rankin to see, then pegged to Billy. "The big one now, baby. Pitch to me!"

Rankin stepped out of the box, and it was like stopping a river that must surely have carried them without doubt to the issue. And now when Rankin stepped into the box again, the flood had stopped, and it was just the two of them—the big man and the little one, face to face. The stands, the whole park, seemed very quiet —or was it that sounds seemed far away and of no importance? He didn't know, Willys Jackson didn't. He tossed to Raulston at first base, keeping the runner close, not to put off the inevitable moment, but to be ready for it when it came. Raulston threw back. Billy, stretched, glanced at first, turned and pitched. And suddenly there was the solid thud of the ball in Lacey's mitt, and there was Rankin's grunt as his big bat came around, full circle.

Then, gazing toward the runner at first, waiting surely for the next batter, Willys Jackson stood all alone in the wide diamond, or at least as much alone as a man can be when his mind and heart are peopled with a thousand good moments. He laughed a little to himself and turned to face the batter.

THE END



GARDENIA

BY KATHRYN GRONDAHL



He was a saddened man—and she sorrowing child. It was good for bo them to meet in this way, at this

THE red-flowered bean vine clamber pickets of the white fence did not Henry Buckle's view of the road at a road sloped gently past the fence to becom little stretch the main street of the mountain then it coasted free, looping down among th toward the lake.

A few rods above Henry's gate the road one tine bending down into the canyon Deersprings, the other turning up through a of live oak into the back country. It was road Henry stared, although he was wait no one.

He stood on his porch in the hot quiet, his neck and cropped, grizzled head thrust f from the open collar of his blue shirt. The t ton of his duck pants was undone and sprea tle V to ease the settling of his lunch. His sta paunch were like a strong old bear's.

The telegram was in his pocket. It la lightly, yet somehow he could feel it nudgi like a child's elbow. One of the Mitchell tw coming home, but it wasn't Molly.

The thought of Molly was with him stro it seemed to let the tucks out of his hea sagged, and he knew he didn't feel up to goi ing this afternoon. It was a perfect day for Over beyond Goat Mountain he knew how it be: a glinting riffle of water over the inlet sto Baptism Pool lying cool and clear as a chil

It wasn't Molly who was coming and for ment he felt like an old, old man with a mea mind, because the Molly he was lonely for real any more. It was Molly the child he ch and she was now long grown and gone.

Henry let himself down with nice care worn withes of his wicker porch chair. He his pipe on the porch rail but held it unligh brown bowl hidden in the larger brown bow hand. His eyes were still on the country ro then around the bend he saw a little girl Far off, but unmistakably a little girl becaus dangled. Besides, he recognized something way of a girl's walk, a kind of choosiness i to put the next foot down.

It was as if wishing had made it so, and th girl was Molly coming down from the M ranch to ask to tag along fishing.

Only Molly was now twenty years older th young one. Molly had put her braids up lo

A MONARCH butterfly drifted across th and came to rest, wavering orange and on Henry's blue sleeve, then fluttered down rows of dwarf zinnias that banded the por yond the zinnias the neat lawn spread away a walnut tree, beyond which his shabby dan waited, her nose headed out. Henry's rod and creel stowed in the back seat.

His eyes went back to the child on the ro was making time, Henry noted, coming without any sideways looking, moving through the mottle of light and shade. S colt-legged and her braids swung forwa short reins.

He had never seen the child before. Ma belonged at the inn down by the lake or to the camps on Goat Mountain. Either way a summer kid, one from the sunburned llo came and went in shifts through the s months, seasonally shoving up to Henry's to buy penny stamps to lick for grubby pos

Henry thumbed tobacco into his pipe and it. In a little while he'd back the car into th Maybe he'd put on his boots and wash it, back and hoe a little corn and call his S afternoon spent. . . .

Time has carried me fast, thought Henry. be twenty-five years this fall that Mitch's brought the twins to the *(Continued on p*

The child crossed the road and stood by th gate, waiting. There was an envelope in h

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

ine car made finer

PONTIAC



u'll say . . . "This is it!"

Onee you take the wheel of a Pontiae, we prediet you will be *completely satisfied!* Your search for a ear that pleases you will be over. "This," you will say, "is *IT!*"

Here is the *performance* you have always wanted—a silken-smooth engine, easy steering, quiek, eager power. Here is the *comfort* you have always wanted—a smooth, balanced, easy ride that actually seems to level out the roughest road.

Here is the *beauty* you have always wanted—distinetive "Silver Streak" styling that is always smart, always in good taste, always so individual that you ean *recognize* a Pontiae anywhere. Finally, here is that dependable *goodness* you have always wanted—that ability to "take it" and stay on the job whieh Pontiae owners praise so highly.

Yes, you'll *like* your Pontiae—regardless of when you get it. For Pontiae is *always* a good ear, through and through. This year—or *any* year—you ean't do better than a Pontiae!

Always Drive Carefully

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ONLY PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS OFFERS YOU THIS PROOF!



Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of every 4

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
LESS RAZOR PULL—Said 75%
CLOSER SHAVES —Said 69%
SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN—Said 82%

And this way really works— no matter how you shaved before!

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—*no matter how they shaved before*—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves! Here's all you do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. *This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave!



Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

RUM

CARIOCA

Puerto Rico's *Romantic* drink



...preferred for its exclusive *Tropical Tang*

Puerto Rican Rum • White Label—86 proof • Gold Label—86 proof • Schenley Import Corp., New York

RAH! RAH! RADIO

Continued from page 15

to become self-supporting, a happy state already achieved by a few of its members. Local advertisers—restaurants, florists, barbers, hairdressers, clothes shops—gladly buy collegiate air time. A few national advertisers have done the same, with good results.

The joyful thing about college radio is that it can do practically anything it pleases—from defying the laws of physics in its homemade transmitting equipment to discussing birth control on the air. (In a round-table discussion two men from Brown and two girls from Pembroke College concluded that there was no insurmountable objection to birth control.) College radio can and sometimes does commit the crime of crimes in radio, which is, keep silence. This happens when somebody loses the key to the studio, or when a turntable quits turning, or when the announcer of the Wake-Up Club sleeps through the alarm.

Perfect Freedom from Taboos

Since college stations are nonprofit, low-power, short-range outfits, they don't have to have Federal Communications Commission licenses. Since they don't cater to kiddies or elderly citizens with blue-law ideas, they are free from most of the taboos that restrain freedom of speech on the commercial air. They can use swear words when the script calls for them, and motherhood, to them, is not necessarily sacred in the manner of the soap operas. Actually in some college scripts Mother is depicted as a selfish old harridan.

Since the college stations are not officially speaking for the college to the community at large, but are simply talking amongst themselves on the campus, the college authorities generally give them their head. Since everybody works for free and there is no pay roll to meet, they can, if they wish, display an Olympian indifference toward would-be sponsors. Harvard's station said "No, thanks," to an offer of a popular cigarette commercial, because Harvard simply can't stand singing commercials. Brigham Young declined the same commercial because the Mormons who run the school don't believe in smoking.

Most stations broadcast at least one hour of classical music a day, from records. They also arrange for as many "live" long-hair musical events as they can—such as the concert series at Cornell featuring Marian Anderson and other artists, and the symphony orc chapel choir programs at Pri

The great musical event of will be a 26-week series of now being prepared by IBS college stations.

Robert Landon, a Boston music graduate (and a S campus radio-station alumnus Europe interviewing young and composers in each major also arranging for recording major works. His comments works will be put onto 26 p distribution to all IBS mem year.

Every collegiate little t dramatic workshop gets its t air, preferably with original pl again the lack of taboos encou duction. Ernest Kinoy, a stud lumbia University, New York, of his scripts to commercial one fine script of his which wa on Columbia University's W not salable commercially bec subject—the effect of a nati acted law of religious persecut called Dream into Egypt.

Station KUOI at the Un Idaho is experimenting with plays, putting on one act each

Most stations, in imitation c mercials, have inquiring repo quiz shows, bingo shows and ticipation stunt shows.

Their weakest point seems news and comment on news. stations have regular news tors. About once a week the round-table discussions of bomb, or Palestine, or t Nations, but their own polls in such shows are not popular.

Cornell, one of the few st its own Associated Press tel broadcast good news summa ing last November's elections, the whole town of Ithaca wi news—for the regular local st goes off the air at sundown.

The regular radio industry i the collegians with interest. for the last several years college-radio alumni have fo regular radio, as technicians, as announcers.

College radio is beginning t radio industry in the same wa mer stock serves Broadway— ground for new talent.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"I told you to fix this leaky roof!"

GARDENIA

Continued from page 50

Aunt Laura to help raise. A
a boy about nine hands high
d it wasn't long afterward that
raising of them was left to
th a little side help from Henry.
ttoned to Molly from the start.
e strong one, the sassy one, the
never whimpered, while Hugh
med a true Mitchell at all. A
kid who had to be coaxed and
d of more things than a boy

watched his smoke spiral. You
e tried harder for Mitch's sake,
imself, but Hugh had been a
to get next to.
mes a man gets off to a bad
someone, and there's disap-
t, then a kind of sore pride sets
ides and there's no cracking it.
was just a kid, and I should
d a way.
ged a big gold watch from his
In another hour Laura should
her nap and then he'd phone
am message out to the ranch.
already hear Laura's excited
en she learned one of the twins
ng home.

ttle girl had reached the road
Henry could see her denim
e new, still stiff with crease, and
polo shirt fitted so evenly Henry
at was just out of a box too.
ls were tan, a bleached grass
tied with narrow blue ribbon.
een a lot of sorrel in the color
's braids and she'd usually
rubber bands to hold them, but
of these braids were just the
little silky whisk brooms.
ld headed straight for the low
building that sat down the
n Henry's house. The side of
ng was smothered with hop vine
ont was clear and the glass pane
h gold letters: Post Office. She
ost-office door, then stood stiff

whistled. She turned and spied
he porch and made no move.
beckoned, she crossed the road
d stood by the white gate and
him, waiting. There was an
in her hand.
turday," Henry explained, "and
e post office at noon, but come
d maybe I can fix it."
me up the graveled path and
the first step of the porch, ap-
him. She sees a heavy, grizzled
w with steel-rimmed specs and
hought Henry, and she's prob-
asuring me against her own
ner. Henry smiled.
e up and sit down." He waved
he wicker settee and looked at
lope with its carefully block-
address. "I guess you need a

dded and sat on the edge of the
er knees and sneakers pressed
She smelled of talcum, fresh
and road dust. Her eyes were
wn, acorn brown, and any re-
ce to Molly was all gone. Her
ed face was pointed and her
in. There was nothing colt about
she was boned like a fawn.
you own the post office?" she
litely.
Henry was grave. "I just run it
s. It's off hours, but I'll see your
s stamped and goes out tonight."
k you. It's *quite* an important
She pulled out her handkerchief
notted it to find her coins. "How
air mail to New York, please?"
price is five cents." Henry spoke
ficial tone. "It will go down to
on tonight's bus and then catch
from there." He accepted the
nickel. She parted with her letter and he tucked it in his shirt pocket with care and patted it.

"Thank you." She tied up her handkerchief. "Can you tell me how soon it will get there?"

Henry considered. "I'd say Tuesday."

She figured audibly. "Then I'll have an answer by Friday, won't I?"

"Might." Henry nodded. "If it's answered right off by air mail."

"Oh, Daddy will." She smiled then, showing a line of gold brace across her four front teeth. "Well," she rose and bobbed her head, "thank you very much." She started toward the steps then turned. "What time does the mail come on Friday?"

He told the truth. "That all depends on how often the bus breaks down on the long pull up from Deersprings."

She looked bleak. "Then there's no sure time for me to come and get my letter so nobody will know?" Her hands fluttered a little at her sides. "It's a kind of *secret* letter."

"Well," Henry drawled, "in certain cases I give special service." He rubbed his chin judiciously and peered at her over his spectacles. The child straightened to meet this inspection, her eyes hopeful. "Particularly when it's a kind of secret letter. Maybe I can just hold that letter out for you."

"Can you?" The brace on her teeth gleamed again. "I'll come right after lunch on Friday to see if it's here," she promised. She smoothed her shorts with little gestures and stepped backward. "Well, thank you. I guess I better go now."

Henry grinned. "Before you go, you'd better give me your name and address so I'll know what letter to save."

"Oh." She paused and then explained seriously. "I guess because I know my own name so well I think everybody else does too. My name is Hildegard Wick. I mean that *was* my name. I've changed it and I told Daddy all about it in that letter so probably my letter will come to Gardenia Wick, *Miss* Gardenia Wick."

She looked at Henry, a little unsure. "Miss Gardenia Wick," he repeated firmly.

"I *hate* Hildegard," she told him in a rush. "I don't *feel* like Hildegard. Everybody calls me Gardy for short anyway, so I thought Gardy could be short for Gardenia just the same." She hesitated. "Only better."

"I see," said Henry and he did. "That's a very sweet-smelling name, Gardenia."

The child gave a pleased sigh. "I changed it yesterday. Gardenia Wick. I'm staying at the Mitchell ranch."

HENRY was openly surprised. "Well! And here I didn't know Laura had company."

"We aren't exactly company." She cocked her head trying to define. "You see Mother knows a friend of Miss Mitchell's and she said we could come. I was awful sick with pneumonia this spring and Mother wanted me to be in the country to get stronger, so we came up Thursday night and we're staying in the cottage and I'm going to learn to ride a horse!"

"Good!" Henry grinned. "Why, in no time you'll be riding down to pick up the ranch mail."

"Will I?" The thought was enormous.

"Don't see why not," Henry answered. "I knew a little girl no bigger than you who did just that. She came agalloping too." He smiled. "I bet Aunt Laura likes having a little girl around again."

At that the child's face tightened. "She's not really my aunt," she corrected him sharply. Then aware of her manners, she hung her head. "I mean I don't



switch to rich, delicious, caffein-free Sanka Coffee

and sleep like this!



Sanka Coffee is superb coffee.

All coffee—real coffee—finest coffee—97% caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

For your convenience, Sanka Coffee now comes in two delicious forms—New Instant Sanka, as well as your favorite grind for percolator or drip method!



A Product of General Foods

think it's nice to call people aunt or uncle when they really aren't."

Henry was silent and puzzled. This must be some quirk all her own, thought Henry. I can't imagine any child not liking Laura. Laura had a talent for being an aunt. It seemed like her birthright. She was all kindly clucks and in her time had cured a mountain of little ills with a mountain of raisin cookies.

"I better go now." Her face was still tight. "I'm s'posed to be resting, so I'd better hurry back."

"Wait a minute, Gardenia." Henry beckoned her back with the stem of his pipe. This child's been sick. He couldn't let any thin, troubled tyke walk another four miles of hot road. "Come back and sit a minute and I'll drive you out to the ranch. I got a telegram I might as well deliver at the same time."

She came back obediently and sat down folding her hands in a ball on top of her knees. The fine hairs on her arms showed white against the new sunburn. "A telegram comes very fast, doesn't it? Like magic."

Henry agreed. "Like magic."

SHE sighed. "Maybe Daddy'll send a telegram to say he's coming. I've invited him to come in my letter. I haven't seen him since I was only six years old. I've been with Mother all that time and he'd be surprised to see what I look like now." She looked at Henry anxiously. "It isn't because Daddy doesn't want me, but he lives in a club and he can't have a little girl living with him. I mean there wouldn't be room and nobody to fix my clothes, though I *can* braid my own hair."

Henry spoke quietly, "Your braids look just fine."

"Well," she admitted, "Mother did these, but I *can* do it, or I could have it cut off, then it would be easy." The solution seemed good. "I'll tell him that when —if he comes. I thought he could sleep at the inn if Mother—maybe she wouldn't even have to know he was here," she added doubtfully.

She was looking at him with worried brown eyes, seeking his opinion, his assurance. Henry pretended to examine his pipe but instead his lowered eyes saw only the skinned place on her knobby knee painted orange-red with mercurochrome.

"How old are you, Gardenia?" he asked her.

"I'll be nine next April."

Henry sighed. "Well, we'll just have to wait and see how it works out. But remember, whether your father telegraphs or writes I'll hold it for you safe." He stirred and made a business of placing the telegram and letter on the porch rail and his pipe atop them. "You wait here just a minute. I've got some sweet corn in the kitchen I'm going to take out to Laura. Then we'll get going."

When Henry came back with his sack of corn ears, Gardenia was no longer on the settee. She was leaning against the porch pillar, her face into the vines. Before he could speak, she turned, her face flushed.

"I read the telegram," she said defiantly; then in appeal, "I didn't *mean* to read it. It was open and I was pretending it was for me and then I read it!"

Henry shifted his sack. "Well now," he was hearty, "there's not so much harm in that."

Her back was against the pillar, her face sharp. "Hugh Mitchell is coming here, isn't he?" It was an accusation. "It's the Hugh Mitchell who's an archeteck, isn't it?"

For a moment Henry was bewildered. The child was standing so stiff, so charged, so at bay. Hugh, he thought, Hugh again. There's something all mixed up here and I wonder if I can deal with it. He felt tired and unable. Then that mispronounced word came back and touched him. Archeteck. . . . Why, she's just a baby, eight years old, puckered up with trouble.

Henry put his sack down and came toward her. "Why, yes, that's Hugh, all right, child, but—"

"And he has a blue car?" Her voice slid off hopelessly. "I didn't *guess* this was *his* ranch. Mother didn't tell me." She faltered under the betrayal of it.

Henry placed his big hands lightly on her shoulders. "Now, Gardenia, tell me. What can be so bad about Hugh's coming?"

Her slim shoulders were rigid under his hands. "He wants me to call him *Uncle* Hugh—but I won't! He's not my really uncle—and if he marries Mother he won't be my really father either!"

She began to cry in a gasping way and covered her face with her thin hands. Henry pulled her toward him with a murmur and led her to the settee.



"It must hand you a terrific boot to realize that you'll be remembered long after we're all forgotten"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

"Now—now." He patted her. I must sound like Laura, he thought ruefully, an old rooster instead of a hen, and I've got something here no clucks or cookies can comfort. He tightened his arm about her, carefully: her bones felt so delicate under his touch. She leaned against him and he was gratified to feel some of the tightness going out of her. Her spasm of tears had stopped and she was now tapering off with jerky sniffles.

So he'd thought this was the ghost of Molly coming down the road: Square, forthright, gusty Molly—and here I am holding a temperamental little skinful of matchsticks.

He looked down upon her head and saw the tiny clean stream of her part, the sheen of her locks flowing into braids, the halo of shorter hairs along her brow. The skin of her small nose was beginning to peel a bit.

The satisfaction of giving shelter warmed Henry; heresy sneaked into his heart. She's not so healthy as Molly, not so able maybe, but this little girl is a whole lot prettier.

He watched her wipe her eyes on her wrist, then pull out her knotted hanky and use the ears of the knot to dab her cheeks.

"That's better." Henry bent down to see her face. "Now tell me what all this fuss is about."

She took a quavery breath. "People only have one *really* father," she insisted, "but he won't come. Daddy didn't even come when I was sick. He'll only send me a check and tell me to be a g-good girl."

Henry sat forward, thoughtful. Tears had darkened her lashes and they were arcs of star points. A hope began to creep up on Henry, that maybe through this child he might at last make his peace with Hugh.

He looked down at the damp streak on the wrist she'd used to wipe her tears off, and his hope spread. For if Hugh married, that would make Gardenia a Mitchell, and then this little girl would be a kind of granddaughter for Henry.

He knew he was going to try, knew what he was going to say and he leaned back against the settee cushions and began with careful ease. "Maybe you're right and your real father isn't going to come." He crossed his knees slowly to show her what a comfortable conversation this was going to be. "But I'll bet he's got good secret reasons for not coming, that he figures it's best this way. Maybe—why, maybe he's even hoping you'll find a *new* father, someone to look after you since he can't, things being how they are."

The child lifted her face to that thought, then dropped it. Henry went on slowly, trying hard. "Now about this 'really' business, I'm not so sure. You see, I had a little girl once. I wasn't her 'really' father, but we got along fine. Couldn't have been better. She li
at Mitchell ranch and Aunt Lau
like her mother and I was like her f

Gardenia stirred. "What wa
name?"

"Mary," he said; "but we cal
Molly."

"Was she the one who gallop
horse to get the mail?"

"She's the one, all right."

Gardenia clasped her hands. "A
was all alone, no real father or m

"Well, she didn't feel alone. W
good care of her—and she
brother."

There was a wait. "What w
name?"

Henry paused. "Hugh," he sai

"You mean it was *that* Hugh
looked at the telegram—"only w
was a little boy?"

"That's right."

"And you were a father to him t

Henry considered. "Not so muc
see, Hugh was quite a shy little b
liked to be alone."

"I don't like to be alone. I ha
wish I had a brother." She frown
Henry began to feel surer. "Why
his sister play with him?"

"Oh, she did, some." Henry sh
head sadly. "But Hugh wasn't too
He'd been sick a lot. He wasn
good at games, so the other kid
think he was much fun."

She sat up. "Why, how mean
should have been extra nice to h
cause he was sick."

"I suppose," Henry admitted
most kids don't think of that." H
casually, "They used to call him H

Gardenia looked appalled. "Di
call him that too?"

"Sometimes, when she was mad

"Why didn't you stop her?"
pained and demanding.

Why didn't I? thought Henry
have an idea then that some to
might be shamed into the boy? He
for words but she had gone on.

"'Hooey.'" She tasted the na
spat it out. "How mean! He m
just hated it. If I'd been there I'd
have killed them all!" Her poin
was hot with outrage and sy
"I'd have *made* them call him
name, like Terry, that boy in th
papers with the Dragon Lady
thought of another and pounced
"Van! He's a movie actor I saw.

"H'm," said Henry, then took
guess. "I think Hugh wanted to b
the name his father had—Mitch."

GARDENIA sat quiet for seve
utes and Henry waited, a h
sion mounting in him. Finally t
broke it.

"Mitch," she repeated. "Tha
I'd better call him then." She lea
and looked up for Henry's appro
going to call him Mitch all the ti
now on."

One of her golden tan braids la
his blue sleeve. "He'll like that,
assured her, and contentment
chest. "Mitch will like that." He
a minute. "And next Saturday I
to ask your mother if you can g
with me. How would you like to
lay a fly on a riffle?"

She nodded. "What kind of a

"I'll show you. Trout flies ar
pretty little things." He pulled
big watch and held it up to he
now, young lady, what time
turnip say?"

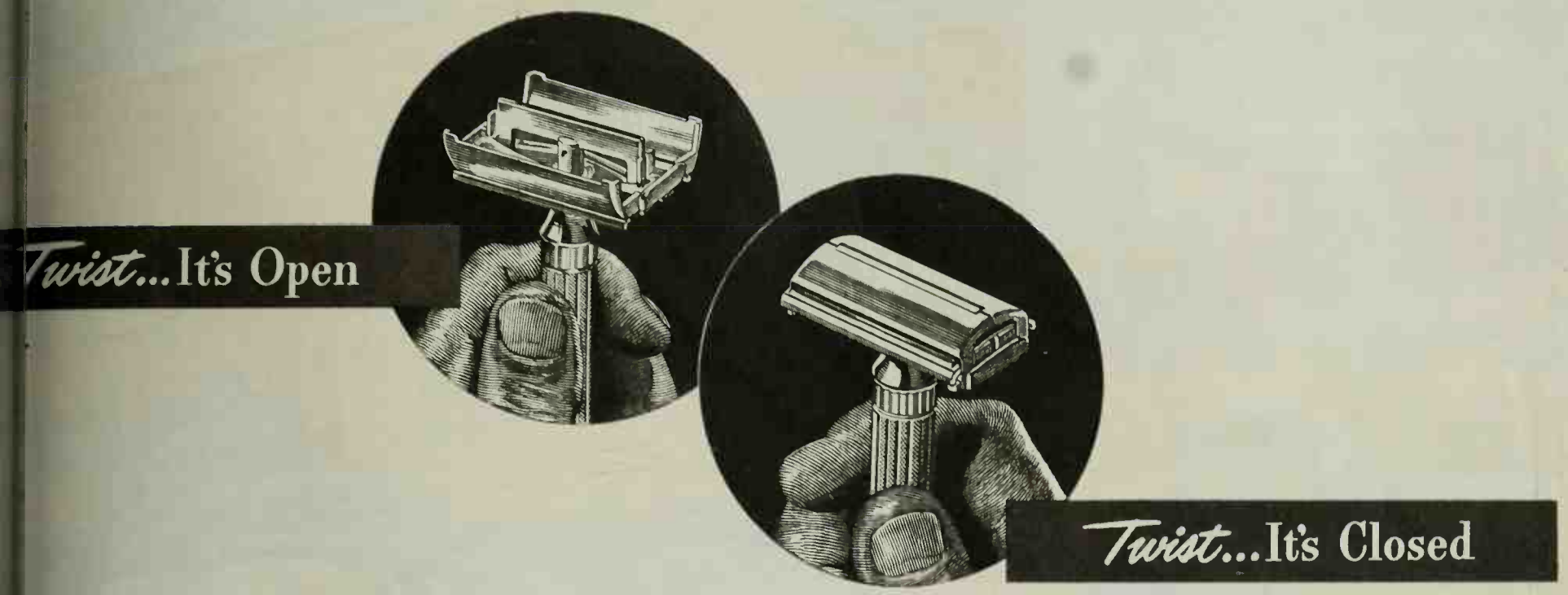
"Turnip?" She giggled. "H
one."

"Know what that means?"
tended to ponder. "You and I h
for a double chocolate soda b
set out for the ranch."

"Oh," she sighed. "Chocola
favorite."

It always is, thought He
grinned. "I'm a good guesser."

THE END



See how quick and easy shaving can be... with the modern

Gillette One-Piece Razor

YOU skim off whiskers clean as a whistle . . . get utmost shaving comfort and convenience . . . with a Gillette One-Piece Razor.

There's nothing to take apart or put together. Blade changing's a cinch. Twist . . . the razor opens. Twist again . . . your blade's locked in position. To clean, just loosen the holder, rinse, shake.

Enjoy the best-looking shaves of your life . . . the quickest and easiest you ever had. Ask for a Gillette One-Piece Razor. Choose between the superb Gillette Aristocrat and the handsome Gillette Milord models now on display.

Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston 6, Mass.

Copyright, 1947, by Gillette Safety Razor Company



Gillette Aristocrat One-Piece Razor, complete with Texol-covered case and ten Gillette Blue Blades **$3.79**



Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor, with handsome case and five easy-shaving Gillette Blue Blades **$2.50**

...look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED



How to take it easy

The easy way to move a load is with a truck that's built to *fit* the load.

It's always easy with a Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck. Facts show why!

Fact 1—It's easy because the truck has "*Job-Rated*" power . . . the right one of seven great Dodge truck engines for *moving* its load.

Fact 2—It's easy because the truck has a "*Job-Rated*" frame to *carry* its load . . . without stress or strain.

Fact 3—It's easy because the truck has a "*Job-Rated*" power line. Clutch, transmission, springs, brakes, axle and tires are "*Job-Rated*" for its load.

Such a truck lasts longer. It's more economical. It's safer. It's more dependable.

It satisfies its owner because it fits his hauling job. It's "*Job-Rated!*"

For the best truck investment you've ever made, see your Dodge dealer. Tell him what you haul and where you haul it. He'll recommend the right Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck for ... mum economy—long life and dependability.

TRUCK SERVICE, TRUCK PARTS . . . IMPORTANT, TO

As a responsible business man, the Dodge dealer in your community is interested in your continued satisfaction: *First*, by giving dependable Dodge truck service whenever you need it; *Second*, by providing you with facto neered truck parts . . . ider quality and in workmansh original Dodge "*Job-Rated* parts. This is the Dodge w your protection against cost

Remember ONLY DODGE BUILDS "*Job-Rated*" TR
175 BASIC CHASSIS MODELS TO FIT 97% OF ALL HAULIN
(LIGHT DELIVERY UNITS TO BIG, HEAVY-DUTY HAUL

DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCK

FIT THE JOB ... LAST LONGER

BOY VS. BASS

Continued from page 13

...n arm was true, but the fish ...ile's thickness and the spear ...mlessly from his armor plate ...er. "I hit him! I hit him!" ...rmured to himself delight- ... where the spear lay before ... for air. "If I can hit him ...o it again."

...our the hunters tracked the ... the face of the reef. Sud- ...nodore came up from a dive ... "Look at that fat green ... right near the bass now." ...el, and a big one!" Makoa ...y, flipping Commodore into ...hich Ann had brought along ... of the hunters. "Everybody ... quick!" No one argued. ...e a look," Makoa said with ... all four were in the canoe. ... a chance with one of those ...ey'll attack for the sheer fun ...of them nearly drowned me ...go. That's what cost me my ... held up his left hand from ...iddle finger was missing.

... six feet long and bigger ... a strong man's upper arm, ...ely and peaceably under the ... disappeared. The watchers ... its jaws, lined with needle- ...ing teeth and the pulsing of ...he long ribbon of a dorsal ...ll the way from the close-set, ...ng eyes to the tip of the sin- ...he creature was a chartreuse ...ish-mustardy, and the chil- ...d with Skipper. They had ...a more frightening beast.

Makoa Lost a Finger

...nly seventeen when it hap- ...koa said, "and I was fishing, ...are now. I missed a shot and ...skittered into a hole in the ...ghtlessly reached in to get it, ...like that clamped down on my ...unately he caught only my ...lt as though I'd run my hand ...

...he way eels hunt. They brace ... back in holes and wait for ...thing else—to swim by. Then ...them with a quick thrust of ...ecks. They are so strong and ... themselves so powerfully ... rocks that nothing can budge ...s strong, plenty strong, and I ...d to get away, but I couldn't." ...eel bit your finger off?" Ann

... He just hung on like a bull- ...knew that I'd quit struggling ...later." Makoa shook his head ... don't know how long I was ...e. I remember how my hand ... how blood came out of the ...now my lungs felt as though ... collapsing. It seemed a long, ... Fortunately I had my knife ...I finally got it free. I jabbed ...but he was too well hidden for me to hurt him badly. I couldn't make him open those jaws. So I cut off my finger. I had only one life but ten fingers.

"Well," he concluded, rubbing the stump at the memory, "let's go now and see if we can't get this old bass. But remember—don't go reaching into black holes."

The bass seemed to have learned caution. It was no longer easy to get within shooting range of him. He had a trick of swimming insolently just beyond reach of the spears.

"Just as soon as my arrow hits the bottom he flips around until I can almost grab him barehanded," Skipper complained. "If he'd only give me one shot at him that way I couldn't miss."

Many years before a steamer had foundered on the reef, and now the fleeing bass led his pursuers to all that was left of that wreck, an enormous boiler. Skipper saw it first as he dived angrily after the bass. He was nearly spent from the longest dive he'd ever made when he finally released his spear only to see it miss again. The bass flicked his tail derisively and slid into the blackness of the huge cylinder.

With his vision dimming and pain shooting through his chest, Skipper kicked off from the bottom. Near panic struck him as he looked longingly toward the light so far above. He swam, kicking and clawing, wondering dimly if he could lose consciousness before he broke through to life-giving air. He was exhausted when his head eventually emerged, and he knocked aside his mask so he could drink the air in great gulps.

Makoa had seen the bass glide into the boiler. He dived to get Skipper's arrow and look over the situation. It was the muffled sound of his voice which later induced Skipper to lift his ears from the water. Makoa was completing instructions to Commodore and the pair of them were plainly waiting for Skipper's assistance.

"One of you should surely get him when he comes out," Makoa was saying. "You take one of those holes, Commodore, and the Skipper can take the other."

So, a moment later, the trio dived together, and it was only as they dropped downward that Skipper noticed Makoa was without his spear. He was swimming unencumbered, but with his knife gripped in his teeth.

As Makoa had explained there were three sizable holes in the boiler, one for each of the swimmers. The big man reached the boiler first and hung above it, gripping the crumbling metal as he watched the other two swim to their positions. He saw them ready their spears and then—with a devil-may-care, here-I-go gesture—

"Don't, Makoa! Come back!" Skipper was so startled he tried to shout, but the water gagged him, and Makoa neither heard nor saw him. Makoa had pulled himself through the jagged aperture and was pursuing the bass inside the boiler.

Things began happening at once. A school of smaller fish whished out past Skipper, and a frightened sting ray flapped out of the cavern which had swallowed Makoa. Skipper watched the vent below him, and suddenly saw the bass half exposed. He ripped back his sling and released it, but he was too much shaken by Makoa's foolhardiness to concentrate on his aim. The spear clanged on the iron, turning the bass to the only retreat left to him.

Squarely in front of Commodore, broadside to, the big fish darted into open water—and stopped. The boy was not more than three feet from him. His spear was scarcely clear of its projector when he saw it strike squarely and pass directly through its target.

A Glimpse of the Death Throes

The bass spun on the steel like a huge, badly balanced pinwheel, flailing madly in erratic circles, falling slowly and helplessly toward the bottom. Commodore tried to catch the spear as the stricken bass whirled past, but the fish's frenzy foiled him. The tiring boy shot to the surface, keeping his gaze fixed on the fish while he rose.

"Did you see? I got him! I got him!" he screamed to Ann.

"I saw! Hurry back before he gets away," his sister yelled.

Just then Makoa and Skipper broke water together.

"Jeepers! You scared me to death, Makoa," Skipper said. "I wouldn't have gone into that trap for a million bucks."

"Who hit him—you or Commodore?" Makoa demanded delightedly. "We got him, you know—somebody did."

"What?" Skipper questioned stupidly. "I missed him, clean. You don't mean that Commodore—? Really?"

"I'll say he got him." Makoa laughed like a boy. "I'll go and get him—"

"No, you don't!" Commodore said. "That's *my* fish. I shot him and I'll bring him in." And this time it was easy to see and overtake the gyrating bass. Its burnished sides made bursts of silvery light in the depths and it could no longer swim strongly.

"Oooh. He's strong! He almost got away from me again," Commodore gasped when he finally reached the surface with his prize.

"No wonder. He weighs a good twenty-five pounds," Skipper gloated, pleased as though he had shot the bass himself.

The fishermen started home. Finally Skipper turned to Makoa. "Come now, confess, Makoa. That was a risky stunt, going into that boiler, wasn't it? How could you tell what was in there?"

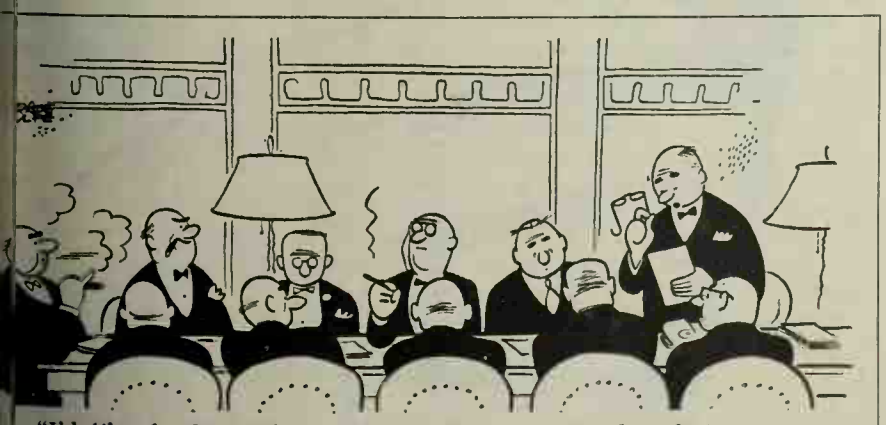
"I couldn't tell," the Tahitian confessed somewhat shamefacedly, "but that old bass—he'd made me *so* mad. I couldn't let him get away. And, as I rather suspected, he *wasn't* the only thing in there, either—"

"We saw the ray and a lot of small fish," Skipper said. "I was afraid there might be an eel."

Makoa pointed to his right thigh. "Know what did that?" he asked. Curling halfway around it and slanting from the knee to the edge of his *pareu* was an angry red welt. It was like a burn, or the scar of a whiplash.

"That is the trade-mark of an octopus. One hit me when I was coming out. I don't think he was very big. I didn't stick around to see, either. I slashed with my knife, and he spit ink. I think I cut off a couple of his long arms. I got out quick. You know, I just don't *like* octopuses!"

THE END



"I'd like further information on this item in the chairman's expense account: Promotion—squirrel coat, $1,100"

GEORGE WOLFE

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGER-NAIL (F-N) TEST?"



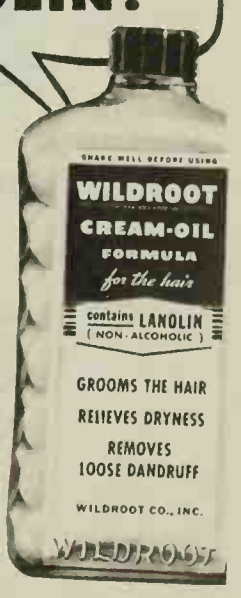
TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!



AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder 4 out of 5 new users from coast to coast said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter. Now in tubes and bottles.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN ... 2 Network Shows!
"The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

Rickey vs Fizz vs Collins

a short story about tall drinks

Reading time: 20 seconds • Pleasure time: all summer

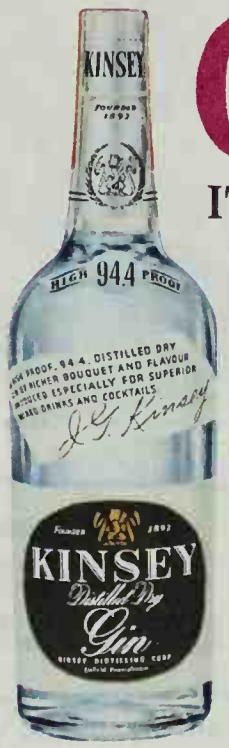
Why wonder which is best? *It's a long summer . . . so try them all!*

But for a smoother, more delicious, more cooling rickey, fizz *or* collins, be sure to use Kinsey Gin. Because Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth. The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming over with extra flavor.

Happy beginning . . . happy ending! That's the story of summer drinks when you make them with Kinsey Gin.

KINSEY GIN

IT'S 94.4 PROOF



It's GENIAL
It's DRY





GIN RI
ice cube
juice ½
1½-oz.
fill 8-oz
with ca
water.



GOLD
juice ½
1 teasp
2-oz. K
yolk o
shake
cracke
in 8-oz
glass f
carbon



TOM COL
juice ½ le
1 teaspoon
2-oz. Kins
serve with
water in 1
decorate w
of lemon,
a cherry.

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

Continued from page 19

wrd that came to your mind be
h or *cloth* or *furniture?* If so
be thinking objectively. But
tion to *table* was something
last or *multiplication* or *con-*
ould be thinking subjectively.
u react to one word wouldn't
ing about you, but the way
a hundred words may, and in
certainly does.
f your responses to words are
ones you have an objective
You'll easily understand the
people think and not surprise
them with your own way of
most of your responses are
unusual, you are subjective
happiest working on your

people are the leaders of
rganizers, the best teachers,
great discoveries of the world
nade by subjective people. A
man invented the radio but
ctive men to put it into your
eighbors' homes. This word-
test sounds pretty vague and
al but the O'Connor Foun-
he basis of its hundred thou-
n guinea pigs, feels it's the
roof of all the tests they give,
it runs directly in the face of
t evidence.

st Revealed a Misfit

kably charming man with a
ord as a salesman came into
laboratories to be tested some
His word-response was so ex-
bjective that the director
once the test was wrong and
to repeat it. But the second
responses were still subjec-
he was somewhat apologeti-
that without his record as a
he laboratory would have said
be in some line of research,
was all wrong for him, he
hat he had come to the labo-
use selling had suddenly gone
n.
always wanted to do economic
d had majored in economics
matics at college, but when he
he had been offered such a
selling job—he'd been the
lar man in his class—that he
he could turn it down.
dy had envied his lucky break
shed on. Then he'd got mar-
oushed on a little further, al-
ressing his real but much less
ambition. Suddenly in his late
selling ability had failed him.
told him he had just gone
n his heart he knew what the
st told him: He should never
to be a salesman. He soon
job in statistical research. He'll
s rich as he once thought he'd
s having a lot more fun.
e people, on the other hand,
s shy and withdrawn as the
ctive dreamer if they are made
dequate by the wrong kind of
's in engineering school whose
objective personalities but no
visualization almost always act
y subjective way. Their fam-
vant them to be engineers and
e, but you can't be a good en-
thout structural visualization.
what else you have. The boys
e's something wrong and feel
e. The sooner they get out to
people the better for everyone.
is by no means theoretical or
individual case histories. The
n has a very illuminating lit-
f 800 men who took the apti-
ten years ago. Four hundred
are executives and 400 tech-

nical engineers. All the executives who achieved big or even adequate salaries had objective personalities and scored low in structural visualization. All the successful engineers were subjective and scored high in structural visualization.

Here's another aptitude. Suppose someone gives you the statement "The moon is made of green cheese," how much could you write about that in five minutes, not how logically or how beautifully, but how much? The laboratory grades you on quantity alone. It doesn't even read your answer, just counts the words. That's ideaphoria, or creative imagination. What it stands for is a rapid flow of ideas. Salesmen have to have this to a high degree and so do teachers. Eighty per cent of all high-school teachers who have taken the test scored very high in it. Artists and writers who have to produce in quantity need it. But a low score doesn't mean you aren't creative, merely that you can't create fast.

So far the Foundation has isolated about fifteen different aptitudes and has done elaborate correlating as to which combinations of aptitudes are needed for various jobs. About a dozen more aptitudes are still in the experimental stage. It takes about ten years and nearly $20,000 to isolate one aptitude, and, since the Foundation is a nonprofit institution and dependent on outside endowment, it can go ahead only as fast as its budget allows. But, at best, isolating an aptitude is a fairly elaborate job.

First they dream up a test and give it experimentally to two hundred people. If the results of this look promising they give it to a thousand more of each sex to find out how accurate it is, all the time correlating it with other aptitudes and with the subjects' known capacities. Finally if the aptitude seems to shape up as a sure-enough can-do that some people have more of than others, then comes the job of finding out what that particular can-do is useful for.

Grip, a test they are giving experimentally now at the Philadelphia laboratory, is in that stage. A little gadget you hold in your hand measures how hard you can grip with each hand. The laboratory is fairly sure Grip is a measure of physical energy and suspects it may be a measure of that important intangible called drive.

The Human Engineers won't go so far as to say that lack of any particular aptitude is positive proof a person will never succeed in a particular line of work, or that a very definite aptitude is insurance that he will. That intangible called drive and other intangibles such as pride and even spite can often substitute quite well for real ability. But they feel it is a great waste of human energy for a person to spend his life in work he has no natural ability for, doubly so because then he isn't spending it in work he does have natural ability for. They think, too, that a lot of restlessness and dissatisfaction with life comes from people not using all their aptitudes.

It wouldn't make sense to advise a man or woman who is comfortably established in one kind of work to change to entirely different work, but it is often possible for a person to branch out so as to use newly discovered aptitudes. A doctor who found he was highly objective—most doctors are subjective—might be happier if he did more medical society or community health work.

A hardheaded executive found from tests that he was extremely subjective, with a highly facile flow of ideas. When he had digested this discovery for a few weeks, he decided he'd try writing some of the important reports he had always delegated to a junior. He had a wonderful time at it and the reports were so good they turned out to be a big source of new business. A restless housewife who found she was objective and had structural visualization might go out and work on committees planning better playgrounds or other city improvements. If on the other hand she found she was subjective she might understand better why she had always hated committee work, stop feeling guilty about it and find some other more individual enterprise.

The Human Engineering Laboratories have found that not more than one person in 8,000 is entirely lacking in *all* the aptitudes they now test for. It may be something of a blow to discover you are not naturally equipped to do the things you have thought you wanted to do, but there is always the compensation of finding other work you have real aptitude for. A boy who came of a journalistic family and had been encouraged by his English teachers at college spent three years after college drifting from journalistic job to radio job to advertising job. He thought he wanted to write but he also knew he was miserable trying.

He finally took the aptitude tests and found that nothing pointed to his being a creative writer, and a good many things pointed to his being an engineer. He got a job in an airplane factory and has been doing fine ever since, part of the time writing trouble-shooting letters between the company and the government. His only worry has been to stick to design, which he likes and knows he is fitted for, when the company keeps trying to push him into executive work, which he is also in some ways fitted for, but isn't so happy in. He has a few too many aptitudes to be comfortable.

You're better off if you have only a few strongly developed aptitudes than if you have nine or ten. The too-many-aptitudes person can do almost anything easily and is apt to flit from one interest to another. A lot of the most dissatisfied and least successful people that come to the laboratories are people with too many conflicting aptitudes, who have never been able to make up their minds on which ones to concentrate. And the strongest aptitude in the world is no insurance of success unless you develop it and the necessary knowledge to use it.

Tweezer dexterity and structural visualization are important aptitudes for a surgeon but he still has to go to medical school and work for years in hospitals before you'd entrust your gall bladder to him. Accounting aptitude is important to nurses but no matter how beautiful her temperature charts and how exact she is about administering medicines, it's no help if she doesn't understand the doctor's instructions. And that brings us to vocabulary, which the O'Connor Foundation, along with a good many other experts on human progress, has found to be the only positive measure of success or potential success and which is the only acquired characteristic they test for.

Ratio of Voeabulary to Success

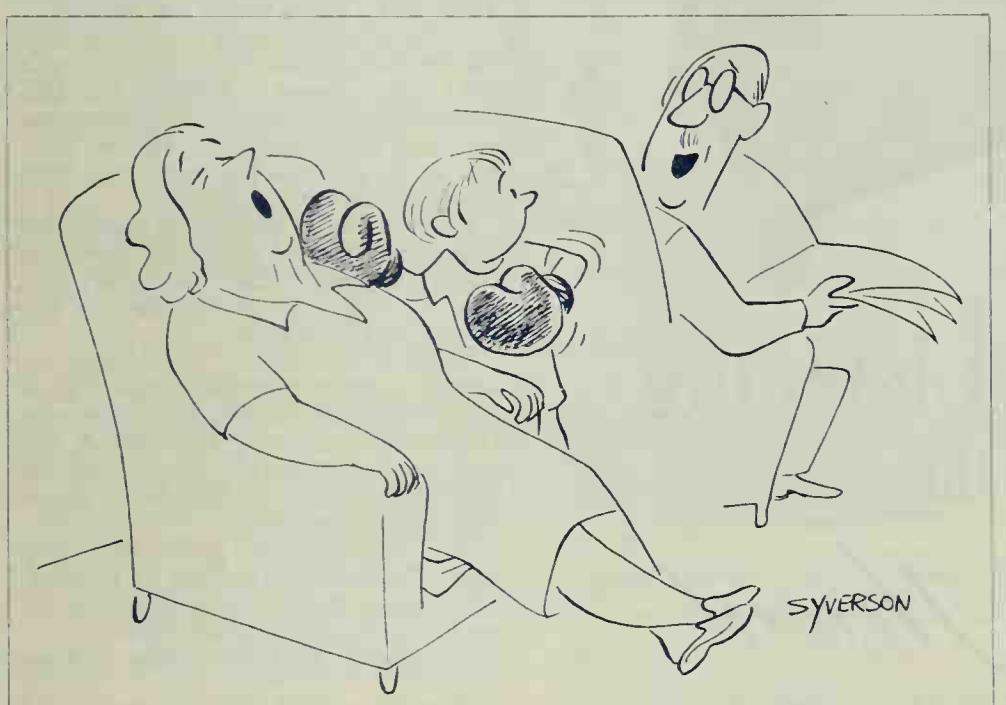
It's a little uncanny, this matter of vocabulary. You wouldn't think a bank president would need to know as many words as a professor of English, or the head of a big automobile business as many as a popular lecturer, but the evidence seems to be that he does. Right on down the line the most successful people in any line of work turn out to have the biggest vocabularies. The bank president will have a bigger vocabulary than the college professor unless the professor is top man in his department. The automobile tycoon will have a bigger vocabulary than the professional lecturer unless the lecturer is also a national authority on some subject.

The way the Human Engineer explains it, and it makes sense, is this: Words are the tools with which we make use of ideas. An idea is not clear in our minds until we can think in words. We need not talk well or even write well but we have to have the words in our minds before we can formulate ideas.

A wide vocabulary generally works best harnessed to the right aptitudes, and, though you can't do much about developing aptitudes you haven't got, the sky's the limit when it comes to developing a vocabulary you haven't got. And it does seem to have some effect on your capacity for progress, which is why it is the one test outside of innate aptitudes the Foundation includes. Mr. O'Connor once took a group of teenage boys who couldn't pass ordinary intelligence tests and drilled them for a month on vocabulary, nothing but vocabulary. At the end of the month they retook the tests and passed them easily.

Maybe if there is any formula for success, it is to find out in your early teens all the things you do most naturally and begin from then on to think and talk in as many words as possible about how you can use those aptitudes.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I dare you" HENRY SYVERSON



Finest Tone System in RCA Victor history . . .
This symbolizes the "Golden Throat," RCA Victor's exclusive 3-way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in an illustrated booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.



ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA "Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Luxurious Listening with the "Golden Throat"

world-wide radio with RCA Victor FM, roll-out record changer with the "Silent Sapphire" pickup

Lovely to look at . . . Completely at home with 18th Century antiques or contemporary design . . . This great Victrola radio-phonograph brings you the clear, *true* tonal beauty of the "Golden Throat."

For radio, there's standard, foreign short wave and RCA Victor FM with its clear, virtually static-free reception.

For records, there's the roll-out changer that plays as many as 12 records . . . The permanent, jewel-point "Silent Sapphire" pickup eliminates needle chatter and needle changing. It's so light, so *safe*, even accidental scratches won't damage it or your records. Ask your RCA Victor dealer for model 711V2. It plays on AC—a superb, new console Victrola radio-phonograph.



Hear Robert Merrill sing "Music America Loves Best". . . Sundays, 2 PM EDT, on your NBC station.

RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

GENIUS WORKING

Continued from page 11

deserve, and headed for the conference.

Joe Castle was getting to be a nuisance, if not an actual menace. Disbrow had hired him a year ago, a chubby, red-faced man addicted to loud shirts and small familiarities with the office force. Harvey had to admit that Joe could think on his feet. He'd plucked two smash campaigns out of conference-room air, including the one for Unavoidable Slips, the lingerie for the Woman Who Cares Too Much. And his great idea for Barkies, with the picture of the woeful puppy watching its master eat up a platter of the sponsor's dog food.

This was the first time Disbrow had thrown Joe and Harvey into actual competition, although Castle was now also ranked as a senior writer. But there was more at stake than a single campaign.

FIRST to arrive in the windowless conference room, so designed to eliminate all outside distraction, Harvey stared moodily at the room's sole decoration. It was a life-size oil of the late Compton Yates, founder of the agency, whose widow had put up a gallant but losing fight before Disbrow got control. There was a space beside the picture.

Disbrow would hang there one day, Harvey thought, and that was what made this Castle business so rugged. For Disbrow would have to name a partner soon, and until Castle appeared, Harvey Renner, as the old man's favorite, had been almost an automatic choice.

Favorites in an advertising agency are little different from race-track favorites, Harvey thought. They lose as often as they win—but a horse only has one guy on his back at a time.

Disbrow and Evans, the account executive, came in breathing a heady scent of excellent cigar smoke. The cigars were Disbrow's own special fifty-centers, but each had been carefully ringed with the band of a popular six-cent make whose account the agency had.

"Harvey, we've got a great opportunity here," Disbrow said by way of greeting. "This client Ralph has is willing to go the limit if he gets what he wants."

Evans said, "Hadn't we better wait for Joe?"

Disbrow nodded. "Good man, Joe."

"Good man," said Harvey.

The door opened for Joe Castle. He wore blue slacks and a yellow sport shirt with an open throat. He stood in the doorway an instant, smiling, one hand slightly raised, a carefully posed picture of unfettered genius on the verge of action. Harvey decided he looked like a cheerleader for MacMurray College for Women. Joe went around the table and sat by Disbrow.

"Castle to the king's side," he said.

Evans guffawed. Disbrow smiled appreciatively and said, "Sharp this morning, eh, Joe?"

"Ha, ha," Harvey said. *He's even found out Disbrow likes chess!*

Pleasantries disposed of, Disbrow grew serious and began fumbling with the papers in front of him. None of them had any bearing on the new client.

"Ralph here has a client who wants to take a bit of a plunge in radio," Disbrow said. "I'll let him brief you on his problems, and then we can pool our thinking on the best way to go ahead."

"Right, chief," said Evans. He surveyed the two writers with the air of a Hindu who is about to do the celebrated rope trick, using live cobras for rope.

"Boys," he said, "this promises to be the most sensational thing since the discovery of soap. Here's this fellow has a brand-new type remedy. It's terrific!"

"Remedy for what?" Harvey asked.

Evans looked annoyed. "Hell, Renner; for everything, I guess. It makes you feel fine. It hasn't even been na That's your department. You're to have the brains, the creati Take this remedy and plan a on it, complete with name. that'll knock their eyes out!"

"It's a straight radio campa brow pointed out. "No other you boys have to carry the ma how's the man's production se

Evans made a circle with and forefinger. "He can go soon as the orders start p Naturally, he isn't going to p production until he sees how responds. That's our baby."

"What's his name?" asked C

Evans frowned. "It's Knits "Simon R. Knits, spelled K-N-

"H'm," Castle said. "S-T— tough!"

"Well, here's all the data," E He gave each of the writers a n "Formula and all, and passed b Food and Drug people. So go

"We'll give it top priorit Castle said; "complete with lab for the bottle, campaign and sl some sure-fire radio copy."

"That's the spirit," Disbrow

Outside the door, Harve looked at Castle malignantly. how did you know that remedy to be a bottled product?"

"Isn't it?" asked Castle airil

"You've been briefed in Renner said. "You and Eva this whole thing so you'd get a and look good. I ought to punc

"Ah, ah!" Castle smirked, h a finger. "Temper!"

He walked out, leaving Ha ing after him with fists ina clenched; he was in the sam when Edna Mae found him later.

"Well, you look frustrate!" s

"Those chiselers!" Harvey sa you—making puns."

"Tell Mama."

His knee joints melted, and h a smile of sickly adoration. It while before he could remen had been troubling him.

She crinkled her eyes at his protest, tutted in concern at ment of Castle's integrity and sympathetically on the arm.

"Don't you worry," she said. they did frame you, you can rings around Castle. Just go in 'em who's the old master."

"But he's got a head start!"

"They'll need it," she said. still tops. No other copywriter that statement."

"I'll do it!" he said. "They'll Renner spelled backward is stil

"I'll bet that's how you go business in the first place," "Listen, if you want some h your brochure, I'll be free aro

WHEN he brought in his c Mae had completed a r her make-up, and was reading with studious attention. She brows at the sheaf of paper i hand. "Writing books yet," s

"I forgot and made three ca explained. "I'll put these extr the wastebasket. But read th see if it sounds okay to you."

She read it with a complete pression. It is considered very for an agency critic to show a approval or disapproval on a ing. Such a demonstration tract from the final, measure Even if the copy is written by speare—its first reading gets pan treatment. Always.

But when she laid the cop

Mae looked at Harvey with
awe in her eyes. "Love that
breathed. "It's genius! He's
new complaint!"
that angle?"
It's sensational! Think of
medy to people just because
o good. You're in," she said.
ver top this."
enner stood up and smoothed
is face wore the high spiritual
of a knight who has finally
rail, or a comedian whose
ing has just passed twenty.
will be time enough for it,"
'And don't think I'll forget
Miss—Edna Mae."

Y went home, to the riotous
evening only an agency man
forward to—sitting in front
istening to a show of which he
read every word, listening
rtainment but with eardrums
inst the slightest fluff or devi-
nay annoy the sponsor.
into the conference room next
th Edna Mae's crisp brochure
rm, and serenity in his soul.
at the bewhiskered face of
Yates, 1871-1933, and in his
beside it he saw James Dis-
-1950, and Harvey Renner,
es, Disbrow & Renner. It had
und. Renner & Disbrow. The
ency.
arvey!" boomed Disbrow.
umped guiltily out of the big
end of the conference table.
ll come in together, Disbrow
and Castle, which would have
ger sign had not Harvey been
his idea. He snuggled the
nder his arm and smiled.
ecting great things," Evans

a little something—" Harvey

minute!" Castle said.
l up and looked at them, rest-
on the table. Today he wore
slacks and a burnt-orange
he looked like a cheerleader
ng Green State University.
d once done a series of pro-
ting various colleges, and the
ors remained in his memory,
of the things that come finally
p a writer's mind.
I've got something," Castle
nd you, I'm only thinking out
it seems to me we're to have
ndise this product on a totally
al. We can't just climb on
good old acid stomach, or the
angs on, or loss of pep—fine
re, we need something more."
ped suddenly, and smote his
an open palm. In awe-struck
aid, "I got it!"
aned forward tensely, Evans
w dropping, Disbrow forget-
ff on his cigar. A feeling of
erept over Harvey Renner.
was putting on a terrific act;
were following dangerously—
!" Castle repeated. "Of course
ow the word *euphoria*—means
well-being, of radiant health.
this product Euphoria! We'll
this way! 'Do you feel better
than you do other times? Do
your ups and downs? Then
t *Euphoria* can *do for ya!*'
he sick *and* the well! We'll—"
ional!" Evans moaned happily.
Renner sat rigid, stunned, lis-
Castle elaborate on the ideas in
own brochure. Not word for
was actually improving on
t—but closely enough to rule
hance of coincidence.
d it as long as he could, and
te and silent, he got up and
ut of the room. Behind him
said, "Harvey, wait a minute.
But he closed the door softly
m, and walked over to where
Edna Mae sat enthroned behind her desk.

"Judas!" he said. "You betrayed me! You gave him my brochure—my idea! You—" He stopped. She was smiling.

"But natch!" she said. "After all, getting it across is the main—Harvey! Wait a minute! Where are you going?"

But Harvey was gone, this time out the door of the agency and hatless into the street. He walked through a blur of people and traffic, and it was not for a number of blocks that he remembered the brochure still under his arm. Tearing it up, he tossed it behind him.

Had any man ever had it so bad? he wondered. His brain child stolen and his future wrecked by a clown in motley and a hussy with soft lips. He was betrayed and despised.

"Wake up, laddie," said a harsh voice.

A rough hand turned him and pointed back along the sidewalk where a straggling line of paper fragments marked his passing. The policeman frowned at him.

"Where's your civic pride?" he said. "Don't you see the waste cans? Don't you want to live in a tidy city?"

"What difference does it make?" Harvey said listlessly.

"Difference?" the officer said indignantly. "It makes the difference there's a law agin throwing trash on the city streets. I've a good mind to make you pick up every piece with your teeth!"

Harvey wasn't listening. He was thinking that this round, red face in front of him was a reasonably exact facsimile of Joe Castle's face—

"I'll punch your nose," he muttered.

And to his own surprise, he did.

HE WAS booked, fingerprinted and locked in a quiet single cell with only vague awareness of his fate. He would rot here in a dungeon, like the prisoner of Chillon. Better that than to face again the people at Yates & Disbrow—probably by now Yates, Disbrow & Castle.

A hoarse voice broke through this musing. "Come out, you. The young lady's springin' you."

"I'll see he behaves," said Edna Mae.

Harvey stumbled into the room and Edna Mae put a protecting arm around his shoulder. The heady scent she wore enveloped him.

"How did you find me?"

"That paper you were throwing around had the agency name on it," she said. "They called up, and by then I knew what had happened in the conference."

Stupidly, he said, "By then you knew?"

"Come on," she said. "Mr. Disbrow's just named you a partner in the agency! Joe Castle's been fired, and you've got all his work to do besides your own. Come on, Harvey, they're waiting for us."

"But—but, I don't understand!" said Harvey. It was a corny line, but he could think of none truer.

"Did you think I'd given Joe Castle your idea?" Edna Mae said. "He got one of your own carbons out of your wastebasket last night—the janitor saw him! But I'd already put a copy of your brochure on Mr. Disbrow's desk, so the chief knew it was your idea as soon as Joe started talking. I always try to let the chief know things in advance, so he can make better snap judgments!"

"But what did Disbrow think when I walked out?"

"He thought you were being noble," said Edna Mae. "That's why he made you a partner. I had to write him quite a little speech on integrity to deliver when he announced your elevation. So there's a cocktail party in your honor this afternoon, and you stay away from those girls in the mailing room, d'you hear?"

Harvey kissed her in a fashion that drew a low, admiring whistle from the listening cop. "Edna Mae," he said solemnly, "I love you so much it hurts!"

"If pain persists, or is unusually severe," she said, "see your parson."

THE END

Famous Fashion Models . . .

CHOOSE the NEW

AO POLAROID*

DAY GLASSES



LOVELY POWERS MODEL *Carolyn Cross* wears the smart new AO Polaroid Day Glasses in a gay flattering shade of blue. You may prefer the crystal or red—but in any case, you'll like the style-plus glare protection combination offered by these distinctive glasses. You'll like the upsweep frames, the Ful-Vue (high) endpieces, the comfortable slip-on temples. Ask for them wherever better sun glasses are sold.

$2.69
with case



The *Only* Sun Glasses That Filter Reflected Glare!

For Men, too—
AO Polaroid Day Glasses

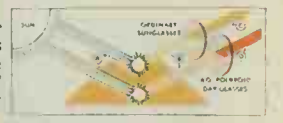
Man-styled sun glasses for sportsmen and all men who want the exclusive AO Polaroid protection against reflected sun glare.

$2.69 with case.

How AO Polaroid Day Glasses Filter Reflected Glare!

A Bright light from the sun strikes a surface.

B Some rays bounce off as glare; others reflect to the eye as useful "seeing" rays, show color and detail.



C Ordinary sun glasses dim both glare-light and useful light. Glare remains to hide detail, to dilute true colors.

D AO Polaroid Day Glasses reduce annoying glare, reveal detail, transmit undiluted color rays.



American AO Optical COMPANY

IF IT'S MARKED AO IT'S SMARTLY STYLED . . . OPTICALLY CORRECT

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corporation



Before I could step between, the monk darted forward with incredible speed and snatched the wig from Betsy's head. "So I was not wrong!" he laughed gl

CONTINUING THE EXCITING STORY OF ROMANCE AND HIGH ADVENTURE

MERCHANT OF VALOR

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The Story:

The events narrated take place in sixteenth-century Italy. A Medici Pope sits at Rome, trying to control a country turbulent with internal strife.

PETER CAREW, son of an English wool merchant, is in Florence on business for his father. An honest, straightforward boy, Peter falls under what he believes is an enchantment cast by a haughty and beautiful Italian girl whose purposes are shrouded in mystery. Not knowing her name, Peter calls her BETSY.

After a street fight in which he slays some henchmen of Florence's Cardinal, Peter is forced to flee the city and enroll in GIOVANNI DE' MEDICI's Black Bands, a famous free-lance army.

A cheerfully unscrupulous monk, who boasts of being the hunting dog for the Pope, follows Peter tenaciously, hoping the love-smitten Englishman will lead him to the elusive Betsy. The monk works in conjunction with COUNT PIERO RIARIO, who hates Peter for preventing him from mistreating a ragged, homeless mountain girl named BEATRICE.

In the camp of King Francis of France, on whose side the Black Bands are fighting, Betsy—disguised as a French courtesan—rides and flirts with the generals, and is reputed to be the latest love of the SIEUR DE BONNIVET.

One night her servant, the dwarf JOHN-PETER, brings a demented old man into Peter Carew's tent; he demands that Peter take the old man to Betsy immediately. Peter and his servant, CHRISTOFORO, walk through the camp early in the morning, the old man limping between them. They come upon a group of six masked men trying to force Betsy's door. "It is Giovanni of the Black Bands. Open!" says the leader of the party.

Peter's loyalty to his general is exceeded by his love for the aloof adventuress. Determined to keep any intruder from Betsy's door, even though it cost his life or the life of his general, Peter unsheathes his sword and, shouting denunciations of Giovanni's treachery, rushes to the fray.

IV

THE six were loosely grouped about t
smitten with surprise at my shout
attack, so that I cut through then
threshold and placed my back against the o
none might enter save over my body. Ch
was but a pace behind me. The leader u
men upon us, and they hacked at us with ri
will. The night was loud with the clash of
the trampling of feet and the panting of
men. Christoforo and I stood shoulder to s
and grateful was I for his company that ni
the leader was at me with the ferocity of son
beast. I thanked God I was wide of shou
long of arm, and that six men attacking tw
one another's movements. They gave b
paused to think it over. It may have been
draw our backs from the wall, but we sto

One thing I knew, even in the excitement
darkness—and that was that the leader was
Lord Giovanni. For he was not of the siz

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

DESOTO does things for you

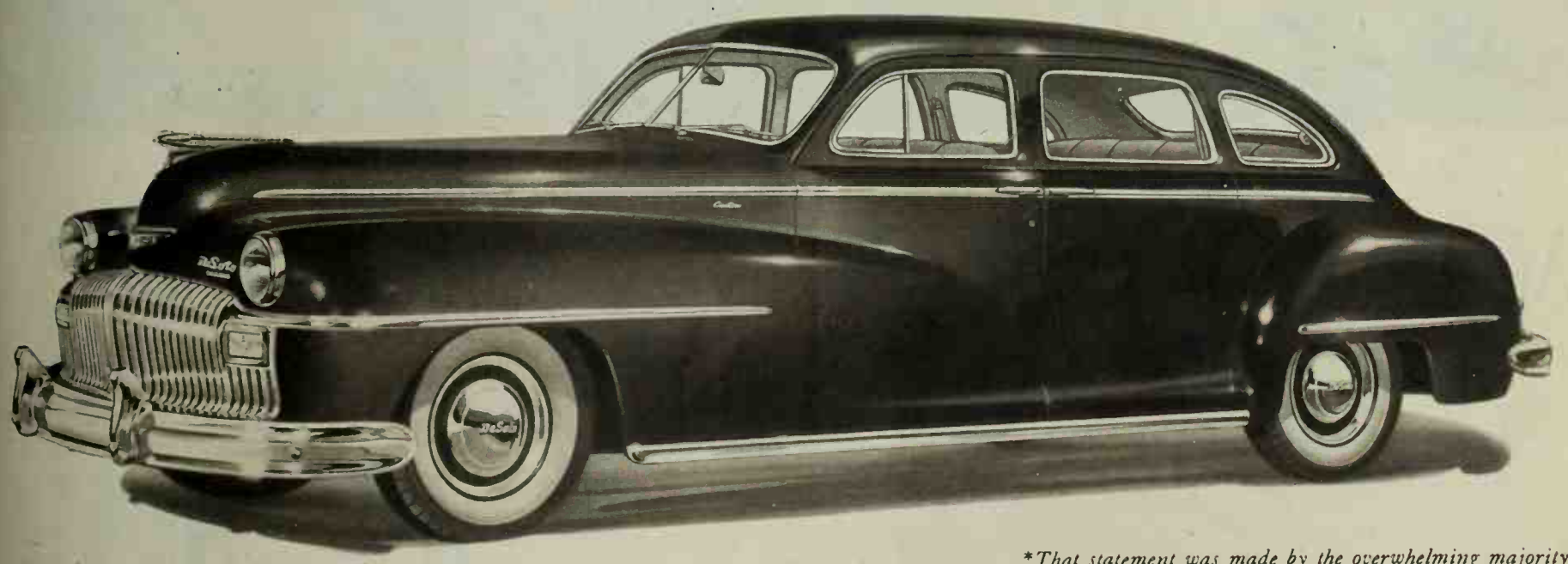
t ordinary cars can't do. Tip-Toe hydraulic

ft lets you drive without shifting . . . gyrol

id Drive gives a smoother flow of power. No

nder the vast majority of new DeSoto owners

, "Best car I ever owned, *regardless of price.*"*



**That statement was made by the overwhelming majority of new De Soto owners in a nationwide poll.*

R 3000 DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH DEALERS COAST-TO-COAST EQUIPPED TO GIVE YOU EXPERT SERVICE

DE SOTO DIVISION CHRYSLER CORPORATION



Want to be *Cool* as a Mountain Pool ?

Cool off with a **Calve**

Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City. Calvert "Reserve," Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert Distilled Lo



ollins

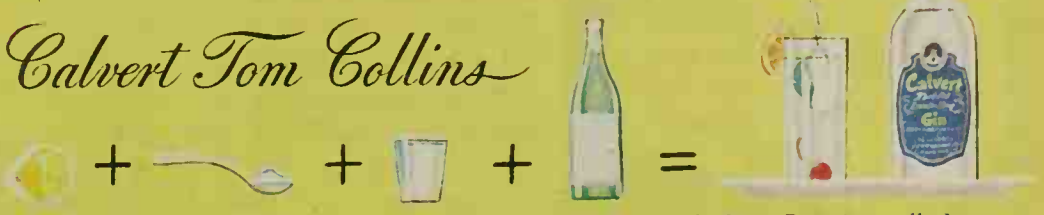
istilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

Calvert Whiskey Collins



Squeeze juice of one lemon into tall glass. Sweeten to taste. Now a generous jigger of good-mannered Calvert Whiskey. Next, the ice cubes. Now fill with club soda and stir. Decorate with cherry, slice of orange, if you like. Sip – and say "*Ah*"!

Calvert Tom Collins



Stir sugar and juice of ½ lemon in shaker. Add a goodly jigger of mild-distilled Calvert Gin. (Yes, Calvert makes the best gin, too!) Shake with cracked ice. Pour into tall glass; add club soda. Add fruit slices, cherry, if desired. M-mm – cool, lucky you!



All waterfalls aren't Niagara!



All adhesive bandages aren't BAND-AID*

BAND-AID IS MADE ONLY BY Johnson & Johnson





It's Johnson & Johnson quality that has earned for BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages the confidence of millions.

More families use BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages—more doctors recommend them than any other brand.

Every bandage comes to you sterile, sealed in an individual envelope. Keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation. Cost? Less than a penny each!

Keep one box at home—one at work.

*BAND-AID is the registered trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.

Lord, nor did he fight like him, nor have his strength of wrist and arm. He had not come himself, but had sent others to do his treacherous business for him. But even as I thought of this the man sprang again to the attack, snarling. It was no dainty swordsmanship, but wild, savage swinging and slashing, and the sound of Christoforo's voice jeering at them was audible above the clang of steel; and I, feeling the savage joy of it, shouted in English.

Again they gave back, leaving a little space.

"The Englishman!" snarled the leader, and lunged at me so deftly that I was like to be spitted. But I warded off his stroke and countered, and as he stumbled backward his headgear fell and his mask with it. And my heart leaped with joy and relief, for the face under the mask was the face of Piero Riario.

"Ha, woman harrier!" I said joyously.

NOW I knew My Lord had no part in this matter and that I had hated him without just reason. I saw that his naming of My Lord's name had been a treachery so that in the morning when Betsy was missing it would have been said that he had stolen her away.

But now lights moved in the night, and there were voices, for the neighborhood was aroused by the din of our fighting.

Uneasiness came to the face of the Count Riario. "This is the second time, Englishman," he said.

"Aye, a second thwarting. Beware of the third."

The lights and voices were closer now, and suddenly, with a sharp word to his followers, Riario turned and ran toward his horses. I did not follow him, and restrained Christoforo.

"Nay," I said. "Our task is to guard this door. The rest is for another day."

Then, behind me I heard the sound of bolts being drawn and the door opened; turning, I saw Betsy standing in night attire, lovely against the light of candles within.

"Bar the door, Betsy," I said, "and keep safe inside."

"It is safe," she said. "I watched through the window. Come in, both of ye, before too many questions be asked."

But suddenly I bethought myself of the madman we had brought hither and whom I had forgotten in the excitement of it; I spoke to Christoforo, who ran to the spot where we had left him cowering. But Christoforo returned empty-handed.

"While we fought," he said ruefully, "he slunk away."

To search for him now in the darkness and in that country would have been futile, and I blamed myself but did not see what I could have done about it. So we went into the room and Christoforo goggled at Betsy, and I could not keep my eyes off her face because it was softly flushed with sleep and wondrous lovely to look upon.

"What is this?" she demanded.

"It was lucky chance," I said. "We came hither, leading a madman to place in thy charge. Which must have been brought about by some saint who hath thee in her care. Otherwise thou shouldst have been carried away by Piero Riario."

"Riario!" she said. "Was the monk also there?"

"Nay," I answered. "I deem this to be the private enterprise of Riario, whose head hath been turned by passion for thee. He was not urged on by the monk. He knoweth not that thou art Betsy."

"The monk will know on the morrow," she said tartly. "What is this you say about a madman?"

"One entrusted to us by John-Peter," I said. "The homunculus brought the creature to my tent, and questioned him."

"Niccolo Gozzoli!" she said softly. I nodded. "Niccolo Gozzoli. John-Peter hath run him to earth at last!" Her voice sharpened. "And now thou hast let him elude thee."

"There was little choice in th
I said dryly. "What good w
madman be to thee once tho
Riario's hands?"

She nodded, and looked at m
but with some puzzlement a
were a troublesome mystery.
no softening toward me, nor di
words of thanks that we had
opportunely. Christoforo snc
his nose and eyed me sidewise.

"I thank God," he said, "th
terest in any woman doth not
hour. There is neither reason
sistency in them, but only perv
grave peril to a man's sanity."

"Hold thy tongue, Christofo
angrily.

Betsy smiled. "Christofor
rare gift of wisdom," she said,
at him kindly. "We women b
yet not because we desire it.
Christoforo, it is because our
divided by a curtain, and wha
or hope or desire on the one s
constantly thwarted and altere
tradicted by what goes on on
side of it. We open doors into
do not wish to enter, and bar a
selves doors that lead to our
is some poison descending to us
when she was bitten by the serp

I stared at her hungrily as
there, seeming in her night atti
and more childlike than was h
and sweeter and softer and m
maid that could give back lov
But with it all there was a digi
and a loftiness that made me
that she was far above the st
mere merchant.

"How canst look so fair"
words were wrung from me—'
and virtuous when thy life is
contrary?"

She was not angry with me
she sad nor in any wise
"Thou," she said, "art a gre
animal, to whom good is good
evil, and no compromising
Never wilt thou understand
may be evil and evil may be
pending upon how and why th
good thing or a bad thing. T
wall betwixt saint and Sata
them forever apart, but alwa
complex mingling of the two."

"My mind is not apt at su
sions, Betsy," I said, "but I
well what I want in a woman,
my mother would want ere she
the maid into her home."

SHE laughed at me, but it wa
laugh, not tinged with de
hope, Pietro, thou dost accor
desire," she said, and then wi
ness in her eyes, "but I sorel
Now go thy ways, both of the

"Nay," I said stubbornly,
stay until we see the sun rise s
thee."

"What of the eyes that see
my house at dawn?" she aske
in her voice.

"I will lop the ears from an
speaks evil of thee," I said.

"It would seem, then," she
thine own ears be in grave
thou dost think and speak mos
me." Again her eyes held th
puzzlement as if there were
she did not understand abou
was troubled by it. "It seems,
"I cannot be rid of thee, no ma
try. And I would not have th
and hurt by it."

So she turned, and with n
thanks to us went out of the
sat there until dawn, drowsing
went out into the cold of th
and back to my tent.

I laid me down to recaptur
of the sleep I had lost, but
Lord Giovanni was comma
never could be certain of sle
and I was aroused by orders
pany him and a detachment o

an expedition of reprisal to
rd. We rode hard and My
ell pleased at what he termed
excellent skirmishing. But
urned to camp two days later
news that threw him into a
without orders, a company of
ventured forth toward Pavia
had ridden into an ambush
by De Levra, so that only a
hem returned alive. My Lord
in his heart at the loss of his
his pride that the Black Bands
a defeat. He could think of
t his revenge upon the Span-
impulsive and headlong as
id not give rein to his temper
pon the enemy with reckless
nned before he acted, and no
y, or the world for that mat-
re adroit at laying traps than
arkness he drew up the bands,
g a portion of them to bait
he sent them with seeming
toward the gates of the city.
such a situation as had given
is triumph a few days before,
anish general pounced upon
pportunity.
oops poured out of the gates
nd others emerged from en-
to right and left so that it
if our detachment would be
and destroyed. But at a well-
ent they fell back as if in dis-
the Spaniards charged after
houts of triumph. Whereupon
seeming disorder, fled head-
e Levra's men, breaking their
, pursued. It was then that
himself leading the charge,
oncealed companies upon the
nks and even upon their rear,
nemy was all but surrounded.
nds slew to their hearts' con-
avagely and relentlessly.
ving slain ten of the enemy
one of his own men who had
in the earlier skirmish, My
dly riding upon Sultan's back,
face triumphantly to our
ode beside him watching his
oud face, and the boyish ela-
at this success.
ared the encampment a splen-
ade rode out to meet us, and
ode at the head of it. He came
master and leaped from his
d Lord Giovanni did the same,
they embraced. And then
sked the particulars of the bat-
My Lord related with zest. So
was General Bonnivet at the
he fury of it that he demanded
rd that he be conducted to the
so that he could trace with his
own eye the various maneuvers which had discomfited the enemy.

This My Lord was full eager to do, and we rode again over the stricken field strewn with enemy slain, and Bonnivet complimented My Lord saying that no more perfect battle ever had been fought, and that My Lord was, in truth, a very god of war. They rode up and down, even counting the enemy slain in the massacre. But even upon a field of carnage it is the will of God that some remain alive. We were passing a ruined hut, all unsuspecting of peril, when there arose from amidst its tumbled stones a man with a great gun, and he aimed and fired it at us.

My Lord cried out and all but fell from his saddle, but Bonnivet caught him and held him.

"Art hit, My Lord?" he asked.

"In the leg," said my master between his teeth. After disposing of the enemy soldier, we lowered My Lord from his horse and found that a clumsy ball, which weighed no less than eleven ounces, had penetrated his leg above the ankle where the greave of his armor left a slight space above the solleret. Amidst the blood were fragments of bone and chain armor—a most ghastly wound.

IN SILENCE, when the litter came, we carried him back, and King Francis sent his own physician, the learned Hebrew Abraham of Mantua, to treat the wound, and I do not believe the King could have grieved more deeply had the wounded man been his own son. He gave orders that My Lord Giovanni be transported forthwith down the Po River to Piacenza to be nursed. Under safe conduct given by the Spanish General Pescara, and with a strong escort—necessary because he was most bitterly hated by the people of those parts—My Lord was floated down upon a barge. The Black Bands were left leaderless, which was an evil thing for the King.

My Lord would not permit that I go with him, but gave me duties to perform. Also he charged me to write an account of it to his dear wife, which I did, striving to allay her fears. . . .

From that day our army was a different army. For it had felt that with My Lord Giovanni present no evil could befall, and all men agreed that his wounding was equal to the loss of a pitched battle. Even the spirit and discipline of the Black Bands suffered in his absence, and I looked forward with foreboding to the day of the great battle betwixt the French King and Pescara which, so men said, would decide the fate of Europe.

I sat, mournful, before my tent when



"I just previewed a new movie. With a little dirt added it might make a good book" JON CORNIN



"A chance to win 75 SILVER DOLLARS AND..."



M. C.: Yes, little lady, here's your chance to win 75 SILVER DOLLARS and two dozen handsome shirts! First question, for 25 SILVER DOLLARS: "What make of shirt *is* this?"

ANN: An Arrow Shirt! I know that one-and-only Arrow Collar!

M. C.: She's RIGHT! She's AB-SO-LUTE-LY RIGHT! Here you are—25 bright silver dollars! The second question, for *another* 25 BIG SILVER DOLLARS: "Why do Arrows fit so perfectly?"

ANN: Because of Arrow's special "Mitoga" design! They're cut to follow a man's torso.

M. C.: RIGHT AGAIN! Give the little la-dy a hand! Last question, for 25 SHINING SILVER DOLLARS and TWO DOZEN brand new Arrow Shirts: "Do Arrows shrink out of fit when washed?"

ANN: Never! Arrows have Sanforized labels, meaning: "No fabric shrinkage over 1%!"

M. C.: GOOD FOR YOU! ANOTHER 25 big, round silver dollars AND two dozen *wonderful* Arrow Shirts! Congratulations to a smart lady!

ANN: Thank you very much, Sir — but you can keep the shirts!



M. C.: Why—why—this is INCREDIBLE! You don't want these fine Arrows for your husband? Why? Why?

ANN: He's too attractive, already! With these new Arrow Shirts I could NEVER hold him!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.25 • $3.95 • $4.75

the obese monk came plodding toward me, his sandals squishing in the mud, and he was no welcome sight for I believed he was far away. He stopped, and with false face of sympathy he said, "I grieve with thee, my son, for the evil that hath befallen thy general." He cocked his beady eye and puffed out his flabby cheeks. "There be those," he said, "who desire the death of Giovanni de' Medici more strongly than the Spaniards, and who grow impatient that he is not killed honorably in the heat of battle. Is it not time that a halt be caused to the growth of his fame? It needs but little more to persuade the rule of Florence and all Tuscany to drop into his pocket like an overripe fruit. But this be high politics and above my understanding."

"I think," said I, "that thou art one who would see treachery in the smile of a baby and plotting in the chirping of little birds."

He shrugged his fat shoulders. "At any rate, my son, you may sleep untroubled. Count Piero Riario hath left the camp. It is not wise for a minor man to tamper with the women of great lords."

"I am glad he has gone," said I. "One day I should be obliged to send him on a longer journey."

"I wash my hands of him," said the monk. "Passion for this woman hath addled his brains. He is no longer useful to me. But tell me, my son, how was it you discovered the plot? How came it that you arrived so opportunely to prevent the stealing of Bonnivet's mistress?"

"Chance," said I. "Kind chance that led me thither as I strolled by."

"Was it chance that stayed thee in the woman's house till dawn?"

"Nay," said I, "it was but what a man should do to protect a woman."

HE LEERED at me. "Tell me this, my son. There were three of ye. Thyself, Christoforo and another. Who was this other? Whence came he? Why wert thou conducting him to the house of Bonnivet's woman? A madman, I am told, in whom was no tincture of reason. What kernel didst hope to pick from such a shell?"

"It is thou who art the madman," I said, striving to make a jeer of it, for I was alarmed that he knew so much. But from his manner and way of speaking I guessed that he did not know that John-Peter had found the madman.

I was reassured upon the point, but his next question alarmed me. "This woman," he said, "who bears a French name, but whose face is not French, and of whose kinship to her family there is no record, how comes it thou art her acquaintance?"

"All I know of her," I said, "is that I carried to her a message from My Lord."

"Methinks thou liest," he said. "I shall keep an eye upon her. Aye, an she be proven to be who I suspect she is, then I will approach thee again with an offer. And if this madman but prove to be who I suspect he may be, then I will be in strong position to trade."

"Thy mind doth run again to treasure and jewels?"

"It runneth to profit. Out of this matter I shall gain me an abbey for delivering this maid to Cardinal Passerini—or secular wealth for saving her slender limbs from torture. And thou, my son, are the heart and core of it. I will stick to thee like a leech."

I stood up, towering over the monk, and I curled my lip at him. He gave back a step as if he feared lest I forget my reverence for his churchliness. To encourage him in that thought I took one stride toward him, and his beady eyes blackened with malice. He spoke no other word, but scuttled away. . . .

I shall ever feel that had My Lord Giovanni been present to lead his incomparable troops and to restrain the forwardness of King Francis with wise counsel the disaster would not have befallen and many good gentlemen who are dead would be alive. That day of February 24th will live in my mind as the most terrible of my life save only one.

Our camp lay betwixt the walls of the great park of Mirabello, which guarded our front from the army of Pescara, and the beleaguered city of Pavia, and we were confident, aye, overconfident. We knew that Pescara's army was in straits, mutinous from hunger, and suffering from cold. He must fight or withdraw, for his conditions were intolerable. Many tongues were spoken under his banner, Spanish horsemen under Lannoy, *Landsknechts* under the rebel Bourbon, and fanatic Lutherans marching in what they deemed a holy war. Our own army was scarcely less polyglot, made up of sixteen companies of gendarmes, five thousand Germans, seven thousand French foot, eight thousand Swiss and some six thousand Italians, among which were the leaderless Black Bands.

Now, before the enemy could come at us they must first broach the high and thick walls of the park of Mirabello, which gave our commanders ample notice of the attack and time to deploy our troops to best advantage. All night their sappers, wearing white shirts in the darkness so they could recognize one another, tore great holes, three of them, in the obstructing walls. Then, in the dawn our gentlemen, accoutered in armor like knights ready for a tournament, detected with sleepless eyes the movement of stealthy harquebusiers creeping upon us through the park, with light horsemen striving to cut their way around to the walls of Pavia. But our artilleryman, the great Galliot de Genouillac, opened fire with his guns, and so dreadful was the carnage that they retreated headlong.

The headstrong King, enjoying the premature flush of victory, gave orders to advance from our good position to level ground where his favorite gendarmes could maneuver, and in that lay fatal error, because they came between our cannon and the enemy, forcing the cannon to become silent. With them rode Francis himself, seeing himself that day a plumed knight instead of leader and king. He rode for glory.

He might, indeed, have been riding to glory save for the path he chose, that path which My Lord Giovanni would never have followed because it made of his own men a rampart between themselves and our roaring cannon. So that Lannoy came on safely, followed by *Landsknechts* a hundred deep. And then Pescara, aware of God-sent opportunity, poured in reinforcements of lances, light horse, harquebusiers. But for a time the French King repelled this attack which outnumbered him four to one. All might yet have gone well because of the courage of men fighting under the eyes of their King—but then, on the flank, our Swiss crumpled and our Germans were cut down. De Levra sallied out from Pavia, and then, suddenly, there was panic and confusion and dreadful slaughter. The Most Christian King fought alone for his life, with lance, with sword, and none could reach him to rescue him. And there, unhorsed, unhelmed, wounded, bloody, his mouth full of mud and bitterness, the rash young King of France was taken prisoner.

It was a carnage. There died the flower of France: old La Tremoille; La Palice; San Severino; Richard of Suffolk would revolt against our King Henry no more. And Bonnivet—that gallant, scheming, flashing man died with his head upon the shoulder of the Abbot of Najera. Perhaps ten thousand of us died. The army as an army was no more.

Through that day the Black Bands fought with stubbornness and courage. But the skill was lacking, the darting surprise, the generalship that had made us the most feared troops in all Europe, and great were our losses.

THEN we, the captains, met in shivering council—what were left of us. And it was determined that I, being his close friend, should ride to bear to our general, the Lord Giovanni, the tale of what had befallen—and ask him for his commands and what we should do about it.

So, wearied as I was and sore, I mounted my horse once more, and taking Christoforo for company, set out for the River Po, hoping there to find some barge to carry me to Piacenza where lay my wounded lord.

And then—for in a day of battle a man's mind is occupied with other matters than women—I remembered Betsy. And I knew a fear greater than any I had ever suffered for myself. Her lodging had been on the very outskirts of the great battle whose field swarmed now with despoilers and looters, with savage men from the north who would hold a girl a more precious booty than gold or gems. Though I be not a man of imagination, I could see her, s and proud and desirable, screa struggling in the savage arms bearded *Landsknecht* or uneou

"Christoforo!" I cried out.

"Aye, Pietro," he said gr waited for you to remember. S chaney maid, and uncanny, but sweet withal. May the holy sa that no horror hath befallen her

So, reckless of what enemy encounter, we rode across the field, over the dismembered dea wailing wounded. So busied we met with their greed that they us not.

AND so we came to the plac house that had sheltered there was no house, only roof and smoking rafters and piles o Amidst this ruin I searched, c her name and tearing at the st my hands. But she was not t anything that I could recogniz And in my despair I sat and throbbing head in cold hands myself up to agony and hopele

"It serves not," said Christof a short while, "to sit here till s man dog digs thee in the ribs dagger to enrich himself with ings of thy fingernails."

Dully and without will to mov I climbed upon my horse and him as he rode, and after a time and his voice which commonly and jeering was tender.

"It runs in my mind," he sa such as she come to no commor nor to such violation as doth m mad. Nay. She hath wit and and, should these fail her, ther cery. For I do believe she hath t of magic at her finger tips. So ta Pietro. No *Landsknecht* could c her. By necromancy she would t him into a rooting hog."

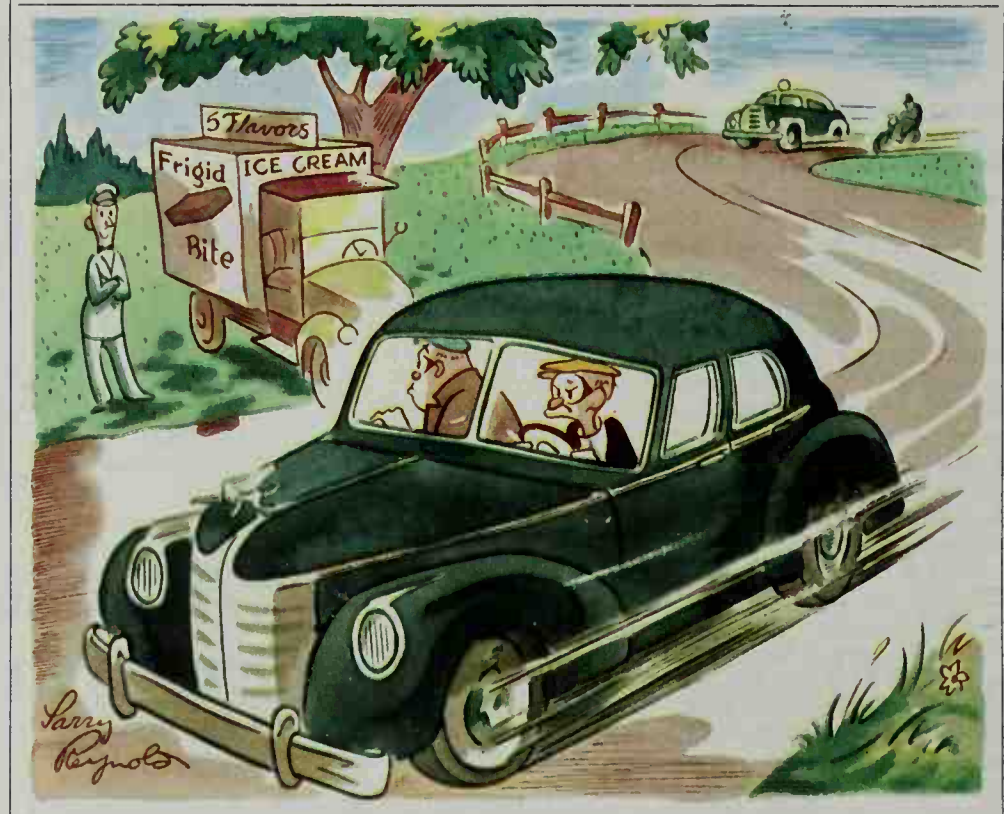
Now there was nonsense, y heartening nonsense. Just as no lieves that harm or suffering c to him—which belief is placed i God to make it possible for hi without losing his reason—so d man believe that nought of evi fall the one he loves. Therefore I was sick with fearfulness, nev a tiny flower of hope blossome gloom. And because there was else I could do in her behalf. most earnestly. And felt the bet I lightened my own load by pilin the shoulders of God. Which, is how the compassionate Fathe intended us to use Him.

It was a weary ride upon all hausted horses down the strea Ficinio to the broader Po. We eaten since dawn, and because the insignia of the Black Bands not ask for food or shelter, beca that land we were hated becau cruelties our men had inflicted peasantry. So we found shelter of sty, and I doffed my armor an down in the foul straw.

I thought of Betsy and of M Giovanni, and what disaster th had brought to his fortunes; I th my mother, wondering if she good health; and of my father business he had sent me to tra Florence. It seemed to me he v discontented with me, and angr long delay in coming home. I pleased with myself, and nothir world seemed right or pleasing. and ever again my heart comp mind to return to Betsy. How find her? If I found her wha I find? I despaired. A future i she had no part seemed black an indeed.

Then, suddenly, I slept, and awakened, Christoforo crouch corner frying eggs on his breastp all the men I have ever known

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

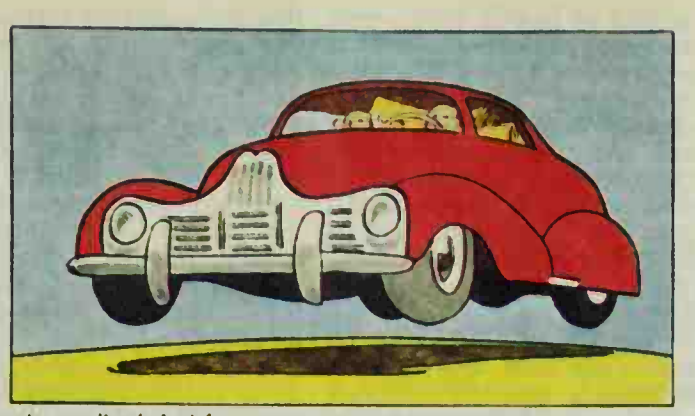


"I'm not being mean, Butch. If th' cops weren't so close I'd gladly stop"

COLLIER'S



…r miss, it took the some omount …oll the ball down the olley. In 3 …'burn" obout 10 oz. of dextrose.



As gosoline is fuel for your motor, dextrose is fuel for your body. Even just rolling olong o quiet rood, your body will "burn" neorly 1 oz. of dextrose per hour. Just think whot you use in Sundoy troffic!

NOTE: *In these exomples, colorie expenditure is expressed in equivalent quontities of dextrose sugar, the immediate source of body energy.*



The 100-shooter moy use more dextrose, but even on under par golfer uses obout 16 oz. of dextrose for 18 holes. That's why soft drinks, enriched with dextrose, renew energy ot the 19th hole.



…energy you expend in fishing …n whether you're content to …ch o bobbing cork or prefer … o trout streom. You will use … of dextrose on hour.

What Do You Do For Fun?

From Archery to Zither playing, you can have fun in many ways.

To enjoy your favorite sport thoroughly, you should maintain your "E. Q.", your Energy Quota. It gives you power for every movement, every thought, every breath.

Medical research has determined the amount of energy you expend in every activity. This may be measured in calories or translated into quantities of dextrose sugar, because dextrose is the basic carbohydrate of the body. It is the natural "fuel" sugar of the body, the chief source of all energy. Like any other fuel, dextrose creates energy when it is "burned" in body tissues.

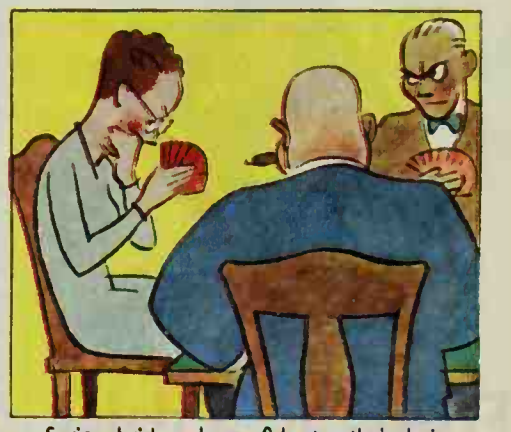
Read the captions under the pictures on this page.

Whether you just "sit this one out" or take an active part, you are constantly using dextrose sugar for energy.

This page is presented for your interest by Corn Products Refining Company, one of the producers of dextrose.



Whether you're o jitterbug or enjoy o Viennese waltz, you're expending energy reploceoble by dextrose sugor. Even in o quiet one-step you would use obout 2 oz. of dextrose per hour.



Serious bridge ployers fidget on their choirs, wolk oround the toble . . . expend physicol os well as mentol energy ot the rote of obout 1½ oz. of dextrose sugor per hour.



…tening to rodio ore smoll …ut do you know that in o … ot home you use obout …extrose on hour?

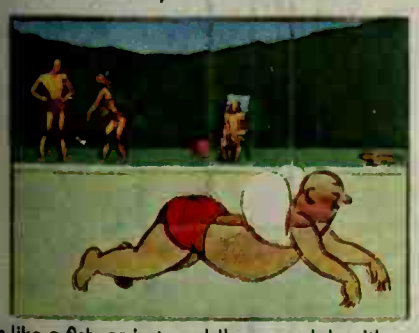


…yn hill on o poir of skis moy look eosy, but …xercise os well os good fun. An ofternoon …troil will use neorly 16 oz. of dextrose.



Even spectators following the ball use obout 1 oz. of dextrose per hour. Tennis players themselves consume as much as 20 oz. in o match. Many champions nibble candy bars between sets, becouse most candy contains dextrose, food-energy sugar.

• *Incidentally, while reading this page, your mind and body will have used about ⅛ oz. of dextrose.*



…vim like o fish, or just poddle oround. In either …e exercising lungs, orms ond legs, using up …he rate of ot leost 7 oz. of dextrose per hour.



Spoding, seeding, hoeing, weeding moy be work for some people, but they're fun for most men when spring is in the oir. You'll "burn" up to 4 oz. of dextrose sugor on hour in the garden.



Nice work if you con get it! But even ot rest, you consume olmost 1 oz. of dextrose on hour, becouse you need energy to power every breoth, every move, every thought. © C. P. R. Co., 1947

Car needs a shine



You're feeling lazy



Use this and finish



Fresh as a daisy



If you've never used No. 7 Polish, you've got a real treat coming. Just once over cleans away traffic film, restores the original color and lustre, and makes your car sparkling bright. Try Du Pont No. 7 Polish today.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
No. 7 POLISH
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

the most skillful at finding food where even a raven would go hungry.

We rode down that Lombard valley shoulder to shoulder in the sunshine, and though haggard, ragged men cursed us as we passed, and gaunt urchins stoned us from a safe distance, we came at last to Piacenza and My Lord Giovanni, who suffered great pain but would not be content until I had described the battle to him, and that part in it that our Black Bands had played.

"Had I but been there! Had I but been there! Curses upon their foul artillery. He has hit upon a new kind of warfare," My Lord said. "It won the battle. It will win other battles. Pietro, such as thou and I are fated to vanish. Aye and all armored knights and gendarmes."

The good Cardinal Salviati sat by his bedside, his wise, kindly face troubled and his thoughts upon matters higher than belching muzzles and pikemen.

"Always and ever," he said, "men devise how they shall slaughter one another in new and foul ways," he said gently. "Who is there anywhere who labors to contrive new ways of gentleness, or to exalt reason, or bring us nearer to God? The world is in dire travail. The Turk carries all before him and marches toward Vienna. When all Christendom should join to repel the pagan, they fight with one another."

"There is always the Pope," said My Lord bitterly.

"Nay, brother, rail not at Pope or church. The church is founded upon a rock and will prevail, and the rock is the teachings of Him who ordained that there should be peace upon earth and good will to men. The church is ill, Giovanni, sick with the grievous malady of wealth and power. Those who rule the church forget that its kingdom is not one of lands and cities and principalities and of armies, but in the great, universal heart of all mankind. In all lands and climes there be little priests and monks and friars who do keep alive the flame, and live in poverty and virtue. There, my brother, lives the leadership. At the bottom and not at the top. The fault is not with church, but with those into whose unfit hands has fallen the outward rule of church."

These matters were too high for my brain, and I feared I tired My Lord, for the Cardinal had glanced at me warningly.

"What orders hast thou for me and the bands?" I asked.

"My wife hath sped to Rome to work in my behalf," he said wryly. "For it seems I shall need it. I myself, when my wound permits, will go to the restorative mud baths at Abana. My command to thee, Pietro, is that you go forthwith to Trebbio, where will come my wife and son. Iook well to their safety."

WE RESTED that night, Christoforo and I, and next morning, albeit reluctantly, we left my master and set forth on the long journey to Trebbio. For days we rode southwesterly through a land where there was neither merriment nor plenty, for the plague had laid its foul hand heavily upon the land, and great wars breed famine and want among the poor people who, in the end, must foot the bill. All Italy was divided and neighbor preyed upon neighbor and there was no order and no good will. It caused me to yearn for England, where we try to arrange things better.

Christoforo was gay and bellowed ribald songs, but as for me, there was no pleasure in the journey but only heaviness of heart, and black fears and hopelessness. For the more I thought about it the less I was able to hope that Betsy was still among the living.

We were still a day from Trebbio, and mountains now lifted themselves on all sides of us. At midday the smell of approaching spring was in the air and Christoforo sang more lustily. Traveling thus we came to a fork in the way with one path veering to the right and the other to the left, and we debated which we should follow, and while we were considering it, a splendid buck running for his life leaped from a thicket and passed us with graceful leaps. Behind him dogs gave tongue, and then came the hunters riding intent upon their quarry. Without waiting word from me Christoforo followed them to the right and I, not caring which direction we took, rode after him.

Now it is a strange and wonderful thing, as I have learned, how small a decision will cause so large a result; and how, by taking one turn of the road at a fork a man's whole life will become a completely different thing from what it would have been had he taken the other.

In a little time a wide valley opened before us between the cliffs, and it seemed a greener valley than any we had seen. We could see the buck running freely and hear the dogs and the shouts of the huntsmen. Then there was sudden silence, and the hunters were among the dogs, beating them back from the trail —and the buck ran a little way farther and then stopped and lowered its head and commenced to nibble at the young grass as if neither dogs nor hunters were within miles of it. The dogs stood slavering and straining, and the huntsmen sat their horses and looked longingly and with chagrin at the buck. But they did not move so much as an inch.

THEN I saw planted in the ground before them a tiny white cross, and at a distance another tiny white cross, and farther along another, so that, as far as I could see, small holy roods grew in a line like some hedge or boundary marking. And neither horse nor dog crossed this line.

It was a marvel past understanding, so I rode up to the young lord who led the hunt and spoke him courteously.

"Ser Huntsman," said I, "what be these crosses? And, having passed them, why is yon deer fearless of thee and these who hunt with thee?"

He looked at me and his eyes narrowed when he saw the insigne I wore, but he replied with grudging courtesy.

"Beyond this hedge of crosses," he said, "there is refuge. Aye, for hunted beast or for hunted man."

"But I see no wardens to enforce it."

"There be none that the eye can see."

"This must be land of a very potent lord," I said to him.

"Beyond this line," he said, "is neither sword nor pike nor soldier to bear them. But I had sooner swim a river infested with foul crocodiles, than to cross this boundary meaning violence to any living creature."

"Now here is a marvel," I said, wonderingly. "Of what is thy fear?"

"There be worse and more permanent damages to a man than sword hacks in his flesh," he said.

Then he turned away from me and commanded his party to leash the dogs, and they rode away hastily and silently as if from a spot ridden by a murrain. Christoforo and I peered after them and then at each other, and there was no grin upon his face but only a sort of awe.

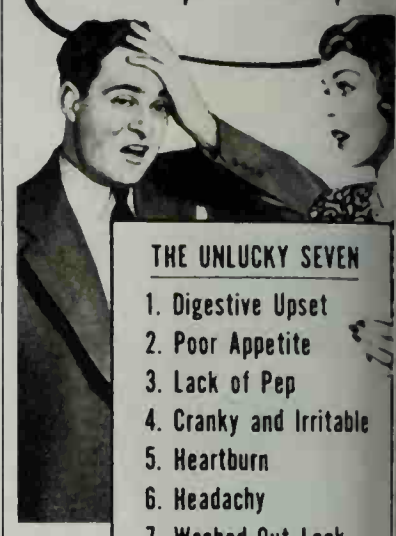
"Now what is this?" he asked. "Have we come to the domain of some sorcerer?"

"We have come to something that is a mystery," said I gravely, "and I cannot ride on content until I know more."

"Nay," said he, and shivered, "let us go on our way lest some uncanny thing befall us. I like not traffic with witches nor warlocks. For, though they may not damage the body they be potent to wound the soul."

But such curiosity gripped me that I was determined, and I rode forward saying "We mean neither harm nor violence to any, so we do not violate this strange sanctuary. We be weary and

Can you recognize the unl
SEVEN SYMPTOM
in your family?



THE UNLUCKY SEVEN
1. Digestive Upset
2. Poor Appetite
3. Lack of Pep
4. Cranky and Irritable
5. Heartburn
6. Headachy
7. Washed-Out Look

*Due to

ANY ONE MAY MEAN
NEED THE GENTLE, PRO
LAXATIVE - SARAK



Be sensible! At the very first single one of the Unlucky Seve toms—due to irregularity—do *prompt*, but *comfortable* relief vegetable Saraka . . . so *gentle* so *thorough* and *sure*.

PROMPTNESS WITHOUT HARSH
There are no seeds, oils, milk of or harsh chemicals in Saraka! of the purest vegetable ingredi acts like needed high-residue f as apples and dates . . . but in con form! The other gives Nature a resulting in *prompt, thorough*

Take Saraka tonight, to start right. Results are so nearly there's no usual "laxative sensat Saraka! Your own doctor can about Saraka's superiority.

EASY TO TAKE! INEXPENSIV
Both children and adults prefe because it's tasteless! It's more e too. Make sure you get the Saraka in the orange and ye Caution: Use only as directe your money back if not deli drug counters everywhere.

NO OTHER LAXATIVE
YOU MORE GENTLE,
THOROUGH RELIE



49¢ for t

The Original Pure Vege
SARA
SO GENTLE AND PURE, SO THOROUG

...anceseek sanctuary ourselves. I ...ntte to the meaning of this." ...llowed me, not liking it at all. We ...st t... grazing buck who lifted his ...pe... at us with mild, unstartled ...d a... the path climbed gently up... ...s..., furry creature came out of ...und an beside us and gamboled, ...bird upon a bough that my ...have touched, swelled its lit... ...song.

..." I asked, for a strange feel... ...n me, "come to the Garden ...

...o some lair of necroman... ...hristoforo.

...we saw beside the path a lit... ...which stood a sweetly carven ... I was comforted, for no ...an could abide the presence ... symbol.

...e a turn in the path and a ...midst of which was a hut of ... and before it stood a tall ... altogether in white, with ...hite leather. His beard was ...his hair was golden and his ...brown. And on his out... ...ms perched birds of many ... a large bird sat upon his ...emed to me they were talk... ... in perfect understanding. ... a noble face but not stern, ...led very gently at me and ... birds.

... now, little friends," he said. ...me to claim my attention." ... me, "Ser Englishman, thou ... I expected thee."

...aid, "I knew not myself that ...ng, or that there was such a ...e to."

...ou taken the other turning," ..., "an invitation would have ...thee. So get down from thy ...rest and refresh thyselves."

... of the church," said I.

... art of the world," he said, ...gain.

... thy order?" I asked.

...no fellowship, but of all fel... ...Thou art upon an island of ...world at war. See," he said, ...coming."

... to see who the friend might ... coming up the path a ragged, ..., and she came closer and ...e out of big wistful eyes and ...less. At first I did not know ...any months had passed, but then I remembered. It was the girl child who had been harried by Count Riario and whom I had rescued from the tree.

"Thou art Beatrice," said I.

"I am Beatrice," she answered softly.

"Thy father, Tasso," I asked, "is he safe and well?"

"Aye," she answered, "and speaks thy name often in gratitude."

"Even," said the man in white, "as thou dost befriend the least of these thou dost befriend also Him." He turned and led us into the hut which was plain to austerity. With his own hands he set forth wine and bread and food compounded of vegetables, but no flesh or fowl. His eyes twinkled as he saw Christoforo's face fall.

"It will fill thee and amply sustain thee," he said, "though no living thing has died to satisfy thy appetite. Fall to."

WE ATE with zest, for the food was good and the wine sparkling, but I was not altogether at ease because of the maid, who crouched with her back against the wall and stared and stared at me, even as she had before the fire on the night I rescued her from Riario.

When we were finished and she had cleared away, our host began to speak to us, and we sat entranced, for his voice was golden, and his words flowed forth as if he wove the pattern of a wondrous tapestry of many colored threads. He made me to see life as it should be in a world where no man harmed man nor beast harmed beast; where there was no rancor nor hatred nor brutal selfishness nor lust for power. He spoke of a world in which every man's platter should be heaped with food because the bountiful earth could provide enough for all if it were but permitted to do so, and wherein there should be no England nor France nor Venice nor Spain divided against one another—but all one people living in friendship. He spoke harshly of no man, but gently of all, holding that men are not evil of themselves, but are forced to do evil until they come to love evil—forced to do evil by a world of chaos not organized for virtue.

"So," he said, "I have created this little oasis of peace as an example, praying daily and nightly that each year its borders shall spread an inch or a yard or a mile, until in the fullness of time it shall cover the whole world—and bring the Kingdom of Heaven down from the skies



"You can't change cops just by slugging and shooting them. It's gotta be done by education" MISCHA RICHTER

AMAZING THING! By Metcalf

THE SENSATIONAL NEW TREATMENT CALLED TING FOR ITCHY PEELING TOES (ATHLETE'S FOOT)

TING IS EFFECTIVE IN KILLING SPECIFIC TYPES OF ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI, ON CONTACT, IN 60 SECONDS!

TING SURE IS AN AMAZING PRODUCT!

TING HELPS RELIEVE ITCHING AND BURNING BETWEEN CRACKED PEELING TOES! REGULAR USE AIDS HEALING ASTONISHINGLY

THIS SENSATIONAL CREAM IS GREASELESS—STAINLESS, EASILY APPLIED. TING DRIES TO A FINE POWDER! GUARANTEED TING MUST SATISFY YOU IN ONE WEEK—OR MONEY BACK!

EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS HAVE FAILED TRY AMAZING TING TODAY. ALL DRUGGISTS. ONLY 50¢

Ting ANTISEPTIC MEDICATED CREAM

... ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE NEW 89¢ ECONOMY SIZE.

86, 90 AND 151 PROOF. RONRICO RUMS, U.S. REP. IMPORT DIV., McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y.

RONRICO

BEST RUM BAR NONE

Copyright 1946-1947 Reg. Trade Mark

CORP., SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.



A wolf thot we know found himself in o mess
For onions he loved, he just hod to confess.
Shunned by the girls, you will surely surmise,
He took up the habit of chewing B-Wise!
You're right os con be ... so now he is moking
Just oodles of time since his kiss is breoth-toking.

FOR Kissable Breath...

5¢ B-WISE (BREATH WISE) GUM REFRESHES the BREATH 5¢ B-WISE • SWEETENS SWEETENS

© G.P. INC. 1947

REFRESHES THE BREATH
AFTER ONIONS ... ALCOHOL ... TOBACCO

BEWARE the DOG!



"I may not *look* dangerous, but people who come to our house keep whispering, 'Stay away from the pup. He's loaded with fleas!'

"Freedom from fleas is easy with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder. A bath with the soap, followed by regular dustings with SKIP-FLEA Powder, makes 'em give up fast! Get the powder at your drug store in the new 50c economy size."

FOR TICKS ... Sergeant's amazing new TICK KILLER rids your dog of ticks easily and quickly—even the large swollen kind. This brand-new product is another result of Sergeant's continuing research and kennel testing.



You get a lot of useful hints on dog care with Sergeant's new FREE Dog Book. Ask for it at your drug store, or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG CARE PRODUCTS

THE GREAT AMERICAN BREAKFAST SCENE.....Problem E



1. STATES FIRMLY THAT HE DOESN'T FEEL LIKE EATING THIS MORNING. PRACTICALLY DARES HIS MOTHER TO GET BREAKFAST INTO HIM.



2. BRIGHTENS UP AT SIGHT OF KELLOGG'S **VARIETY.** DISCOVERS HE CAN PICK AND CHOOSE FROM FL POPPED AND SHREDDED CEREALS – EACH A FAVC



3. SO TICKLED HE EATS BOTH KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES AND KELLOGG'S PEP. FINDS IT'S FUN TO EAT FROM KEL-BOWL-PAC. (THE BOX IS THE BOWL - NO DISHES TO WASH.)



4. GOES OUT FUELED UP FOR MORNING'S FUN - LEA FAMILY HAPPILY PICKING OWN FAVORITES FROM KELLOGG'S GREAT **VARIETY!** TRY IT FOR BETTER, BRIGHTER BREAKFASTS!



Doctors and dietitians advise us to get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast. Eat a better breakfast!



Kellogg's VARIETY! AMERICA'S GRANDEST CEREAL ASSORTM

10 GENEROUS PACKAGES OF YOUR FAVORITE KELLOGG'S CEREALS

must not die to possess it, theirs from birth."

e he roused himself. "But id patiently, "we must deal is." He glanced at me with "Though this be a secluded pot," he said, "news doth y many tongues. Such as f Beatrice who doth visit e to time. Thou dost travel But not without watching y movements. There is a e Count Riario is again no oor of thine."

maid, My Father," said I, terious maid who doth ap- guises and going by divers e great battle she vanished thy knowledge embrace if r dead?"

reassure thee," he said. "It e sniffing monk craves to gly as thou. But, Ser Eng- hink thee. Would one so droitly wise as she be like to ng upon a battlefield? Or a time when her purpose ished, or it became a pur- ble of accomplishment? ve this woman?"

old him.

rthy of thy love?" he asked. ot. I fear she is not such as ould welcome," I said mis- I do love her all the same." , wise eyes studied me, and n in the brain that lighted t know. "Thou art a simple, st man, Ser Englishman, but f wits, mayhap, as thou thy- k. Let not thy courage flag be dimmed."

up and pointed to pallets trice upon the floor. "Sleep said. "When thou wakest I . But I shall see thee again, all see thee once again.". . .

OKE with the dawn, and the Beatrice came in with food s with downcast eyes. When shed we went out to find our ed at the door.

maid came hesitantly from d stood by my stirrup. She ost forlornly.

o," she said, "the way is long 's lair."

come here," I said "—and

now peace if only for a few year," she said. And then, er eyes again and flushing grant that I get up and ride today? For the stones be r ways run together."

child up," I said to Christo- e tossed her as if she were a hat she sat behind me on the ut a round arm about me to steady. And so we made off well to the saintly man who ur host, for before we awak- d departed upon some mis- ode down the winding path, ve were about halfway I saw ure darting from clump to t is, if a creature may lurch the same time. I reined in for the thing seemed neither beast at that distance and in ght. But when next it moved flutter of garments. It did not to me that something should flitting and hiding in this place I swung my horse toward it. a black beard below a tangled ite hair, and no light of rea- the man's eyes but only fear. ognized the madman John- warf had brought to my tent to his mistress and who had hen we encountered the Count Betsy's door.

him not," said Beatrice. "It is one. Ever and anon he comes his wanderings."

oke to him gently, and the fear went out of his eyes and he reached up a claw to caress her foot, and she soothed him with words until he stood as erect as his maimed body would allow.

"Niccolo Gozzoli," I said, "dost remember me?" But he only trembled and gazed at Beatrice piteously.

"This madman," said I, "is of some mysterious value to one who is dear to me but may be dead. It is a strange thing that I should find him thus, and there may be some meaning to it. She may have future need of him if, as I pray urgently, she be alive. Why doth he not remain here where he would find kindness?"

"It is a quest," she said.

"How can a madman have a quest?"

"It may be a part of his madness," she said, "but there is a firm compulsion upon him to search and he cannot escape from it."

"For what does he seek?" I asked.

"A child," she said softly.

I sat and looked down upon him, and my heart went out to him because some thread of fate tied him to Betsy, and it was as if I had found in my path a lock of her hair or some bracelet dropped from her wrist. I studied the matter and it seemed a providential thing that I had found him again and that my duty to Betsy was to cling to him until I could give him to her, if she still lived.

"Niccolo Gozzoli," I said, "I mean thee no harm, but only comfort. Wilt come with me so that I can care for thee? There is one who awaits thee."

The cloud passed from his eyes and they were eager, and he spoke in that voice of silver which I remembered well.

"Doth she await me, my mistress?"

"One awaits who will receive thee kindly," I said.

He turned his troubled eyes upon Beatrice as if to ask her to decide the matter, and she said softly, "Come with him, for he will not harm thee, and thou canst trust him even as I do."

"Take him up behind thee, Christoforo," I said, and my friend and follower grimaced hideously and held his nose. "A most unfair and bitter world," he said. "To the master a soft maid, smelling sweetly; to the man a hideous, malodorous creature without shape or wits."

Nevertheless he hoisted Niccolo Gozzoli and his addled wits to the rump of his horse and mounted before him.

BUT the marvels of the morning were not ended because, when we came to the hedge of white crosses there sat hesitant and fearful upon a piebald ass the dwarf John-Peter; he glowered at me.

"John-Peter," I asked eagerly, "what of her? What of thy mistress?"

"I know not," he said. "I left before the great battle, following the crazy wanderings of this madman whom thou didst allow to escape thee." Then his eyes took fire. "No thanks to thee if she be not dead or worse! Where wert thou when she needed protection on that bloody day? Aye, when she had need of thee thou didst fail her, and I hate thee for it."

"Hate me or not," I said bitterly, "turn thy beast and follow us. For from this day we three stay together until we find her or learn her fate."

"Whither?" he asked sullenly.

"To Trebbio," I said.

So, growling in his throat, John-Peter fell in behind us and we rode on into country less clement and abounding in rocks and gorges and mountains.

We rode until noon and then alighted for rest, and Beatrice produced a bag ample with food so that we ate and were refreshed and as we sat I sought for some word of hope from the dwarf.

"John-Peter," I said, "despair is no light burden upon a man's heart. Tell me truly, hast no word to lighten it?"

"An I had," he said, "I would not give it thee. For she did laugh at thee."

"That I know," I said, "but I cannot help it. I have but one desire and hope, which is to see her alive and to serve her faithfully with my foolishness."

The girl Beatrice lowered an untasted morsel from her lips. "Dost love this lady," she asked, "with all thy heart? So that thou wouldst die for her?"

"That is the way of it," I said.

"It is a sad happiness to love in that manner," she said. "To love and to be thought little of. Yet, methinks, it is better that love come in that way than that it never come at all."

I was convinced that no one living knew so much of love and its joys and sorrows as I. I did not want to talk about it further. "Beatrice," said I, "these roads be familiar to thee. Shall we reach Trebbio this night?"

"Nay," she said, "but traveling at our slow pace we may reach it before sundown tomorrow."

"Then tonight," I said, "we sleep in the hills."

We mounted our horses again, and we were a strange company to be riding together through the mountains: a madman and a tattered maid and an English merchant's son who had been made a knight without desiring it, and a soldier who fought for the love of it and for booty. And a dwarf who had no right place in the world because of his dwarfishness. I thought of him then for the first time as a human being like myself, but denied full fellowship because he was a thing distorted of stature and comical to look upon. But for all that, he had a brain within his skull as other men have, and a heart within his breast. It astonished me to think of it—that he, John-Peter, a homunculus, might be moved by the things that moved a normal man.

Beatrice told us that we could find lodgment for the night in an inn some miles before us called the Barbary Lion. Long before we reached it there came to our ears sounds of merriment and musical instruments and song which grew louder as we progressed. When we entered the courtyard of the inn we found gathered around a crackling fire more than a score of men and women, who bellowed welcome to us. To me it seemed that here were gathered the very pick and choice of all the oddities in the world, for there was a great giant nigh eight feet from toe to crown, and a man all spotted white and blue, and a one-legged man who was dancing with astonishing great leaps into the air. There was one clad like a Turk, and a dwarf with black skin and woolly hair that stood out around his head like an ebony halo. There were men and there were women and a couple of children. But all were so gay as to warm your heart.

THE huge giant picked up the dwarf and sat him upon his shoulder and came to meet us, his enormous, simple face split by a grotesque grin.

"Welcome, brother," he bellowed to John-Peter. "I be somewhat taller in stature than thou but we be of the same trade, but thou and the noble Hannibal who perches upon my shoulder must not be jealous of each other."

Forthwith he snatched John-Peter from the saddle and plopped him down upon his other shoulder, and the two gnomes glared at each other and spat like a pair of cats, and John-Peter fetched the giant a buffet on the ear.

"I am no strolling oddity to exhibit myself to the laughter of unwashed apprentices," he raved. "Somewhat small I am, but nevertheless a man. Let me down, thou overgrown baboon!"

"Bid the landlord to broach a cask that we may warm the inner parts of us that this fire doth not reach," I said.

So we alighted, and the giant put John-Peter on his feet, and all gathered around us to ask the news.

"We be weary," said I. "Let us first bespeak beds for the night."

"There be no beds left," said the Turk;



SPORTING ODDS

In the last half of the eighth of a 1941 Rochester-Buffalo game, Rochester needed one run to tie up the game. Augie Bergamo was on third, and another runner on first, with two out. Rochester put Redmond in to pinch-hit. He struck out, but the third strike eluded Catcher Dixie Parsons and rolled back to the stands. As Parsons went for the ball, Bergamo crossed the plate and the runner on first came around to third, where he was called safe on a close play. Then, as Third Baseman Bob Boken looked up, he was amazed to see Redmond just starting down the first-base line. Boken lobbed the ball over to first and threw Redmond out easily.

All the time, Redmond had been standing at the plate congratulating Bergamo for his tying run. He finally woke up, but too late to make first and make Bergamo's run count.

—Fred Russell, Nashville, Tenn.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Can you weigh the difference in fine whiskies? No scale can measure the goodness that ageing gives the great base whiskies in Imperial. In the warmed rackhouses, these whiskies gain rich character from the charred oak of their barrels; something of time itself is added during the slow-passing years. Here Artist Albert Dorne shows the weighing-in of the whiskey before it is put away to age. Someday, come visit Hiram Walker's distillery in Peoria—where whiskey is made with an 89-year-old skill and talent. And for truly fine taste—next time, say "Imperial!"

It's good to know!

IMPERIAL

Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

is made by Hiram Walker



86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

ill. Ye must be content with
w beside our fire."
id a bean-pole man with
"and I will sell thee an indul-
e thy wife and take another,
that hath marvelous power
naid to thee and make her
arly; or a sure ward against
r boils upon thy posterior.
Rosina shall tell thy future
act. But name thy desire."
come ye?" I asked. "And
destination?"
om the high carnival in Ven-
journey to Florence," said
indulgences, "to reap the
come in time of peace. For
France is a prisoner. The
es under his crown and war
r the time." He looked at
Even the Black Bands," he
nemployed."
be full," I said, "right gladly
thy company. But this is a
e. What travelers cause this
m for the landlord?"
not, save that they be armed
friendly."

ke there came to the door a
g young man—no common
someone of rank.
y caterwauling," he com-
shly. "My ears be deafened
nce there. Or I will have ye
with whips."
ke not arrogance, nor that
h places should be harsh to-
elow them. These good peo-
t amusing themselves in all
and it went against me that
y should lord it over them.
erect and stepped forward.
be two words to such a lash-
"These merry folk do dam-
. If their lightness of heart
ears then stuff them."
red at me. "A cockerel!" he

id I, "with sharpened spurs."
comb needs cutting," he said.
ou and cut it," I told him.
w that the men of our com-
nger wore merry faces, but
ere hard and harsh in the
ght that also caused to gleam
they had drawn from their
Carefree and gay they were,
ves were hard and they had
to protect themselves often
The youth in the doorway
rd and peered at me, and his
ntent.
ot matters of importance to
he said, "I would accommo-
adly."

"Come to me again," I said, "in thy first moment of leisure. Meantime, my friends will strike up a merry lay. Sing right heartily, friends, to instruct this gentleman that songs are more pleasant to the ears of God than threats."

He turned then, with no other word, and walked back through the open door and slammed it soundly behind him. Beatrice, who stood beside me, plucked at my arm.

"Ser Pietro," she said, "it is the younger brother of the Count Riario."

"I care not," said I, "if it be his father and all his uncles," for I was angry at the arrogance of him.

"Bethink thee," she cautioned me. "Why is he here—across thy path to Trebbio?"

Her words caused me to pause and consider. In the presence of the brother of thy enemy it were well to act with caution. "Though I doubt it," I said to Beatrice, "it could be an ambush."

"The Count Riario is a vengeful man, and thou didst rob him of his prey. For which I give thanks to God."

So I turned to the company and bade them to sing more loudly to mask any sounds I might make; and I trod softly across the courtyard to a window of the inn and raised myself so that I could peer inside. There were half a dozen men, their swords standing against the wall and their breastplates laid aside. Their heads were close together as though they discussed some plan. Among the men dressed for riding and fighting was another of different garb, and that meant everything to me. For it was an obese man in coarse brown robe; I saw the great round eyes and the blubber lips of the monk who boasted that he was the hunting dog of the Pope!

I went back to the fire and drew Christoforo aside.

"The monk is there," I said.

"The monk!" exclaimed John-Peter. "Then it is an ambush."

"It seems so to me," I said.

"He must not have Niccolo Gozzoli," John-Peter said harshly. "Rather would I die."

"I know not about Gozzoli," said I, "but I value highly mine own skin. Now, shall we steal softly away, being warned? Or shall we remain to see what comes of it? These strollers will stand sturdily by us."

"There is more at hazard," John-Peter said, "than thy neck, or even Niccolo Gozzoli."

"Shall we stay or go?" I demanded shortly.

"The question is too deep for me," he said. "We need the advice of another."

"What other?" I demanded.

He was reluctant to speak, but necessity compelled him. "In time of need," he said, "a wise woman's advice should be sought."

"Hast lost thy mind?"

"Nay," he said, "there is one here of great experience."

"Thou art as mad as Gozzoli, John-Peter," I told him.

He was stubborn. "I move not until thou dost consult Mother Rosina," he said. "What she decides, that will I do."

It seemed a silly, foolish thing that in this moment of peril I should consult with a toothless crone, a wandering charlatan who cozened pennies from the ignorant with spurious fortunetelling. But John-Peter was set upon it—and after all, who can be certain that such a woman may not be able to peer some distance into the future.

So I strode to where she crouched with straggling gray hair about her face.

"Mother Rosina," I said, "may I consult thy wisdom?"

"To what end?" she croaked.

"To discover," I said, "if I should flee or fight?"

Painfully, with creaking joints, she lifted herself to her feet and, bedraggled, she followed me beyond the circle of firelight.

"Mother," I said, "in yonder inn is the brother of my enemy, who, or so I believe, lies in wait to do me a damage. But more important still, his companion is a monk who hath dogged my steps since first I set foot on Italy at Livorno. What, then, shall I do? Shall I remain and face it out, or shall I slink away?"

Out of the folds of her black soothsayer's dress came a hand; it touched my arm and lay there. It was not a yellow, wrinkled hand, covered with warts and blemishes. It was not the talon of an old crone, but white and slender with fingers that tapered and nails well-tended and shining. My breath caught in my throat and dizziness all but overcame me. For I knew that hand and loved it.

"Betsy!" I whispered. "Is it indeed thou? Art alive and not dead?"

"Hush," she said.

"My love!" said I. "My dear, dear love!"

I COULD think but one thought and that was that Betsy was here, alive, unharmed, and I mumbled her name over and over again in my happiness, and clung to the little hand she had placed on my arm. But she spoke to me sharply, albeit in a low tone of voice.

"Enough!" she said, and seemed to find no pleasure in my presence. "I am alive and like to cling long to life if thy clumsiness brings me not to ruin. I saw Riario's brother in the door. The monk is with him?"

I felt as if she had given me a buffet upon mine ear in return for my love and it hurt sorely. There was no softness in her nor anything save the cold, gleaming beauty of a sword blade—and the beauty was well concealed by the guise she wore.

"The monk is here," I said.

"But here," she said, "is the question whose answer we must guess. Does he lie in wait for thee or for me?"

"For me, I believe," I said. "My comings and goings have been open and overt for any to see and to follow. While thine have been stealthy and mysterious. The belief is fixed in his head that I will lead him to thee."

"Which," she said icily, "thou hast done. Matters hang in the balance more important than thy life or mine. Aye. The future of all Italy, and of Florence in particular. And of Rome. The Medici Pope hath ridden the wrong horse to disaster. That disaster must become destruction."

"Thy safety, Betsy," I said, "is more to me than all the politics in Europe." I was silent, thinking upon her determination and how stubbornly she meddled in

by HOWARD SPARBER



"Don't cry, Hanky—baby sitters don't sit on babies!"

HOW IT CAN "RAIN" INSIDE YOUR WATCH

Scientists explain why millions of mainsprings break, and one kind doesn't

"Ping" goes the mainspring! It happens in so many watches! Rust is the reason. High humidity with a sudden drop in temperature can cause condensation of a droplet of moisture inside the case . . . like a miniature rainstorm. A tiny pin point of rust begins on the mainspring. And *there*, microscopes show, is where the spring breaks.

The finest steel mainspring ever made will rust. But now comes Elgin's miracle mainspring: DuraPower*. Made from an entirely new alloy, *it will not rust*. And it retains its original resiliency indefinitely, gives a steady flow of power for lasting accuracy.

Hailed as the most important watchmaking development in over 200 years, Elgin's DuraPower Mainspring *eliminates 99% of repairs due to carbon steel mainspring failures*. Only Elgin Watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin DeLuxe have the exclusive DuraPower Mainsprings, and at no extra cost. Also available at repair shops for replacements in many previous Elgin models. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial.

*Patent Pending

DOUBLE DUTY POWER-PAK

INFLATES "FLATS" INSTANTLY EXTINGUISHES FIRES, TOO!

80% of flat tires are from slow leaks or small punctures. Inflate them and they'll hold air *at least* long enough to reach a service station.

So, why wrestle with a spare or tire pump? Why get soiled and irritated? Why wait for a tow truck?

Keep a small, handy Power-Pak in your car. Just connect the flexible hose to your tire valve, turn the handwheel and inflate instantly with clean, safe CO_2 pressure. Fills 3 average tires. *Refilled at small cost.* Pretty cheap! Very convenient!

. . . and this same DOUBLE DUTY Power-Pak is a completely safe and dependable extinguisher for oil, gas and electrical fires. Lots of value for $6.45? Sure is! Don't accept flimsy substitutes. Insist on Power-Pak for strong, easy-grip handwheel, flexible tire hose, safety-valve and gel cap sealed opening (your assurance of a full, leakproof unit).



Buy Power-Pak at gas stations, auto accessory and hardware stores, all Buick and Pontiac dealers. At Ford and Lincoln-Mercury dealers, ask for Ford or Lincoln Tire and Fire Unit. Mfd. by Power-Pak Products, Inc., Buffalo 2, N. Y.

What's Your Head Doing . . .

GROWING HAIR OR GROWING BALD?



Rout Infectious Dandruff from Hair and Scalp Fast—With Antiseptic Jeris!

Contains Special Antiseptic Agent Found In No Other Leading Hair Tonic! Acts Faster—Promotes Hair Health!

Baldness is not always inevitable. Proper care may save your hair for years—perhaps forever! Massaged into hair and scalp daily, JERIS, with its special antiseptic agent, quickly routs infectious dandruff, kills scalp germs . . . loosens and "conditions" your scalp so it encourages healthy hair growth. Leaves hair healthier, handsomely groomed. Non-greasy. Try JERIS today. 50¢, 75¢, and $1.00 sizes at toilet goods counters. Applications at all barber shops.

TRIPLE-ACTION TREATMENT
IN ONLY 30 SECONDS

JERIS, massaged into hair and scalp—

1. Dissolves itchy dandruff scale.
2. Stimulates circulation, loosens scalp, encourages hair growth.
3. Kills scalp germs.



To Grow Healthy Hair—Keep Your Scalp Clean with

JERIS

ANTISEPTIC Hair Tonic

Jeris Sales Company, 805 E. 140th St., New York 54, N. Y.



"Just bluff it through till I flag a cab"

high affairs. "Thou dost hate furiously," I said.

"And with cause," she answered.

Men speak of hot Italian blood, but to me that fluid seems cold and deadly, nurturing vengeance and keeping alive for years hatreds which in warmer blood would soften and fade with the fleeting of time.

"It is for thee to say," I said presently. "Shall it be flight or fight?"

"How many be against us?"

"Half a dozen—that I saw. But had I planned such an ambush I would not congregate all my men in the inn, but would conceal some upon the road both ahead and behind to cut off escape."

Then, interrupting our council, the giant came to us and towered over us, holding in his fist a great, knobbed club such as Hercules might have wielded.

"Messire," he said, "the gate be sealed against us." He motioned toward the wall that surrounded the courtyard and to the opening in it through which we had entered. "Armed men are there," he said. "They came creeping stealthily through the darkness. How many I do not know."

BETSY looked up at me, and her young eyes glowed strangely through the ancient and scraggly locks of hair that hid her face. "The decision is made for us," she said with no tremor in her voice, nor fear in her bearing.

"It is no quarrel of thine," I said to the giant.

"We be simple folk and honest," he said. "We love not robbers nor assassins."

Now I be no general, nor ever desired it; but no man of understanding may spend weeks and months in talk with My Lord Giovanni without comprehending something of the business of warfare. Therefore I stood studying our surroundings as best I could in the darkness. The campfire of the strolling mountebanks was in the middle of a courtyard shut in on two sides by walls of stone, pierced by the one gate through which we had entered. The opposite side was shut in by the mass of the inn itself and buildings appertaining thereto; and the fourth side was partly wall and partly barns and stables; before a barn rested two or three of the great two-wheeled carts common to that country. I studied all this and found little to comfort me.

I turned to those around me and said in cautious voice, "Sing, comrades, and be merry, so that we be deemed unsuspicious of danger. Methinks there will be no attack upon us till the fire burns low and we be asleep."

Then came to me a fragme
not such as My Lord would h
but the best my merchant's
manage. "Look ye," I sai
"Let it seem that wine hat
us. Ye be performers and
the way of it. Make carniv
the space be small for it, let u
sing and dance in procession
courtyard. And because v
great, gyrating towers with
angels we must make the be
yonder carts. First heap the
hay from the barn, and some
them drunkenly, while other
in circle about the yard. T
height of the frenzy, and
accident, tip over one of the
it doth block yon gateway.
like drunken zanies, and wl
cart is placed as though by m
overturn the others with th
hay to make stronger th
When this is done let some
ropes and tie the mass togeth
cannot be moved. Is it plai
sire?"

"We understand," said t
indulgences.

Then, whilst they behaved
as if they had taken leave of
on my armor and Christof
wise. The clamor must h
those within the inn, but no
to rebuke us.

Betsy came to me and st
me, but I dared not touch
spoke softly for my ear alo

"We cannot see the end
said earnestly, "nor who sh
or alive at dawn. But this
know, Pietro. Sewn in a b
rags is a packet. In this pac
papers and dangerous. The
the hands of Pietro Gradenig
tian, who is on embassy
Give me thy pledge that if il
thou wilt carry them to hin

"What be these papers?"

"That is not thy concern."

"I make it my concern," I
"If they be baneful to My Lo
—or to My King Henry o
will have nought to do with

"It may be they will bene
delle Bande Nera," she sai
not harm thy land of Englan

"That," I said stubborn
enough. What is their purpo

"I will not tell thee," she

"Then I will not touch
swered.

She looked up at me and
mind was fixed and that sh
move it.

"They be letters," she sai

to Francis of France, and
t agreements made betwixt

they into thy possession?"
business to get them," she
at reason was I present in
nt. When the battle turned
ench and all was dire con-
ned among the King's pos-
found them and brought

so bold in that slaughter
I marveled.
ade," she said, "as it is thy
n woolen cloths."
more like to come through
n I," I said, "but if it turn
I will do my best."
stubborn in thy honesty,"
harshly.
" I said, "art an unnatural
ntrue to thy womanhood.
art made for love and hap-
e comfort and joy of some
u dost deny all this to thy-
love out of thine heart to
vely to politics and revenge
maidenly. Hast no normal
tions? Or were they omit-
at birth?"
woman than thou wilt ever
" she said. "But a compul-
me. Think'st thou I could
dazzle such men as Bonni-
s were I cold and without
u art a fool, Pietro, a great,
dering fool without gentle-
standing."
wn at her and was amazed,
t tears welled up into her
e over the lids of them and
her cheeks.
any man alive," she said,
wer to make me hate thee."
y for that," I said, "for I
the opposite."
he said, "can never be."
ld her, "hath wrought even
miracles than that."
," she said dully, "for me

at the fire and at the ca-
eching mountebanks who
out it. They were most con-
runken. In their midst,
ose to the blaze for warmth,
ring figure of Niccolo Goz-
g in his matted beard and
he din surrounding him.
ot," I said, "why John-Peter
store by the madman. But
is: Doth the monk share the

ld he know?" Betsy asked.
over hidden things is his
I. I turned to John-Peter
e of scant value in a pitched
aid to him, "They will attack
become quiet and sleep. I
ey will sally from the inn,
ur attention is upon them,
strike through the gate we
d with the hay carts. That
business. Be ready with a
nge it in the dry hay."
a wall of fire," he said.

gain softly to the window of
and peered into the room.
n were there—young Riario,
k and a grim-faced man with
oulders and thighs and a scar
eek from brow to chin. The
e, doubtless to fall upon our
the gateway. As I watched,
red the room and they talked
a space. Then the monk
bulk upright and waddled
door, speaking over his
left the window hastily and
the fire.
hed the circle of firelight the
of the inn swung open and
ppeared. He walked ponder-
the few steps to the court-
me toward us, and there was
e approached, his sandaled
ing the pebbles.

"Ho, good friends," he said, "the hour is late. A right blithe evening have ye enjoyed. Ye must be wearied, and there be travelers in the inn who wish to sleep and refresh themselves before they take the road tomorrow. Therefore, courteously I entreat ye to cease your caterwauling that we all may seek repose."

It was only then that he seemed to become aware of me, and started in surprise, and smiled broadly. "What, my son? Is it indeed thou? Had I but known thou wert in this company I had bidden thee inside to regale thyself in greater comfort. So thou didst escape the great battle without scathe! I had feared for thee, knowing thy rash courage. A welcome sight art thou."

"I thought not to see thee sniffing in so remote a spot," I said.

"I sniff where the trail leads," he said.

"And would the trail be mine?"

"How could it be?" he asked, brows lifted in rare surprise. "I was here before thee, my son. It is more like you followed me than that I followed thee. I was afflicted to learn of the Lord Giovanni's wound. Thy destination is Trebbio?"

"Where else?" I asked.

HIS bulging eyes roved over the company until they rested upon John-Peter, and remained there and hardened and glittered. "Now this is indeed a surprise," he said softly. "The manikin. The manikin of Florence and of Fano, and of divers other places. Not often am I surprised, and so pleasantly. For when thou art present a certain other is not far distant. Ha, Englishman," he said to me, "have I not said that if I clove to thee thou wouldst lead me to her?"

I did not dare so much as turn my eyes to glance at Betsy to see how she was taking all this talk.

"So thou, Englishman, and the dwarf did rendezvous in this place. He, by right of his dwarfishness, a member of this company of mountebanks. And she? A drawing together of the three of ye, perhaps. A girl most clever at disguises, so that even I have never seen her face to know it." He grinned at me and oil seemed to drip from the grin. "Now could she have disguised herself as yonder giant? Or that grimacing Moorish dwarf? Or one of these merry acrobats?"

"Or perhaps," I said jeeringly, "as one of the horses or performing dogs."

"She hath deceived me with things full as marvelous as that," he answered.

Then his full, pouting lips became a thin line as they pressed together, and his eyes glinted, and before I could step between—and with a speed incredible in so obese a man—he darted forward with outstretched hand and snatched at Betsy where she crouched with lowered face. When his hand came away from her it clutched her headdress and matted, tangled wig of bedraggled hair. And there, lighted by the yellow fire, was her lovely face for a moment filled with consternation; but in an instant she composed herself and was the proud and fearless lady I had known.

"Bonnivet's light-o'-love," he laughed, and there was gloating in his voice. "So I was not wrong. So I guessed it even then! Oh, well met, Madonna. And, perhaps, another mystery solved. Aye. I was swift to the quarters of The Most Christian King, but one had been before me rifling his papers. And who but thou, who have thwarted me heretofore at every turn? Now can I indeed sleep in peace with a fat abbey for my pillow!"

So blasted was I by this sudden thing that I could neither move nor speak, but only stood and raged inwardly.

"This," he said, "doth put a different face upon the matter."

Then, before any could stir or think what to do, he turned and, stepping as one who hath achieved a great thing, he walked back to the inn and entered and closed the door behind him.

I thought of My Lord Giovanni and

How to be dumb

LIKE A FOX!



Smart car owners will tell you it's wise to buy a South Wind Car Heater this summer. You see, last winter 400,000 motorists wanted, but couldn't get, South Winds. This coming winter it looks like demand will again exceed supply. So, be smart—be "foxy"! Get your South Wind, now!

Here's why:

- South Wind has never been able to meet demand.
- Right now, South Winds are ovoilable with or without defroster. Mechonics ore also available to install them.
- You need not woit until you get your new car. Install a South Wind in your present car. It's eosy to transfer later.
- A South Wind is ideal to take the chill off nippy summer ond foll night drives. It's always connected—ready for use.

Hot Heat in 90 Seconds

makes South Wind the World's Largest Selling Car Heater!



CREATES ITS OWN HEAT...
NO WAIT FOR ENGINE WARM-UP
...FITS ANY CAR
ONLY $29.75
Plus small installation charge

2 MILLION USERS SAY... "90-Second Heat! That's up to 7 times as fast as ordinary heaters! It means quick comfort even on shortest trips—to work, to store, school, movies!"

NO OTHER CAR HEATER can use the exclusive South Wind "sealed flame" principle. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented, sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out the exhaust. Its safety has won the seal of Underwriters' Laboratories. Easy to install...no hose to cut...no extra thermostats to buy. Get your South Wind now! On sale at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages and service stations coast to coast. SOUTH WIND DIVISION, STEWART-WARNER CORP., INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA.

Its safety has won for it the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Proved on millions of cars and trucks!

South Wind
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
90-SECOND CAR HEATER

STEWART WARNER

COMING! The New South Wind "Custombuilt"—a Luxury Heating and Ventilating System for Motor Cars and Motor Transports—$99.50 Plus Installation.

BACK AGAIN...
Kentucky's finest straight Bourbon



Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...for 6 long years

Six (yes 6!) patient years of aging have mellowed Old Charter to the peak of richness and flavor. It's the whiskey that *didn't* watch the clock! Taste it and you'll be convinced. For Old Charter is Kentucky's finest straight bourbon.

ALL PRE-WAR WHISKEY **OLD CHARTER**

what he would do in like circumstances. It seemed to me, knowing his wisdom in warfare, that he would act boldly and in some unexpected manner that would throw the enemy into confusion.

Here were we, two soldiers, Christoforo and myself, and a motley company of people whose business was to cause laughter and not bloodshed. We were pent and beleaguered in a courtyard from which there was no escape, and by a troop of fighting men trained to warfare. Nor did we know their numbers or their dispositions. It was no quarrel of the mountebanks, but they, as well as I, knew that no mercy would be shown them by the riders of the Count Riario. Ill armed as they were, they would fight for their women and their lives.

OUR case seemed hopeless. I could not see how we could do more than resist with what courage was in us until we were overcome. But there was a thing of more importance to me than my life or my death—and that was Betsy. Desperate as our plight might be, yet there was a slender chance that some might escape, and all my plans must be so contrived that it should be she.

"Betsy," I said, "it seems that here tonight will come an end to my traveling in foreign lands. I, who had thought to die peacefully in old age with the smell of woolen cloths in my nostrils. But, somehow thou shalt escape from it. Hold thyself ready. For in some manner I will see to it."

She looked up at me and I could not read her eyes. "It is a sorry end," she said. "To die in such a spot and in such a petty brawl."

"It is not a sorry end," I said, "for any man to die in defense of the maid who holds his heart, but I am not like My Lord who covets glory. It will grieve my mother sorely, and my father will be distressed having no son to whom the business may descend. Wilt write them a letter and tell them the way of it, and that my loving thoughts were upon them?"

"If I be alive," she said, "I will write that letter."

"Stay by the maid Beatrice."

For a moment she was silent. "I have done thee no good, but only harm," she said. "Do you not hate me for it?"

"I love thee tenderly," I said.

"My heritage," she said, "has been hate—not love." Then she reached out with her small white hand a
my hand with it. And the
and her voice was more kin
I heard it before, "I have k
men less worthy of honor tha

Then, because time was
strode away from her to wh
foro stood singing as gaily as

"Christoforo," I said to
thou stomach for a venture

"It was for ventures," he
did forswear the goldsmith's
come a soldier."

"Come then," said I, "wh
like to have thy fill of it."

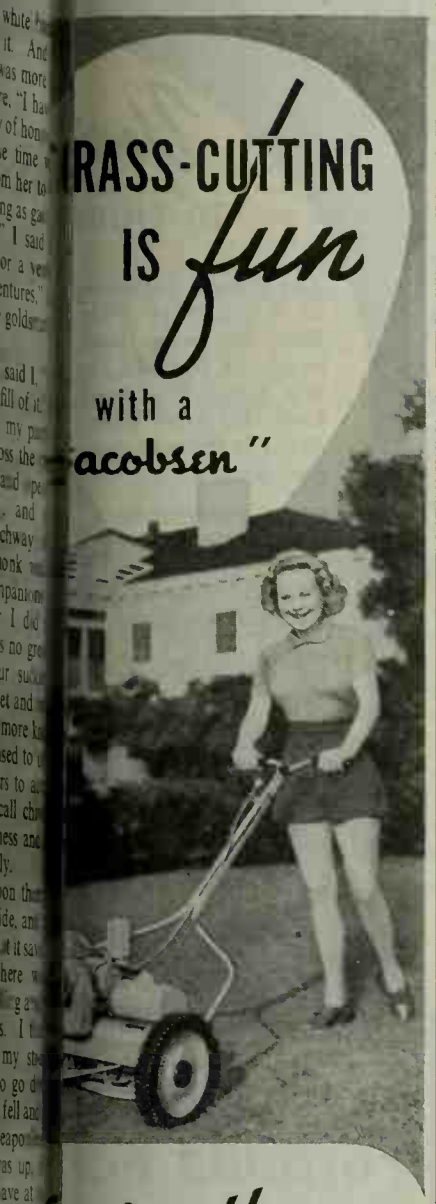
So, explaining my purpos
led the way across the cour
door of the inn and opened
sword in hand, and step
through the archway into
where sat the monk and y
and his two companions. I
against two, for I did not
monk, which was no great c
astounded at our sudden
leaped to their feet and reach
weapons. Now a more knigh
I might have paused to utter
to arrange matters to accor
high gentlemen call chivalr
was a grim business and m
attended to swiftly.

So I leaped upon them, a
foro was at my side, and aft
member little about it save th
were full and there was
swords and trampling and te
between grim lips. I thank
my stature and my streng
Riario was first to go down
stuck in him as he fell and sn
hilt, leaving me weaponless.
time my blood was up, and
next man could have at me,
table at which they had be
and hurled it with full force
of the next and it struck him
from a catapult and hurled
ward against the wall. Befo
recover from it—if recover h
done from such a blow—I c
and lifted him squirming a
down upon the stone pavin
body lurched once gruesom
still. Whereat I turned to
who was all but finished wit
onist—and just in time, fo
crept behind him with dagge

I trust I may be forgiven f
hand against a churchman



COLLIER'S "He wants you to make a fuss over me"



onja Henie,

te queen of the ice
motion picture star,
eriences a new thrill
h her Jacobsen
tam Power Mower.
e she demonstrates
smoothly and easily
Bantam does the job.

★

ds of home owners share the
sm of Hollywood stars for
n power mowers, products of
er century's development of
grass-cutting equipment. By
ing the tedious work of cut-
ss by hand, the power mow-
made it possible for every-
lly to enjoy beautiful lawns
inimum of effort and cost.

Jacobsen
NUFACTURING COMPANY
RACINE,
WISCONSIN

seemed necessity for it, so I gave him a buffet that abated his desire to do murder and left him sprawling under a table.

"Now that was a gay and pretty bickering," said Christoforo, "and these gentlemen find themselves most unexpectedly in Paradise."

"Or otherwise," said I, stooping to arm myself with Riario's sword. "Their arms and armor will be welcome. Go thou to the door and summon all to come inside, for a good stone inn is easier of defense than a roofless courtyard."

They came trooping in, save three who remained to watch the gate with John-Peter to set fire to the hay, but I called John-Peter to come and leave it to the others. And I found the landlord cowering in a corner and snatched him out.

"Is there a way out of the back of this inn of thine?"

"There is, My Lord," he stuttered.

"Through which horses may pass into the forest and the hills?"

"And a path," he said, "that circles hither and thither until it joins the road to eastward."

"Get three horses swiftly," I ordered, "and saddle them." And then to Betsy: "The men outside know not what hath happened here. I know not how many guard the rear, but not enough to hold thee back. Thou and John-Peter must ride, and take the little Beatrice with thee. Go to Trebbio where thou wilt be safe. When all is ready for thee to go we will set fire to the hay at the gate and set up a shouting to cause them to come to see what we do. So it may be thou shalt escape undetected."

So men of the mountebanks led three horses to the gate in the rear, and I went out through the kitchen with Betsy and John-Peter and the maid Beatrice. There we waited in the darkness until we heard a great din in the courtyard, and, over the black roof lighting the sky, we saw the lurid flames of the burning hay carts. Whereupon Christoforo and I ventured forth to see if any barred the path. But all was silent and lonely there.

I lifted Betsy upon her mount, and Christoforo placed Beatrice in her saddle, and John-Peter scrambled up and they were ready.

"Ride softly and slowly for a mile," said I, "so that the sound of your horses' hoofs will not alarm. Then ride till ye be safe in Trebbio."

"And thou?" asked Betsy.

"I remain with these companions."

She sat straight in her saddle, her pale, lovely face most incongruous above the bedraggled, ragged dress that had been her disguise.

"What thou hast done," she said, "was well thought of. Aye, your Lord Giovanni could have done no better. God guard thee, Pietro, and bring thee and all with thee safe out of it."

"An we win free," said I, "shall I see thee in Trebbio?"

"That I know not," she said, "nor if ever I shall see thee again." Her lips bent in a still, twisted smile. "I seem ever fated to use thee to thy disadvantage. It were best if thou should avoid me, if thou canst."

SUDDENLY I was heavy with fear of the future, for I remembered what I had seen in the crystal ball, and how I saw her lying dead in a room heavy with smoke. It seemed to me that whatever I did, however I prayed for her and in whatever way I served her, it would be vain in the end. So I dared to lift her hand to my lips, and then I turned, not daring to say goodby for fear of the quavering of my voice. I heard the movement of their horses, but did not turn my head to watch as they rode away into the black forest.

I walked with heavy feet back into the inn and into the room where we had fought with Riario and his men, and there I looked about me, and for a moment could not remember what was amiss. Then I said loudly in my alarm, "Where is the monk?"

But he was gone, nor was he to be found in the inn—though we ransacked it from attic to cellars. He had slipped away, and none knew when. I blamed myself for it, but what was done was done. I had thought we had left Riario's men leaderless, but now, though he was no fighting man, the monk would take command of them and show them what to do. But no longer were matters so desperate. Their numbers were reduced, and more in quality than in quantity.

"How many men remain to them?" I asked.

"My Lord," said one of the acrobats to me, "I be a stealthy man. Give me leave to go out and spy upon them."

"Aye," said the giant, "Giacomo has the eyes and feet of a cat."

"I be no lord," I said, "but only a merchant's son who is a knight by merest chance. Go cautiously, Giacomo, and return quickly."

"Have no fear of him," the giant said, "for he will pick you a pocket or slit you a throat so deftly and so sweetly that it might have been a shadow." His voice was warm with honest admiration. "Even as this Michelangelo is an artist with brush or chisel, so is Giacomo the most skillful man of this day at snatching a purse. He will return safely."

I WAS in doubt if the arts of thievery did qualify a man for such work as this, but I need have felt no incertitude about it, and my suspense was brief, for in less than an hour Giacomo returned grinning, with a naked sword in one hand and a dagger in the other. "Had I desired," he said vainly, "I could also have fetched his shirt. There be but four of them, My Lord, shivering and uncomfortable and grumbling, whose orders are to stir about and make us think there are more of them. Whatever others there were have gone." He grimaced merrily. "And I wished I could have crept into one of their pockets and slept snugly without the owner being aware."

"Was the monk among them?"

"There was no monk."

"I like it not," said I, and foreboding descended blackly upon me.

"We may sleep soundly, thanks to thee," said the seller of false indulgences. "We have nought to fear from four."

"Nonetheless," said I, "we shall post sentries until the dawn. It may be some ruse. Or worse."

But it was no stratagem. The night was peaceful, though overlong, for I did not close my eyes. And in the dawn, as I stood behind the barricade in the gateway, I saw the four mount horses and ride away, and knew that what had been a dire peril the night before was no longer a threat to our safety. But I did not like it that the monk had vanished. I prayed that Betsy had ridden swiftly, and even now was safe within the walls of Trebbio.

We breakfasted in the inn, served by the timorous landlord, and then set out upon our way.

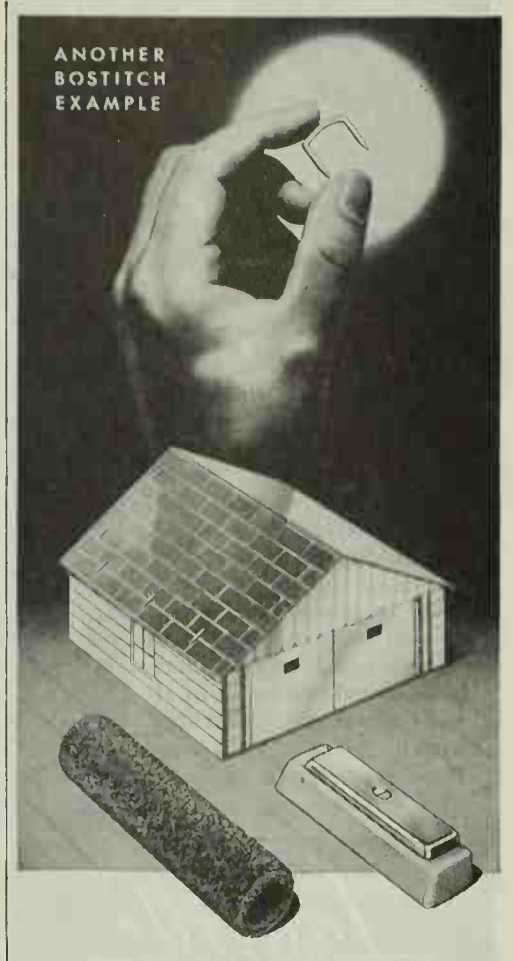
"Ye shall find welcome and shelter and food in Trebbio," I told them.

So we rode, as ragtag a company as ever I saw, and as gay and carefree and friendly, for all that there were cutpurses and thieves and worse among them; and I did think upon it that there be degrees of wickedness, and various reasons why a man may become a sinner against the law. Also that an unfortunate man might be a very great sinner, with crimes to smirch his soul, but still be a good companion and loyal in his friendships.

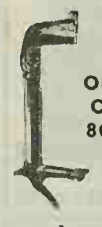
With no mishap we reached the neighborhood of Trebbio while the sun was high, and at the head of my tatterdemalions I rode up to the moat.

"Is my lady here?" I asked the sentinel. "I have messages from My Lord."

"She is here," he said. "But who are these monsters and scarecrows?"



A BIG PROFIT
IS A LITTLE SAVING
multiplied
a hundred thousand times



A mid-western specialty manufacturer reports that using *Bostitch preformed staples* thru an aluminum plate has eliminated the cost of a nut plate, tacks, drilling holes, and nailing on one of his products — a rubbing block — for a total saving of 75%. . . . On a paint stippler—a heavy fabric job—he does the fastening 12 times faster than before . . . He chose Bostitching also for the assembly of a toy garage; because, as he says, "It is the best, quickest and cheapest" of the numerous methods he had considered.

Many firms, finding such Bostitch profits in one department, are surveying all their fastening operations to find other places where Bostitching may help.

Thousands of combinations of all kinds of materials, metal, cloth, paper, wood, leather, plastics . . . are fastened better and faster by Bostitch's 800 models of stapling, tacking, and wire stitching machines. *Maybe you, too, can profit* by applying this method to your fastening work.

250 field men in 91 key cities place at your service the benefits of 50 years' Bostitch research and experience.

Write for data on representative models of the world's most complete line of wire fastening equipment.

BOSTITCH
fastens it better, AND FASTER, with wire

ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

Bostitch, 352 Mechanic St., Westerly, R. I.
(or Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal)

Send free folder on complete Bostitch line ☐
or on (type of work) .....

Name .....

Company .....

Address .....



Why own two watches!

A MAN'S dress watch should not be used when playing golf, tennis or in any active sport or work. The solution is a Lonville water-protected, shock-protected "Work-and-Play" Watch. It has made astounding performance records under the worst imaginable conditions. If you have no watch, a "Work-and-Play" is good-looking and can be worn always. Should you own a dress watch, get a "Work-and-Play" for wear in strenuous work or play.

*Fed. tax inc.

Lonville WATCHES

HARRY RODMAN INC., Sole U. S. Agent
580 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

PULVEX "DDT" FLEA POWDER



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Kills the fleas *Quickly!*
Keeps others off *for Days.*

Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢

Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.

Save MONEY MINUTES WITH CORNED BEEF HASH



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Beat high prices. Serve easy meals in just 4 minutes. Appetizing, satisfying, nourishing.

AT QUALITY GROCERS

FACTS ABOUT BETTER HEARING!

With "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries in your hearing aid, you get:

1. **BETTER HEARING LONGER.** *More* full volume as you need it . . . less fading.
2. **FEWER CHANGES.** Size for size, the longest-lasting hearing-aid batteries in the world.
3. **CONVENIENCE** . . . thinner, lighter batteries . . . your hearing aid is easier to wear.
4. **ECONOMY.** The most economical "B" power . . . saves you money.

Exclusive *flat cells pack in more power* . . . no waste space. Get them from your hearing-aid dealer!

FREE!
Great new booklet, "Progress Toward Better Hearing." Write Dept. C-13

EVEREADY TRADE-MARKS MINI-MAX HEARING-AID BATTERIES

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

"Friends," said I. "Admit them to the courtyard and see to it that they be given wine and food."

Whereupon I entered the castle and was shown to My sweet Lady's apartment where she sat with little Cosimo. She arose eagerly and tremulously as I entered and held out her hands toward me and I lifted one to my lips.

"What of My Lord?"

"He mends," said I. "Within twenty days, or so the doctors say, he will be sound as ever."

"Only," she said dolorously, "to thrust himself into peril again. Oh, Pietro, it is a heavy thing to be wife to such a man as my Giovanni! I have had so little of him since we were wed. And there has scarce been a night when I have slept without terror that the dawn would bring me tidings of his death. And now this battle—this defeat. It hath swept everything away. It hath ruined him."

"Nay," said I, "it is but a setback. There is neither king nor emperor but seeks eagerly to give employment to My Lord Giovanni."

"But pays him not for his services. Where shall he get money, now that the French King is a prisoner? How will he pay what remains of the bands? How will he pay for the damage they do in their idleness?"

SHE read his letter eagerly. "He requires that I go to Rome to mediate with the Pope. He requires that I raise sums of money beyond my power. I am but a woman but he requires all things of me."

Her eyes rested questioningly upon little Cosimo. "Here is his son," she said, not angrily, but sadly. "If My Lord cometh to his death, what patrimony will he leave for Cosimo?"

"He will not die," said I. "Such as he are not slain. As for patrimony, My Lady, thou will yet see thy son Duke of Tuscany."

"Not through any contriving of My Lord," she said. "He would rather fight in some small mountain skirmish than trouble peacefully to win a dukedom." Then she smiled, albeit wanly. "Yet," she said, "I would rather have him my husband than any man that liveth, and have what crumbs of love he hath to spare for me in his moments of leisure."

"He hath been invited to Venice when he can travel," said I, "and, if I err not, will be offered the command of the Venetian armies."

She shook her head. "Not Venice," she answered. "He who trusts Venice will drink the bitter cup of regret."

Then, for I could not speak of it sooner: "My Lady, did two maids and a dwarf arrive in Trebbio this morning?"

"There have been no arrivals but thee, Pietro."

"But they should have been here hours ago. Mayhap thou hast not been told of it. Perchance, being wearied, they are asleep."

"Thou art the first to pass the gates this day," she said. "I would know if it were otherwise."

"This maid was in sore danger and I sent her hither for refuge, My Lady. I must make certain."

"Who is this maid, and what is she to thee, Pietro?"

"Who she is I know not, nor what she is, save that I love her so that my heart is like to break."

She rang a little silver bell, summoning a servitor. "Has any maid come this day to Trebbio?" she asked.

"But now one arrived," said the man, "a most ragged and frightened child who doth demand instant speech with thee."

"See," she said sweetly, "she hath come safely." And then to the serving-man: "Fetch her instantly."

So she had come safely through! The relief of it unmanned me and I could feel a trembling of the knees, and I was speechless as I awaited Betsy's coming. The door opened inward and I stepped toward it hungrily. But it was not Betsy who stood afraid and hesitant, but Beatrice, the mountain maid. She cried out at sight of me and stretched out her little torn hands, and I saw that her feet were bleeding also where they had been torn by stones and briars.

"Oh, Ser Pietro!" she cried piteously. "Oh, Ser Pietro!"

I had her by the shoulders, shaking her in my impatience. "Speak, child, speak!" I cried. "What of Betsy? Why art here alone?"

"She is taken," said Beatrice.

"By whom?" My voice did not seem to be mine own, but some shrill noise. "Who hath taken her? Where is she now?"

"It was upon the road, Ser Pietro. We left the inn silently and rode down the bypath as thou didst order. But then, out of the darkness arose many men and surrounded us and dragged us into the forest unkindly. And the Lady Betsy, as thou dost call her, faced them boldly, but I was afraid. And then came the monk, riding upon a horse, and he did gloat over her, boasting of how he outwitted thee. And then they compelled us to mount horses and ride. But they placed no value on me, nor watched me carefully. So I did slip down from the horse and hide in the woods till I could come here and warn thee."

"Whither did they ride?" I demanded.

"To the castle of the Count Riario," she said, "and the monk taunted thy Lady, saying that first the count should have his pleasure of her, and then he would take her to the Cardinal Passerini who would know how to wrench the truth from her. He was gay, Ser Pietro, boasting how he would have an abbey for that night's work."

"My Lady," said I, and I had ceased to tremble for I knew what I must do, and that is always a help, "what men are in Trebbio?"

"A dozen of the bands," she said.

"Loan them to me, I beg of thee."

"They are thine," she said. "The Count Riario is no friend to My Lord." She frowned. "But what is thy purpose?"

"I will have her out of that place if I have to tear it down with my hands."

"It is madness," she said, "to think of assaulting a stronghold with a dozen men."

"I have also my mountebanks," I said.

NOW the child Beatrice stood erect, and there was pride in her, and her eyes were upon me again with that look which I had so often seen there and could not understand.

"There be more than these to aid thee," she said.

"What others?" I asked.

"My father, Tasso," she said, "hath a debt to pay this Piero Riario—and also he hath a debt of gratitude to pay to thee, Ser Pietro."

"My Lady," I said, "have I thy permission to go?"

"Go with God, Pietro," she said, and then, wringing her hands: "It is always thus with me. Always it is my fate to say farewells; to watch the going away of those I love; to restrain my tears and to say 'Go with God' when my heart is breaking, and there is no happiness for me, but only lonely waiting and fears. Aye, go with God, Pietro. Go with God."

(To be concluded next week)

DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD

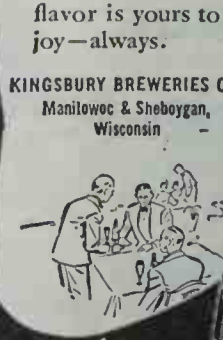
The time for bathing suits is here
And it is lamentably clear,
As anyone with eyes can see,
That there is far too much of me.

—Margaret Fishback

Yours TO ENJOY

The golden goodness of Kingsbury Pale Beer has won thousands of friends for this better Wisconsin beer. Its true beer flavor is yours to enjoy—always.

KINGSBURY BREWERIES CO.
Manitowoc & Sheboygan, Wisconsin



Kingsbu
ARISTOCRAT o
Be

New Sulfa Dr Formula For Athlete's Foo

New Powder Preparation Highl

At first sign of Athlete's Foot—itching raw skin between toes or on the feet—us Sulfa Solvex. It contains the miracle d Sulfathiazole. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing of red, raw, cracked skin between toes and on feet. Only 50¢ everywhere. Use exactly as directed.

Dr. Scholl's SULFA SOLVEX

WORD RATES OF ALL MAGAZINES

"Writer's Marke where to sell wh 421 pages of I what editors wa they pay. Also stations and r Tips on writin selling manuscri favorably by 250 newspapers and magazi approved by over 1,000 magazine editors. S

WRITER'S DIGEST, 10 East 12th St., Cinc

LARGE Men- SIZES 42



In Stock: SHIRTS (sizes 17 to 21, regula PAJAMAS, UNDERWEAR, ROBES, SLAC LEISURE and TAILORED SPORTS COAT 60, long stout. Mail, telephone, telegra Satisfaction or money-back. 24 page c IMPERIAL WEAR, 513 Ave. of Americas

WANTED: 100 Men—Wom

Collier's offers you a dignifie ant way to make extra income time for education, new cloth and "extras". You simply tak new and renewal subscript COLLIER'S and all popular m Your earnings start on your fi For money-making supplies, *a penny postal to—*

Independent Agency Division, D The Crowell-Collier Publishi 250 Park Avenue, New York 1

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

14th), is a most excellent story. has failed to mention certain ich would be of interest to your is not at all surprising Conchita k excellent English, for her par- spoke English in their home ent a considerable portion of od at my home in New York as with me in London and she ed in an American school in

ll ring she may seem cold, aloof in sentiment, but as I know wonderfully softhearted, affec- most vivacious woman, and *itica.* She is an accomplished d a gifted artist, her sketches in action equaling Remington

onchita at 6. . . .
ATT VERRILL, Lake Worth, Fla.



rticle describing the torture and a dumb animal, merely to sat- c appetites, is a disgrace to your
DORIS EASTMAN, Barre, Vt.

HERS BEAR DOWN, TOO!

old wheeze, "How do you get n elephant? You don't get down hant; you get down off a goose." to be modified, for I note by an he June 14th Collier's that even rgs Bear Down.
E. J. GAMBLIN, Lyndhurst, N. J.

WORD PEEVES

My *ne plus ultra* hated word is " (The Week's Mail, June 7th). J. F. CARWILE, Los Angeles, Cal.

"however." . . .
JIM GLOVER, Hackensack, N. J.

"hate." . . .
ACK SLINKMER, Worcester, Mass.

RAH RAH ROWERS

N: Referring to Mr. Leonard ory Those Rowdy Regattas (June he was in error in stating that and Yale had never rowed at psie. Harvard rowed there rnell, Penn and Columbia in . . . in . . . 1897 Harvard and Yale d there. . . . The reason for these Poughkeepsie was . . . the tempo- king of athletic relations between and Yale in 1894, and the two- ard agreement to race Cornell, ciously invited Yale to join in the . In 1898 races at New London Harvard and Yale were resumed.
H. D. MONTGOMERY, Rye, N. Y.

RED PROPHECY

RS: I have noted your editorial om Karl Marx in your issue of h as to the traditional policy of and written about 1853. What I re- a much more fundamental predic- hat made by Alexis de Tocqueville ocracy in America (1835) with respect to Russia and America, which concludes with this sentence: "Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems marked out by the will of Heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

Sincerely yours,
NATHAN BOONE WILLIAMS,
Washington, D. C.

FINANCIAL FEMMES

DEAR COLLIER'S: Will you please tell Lonely Heart Sylvia Porter for us that she needn't be so isolated up there on the heights (Wall Street Sex Appeal, June 7th). There are, to mention only this part of the country, ten other lady financial writers in every phase of the work, most of whom she has met at press lunches and conferences, and even appeared with on radio programs, who'll be glad to help her to a more gregarious life financially speaking.

DOROTHY BROOKS, United Press
CLAIRE RECKERT, New York Times
DOROTHY CAREWE, Associated Press
MILDRED DIEFENDERFER, Bureau Chief, Dow-Jones, Washington
NANCY FORD, Chicago Journal of Commerce
WANDA JABLONSKI, N. Y. Journal of Commerce
(CECILIA) MCKAY RUSSELL, Financial Editor, New York Daily News
HELEN VIND, Associate Editor, Fortune
JEAN WILSON, Wall St. Bureau Chief, Chicago Journal of Commerce
MRS. C. G. WYCKOFF, Publisher and President of the Magazine of Wall Street

What we meant was: Sylvia Porter is the only woman financial writer whose initials are S. P.

DISGRACE TO THE NAVY

DEAR EDITOR: The illustrator of Once More to the Stars (May 31st) must have been a "dogface." He doesn't know anything about Naval uniforms. In the first place an engineering rate is a left-arm rate. In the second place the screw is upside down designating a water-tender rate, the badge of which was discontinued before World War II. In the third place the color of the screw should have been white and not red.

MORRIS L. THOMSON, MM1/c, U.S.N.R.,
Rock Island, Ill.

. . . or is this the design for the *new* uniform?
B. P. WACKER, U.S.N.,
U.S.S. Platte

READER'S INDIGEST

DEAR SIR: That part in Fat Heads of Europe where your Mr. Courtney (June 21st) says you can't throw a potato chip without hitting one duke, two duchesses, etc., etc.: Didn't he omit American correspondents from his inventory? By the way, what is Courtney's hat size?

Sincerely,
HENRY PHIL TAYLOR, Chicago, Ill.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR EDITOR: Why don't you publish an Arabic copy of Collier's which would be read in the whole Arab Middle East?

RAOUL FANANIRI, Cairo, Egypt

We are in hopes that all Arabs will learn to read English, and take their Collier's as she is wrote.

GLASS BLOWERS

DEAR SIR: Read the article on Steuben Glass (June 7th). Have informed various members of our Glass Club about this article and they purchased a copy. We are a large club and while we study "Early American Glass," we are always interested in anything fine and beautiful.

Yours truly,
AMY M. WELSH, Cincinnati, Ohio

LITTLE LULU



"Kleenex jumps up, too!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellucotton Products Co. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





SEPARATE PEACE PROSPECTS

MR. HERBERT HOOVER is still able to start excited nation-wide arguments; and he didn't fail to start one with his recent advice to his countrymen to conclude separate peace treaties with Germany and Japan under certain circumstances.

Those circumstances, in brief, would consist in Russia's going on stalling in the matter of all-Allied peace settlements. Russia has been thus stalling up to this writing, for the obvious purpose of keeping the world upset.

Mr. Hoover's recommendation is that we call this Russian bluff now as regards Japan, and next winter as regards Germany if the November conference of the Big Four foreign ministers reaches its expected deadlock.

He does not mean that we should pull our occupation troops out of Germany or Japan after separate peace agreements are reached. His idea is that we should go ahead and make most of western Germany (including the British and French zones if possible) self-supporting, and get Japan back on its economic feet, in order to relieve our own taxpayers of the burden of financing these present poorhouses.

It's a hard-boiled proposal, but we think it is also a hardheaded one, and deserving of our most serious attention. After all, this business of siphoning American wealth and materials into these two prostrate nations can't go on forever, if the United States itself is to survive. And if Russia sees that we mean to call it off, Russia in turn may become more reasonable about formally washing up World War II.

Let's talk separate peace loudly for a while, and if that doesn't get results let's translate the talk into action.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Publish

WALTER DAVENPORT • Edit

JOE ALEX MORRIS • Managing Edit

THIS PRICELESS FRE

DR. VIRGIL JORDAN, the noted got up recently at a meeting of t Electric Institute and dilated on the fa United States is the most productive cou world. We tooled and fed a large part of war effort. We are living well now. A time we are able to export huge relief co to stricken countries.

By contrast, various nations now fol Gospel According to St. Karl Marx are gering along. Russian living standards a ously low. Great Britain is still tighteni missing its export goals and suffering fro apathy.

Dr. Jordan in this speech wondered w was so. He came to the conclusion that for our exuberant ability to produce is no or less than our still considerable free government interference in our lives and He also reasoned that the Marxist natio pled by Marxism itself—Marxism bein that government should run everyboc welfare of the whole of society.

They pay off on results in this world, n and promises. Hence, this economist quickest way to wreck ourselves would for any more Marxism than we now thinks, indeed, that we already have too

It wouldn't, of course, be feasible to such Socialist institutions as the TVA o Security Act, and we don't know of any economist who wants to do that.

But it is possible to keep government cling into any more fields of activity; what Dr. Jordan thinks we'd better do, of the results which capitalism delivers Marxism is always going to deliver but

We can't help feeling that the good something there, and that the time has Americans to start worrying about the li still enjoy and to do some lawful battlin liberties in proper cases. The more Marxism in action, the more nearly p U.S. brand of freedom looks.

FOOD THAT GETS T

LARGE numbers of Americans ever si have been sending food and other plies to relatives and friends in Euro want to make certain that your help wil you want it to instead of being sidetrack thief, we suggest that you communicat organization called CARE.

The letters stand for Co-operative fo Remittances to Europe, Inc. It is a non ernment-approved group which ships fo and woolen packages to designated pers tria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Franc Greece, Holland, Italy, Norway, Poland all of Berlin, and the American, British zones in Germany.

A $10 CARE food package co pounds of needed foods, and the pac duty-free, ration-free, and tax-free. Herb says: "I have had the opportunity to se tion on the ground. The service is the and efficient way of sending packages to relatives in Europe. In fact, there is no where there is real certainty that such pa reach their destination."

An inquiry addressed to CARE, 50 B New York 4, N. Y., will bring you det mation.

Collier's

PUBLIC LIBRARY

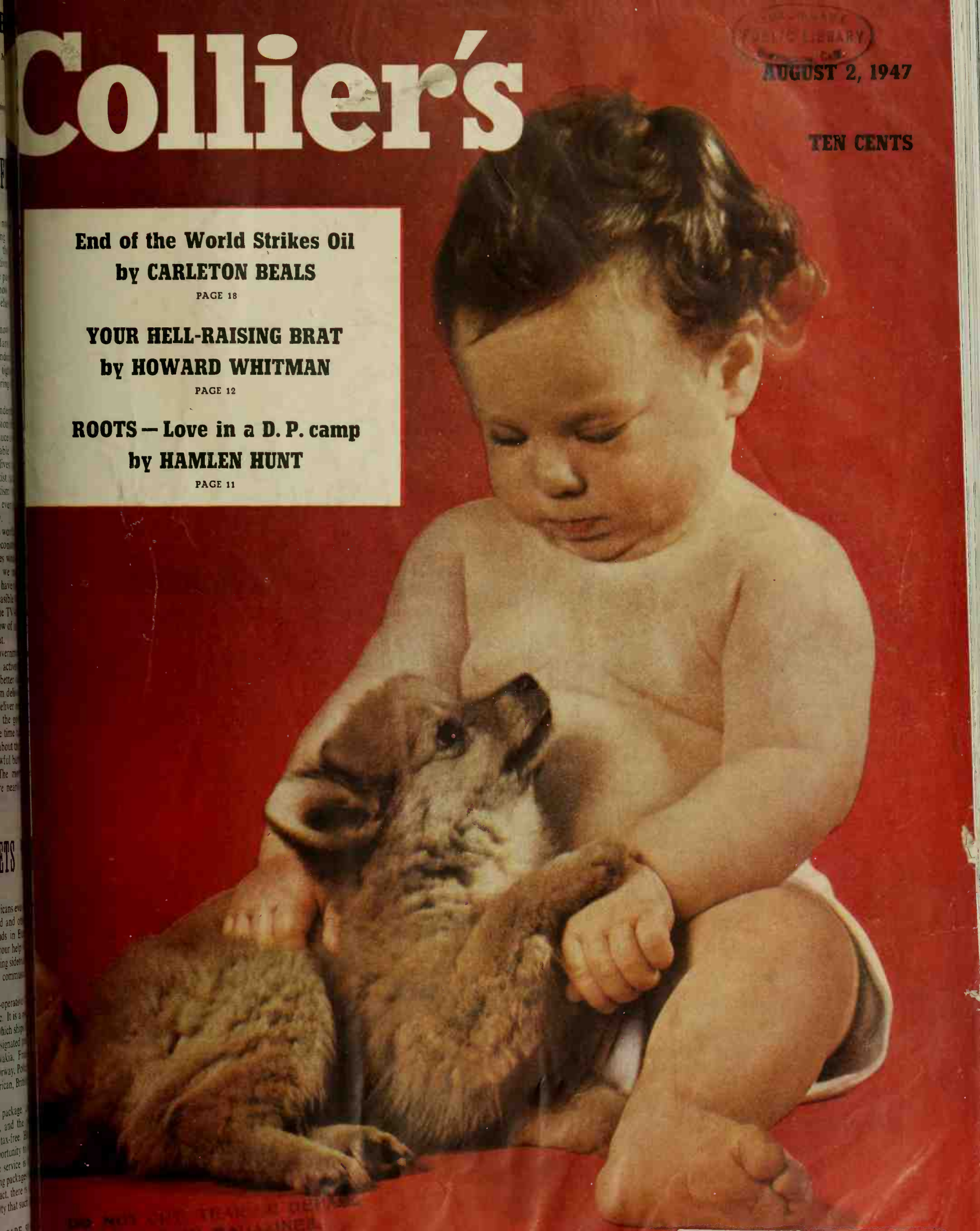
AUGUST 2, 1947

TEN CENTS

End of the World Strikes Oil
by CARLETON BEALS
PAGE 18

YOUR HELL-RAISING BRAT
by HOWARD WHITMAN
PAGE 12

ROOTS — Love in a D. P. camp
by HAMLEN HUNT
PAGE 11



PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME CALIF



Use AC's *for* UTMOST RELIABILITY

ecommended AC's, of correct Heat Range
dy's fuels and driving speeds, help millions to be
a. Have your plugs checked to be sure that
e the right plugs for today's driving and fuels.

K PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THIS SIGN

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" MAY SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10

AC SPARK PLUGS

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

CLARK GABLE • DEBORAH KERR

SYDNEY GREENSTREET

ADOLPHE MENJOU • AVA GARDNER

KEENAN WYNN • EDWARD ARNOLD

in "THE HUCKSTERS"

Screen Play by LUTHER DAVIS • Adaptation by EDWARD CHODOROV and GEORGE WELLS
Based on the Novel by FREDERIC WAKEMAN
Directed by.....JACK CONWAY
Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.



The book America read and raved about is a great picture. Frederic Wakeman's best-selling novel was a bombshell when it appeared, its romance one of the most daring and reckless ever printed. M-G-M, its producers, bought "The Hucksters" for Clark Gable. Seeing the picture, you'd think the author had written it expressly to fit Clark's handsome measurements. It is a beautiful fit and to make things even more perfect, Deborah Kerr, whose name rhymes with star, fits excitingly in his arms.

What is a huckster? We suggest happily that you turn to this vastly entertaining new film for the answer. There you'll find Clark Gable in Hucksterland, impressing swash-buckling tycoons with his sincere, hand-painted ties, showing them how to make a million dollars with an inspired slogan. Yes, today's huckster lives in a world of station wagons, martinis and love on the run. If he doesn't flash a gold-plated lighter, date the most alluring women—well, he doesn't rate. And Clark Gable certainly rates!

Gable plays Vic Norman—successful and handsome enough to be adored, cynical enough to take a rain-check on love—until he meets Kay. And Kay—that's Deborah Kerr—wait till you see her! She's undoubtedly the find of the year.

To make every moment of this great story ring true, M-G-M summoned a roster of Hollywood's finest actors: Sydney Greenstreet plays Evans, the tyrant who enjoys making money and breaking men; Adolphe Menjou is Kimberly, the suave advertising executive; Ava Gardner is the luscious torch-singer; hilarious Keenan Wynn clowns through some of the funniest situations of his career; and there's Edward Arnold and many more.

"The Hucksters" is solid, fast-paced, star-filled entertainment. Director Jack Conway and Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., have clearly made a best-picture out of a best-seller.

COLLIER'S

August 2, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photography*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Humor*
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*Digest*
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	*Digest*
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Weather*
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	*Fact*

THIS WEEK

FICTION

ROOTS — By HAMLEN HUNT — 11
They were without home or country. They had only each other.

THE CHAINED GATE — By JOHN RICHARD HUMPHREYS — 16
There was a barrier between Jack and Fran, hidden but strong.

THE STUDY OF MAN — By HENRY BEETLE HOUGH — 20
Theoda had anthropology bad—and Rufus was an ideal guinea pig.

GUNNER'S GOODBY — By ALLAN R. BOSWORTH — 26
Prosser was a gunner. There was one last salute he had to fire.

THE PRICE OF POWER — By CHARLES CARVER — 40
The Short Short Story.

MERCHANT OF VALOR — By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND — 52
The Serial Story. Conclusion.

ARTICLES

SPARE THE CHILD — By HOWARD WHITMAN — 12
A Kansas school gives sensible treatment to the difficult type.

FINIAN'S ANGELS — By ROBERT D'AMBRY — 14
The Broadway musical success has hundreds of small shareholders.

THE END OF THE WORLD STRIKES OIL — By CARLETON BEALS — 18
Gushers of "black gold" bring an era of prosperity to Patagonia.

YOU BUY THEIR DREAMS — By BILL DAVIDSON — 22
Designers who barter comfort and beauty for aches and eyesores.

YANKEE GADFLY — By FRANK GERVASI — 24
A study of Charles W. Tobey, keen-witted New Hampshire senator.

JAPAN'S AT BATTO AGAIN — By WELDON JAMES
But Nippon's baseball is a far cry from American style.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIALS: *One Cure for Lynching • When Do We Get an MVA?* — 70

COVER — By *CONSTANCE BANNISTER*

THE WEEK'S MAI

FARLEY ECHOES

DEAR EDITOR: The first installment (I Broke With Roosevelt, June 21st) is interesting; well received in neutral q ters. Its lack of bitterness makes it acceptable and no one can charge its lication was prompted by sour gr Congratulate Collier's.

JOHN J. NANGLE, St. Louis,

DEAR EDITOR: Caesar had his Bru Christ had his Judas—Roosevelt ha Farley.

NORMAN C. STOLL, New York,

. . . The article by James A. Farley is ment enough against more than two for President of the U.S.A.

GERALD B. HARTLEY, Callahar

. . . How come you allow a man whc ture meant to be a patrolman and l made a Cabinet member to defile the ory of his benefactor? No wonder velt didn't ask the man to visit him while. GEORGE FANDERSON, Chica

THE FAITH OF THE IRISH

'Tis proud I am, I'm Irish, and m will always sing,
For the Faith that's born in Irela wondrous Holy thing!

MARY WINIFRED KELLY, Philadelp

DEAR JIM: I have just read your stallment in Collier's. You and should get together and have a g

L. A. MCGILLIVRAY, El Cen

DEAR MR. FARLEY: Like the rest o tion I am greedily reading your Roosevelt

I remember, April 12, 1942, at munion breakfast for the waitr Schrafft's you gave the President y support." and knowing ander and honesty, I really tool from you as that tir

It is too bad you didn't see fit t country have your story back in th In sincerity let me wish you every We are proud of you. My esteem.

REV. O. E. MORTON, Philade

DEAR MR. FARLEY: I am a lifelo crat, a veteran of World War I a War II, a stanch supporter of Fr Roosevelt and a firm believer in your early days as Boxing Con down the years and through paragraphs of your first instal week. Now, before admitting m of you was entirely faulty, I w

(Continued on page 3

Vol. 120, No. 5. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Sp Changes in address should reach us five w of the next issue date. Give both the o dresses. Entered as second-class matte Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of and at the Post Office, Toronto, Cana or art submitted to Collier's, The N should be accompanied by addressed et turn postage. The Publisher assumes for return of unsolicited manuscripts or

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

THE MARK OF SUPERIORITY
IN MODERN BUSINESS MACHINES

Burroughs

This Symbol
MEANS EVERYTHING IN BUSINESS MACHINES



modern machines for every need



cost-saving counsel for every business



factory branch service for every user

WHEREVER THERE'S BUSINESS THERE'S

Burroughs

Step to your freezer

INSTEAD OF THE STORE



Norge Freezer
Model VHF-6

"Shopping" can become a mere matter of selecting from your Norge freezer. And you can make your selection from foods that were either garden-grown by yourself or purchased in money-saving quantities at the peak of perfection. With a Norge in your home, you are, in effect, prolonging the season of abundance—making it possible for your family to enjoy more and better food, at lower cost, all year round. There are two styles and four models from which to choose. "The best dealer in town sells Norge" ...he is listed in the classified telephone directory.

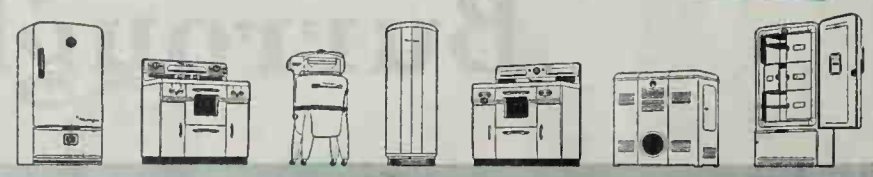
Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan.

Norge products, distributed worldwide, are typical examples of the values made possible by the American system of free enterprise.

SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY

Products of BORG-WARNER

ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION



Refrigerators | Electric Ranges | Washers | Electric Water Heaters | Gas Ranges | Home Heaters | Home & Farm Freezers

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



BY FRELING FOSTER

Automatic vending machines are now being equipped with a device that makes change, returning in a cup one nickel for a dime or four nickels for a quarter when selling a five-cent item. Those installed in some soft-drink vendors have increased sales as much as 25 per cent.

In the United States today, most railroads classify their trains as "eastbound" and "westbound," even though they may run in other directions. One such is the Southern Pacific line, whose trains are called eastbound when traveling directly north from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, and westbound when returning southward.

Processionary caterpillars are so gregarious that they move and feed in massive columns with the head of each worm touching the tail of the one in front of it. Moreover, before spinning their own individual cocoons, as many as 400 make and enclose themselves in a communal cocoon, the size of a football, in which they remain until they emerge as moths.

Russia now has a cylindrical machine—four feet in diameter, 16 feet long and resembling a small submarine—that burrows its way through the ground at various depths to enable its sealed-in operator-explorer to search for mineral deposits or to study the soil for construction projects.

Following the custom of awarding Oscars to movie stars, the Mystery Writers of America recently started the presentation of "Edgars" (busts of Edgar Allan Poe) to the four who write, in the preceding year, the best mystery novel, motion picture, radio series and criticism of a mystery work.

The opera Charles VI, co by Jacques Halévy in 1843, w by a superstition that bega years later during a present Paris. On three successive someone in the theater dropp after the singing of the aria, Kill Him!, which caused the be banned until 1858 when N III ordered a revival that he Empress were to attend. On their coach was bombed and. they escaped unharmed, mar were killed or injured. The ance was canceled and, as known, the opera was never again.

Ninety-three members of t trial Workers of the World v for conspiracy in 1918 in the court of Federal Judge Mountain Landis. Instead of the guilt or innocence of fendant on each of four c jury returned a blanket guilty within an hour, whic in prison sentences totali years. Then the judge, lea a new trial would be soug individual fines amounting 000. A higher court elim fines and so reduced the sen nearly all of the men we 1927.

While 33 states in thi today grant divorces on th of impotence, only two— and New Hampshire—gra wives whose husbands join sect that requires its mem stain from conjugal relatio

Ten dollars will be paid for cepted for this column. Contr be accompanied by their source tion. Address Keep Up With Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New N. Y. This column is copyri items may be reproduced withc



...r safety—on the straightaway
...or quick stops. It has to be
...etter to be a Seiberling . . .

SEIBERLING

A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

SEIBERLING TIRES

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO, U.S.A.
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

IT'S EASY TO Step-up YOUR CAR'S PERFORMANCE



LITTLE things can make such a big difference in the way your car runs.

For instance, how long since you have had your *spark plugs* cleaned and adjusted, your *distributor points* cleaned and spaced? That's a simple service operation that can add a lot of pep and power. Often, too, a minor adjustment of the *carburetor* will put new "life" in your car. And while you're at it, why not safeguard against trouble with an inspection of the *battery*, *generator* and *regulator*—the *radiator* and *cooling system?*

You'll get more enjoyment out of your car if you keep it in good condition . . . and that's what United Motors Service stations are for! There's one near you, wherever you live and wherever you drive. Look for the friendly United Motors sign. It means *competent mechanics, approved methods, original-equipment parts.*

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

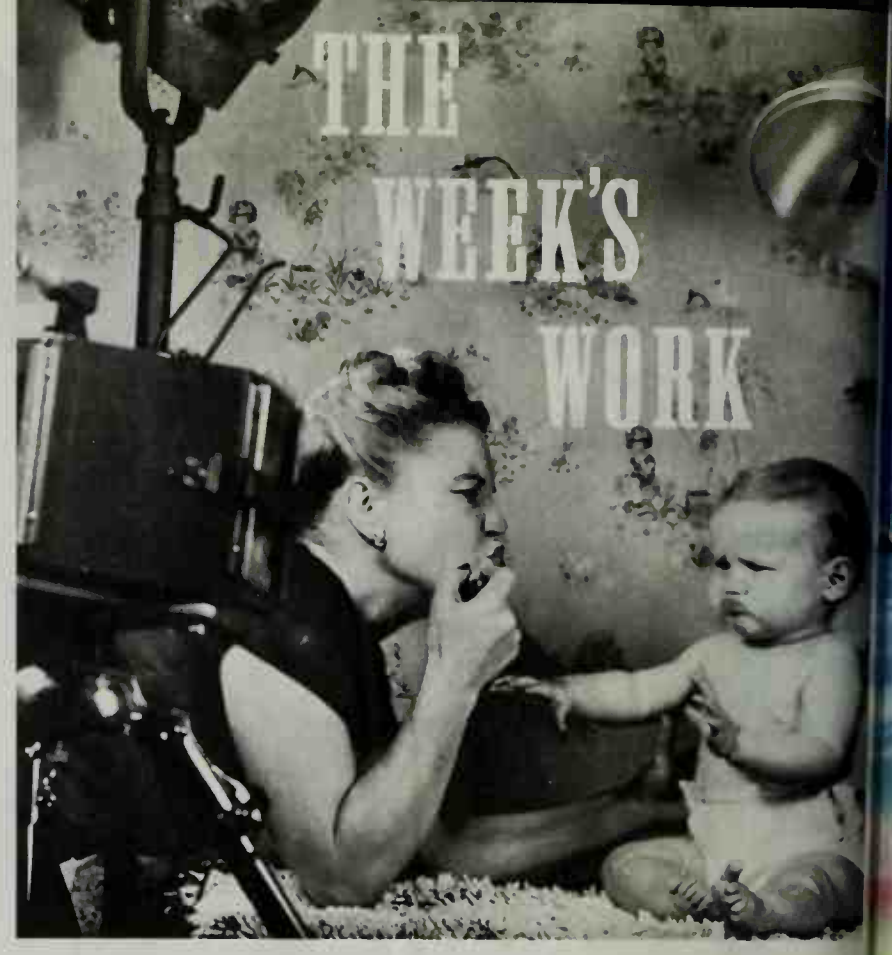
Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gouges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



Coaxed by Connie, Miss Meltzer gives command performance

SINCE a new frontier, to Carleton Beals, may be a jungle, test tube, armchair or the stratosphere, it would be only natural for him to slip down Patagonia way and write The End of the World Strikes Oil (p. 18).

"Besides, I wanted to see an ostrich brought down by a three-stone *boleadora,*" he confesses. "It looks easy, but it's a good way to brain yourself or tangle up your own horse. I know. Patagonian grass is not long enough for a cushion. But it was nice to be in a me-under-my-hat world, as the Gaucho song goes, where each man stands more on his own, where folks will ride twenty or thirty miles out of their way just to put you on the right track."

Mr. Beals has always had the restless foot. He was born in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, back when it looked like it sounds, and was the haunt of Congressman Sockless Jerry Simpson and Carrie Nation. "With such characters around," he says, "what could I do but travel, taking my family, at the age of three, to California?"

Since that day Mr. Beals has horsebacked through Riff country in Spanish Morocco, and over the Andes.

He's ducked bullets during revolutions, been held captive by a generalissimo, chewed the fat with *presidentes* and plainfolks, been in good health in Mexican back country and Central American jungle and mighty sick off Monkey Point, Nicaragua. He's stopped only long enough to write it all down, in many books and essays.

This trip, Mr. Beals conveniently landed in Bolivia two days after revolution broke out, counted many corpses, saw President Rios' funeral in Santiago, local-bussed his way over some of the new Inter-American Highway, interviewed Guatemala's Arévalo, and went swimming in Lake Nicaragua and Lake Titicaca atop the Andes. In Moche, Peru, he ate red steamed crabs, drank *chicha* and danced the *marinela* (song writers, please copy) with old friends of his descended from the Mochicans, quite a people about 2,000 years ago.

His nine months down under convinced Mr. Beals that things are growing so fast there, the southern end of the continent can no longer be considered the dead end the Panama Canal rendered it. "In the new air age," he prophesies, "it may b portant air center, tied to A and routes to Australia, etc. . it's a new frontier."

THE Beetle in Henry Beetl (The Study of Man, p. from Mr. Hough's grandda W. Beetle, a whalin' cap'n Bedford, Massachusetts. M was born there in 1896, is a University journalissimo, w man first class in the Nav gence during World War I, won a Pulitzer prize for a st press. He was a press ag he and his wife went to Vineyard to take over the of the Vineyard Gazette.

"I've edited and been edi Gazette for 23 years now," "My co-workers are long friends; our subscribers pl dulgent people. Our home five blocks from the post we are so far out that red-w birds come and sit under ou Three years ago I wrote a b Country Editor, and visitors to check whether the boo Mainly they are satisfied."

Besides Gazetteering an Mr. Hough's loves are bicy tha's Vineyard history, sc mittee manning, and garden fiend, every time he sells buys more rose bushes. T experimentally tried retur city some years ago. The roots could not be cut. Ba to Martha.

This week's cover: C Miss Marion Meltzer of City, aged nine—months frisked with Fuzzy, the p from the pet shop, until Bannister got the most u sible—and clicked! Glam zer has been working si five months old; is unaf mals; tried to bite Fuzzy Dog!); is a good (nonc

The photogenic Miss B hillbilly from Tennessee, at photographing babies. mama's patience, gets he mug disingenuously by a them on all fours till the tickles them with a feath stick for laughs, and ne them. . . .



Scene from Upstairs

is the skyfarer's world, called "upstairs." This is where your Starliner treats you to a high and
f things—to the kaleidoscopic scenes the sun paints on passing clouds—
ship and courtesies born of trans world training. This is also
p-flight comfort brings to mind how much more pleasant
vel is than that which earth-bound travelers know—
nore considerate all the way, from our reservation desk's
ndly "hello" to your hostess's farewell when you deplane.
mall wonder that today, from the ground up, flying
is the way to travel and TWA the way to fly.



TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

flight carries airfreight

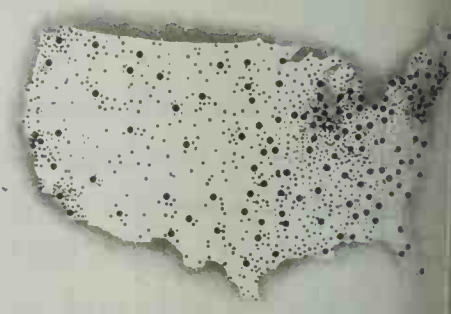


KAISER and FRAZER SERVICE

Available Everywhere!

When you buy a KAISER or a FRAZER car, you do so with the satisfying assurance that you will find carefully selected dealers, with factory approved service facilities, *wherever you go*. What is more, each dealer carries a well-maintained stock of genuine factory parts, to serve you and save you time in any emergency. As a member of *one of the four largest automobile dealer organizations in the world*, your KAISER and FRAZER dealer has made *service to owners* one of his foremost responsibilities. And he is prepared, with equipment, personnel and convenient location, to carry out the obligation he has assumed. You will find too, that he is well qualified to render competent service on *other* makes of cars. Look for the KAISER-FRAZER service sign whenever your car requires expert attention.

WHEREVER YOU GO!



BORDER TO BORDER —COAST TO COAST!

One of the four largest dealer organizations the world stands ready to serve your nee Large dots on above map indicate location distributors and parts warehouses. Small represent K-F dealers offering genuine fact parts and service in every state of the Union



ROOTS

BY AMLEN HUNT

"I've got to go into town, Hanne," Captain Moore said. "Would you like to come with me?"

Their answer to the world's indifference was their love for each other

him in, of course," Jesse e told his assistant, and he waited for the old with his finger the earth all ivy plant that stood on was damp enough. The through the window that the great bare patch of had once been a parade le plant ought to grow. g of the plant and its hought of his people, his

re had had to reduce the roblem of the displaced , of which he was direc- e form he could grasp h: compare it to some- r in his experience as a the Iowa State Univer- a mind that dealt well pecific, but he was not able bits of dissociated work, useful; he needed an idea of the whole purpose in order to keep himself going.

So he had come to think of the camp outside Landsberg as a capsule, thick-walled, membranous, a closed vessel containing seeds, which were people. They had been rescued from concentration camps and captured cities all over middle Europe; this place where they were fed and housed and medically treated had seemed good to the displaced persons at first —but as months grew into years, and they could not seem to find their way back into the world, they grew restive and frightened and angry, as did Jesse Moore.

He heard the old man at his office door, and he thought: What else can I do? I've climbed braided red tape, hand over hand, but when I get near the top, someone takes a pair of scissors and cuts. I have to keep starting over again, and each time it's harder. I've lost hope; I can't work that way. Somebody else will have to take over, because the first of next month, I'm sending in my resignation. The report I'm working on can just as well be a final report, to go with my quit-papers.

"Hello, Mr. Abrams," he said. "Come in and sit down. Have a cup of coffee with me."

Expertly, he made two cups of coffee with prepared powder and hot water from the kettle he kept on top of the stove.

"That's good," said Mr. Abrams. "I came to see, what news?"

Jesse Moore looked at Mordecai Abrams and, in the way he had, he thought of one as standing for many; he thought of all the old scholars in his charge. Then he looked down at his clouded cup of coffee. "No news," he said. "I heard the President made a speech, but all his proposals bog down in the Senate. I suppose you heard, too."

"Still, I hoped," said Mr. Abrams, and the cup shook in his hands.

Mordecai Abrams had run away from the czar's conscription, long ago, and had settled in what was then Lithuania, in a farming community. All his life he had taught a poor country school. *Just like you and me, Paul,* Jesse Moore wrote home to a friend in Iowa City. *Never earned much, but had a decent life, teaching the young. His own family grew up, he had grandchildren. Now they're all dead of beatings, or starvation or the gas chamber, and he (the old twisted root, he calls himself) is still alive. How or why, he doesn't know. He thinks perhaps he'll live to get to Palestine, a country he has no use for (church should be separate from state, he says, as in America) but it is a refuge,*

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

SPARE THE CHILD

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

Out in Kansas there's a school t twice as many teachers as ch The purpose of all these peopl learn and tell others—includin chologists, teachers and you a —why children behave like

When children arrive at Southard School they tear the place apart as this shot of the front staircase shows. Note shadow of boys fighting at right. Nobody i

AT FIRST you think it is bedlam. A teen-age girl kicks out a window in an upstairs bedroom. Two boys spill a bucket of varnish down the front staircase. Several children display flaxen streaks in their hair, where they have doused it with peroxide. A small boy dashes off the veranda and sets fire to dry grass in the yard. A girl hurls a teacup across the dining room.

Incredibly enough, this is a scientific laboratory. Its purpose is to shed more light on the age-old, baffling question: How do you make children grow up into better people than their parents were? From this red-roofed mansion, the Southard School, in Topeka, Kansas, have come some of the nation's foremost discoveries in child psychology—new ideas of behavior, discipline, personality development. Much of the progressive education movement has been built upon Southard's basic research; and many of the harum-scarum extremes of the same movement have been debunked there.

The Southard School, a part of the nonprofit Menninger Foundation, learns about well children by studying the sick ones. Not the physically sick. In fact, the children at Southard look perfectly whole. They may be brats, but they're healthy. Yet beneath their loose blue sweaters and bright lumberjackets they carry the worst kind of wounds. They are emotional cripples, children who by the misfortune of lubberly parents and/or cruel experience are all but done in before they have had a chance to grow up.

Intellectually the youngsters at Southard are average or superior. But in the dimension of the human being we call *personality*, they are bent and broken. Some are withdrawn, almost never speak. Some are wild, brutish and intractable. Some are as stubborn as mules; some weep at the drop of a hat. Some suffer from depressions or nightmares.

In its twenty-two years the Southard School has coped with child disorders which make the problems we have with our own children seem like very undersized potatoes. Yet the know-how which Southard has developed can help all of us—with l lems, small problems, even with the day-t garies of our "disgustingly normal" childr

Southard's findings have gone out to institutions, pediatricians and child psy from Maine to Oregon, guiding and setting for the baffling and endlessly complex b bringing up children. Its work can be with a laboratory which operates in the pure science. Like Dr. Fleming and his of penicillin, the Topeka doctors are s the initial discoveries; they leave the duction to others.

Thus the Southard School, in startlin ratio to most institutions for children, h many more staff members than it has ch psychiatrists, psychologists, social wo therapists outnumber the children two t contrast to state and county institutions w half a dozen professional workers are sw hundreds of child patients, the Southa

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

nits its enrollment to twenty-five children at
and it hand-picks these from hundreds of
ons, choosing the cases which pose the
problems.

chool is in an old Kansas mansion with
bles and a sweeping white-pillared veranda.
ck from the main highway on the edge of
its grounds rambling with wild grass.

ets the feeling of an overgrown family,
dren of all sizes doing pretty much as they
winging in the old tire that hangs from a
ing one another screamingly around the
strewing newspapers all over the living
arging up and down the stairs, inscribing
of their rooms with "Hubba Hubba" in
paint.

was a black scrawl on the wall of the rec-
om, reading with terseness and simplicity,
stinks." One of the resident doctors, Dr.
Murphy, Jr., doesn't mind this a bit. He
ed a finger to remove it. Compared to
irected at other members of the staff, in-
r. Edward Greenwood, the director, this is
to qualify as faint praise.

ting from one of the children, an attrac-
her teens, was, "What did you come to
joint like this for, sucker?"

was there, three of the other girls went on
one evening, finally dragging their bed-
t on the roof of the veranda and going to
. There were also a couple of runaways
visit, but this is old stuff and the police
peka are well accustomed to toting the
hicks back to the roost.

y get the idea that discipline is nonexistent
uthard School. Or you may say, as a
nine did, "I'd like to have those kids for
eek. Believe me, I'd get them into line."
many visitors think we have a hodge-
," Dr. Greenwood allows. "I don't think
id that impression. What we are trying
is an absorptive environment."

e Steps Back to Normal Living

basic to the Southard School method.
in its scientific treatment of emotional
en the safety valves and let the children
ent-up steam. Step No. 2—if you can
outhard's extremely malleable method
nula—would be the acceptance of the
what they are: sick human beings. The
d love they receive at Southard melts
defiance which many a child builds for
he thinks nobody wants him around.
is treatment. Psychoanalysis and other
ychotherapy are provided so that chil-
d out why they are emotionally ill and
gain the insight which restores their

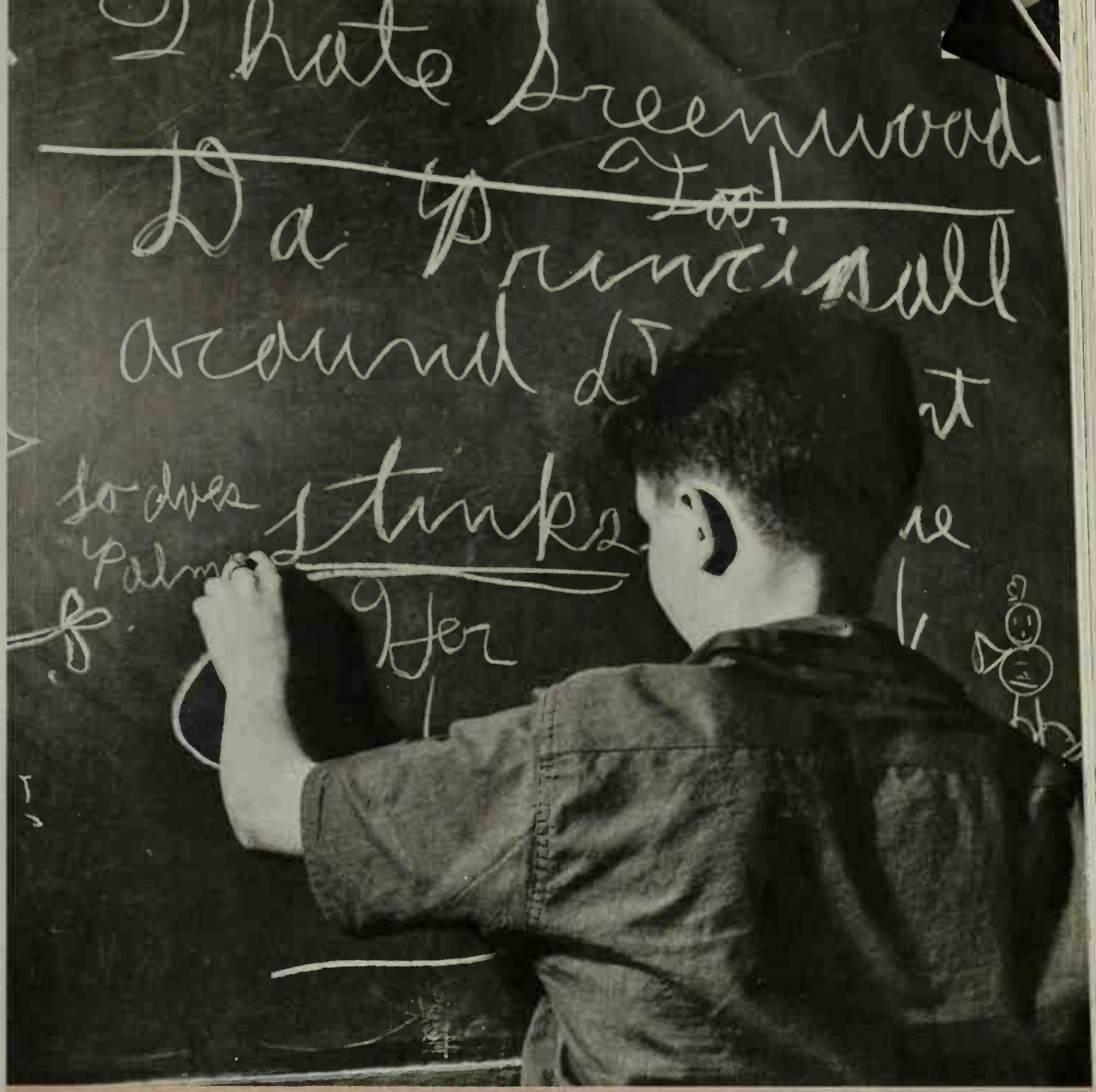
4 is education, in which wrecked and
ol careers are reshaped. Mental and
locks (which parents may have mistaken
or stubbornness) are removed so that
learn again. And Step No. 5 is re-
n which they are prepared for a return
ving, normal discipline, normal rules in
ol and community.

in age from five to fifteen, Southard's
e from all over the country and enroll
nite period. Most of them are ready to
er eleven to thirteen months. Let's see
rd's experts handle them:

ldren arrive at the school tensed up in-
a siphons. A slight touch is enough to
stream of pent-up hostility. Southard
ility out, and thus relieves the pressure
ically the big mansion is fitted out to
g. The staff fully expect that the chil-
the place up, so they employ a handy
ob is to wander around and repair the
oungsters wreak. Emotionally the staff
ptive of punishment as the house. I
f the recreational workers called a
lea-bitten skunk" and he did not wince.
plied, "Am I as bad as all that?"

gs which seem like pure cussedness are
ll," Dr. Greenwood points out. "The
simply testing their environment. If
nent can keep its lid on, everything
ght."

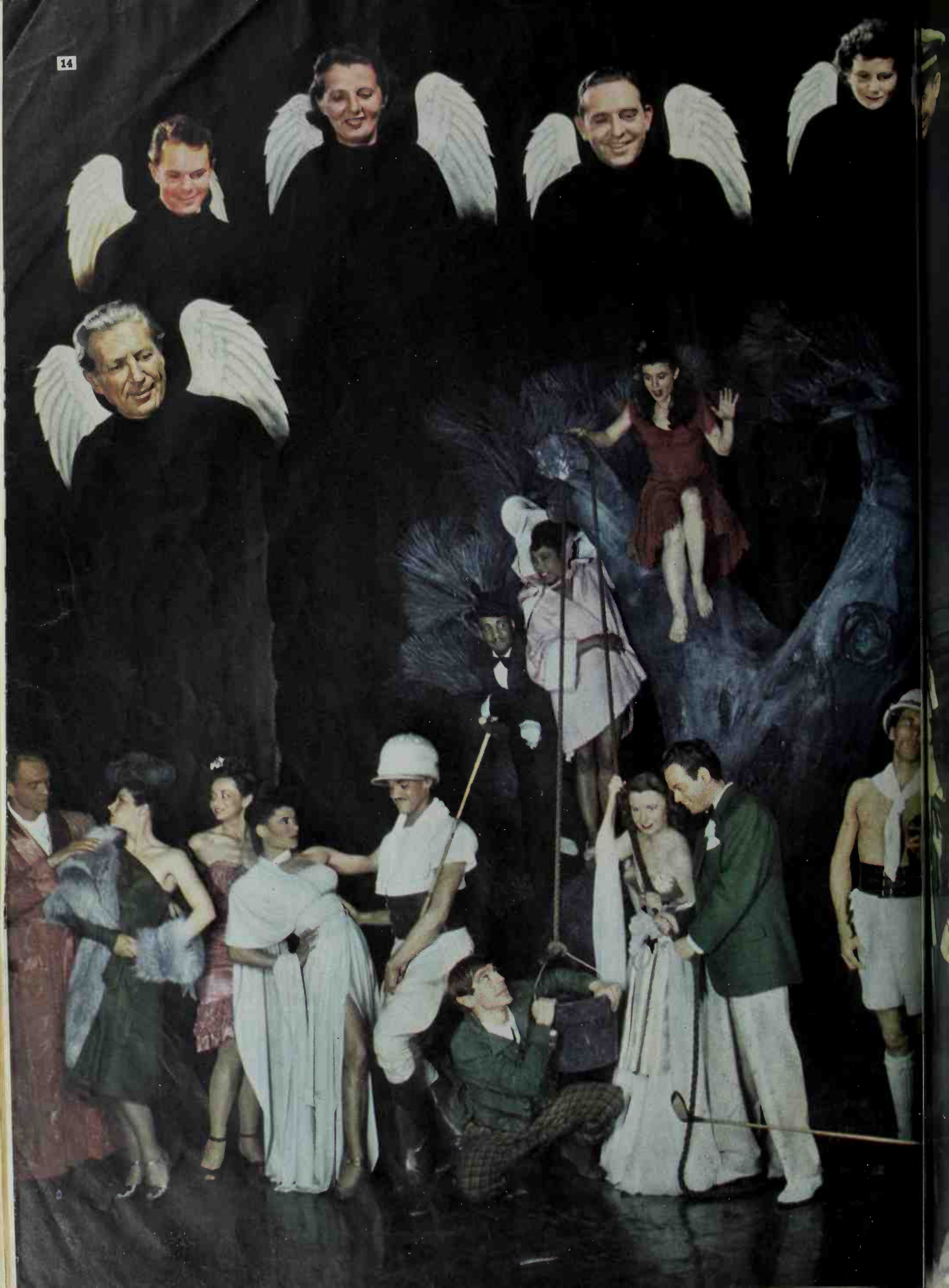
from the seeming anarchy in the be-
children are weaned back to the kind of
yday discipline *(Continued on page 41)*



Children frequently take out their hostility toward the world by scribbling on walls and blackboards. In this case "Greenwood" is Dr. Edward Greenwood, school director, who quickly wins the youngsters' love

When a new boy is admitted to the school he meets the staff at a conference. Informality is the note as Dr. Greenwood, right, questions the child. Lack of tight discipline lets new arrivals blow off steam





FINIAN'S ANGELS

BY ROBERT D'AMBRY

Things in Glocca Morra are very good indeed for the backers of Finian's Rainbow, who are more numerous than the performers

WHEN the musical, Finian's Rainbow, opened in New York on a cold night last January, warming both critic and spectator with its exuberance, there were two things unusual about it. First, it was an original idea, and second, it turned out to have more backers than any other show currently playing on Broadway. In fact, it was rumored that almost half the people in the opening-night audience were angels. This may have been a slight exaggeration, but that there are at least 100 Finian backers is no fantasy.

Officially, Producer Lee Sabinson's books list only 46 people as having filled the $200,000 crock of gold needed to produce the musical, each putting up sums ranging from $2,000 to $50,000. Actually, the money furnished by these "big" angels was in many cases rounded out by subscriptions from "little" angels in amounts as small as $50.

How some of these little A's got so pixie as to invest in a musical about Dixie and Glocca Morra is a tale mostly of innocents a-Broadway.

It happened sometime last autumn during the closing stages of a hectic money-raising campaign. At a midtown hotel Authors Yip Harburg and Fred Saidy, Composer Burton Lane and Producer Sabinson, all men of generous proportions, had sung, jigged and declaimed a half inch off their ample girths in efforts to arouse the checkbook in dubious-eyed money men, but still the till wasn't quite full.

"A cracked Irishman and his daughter! Leprechauns! A crock of gold! Social satire! Phooey!" seemed to sum up the attitude of many professional theatrical backers as they backed out the door.

A conference was called. Coffee and other stimulating drinks were downed in quantity without any good ideas coming up until Lee Sabinson exclaimed: "We've called on all of the backers we know. Now why don't we call on just friends?"

One of the friends Sabinson called on was Gertrude Appelbaum, production assistant to Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, better known to her fabulous employers and show business as "Apple."

Apple thought the book, lyrics and music of Finian's Rainbow were "just grand." Now the question was: "How many grand would she have to raise?" The answer was "Two," along with the admonishment to get it up quickly as the money was needed to pay for the props.

Apple didn't have two thousand in cash lying around at the moment, so she made a few phone calls, wrote letters and visited a few solvent friends. Her sales talk went like this:

"Finian's Rainbow is a great show. Would you like to be an angel and lose anywhere from $50 to $500 backing it?"

It was sure-fire. The $2,000 rolled in just as easily as if the checks called for payment in stage money.

There was a check from a young lady talent scout who had enlisted in the Army as a private and had worked her way up to captain. Another from the owner of an advertising agency who works closely with theater people. A seaman, formerly in the Merchant Marine, put up $50 in the name of his wife and daughter. A chemist in a paper mill in Milwaukee, who had always wanted to back a play, rushed his check in by air mail.

There was more money from an attorney and a buyer in a department store, both of New Bedford, Massachusetts. There were even checks from three actors. One was a film player, Charles Korvin. Another was David Brooks, now doing very well in another Broadway musical, Brigadoon.

Of course, Apple by this time had done such a good job of selling that she followed it up with something unheard of in approved money-raising circles. She kicked in with some of her own hard-earned dollars.

For many of these folks this is the first venture into the risky realm of play-backing. The sinking sensation and doubt which gripped most of them before the all-important opening night are now long gone and forgotten. Today their favorite pastime is trying to figure out how much they'll get back in profits.

They dream fondly of Life with Father, which paid off at the rate of 60 to 1, and Arsenic and Old Lace, which returned 25 to 1. But those plays were produced in prewar days. Costs of getting a show on the Broadway boards have risen from 60 to 100 per cent. And audiences are more discriminating and dollar-conscious. Even a show as successful as Annie Get Your Gun had to run a year before its initial costs were paid off.

I happen to be among the lower-bracket angels. So my wife, taking these things into consideration, figured a return of 10 to 1 as conservative enough to purchase a fur coat out of the dyed-skunk class. Park Avenue thoughts had been causing her pretty face to glow for several days until the phone rang one evening. It was Apple. She said:

"Isn't it wonderful! It looks now as if you'll get back at least double on your Finian investment."

And this with tickets selling six months in advance! Well, after all, is skunk bad? ★★★



Seven of Finian's angels beam down as David Wayne (kneeling, center), Anita Alvarez (in tree), Donald Richards and Dorothy Claire (right foreground) join the ensemble to show what happens When the Idle Poor Become the Idle Rich

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

THE CHAINED GATE

BY JOHN RICHARD HUMPHREYS

There was a chained gate in Jack Vanhoven's mind, a barrier against marriage. Fran was on the other side

JACK, the Vanhovens' oldest boy, drove the car down the highway to the crossing and turned in the wide gravel driveway of "No-Credit" Merton's general store. He drove past the locked red gas pumps and pulled up beside the two-story building, yanking the hand brake tight.

It was summer dusk.

He sat in the car for several minutes, glaring at the side of the building, feeling not the slightest elation at the thought of the night ahead with Fran. The boards of the building were pearl-white in the soft gray air, enclosing inner rooms with a silent intensity: the way, it seemed to Jack, that marriage imprisoned human beings.

He felt depressed and cursed himself, the car, and everything in his sight. He wanted to curse Fran, too, though nothing was really her fault. It was just himself and the damned general thought of marriage to Fran, or anyone.

He had a lot of fun with Fran, too, maybe more than he'd ever had in his life before. But he thought of all the guys he knew who had married their girls because they thought that fun would go on forever. It didn't. It never did. And he knew that things were going too far—now that he'd begun to look forward too much to seeing Fran in the evening. He couldn't keep side-stepping the subject of marriage much longer. A clean break had to be made with Fran tonight, before the thing had him trapped.

Jack got out of the car, shoving the door shut with his elbow. He was a tall, large-boned young man in a powder-blue suit that fitted tightly under his arms and down along his legs—a suit carefully purchased at a secondhand store a year before he stopped growing; and he had not grown in four years. He had steel-rimmed glasses for a stolid Dutch face, and eyes like an intelligent work animal's: tamed, shrewd, restively independent.

He walked toward the rear of the store, his wide shoulders hunched and gigantically rounded, not slouched, but forged and drawn to shape by constant work, by a furious strength impounded groundward to his father's farmland.

Around behind the building, board-covered stairs slanted to the second floor. Going up he could smell the food cooked that evening for dinner, and among the odors, the fumes of a kerosene stove.

Jack stopped at the top in the kitchen light that came out through the screen door and around him to edge his shadow and color the wooden, cavelike walls of the stairway. The kitchen had already been cleared and the dishes washed. Fran's father, a short, fat-swelled man, sat at the kitchen table, his balding head bent under the tiny tin bell at the end of the light string.

Jack opened the screen door and went inside. "How-do, Mr. Merton. Fran around?" The room, behind all its walls, seemed laced with dynamite charges, wired and switched for Mr. Merton's delaying hand. Jack felt sorry for the man.

Mr. Merton had the evening paper spread out over the table top. He held a large pair of shears. When he raised his head his eyelids drooped slightly above his swelling cheekbones, slipping down over his eyeballs with weariness and not slyness. "Hello there, Jack. What's new up your way?"

"Nothing much," Jack said.

Mr. Merton looked down at the paper. "Just cutting out my daughter's wedding notice."

Jack said nothing immediately, trying to think of something to say that would sound just right, knowing how Mr. Merton felt. Everyone knew: His oldest daughter, Marion, had married the father—or perhaps a father—of her baby a month after its birth.

"In tonight's paper?" Jack said.

"That's right." Mr. Merton finished cutting, and folded the paper back. The shears glittered in the kitchen light, the blades flashing. "I'm a sentimental man. Like to have little keepsakes."

Jack stepped toward the table and asked respectfully, "Is Fran about ready?"

Mr. Merton leaned back in his chair and shouted through the dining room toward the living room, sounding out the far bedroom where the girl's voice came back: "Be there in a minute."

"Better have a cup, Jack. That'll be the longest sixty seconds you ever counted, if I know *women*." He stressed the word with a weary contempt. "Just don't hold your breath."

In a pistonlike movement, Jack sat down at the table. Mr. Merton got up and went over to the stove and came back with the pot and another cup and spoon. He set them down in front of Jack, beside the sugar bowl and the can of condensed milk. There were white rings in the blue-checked oilcloth, cup-sized. Jack poured his own coffee.

"Where you kids going tonight?"

Jack stirred the coffee without looking up. "Downtown to a show, I thought." Jack held his head over the cup to hide anything his eyes might disclose of the gin-spiked ginger ale, the hot dogs and marshmallows hidden below the rug on the back-seat floor of his car. They were well out of sight just in case Mr. Merton came outside when they left, and just happened to glance in the back of the car. The steam of the coffee came up around Jack's face like Mr. Merton's hot eyes and thoughts tracking down the truth. Jack moved his head away from the dark, fuming liquid.

While they drank their coffee, and Jack waited for Fran, Mr. Merton spoke bitterly of the broken pavement in front of the store, complaining angrily of the highway department. But Mr. Merton's mind didn't seem to be on the road.

WHEN his wife came to the kitchen door and said wouldn't the living room be more comfortable, without looking around Mr. Merton said, "I'm satisfied right here. How about you, Jack?"

Jack was puzzled as he nodded and said, "Sure."

Then, finishing his coffee, Jack heard someone running up the stairway. He set his cup down and Fran's little sister came in the room, throwing the screen open. She had heavy, brown-paper-covered books in her arms. She was breathing heavily, faint sounds of fear passing in and out through her lips.

Quickly, she moved in a divelike slip around Jack's chair toward the dining room. Mr. Merton pinned her: "Just a minute. Come here, young miss."

Jack knew then Mr. Merton had been sitting at the kitchen table, facing the doorway, waiting for her a long time.

"Did you hear me? Come here!"

Like a quick, coasting light following sound came through the dining room. She came up behind her little sister and the girl stepped as to one side as Fran stepped into the kitche hair curled in dark, fresh ringlets across he head, and she wore a new, red-striped sport She stepped into the kitchen silence, long- thin-figured, with a face more expressive th realized.

Jack stood up, seeing as he arose the rese in the two reflecting faces of Fran and her The father, Jack knew, resented the dark cu the girl's forehead, resented even her face Merton's lips began to move before he spoke was looking at Fran, trying to control himse least let's see if you can't get home at a decent and without lying."

Fran's face turned white first, and then g ally red from the throat upward. Her eye larger and darker.

She paced rapidly across the kitchen, with swering, and went out the door. Jack fo taking a last look in the kitchen as he s screen. Fran's little sister stood timidly by ther, the schoolbooks still in her arms. H were large; not with anger. She and he looked at Jack. The screen clapped shut, a went down the stairs behind Fran with the he was still back in the kitchen.

BEFORE they reached the bottom of th Fran's sister began screaming and Along with the crack of Mr. Merton's ha heard the jiggling of the kitchen floor and t fling sounds of feet. At the bottom of the ste turned around and started back. Jack grab arm.

The scuffling stopped and they heard the of the girl go back toward the far end of the her sobs fading.

Fran's hand relaxed on the banister. Jack her arm and she turned. They walked a ground, through the darkness, to the car. J her arm, the night air cool on his fingers.

"That's my pop." Her words were prou tightly with sarcasm, as they always were tried to tie her feelings in with a wisecra deceptively to make people think she was ally tough, beyond being hurt.

Jack got into the car and opened the doo side. She wouldn't get in. "He doesn't hav us this way just because Marion got herse What does he think we are? He didn't ha her. She skipped school this afternoon."

"Let's go," Jack said. He wanted to leave

"Did he ask you where we were going?"

"I said maybe to a show."

She glared at the building, and then st and sat down beside Jack. She shut the as Fran took her hand from the handle water seemed to fall through the hollow body and never hit bottom. He almost d to drive the twenty miles to Lake Michi could tell her they were through just as we show. He could break things off after a as well.

He had what he later called a "funny fee they shouldn't go, that *(Continued on*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

In his fury he straddled the chain and threw his feet up against the post. Fran watched him helplessly

THE END OF THE WORLD STRIKES OIL

BY CARLETON BEALS

It's a great day down at the tip of South America as boom towns spring up and gushers dot the sheep ranches. Tens of thousands of prospectors are moving into this forgotten part of the globe, and there's even a tourist rush under way

The sun broke through heavy storm clouds and momentarily illuminated this Dantesque scene, the face of a glacier at the end of the South American continent. Here new icebergs are born as sections of the glacier break away and plunge into the sea

CHILE recently drilled the southernmost oil well in the world. The derrick rises in the rolling sheep meadows of Tierra del Fuego—Fireland—below historic Strait of Magellan. About the near-by ports of Porvenir and Punta Arenas, in bars and gambling joints, you see booted, sheep-jacketed oilmen, a breed previously unknown hereabouts.

"Hell," said one touslehead. "The whole Isla Grande floats on oil."

Isla Grande, the biggest island in the Fireland archipelago, is twice as big as the Netherlands.

A freckled Scotch sheepman spoke up. His burred accent clashed against the soft Spanish like changing gears. "With my own eyes I've seen *chapopote* (tar seepage) down near Cape Ewan, a hundred miles on south."

"They'll be drilling wells right out in the Loma Bay mud flats," claimed the other. "Ever see the rainbow scum at sunrise?"

A half-breed herder rolled a cigarette and wiped his palm on his baggy Gaucho trousers. "Oil isn't the half of it," he said solemnly. "When they crack the Darwin Range on south, they'll find every metal known, uranium too, mark my words. Then watch the scramble."

Fireland these days is full of such wild conjectures.

A Yugoslav storekeeper in Porvenir on the strait—and mostly it is a Yugoslav town — shook his bullethead knowingly. "You come like I did 23 years ago to a bleak empty place, and it's been hard, but look at the little burg now! The guys who first came here and called this wilderness spot Porvenir—Future—knew their onions. The country is filling up, population doubled in ten years. And now with oil and a few other things . . ."

Today Punta Arenas, which started as a tough Chilean prison colony, is a singular combination of the primitive frontier and modernity. It is a cosmopolitan city. Besides Spanish, Indian dialects and much English, one hears Russian, Yugoslav, French, German, Norwegian, Chinese.

The city has electricity, telephones, wireless and cable services, an airfield, paved streets, half a dozen movie palaces, a regular theater, and one of the most comfortable provincial hotels in South America. The stores are showy and well stocked; there are restaurants and many tearooms. A morning daily, Prensa Austral, presents the latest international cable news as promptly as does New York. The Museum of Natural History, Ethnology and Anthropology is important and painstakingly catalogued. The best-appointed British club in all Chile is found here.

There's a mean, whistling wind down here, that eternal pestiferous Patagonian wind that sweeps the plains free of trees and keeps the *coirón* grass combed all one way. Sometimes in drier Argentina, the wind brings dust clouds. Sometimes it whirls down cutting ice particles off the mountaintops.

Winters Not Too Severe

There's no real hot summer here. It's kind of chilly always, but you get in horse racing and football, and in Punta Arenas you can play golf nearly all year—the most southern golf course in the world. Winters here are not too tough. Now and then there's a little snow, but it melts right off. Punta Arenas, the chief port in this way-south world, has milder winters than the Connecticut shore line. In upper Patagonia you often get forty- or fifty-degree winter averages, few frosts.

Four centuries ago Magellan, passing through this area, named it Patagonia—"Big Foot Land"—after the enormous feet of the gigantic natives he found north of the strait now are almost extinct. The Foot he met swilled down a l water at a gulp and wolfed hamper of sea biscuits.

Tourists are much catere Venders and stores displa robes, leather goods, carve and guanaco bones, precio beads, and the inevitable shells. Muskrat, silver fox and sable furs are on sal docks an insistent mest droopy mustache, insists o your name and portrait on a sheep skull—or, if you will etch in a nude merma

Soccer, tennis and golf m important annual events. away on a snow mountain cellent ski refuge and ski r local ski club is quite a so tion. There are touring an clubs, and membership perefficient volunteer firen is considered a social hono to the elite, that includes balls and the right to wo uniform and gold helmet. in May is celebrated by tumes and the hurling of c filled with cologne water. hilarious and ambitious m hold of an ostrich egg



ors at a Chilean rodeo wear the traditional poncho and remain on ck during the entire performance. The cowboys are called "huasos"

when one bursts over your pate you won't forget it.

You can now reach Punta Arenas by plane in nine hours from Santiago, by frequent steamers from Valparaiso and Buenos Aires, by air and auto or train and auto from Buenos Aires. De luxe trains run out of Buenos Aires for the beautiful Patagonian lake region. On my train none of the sleeping cars dated earlier than 1943. Travelers continuing south to the Chilean border are transferred to blue and silver de luxe busses with reserved seats—a five-day run to Galiegos. Dilapidated touring cars carry on to Natales and Punta Arenas in Chile.

Boat Service to Cape Horn

Buenos Aires runs a special excursion boat that threads the most hidden south channels clear to Cape Horn. Otherwise local visitors must hire special boats or take passage on coal boats or the government Coast Guard cutters.

Back of the central plaza in Punta Arenas extends the tin-roofed workers' quarters, and mostly the port is a solid workmen's town: coal miners from Loreto and other mines five miles inland, employees of packing plants, small foundries, garages and gas stations, carpenter shops, tanneries and so on.

Everywhere there are bars, for here casual workers, *rotos* (seasonal workers), miners, prospectors, lumberjacks, the sailors of five continents, and now, oilmen, breeze in to blow off steam after lonely back-country stretches. Gambling is illegal but flourishing, stakes high, and there is agitation to establish a city-owned casino like that at swank Viña del Mar farther north. The dance halls and *casas alegres*, with the castoff women of Buenos Aires, are notorious. As in sheep and cattle towns in Wyoming and Oklahoma, the police don't much bother those who take their pleasures in a really determined mood. It's all right to shoot at the stars but not at your neighbor. It's all right to whoop, but not in the main plaza.

"The inflation?" A local storekeeper frowned at the question.

"Bad . . . bad . . ." he said. "We can't get things we need. Autos, trucks, hardware are tight, but Chile is making nearly all her own electrical goods now. And we always get cheap wood and coal. Plenty of mutton to eat, cheap as all get out."

He was certainly right about mutton. In Patagonia, beef is rarely seen, but you eat mutton even for breakfast. You eat it stewed, hashed, grilled, roasted, pickled; you eat it barbecued, from pits of red-hot stones. But folks are now beginning to eat chickens and eggs, too. One of the world's biggest poultry farms now sits right on the Strait of Magellan.

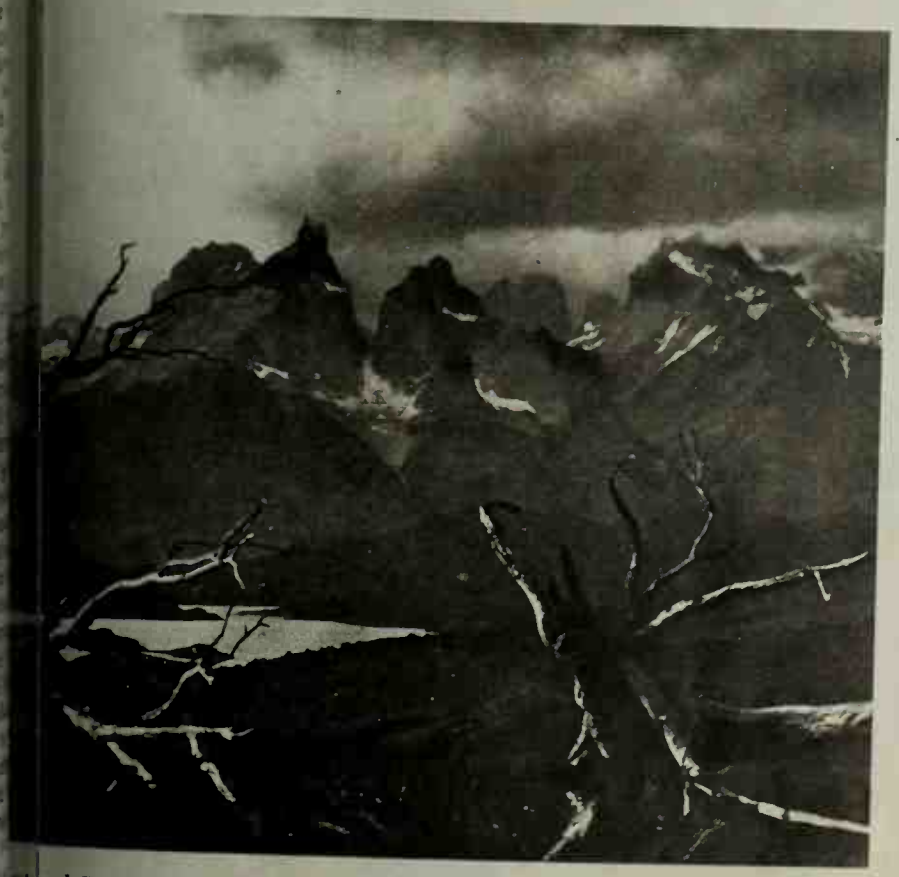
The nearest oil wells to the new Chilean fields are 450 miles north in central Argentine Patagonia: the great Comodoro Rivadavia field on the Gulf of St. George at the edge of sheep and ostrich plains that stretch west to the great snow-draped Andes. All the Rivadavia derricks gleam silver on the plain, with fresh aluminum paint—typical Argentine neatness and pride.

Now, since the Fireland strike, many technicians believe the whole intervening region may produce oil. Hard pressed for fuel during the war days, Argentina brought in new wells fifty miles south of the established Rivadavia field and boosted production 30 per cent. Certainly, also, the eastern folds of the Andes are rich in oil. The new inland Blue Goose Dome in Peru is reported to be one of the world's greatest, and the Neuquén field, north of Argentina's most beautiful lake country, lies in the northwest corner of Patagonia.

Chilean government experts believe also that much of Pacific Coast Patagonia has oil. The oil is deep but apparently is there. The new Springhill well in Fireland came in at 7,280 feet —a light oil, rich in gasoline and lubricants.

That strike caused more excitement than a new comet. Never again, cried the newspapers gleefully, will Chile

(Continued on page 38)



nal Patagonian tempest rages around these peaks of the Paine Corge where wind and weather are so fickle they change every minute



Araucanian women wear heavy silver ornaments handed down from mother to daughter. The silver coins on this girl's headdress date back centuries

THE STUDY OF MAN

Theoda was studying the customs and culture of the native population, with particular reference to the courting habits—as exemplified by Rufus Nutter, the guy next door

BY HENRY BEETLE HOUGH

THE hammock was faded and slouchy, and there were gaps in the adorning fringes; it was slung between two locust posts on the south side of the oldest house in the village of Baddow, and from it on any evening you could see the sunset, the Atlantic Ocean, and the early history of the Republic.

"Ex*cuse* me," murmured Barlow Crane politely, as he slid down for the fourth time against Theoda.

"Don't mind," said Theoda. "I suppose we could sit somewhere else, but I think it's nicer on this side of the house, don't you?"

"I couldn't truthfully say," remarked Barlow. "I don't get a chance to notice anything. I'm too busy trying to stay at my end of the hammock."

Even as he spoke they slid inexorably toward each other again and began to settle gently together. Barlow's knees rose mysteriously.

"Um," he said.

"I'm glad you're more comfortable. It's a ridiculous old hammock, but Daddy is very fond of it because chairs don't fit him well and this always does. I think he courted Mummy bagged up on this very hammock the way we are now."

Barlow Crane rose as if he had been touched off with an electric spark, just as Theoda was shoving delicately to make the hammock sway as if rocked by an ocean zephyr. The ropes creaked, the reaction from Barlow's swift ascent magnified the zephyr into a squall, and Theoda went over backward, bare legs twinkling in the orange twilight.

However, she did not lose her self-possession. Her last thought as equilibrium slid away was what on earth she could have said to frighten a big guy like Barlow.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said he, helping her up, and then with transparent lack of candor, "I was just trying to get at my lighter. Cigarette?"

"The Yale people ought to give refresher courses in hammock management," said Theoda.

"Are you hurt?"

"Only in my higher sensibilities. Yes, I will have a cigarette."

"What's over there?" Barlow inquired, and together they walked to the white fence beyond which the land fell away toward the shore.

"That," said Theoda without enthusiasm, "is the home place of the Nutters. It's usually just crawling with them."

"What are Nutters?"

"People. Newcomers, actually. They settled here around 1690, whereas we Bearses had walked off the boat in 1642."

"Why do you call them Nutters?"

"Because that is their name," said Theoda. She was looking furtively for signs of Rufus Nutter, who had figured so largely and warmly in her old-style dreams—though she told herself she had never adored him.

"Oh, I see. I thought maybe it was their occupation. New England is all strange to me, you know."

She knew. She had met Barlow twice in the Pacific, once when they had occupied the same bus in Honolulu for twenty minutes, and once when they had eaten C-rations together while sitting in the tail end of a truck overlooking a nameless atoll. Theoda had been with the USO at the time, and he had been a brawny military figure. Meeting him under such circumstances had done something to her, and the second time had shown how the world is operated in accordance with a great design.

He hailed from Butte, Montana, which influenced her a lot, since—to anyone brought up in Baddow—everything west of Chicago was rugged. She imagined him swinging a major part of the Pacific victory in person, but she learned later that he had fought only occasionally. Between engagements he had found plenty of time on his hands and had become interested in studying the primitive peoples. Then, separated from the Army, he had finished college and had at last come East for graduate work at Yale. He was becoming an anthropologist by degrees, as Theoda punningly put it.

She had learned something of the science herself; she and Barlow had corresponded since their second meeting, and she had no intention of living tamely at home with her memories, like an eagle grounded after a single flight, so long as she could keep in with the real thing. As for Rufus Nutter, it would be unfair to encourage him further. He was obviously not a part of the great design.

"You could come up for week ends," she said.

"What?" Barlow was startled.

"I mean if you *do* decide to do your thesis around an anthropological study of our village. I mean—the setup is perfect."

"Nothing of the kind has ever been done, so far as I know," said Barlow. "It is one thing to apply the scientific method to a tribal community in New Guinea, and another to apply it to a segment of our own society."

"That's hitting the nail squarely on the toes," said Theoda.

"Please don't confuse me," said Barlow. "I'm giving the matter serious thought." His brow furrowed.

"Yes," he said after a long, pensive moment, "I think I'll do it. Will you help me?"

"It's what I had in mind."

"The possibilities are challenging. My approach will be without preconception. Oh, of course I know about New England repressions and taciturnity and—conservatism."

"I suppose we have quite a bunch of that."

"Mark Twain said New England was a finished place, if I remember rightly."

"Let's finish it, anyhow," said Theoda.

THE details of Barlow's project began to fill in. Of course, he said, there was a good deal he couldn't hope to include, but the study could be a sort of trial flight for his career. He could run up at frequent intervals and stop at the inn, and meantime . . .

"I'll make notes," said Theoda.

"That's just what I was going to suggest."

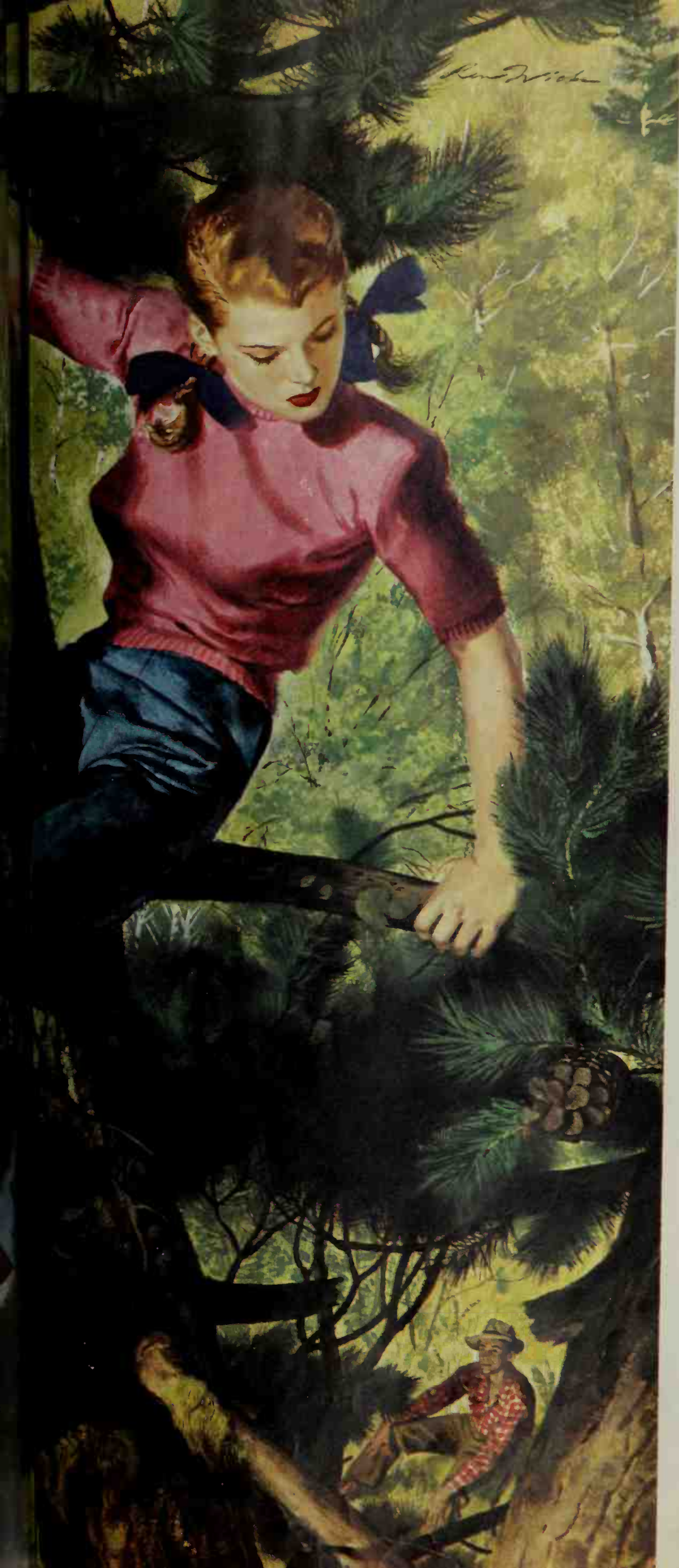
"In fact I'll keep a regular journal, and put in everything, even the way personality reacts to culture up here . . ." She felt just a little like a traitor, but Barlow was grinning.

"Splendid," he said, and began to instruct Theoda in certain lines of anthropological observation.

Her mind wandered from the general, which was the subject of his dissertation, to the particular, which he represented on the hoof. He was a big guy, with crisp dark hair such as might have been worn by a bison, and Western blue eyes like the noonday sky over the Rockies. Theoda inferred these comparisons, for her single flight, naturally, had not taken in everything.



ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS



She had reached the point of asking herself, for the twentieth time: Doesn't he recognize encouragement when he sees it—or haven't I been encouraging enough for Montana?

"Do you think you can keep the fundamentals in mind?"

"Sure," said Theoda. "Anthropology is the study of man."

"What? Oh, yes, that is fundamental, isn't it?"

"You said it, brother," said Theoda.

"Funny, you don't talk like a New Englander."

"I'm trying hard not to," said Theoda, looking at him meltingly. "Thanks for noticing." . . .

The next morning he entrained for Yale and on arriving home from the station where she had seen him off, and where he had engaged in no warmer adieu than a mild handshake, Theoda observed her mother washing dishes. She was about to avoid the kitchen on the ground of important concerns elsewhere, but a sudden thought held her on the threshold.

"Well?" said Mrs. Bearse.

"Let me help you, Mummy," said Theoda, advancing and selecting an apron from a hook.

"Sure you won't be cabined, cribbled and confined in such narrow surroundings?"

"Not cribbled, cribbed," said Theoda. "It's a quotation and I consider it very apt. However, I am broad-minded and more than glad to remain and help."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Bearse. "I'm afraid I was giving these dishes a narrow-minded washing and a broad-minded washing will be better."

"I will make a note of that," said Theoda.

"What?"

"Folk humor in the relationship aspect. It's anthropology, you know."

"Oh, is it? Well, these are suds," and so saying, Mrs. Bearse allowed the broadening of Theoda's life to drop into the background for a while.

AFTER the noon meal, Theoda visited Snow's Novelty Shop and bought a fat notebook with candy-striped covers. Repairing to the hammock on the south side of the house, she wrote at the top of the first page, "Anthropological Journal," then sat musingly with the blunt end of a fountain pen touching her lips. She wished to record the useful performance of domestic tasks by the young female, this being none other than Theoda Bearse.

While she hesitated and communed, Rufus Nutter approached from the region beyond the fence. He was so lean that his shadow was hardly more than a slit in the sunlight. As she glanced at him, no poetic similes occurred to Theoda. Rufus could be nice, but he was just like anybody.

"There's a good show at the Elite tonight," he said. "I could pick you up around seven-thirty."

Theoda's face lighted for a moment, then she shook her head and muttered, "Unh-unh."

"You had company for the week end?"

"We did. Say, Nutter, why this verbal barrage?"

"Known him long?"

"Practically a lifetime."

"That's good. I figured he might be an old friend."

"Meaning what?"

"Like me. You and I have known each other for two-three hundred years, practically speaking."

"Probably that explains my feeling of fatigue," said Theoda pointedly.

"Where's he from?"

"Montana. He's a breezy Westerner."

"The glass held pretty steady all week end, leastways ours did."

"Well, it was between breezes."

"I guess so. Say, Theoda, remember when we were engaged?"

"Which time?"

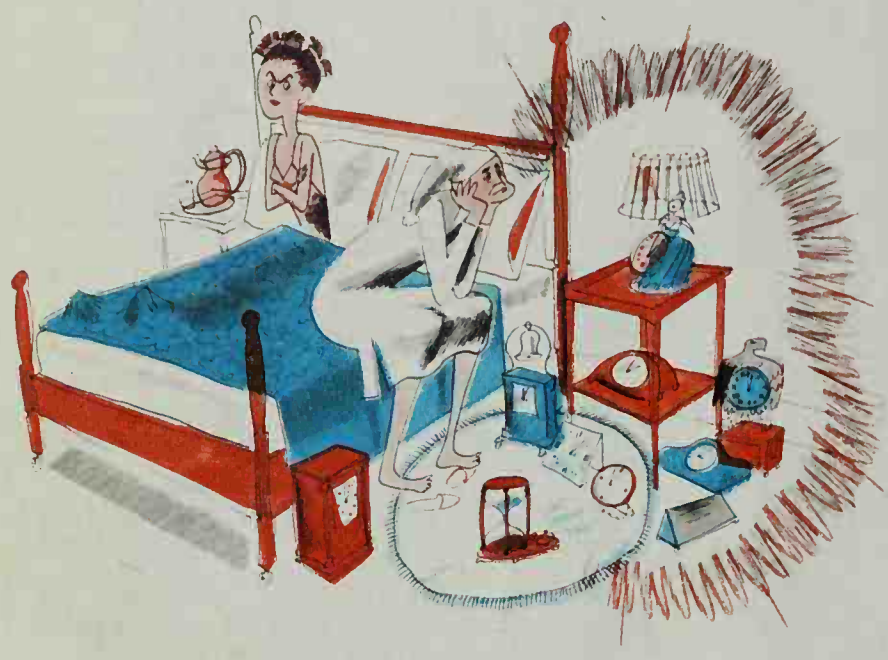
"I'm sorry you asked that. I'd hoped they might have all run together in a nice way."

"Nutter, take yourself off," said Theoda. "If you stay around here, I shall have to put you in my journal, which would be bad."

"What journal?"

"It has to do with anthropology and the scientific method. Its pages will give Barlow Crane a lot of day-to-day information concerning our local culture and how the operation *(Continued on page 65)*

"Nutter," Theoda called, "why don't you go home?"
"There is no way you can get me to budge," he said



Alarm-clock testing almost caused a Dreyfuss divorce



Designers end menaces like affectionate shower curtains

YOU BU

OF THE 143,000,000 or so people who inhabit the United States, all but 449 take it for granted that it is man's lot to suffer quietly such indignities as: (a) coffee cups that slop over on trains and then drip interesting patterns onto one's tie or dress front; (b) shower curtains that automatically wrap around one like a damp shroud when the water is turned on; (c) typewriter keys that break the fingernails; (d) the crutch, an instrument of torture which hasn't changed in 10,000 years; (e) the ring around the bathtub; and (f) coffee tables on which one cannot set a cup of coffee without courting a sharp blow on the noggin from the hostess.

The 449 exceptions are the men and women of a small profession known as industrial design who are paid fabulous fees to correct these things—for no more idealistic a purpose than increasing the sales of the manufacturers who hire them. An industrial designer named Raymond Loewy, for instance, has rendered other railroad tableware obsolete by coming up with a new cup, bulging at the sides, narrower across the mouth, which can slop only a minimum of coffee on trains—plus a special guttered saucer to absorb the overflow which might result from wrecks, derailments, etc.

Another industrial designer named Henry Dreyfuss has redone the typewriter so that the keys now fit the feminine fingernail. Another, Thomas Lamb, has for the first time built a crutch which follows the contours of the hand and the armpit, so that the agonizing pressure on bundles of nerves is eased. And other designers have proved that if the water drains out of the bathtub in a circular motion (similar to the sink at a dentist's chair), a ring won't form on the tub.

In addition to these comparatively minor items, the industrial designer (for still larger fees) is imparting the modern touch to products ranging from ocean liners and transatlantic planes to department stores and farm machinery. In fact, you can't look around the room in which you are sitting now without spotting a lamp, a fountain pen, a spoon, a radio, a uniform, a color scheme, or any one of a dozen other items which has the recent hand of the indus signer. The application of h invariably seems to result in t enrichment of the manufact the industrial designer) an several million people to w didn't someone think of that

It also results in mountain licity for some of the top d who are portrayed in the pre binations of Leonardo da V ander Graham Bell, and S Henry Dreyfuss, for instance confused with the preside New York Central becaus signed that railroad's crack Century Limited. Walter Teague has blossomed int nomic expert who writes b on the virtues of the free- system. Raymond Loewy is c one of the country's top gla

As the result of his la Loewy currently possesses tastic, Loewy-designed, cu cars with Plexiglas tops; 1 house in Palm Springs, Cali major part of the interior o a swimming pool; 1 com orthodox colonial house Point, Long Island; 1 me château called La Cens Paris; 1 villa in the south and 2 speedboats which enough to be requisition chasers by the French g during the war.

Loewy has five moder offices in New York, Lo Chicago, South Bend, Lo combined with the New Y and São Paulo, Brazil, in employees labor daily to new models for the peo United States, Great B South America. His New roll alone is $85,000 a mon year Loewy and his associa a cool $3,000,000. This is more than the total rung tively by Dreyfuss and other two of the Big Thre trial design.

Like every other profe are far less affluent you getting started, and older gling along with minor w



New bus design evolved from Raymond Loewy's aching back



Nonspill coffee cups for trains is a Loewy triumph

HEIR DREAMS

BY BILL DAVIDSON

nufacturers. The take of the as a whole, however, is at more than $25,000,000 which is, in any language, a els.

cumulation of wealth has lably shocked the strug-neers and architects of the nd some of those gentlemen mently at the industrial de- "laymen practicing in our al fields." More and more hitects and engineers, how-oing to work for these well-men; and the colleges of the e beginning to offer such Carnegie Tech's B.A. in Design and the University Bachelor of Fine Arts in Design.

wning recognition is ap- many in the profession little aghast at the more glamor boys. Philip Mc-xecutive secretary of the ndustrial Designers, for in- this to say:

al design has outgrown the the work of a few colorful s covered the subject. The industrial design is now t it has established itself derstood professional ac- clear responsibilities and . This is a less dra- than the wonder-working story, but is nearer the 1947."

Designers Come From

amazing thing about all a little over twenty years vas no such thing as in-sign, and today's top rs in the profession are er theater people, artists 's of the society of the un-

Henry Dreyfuss, then a rical scene designer, was x City, Iowa, by his em- Radio-Keith-Orpheum d out why a brand-new, ecorated movie palace in lis was drawing nothing antities of Iowa atmos-r Dreyfuss arrived, he lowered the prices, ran triple features and gave away enough dishes to equip a cafeteria—but still the majority of the populace wandered past his theater and into an unventilated flea-bag movie house down the street. Finally, Dreyfuss decided to make a scientific study of the matter.

For three days he stood outside his theater and watched the reactions of the people walking by. Then he ordered his staff to remove the expensive, deep-pile scarlet carpet from the lobby, and replace it with a plain rubber mat. Almost miraculously, and from that time forth, the RKO theater was jammed.

Dreyfuss simply had discovered that the farmers and the townsfolk had been ashamed of messing up that gorgeous carpet with their muddy boots and galoshes.

As a result of the bonus check which he received for this bit of deduction, Dreyfuss began to cast around for other products that needed redesign and an application of common sense. One day in 1927, an advertising agency friend of his sent him to a manufacturer who made a clock that wasn't selling so well. Dreyfuss looked at the clock and then began a tour of the clock counters of New York's drug and department stores. He watched people squint at the face of his clock and fumble with the winders on its back. Then he saw them weigh several clocks in their hands and finally pick out the clock of another manufacturer, apparently because it was heavier and seemed to be more expensively constructed—which it wasn't.

Dreyfuss went home and began puttering around with the clock. He asked truck drivers and Park Avenue ladies to wind it, until he found a universal-size winder that fitted all fingers. Then he set about designing a simple, easy-to-read face, not too somber, not too gay, since he reasoned that the clock was the first face you saw every morning, and the wrong one was liable to get you off to a bad start emotionally. To test out these faces, he lined up ten clocks by his bedside every night, with the alarms set for various times from 4 A.M. onward. This nearly led to a Dreyfuss divorce, but the correct clock face emerged first.

Finally, Dreyfuss added a heavy base to the clock and dressed it up with colors and sweeping, modern lines. His new clock went on the market a few months later, and neither the clock nor Dreyfuss has been topped as a best seller since.

At just about this same time, Walter Dorwin Teague, an advertising-layout artist, was asked by one of his accounts, a photographic company, to try to spruce up the old black box camera; and Fashion Artist Raymond Loewy, a French war hero who had come to this country with 17 cents in his pocket after World War I, was called in to design a new type of automobile fabric and later the entire automobile. Both turned out sparkling new products that were as spectacularly successful as Dreyfuss'.

Dawn of the Gadget Era

This was the period when Henry Ford changed over from the Model T to the Model A and the country was embarking on that peculiar American mania for constant new models in everything we use. Frightened manufacturers began a stampede to modernize their products. They turned their backs on their own engineers and made wild grabs at the new geniuses, Loewy, Dreyfuss and Teague, like women in a bargain basement. Other designers like Harold Van Doren, Russel Wright, Ray Patten, John Vassos, Ben Nash and Thomas Lamb rushed to get their share of this pleasant mauling and within five years enough of them were operating to put the profession on a very solid basis.

Although the Big Three (and industrial design as a whole) are accused in many expert quarters of being ballyhooed into a position beyond their actual importance in industry, they have accomplished some extremely worth-while things. Aesthetically, they have rid many everyday appliances of decorative excrescences held over from the Victorian era. They have designed shapes to fit the function of the object and have imparted common-sense utility and simplicity to nearly everything we use.

A few years ago, for instance, Henry Dreyfuss was doing some research on Middle Western farms, when he discovered something about farm tractors. The tractor then was sold with a beautiful painted hood over the motor, just like an automobile. The first time anything went wrong with the motor, however, Dreyfuss noticed that most farmers removed the hood to tinker with the engine, left the hood lying in the field, and never put it back. So when Dreyfuss designed a farm tractor a short time later, he built it without any hood at all, and that is the most popular style today.

In the same way, when Loewy was asked to redesign a transcontinental bus, he and his men went out and rode several thousand miles in busses. They made notes on the condition of their aching backs and other assorted discomforts en route. Once Loewy asked an old man sitting beside him, "Would you rather have taken the train instead of this bus trip?" The old man then gave his opinion of busses so profanely that he and Loewy were thrown off at the next stop.

The result of all this was a new bus which departed from the eighteenth-century-stagecoach tradition for the first time, and tried to answer all the protests of the drivers, the passengers and the achings of various parts of Loewy's anatomy. The new bus, soon to go into production, is a roomy double-decker affair complete with washroom, toilet, water cooler, hostess, a special clear-view "pilot's" compartment for the driver, and new body-conforming seats which Loewy worked out with the assistance of orthopedic surgeons.

When Teague designed a living-room oil heater, he realized that people feel warmer if they can see a fire, so he put a little glass door in it so they could see the flame. Result: Thousands of people wrote in to proclaim that the heater now gave much more heat, which it didn't.

When Thomas Lamb set out to develop a more efficient handle for

(Continued on page 68)



is specially built cars are almost a Loewy trade-mark

Industrial designers are a crew of fabulous, hardheaded artists who bring handsome, functional gadgets to you and large quantities of currency to themselves

DRAWINGS BY PAUL SAVITT

YANKEE GADFLY

BY FRANK GERVASI

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



The independent mind and scalpel-edged tongue of Senator Charles Tobe of New Hampshire have brought distres both to Democrats and Republicans, an have drawn sawdust as often as bloo

THE speaker of the new and comfortably R publican House, Representative Joe Mart was presiding at a dinner meeting of G.O leaders recently at the Army-Navy Club w Senator Charles William Tobey of New Ha shire lives when his wife, Francelia, is not in tow Martin noticed a waiter wandering about the roo peering into politicians' faces.

"Whom are you looking for?" Martin shou from his podium.

"For Senator Tobey, sir," the waiter answered

"Well, he's not here," Martin sang out in his inhibited way. "He's in the doghouse."

Martin's quip brought a salvo of appreci laughter from those Republican conservatives w regard the Yankee rebel as "even more of a N Dealer than Claude Pepper" and, therefore, as sor thing of a traitor to the traditions and practices the Grand Old Party. Moreover, many of present had, at one time or another, felt the hy dermic sting of Tobey's tongue.

One victim of the Tobey needle was Ken Wherry, the Nebraska undertaker who has bec a senator and his party's whip in the Upper Ho At a tactical conference of Republican bigwigs the eve of taking over the new 80th Cong Wherry appeared to be overly concerned with the senators were to dress for the historic occas He seemed to favor morning coats. The sug tion almost caused Michigan's Arthur Vanden who abhors formality, to swallow his cigar.

When the clamor of indignation subsided, To undoubtedly with Wherry's previous calling mind, slyly inquired whether the "gentleman f Nebraska would mind telling us how he spells m ing—m-o-u-r-n-i-n-g perhaps?" Even Bob Taft, seldom laughs at anything and less frequentl Tobey's thrusts, exploded with glee. Wherry d laugh. Not too long ago, back in Pawnee City morning coat was his work jacket—an undert

But Tobey has been relegated to the G.O.P' litical kennel less for the pain and resentment ca by his scalpel-edged tongue—which has drawn dust as often as blood—than for his consistent conformism. He has steadfastly refused, in r years to vote against his conscience when it flicted with his party's line on both domestic international issues.

"I am a Republican," he explains, "and I that my party shall be the majority voice in gu the ship of state. But I do not wish its guidan be in disregard of our form of government a the principles vital to the preservation of our of government."

His Credo of World-Wide Democracy

He is one of those who see democracy t ened everywhere by such carriers of Comm as poverty, poor housing, disease and insecurit believes that democracy can survive only i made to work here at home and if America as vigorous leadership in world affairs. His ples compel him, therefore, to vote for higher mum-wage standards, housing for veteran Bretton Woods proposals for global econo habilitation and the $3,750,000,000 loan to

As a result he is in Coventry within the G.O is anathematized by conservatives in both But also as a result of his political behavior has created for himself a position of unusual in Washington and prestige in the nation, larly among those who are convinced that a the New Deal may be dead, there will alway other social revolution.

Tobey, last year, was the main figure in d the nomination of the millionaire oilman, Ed Pauley, for Undersecretary of the Navy. He incurred the displeasure of President Trum

A few weeks after the Pauley incident To written to the President, calling the latter's a to the fact that the grain shortage, then ag by heavy shipments to Europe's hungry, wi ing New England's farmers to slaughter the ens. Tobey asked or implied that some

ert to the farmers, if possible, before their
cks disappeared.
"Th," wrote Tobey, in a Biblical reference to the
n to, in a vision, besought help from the Apos-
Pa, "is a Macedonian cry."
"It seems to me," Truman replied in a letter,
at you have been making Macedonian cries or
s ever since I have been in the White House.
ur unwarranted attacks on Mr. Pauley almost
ned a good public servant. You have made it
exingly difficult for me to get good men to fill
necessary places in the government. You are
ntinuing your Macedonian cries and I hope
get a lot of pleasure out of them.
If the grain shortage) is a matter of chickens or
p and if it comes to the decision as to which
ould be kept from starving, naturally, if I make
ision, it will be people. I don't know
that will please you or not."
in his own hand, Truman scribbled across
om of the typewritten letter the command,
nd see me." Tobey, who had won the cor-
ke of his own party members for support-
Administration more often than not, stewed
for a while, then published his correspond-
h the President. To friends he quipped:
does he think I am! Mae West?"
obey doesn't bear grudges. He is slow to
d quick to forgive. In spite of the Presi-
buff of last year the Yankee rebel was
the President's side in the fight against the
e Bill to exempt the railroads and other
rom prosecution under the Sherman anti-
s. Tobey waged practically a one-man cru-
nst it in the Senate.
rson in this country," he complained, "and
of consumption will be unaffected by this
to exempt rate fixing and fare fixing from
ust laws. The bill gives railroads a mo-
ower in their dealings with shippers and
s and increases the present monopolistic
big railroads over small railroads."

metimes on the President's Side

Tobey, a Republican senator, who ap-
Truman, the Democratic President, to
Bulwinkle Bill even before it had actually
e Senate. And he was again on Truman's
half of David Lilienthal when the latter's
e to the Senate for confirmation as chair-
e new Atomic Energy Commission.
forms, with Oregon's Wayne Morse and
s George Aiken, a loosely allied triumvi-
ng the liberal-progressives of the G.O.P.
te as delicately balanced as a druggist's
ir votes are often decisive. The Senate is
retically Republican, with 51 members
for the opposition. Any legislation crack-
on labor, hiking tariffs, reducing taxes or
what government controls remain comes up against Tobey, Morse, Aiken and as many other independent votes as they can sway to their side. The uniformly Republican and conservative Senate committees may report favorably the kind of legislation they like, but there is no guarantee of passage.

The area of Tobey's influence isn't limited to the Senate floor. The ex-bookkeeper who once audited a firm's books for a badly needed $100 while commuting between Greenville, New Hampshire, and Boston, is chairman of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, one of the three or four most important in the Upper House. He is also a member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. But it is in the Banking and Currency Committee that Tobey's influence is most felt.

Much of the legislation affecting the country's everyday economic life originates in Tobey's committee. Through the committee's hopper must pass all bills regulating the banking and credit systems, the coinage and printing of money. All appointments to the Federal Reserve Bank, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and those government agencies dealing with prices, rent controls and housing—as well as the policies of these agencies—are screened by the committee before being brought to the Senate floor for decision. How efficiently or inefficiently our economic system functions depends considerably on how well or how badly Tobey and his committee do their job.

On domestic issues particularly, the Tobey-Morse-Aiken wing is often strengthened by such senators as Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, William F. Knowland of California and William Langer of North Dakota, and occasionally by newcomers like Kentucky's Sherman Cooper, New York's Irving Ives and Vermont's Ralph Flanders.

The presence in the Senate of as frisky a herd of mavericks as ever snorted defiance on the Republican range drew from an unnamable Republican old-timer a dire prediction last year.

"I don't share the jubilation on this old Hill," he said. "We've got just enough of a majority and just enough power to be blamed for everything bad and not enough to do ourselves any good. We haven't enough votes in the Senate to have things our own way. The place is full of rebels. They'll raise a lot of hell and keep us in a stew. They might divide us so badly as to hurt our chances in '48."

Practically every Republican you meet in Washington lately is "worried about '48," particularly since the rise in Harry Truman's popularity as a result of his four-square stand against expansion of Russia's power abroad and John L. Lewis' at home. Most of the members of the G.O.P. hierarchy appear to have appointed themselves their party's saviors in the next Presidential election. Tobey isn't one of them.

In fact, the only time that Tobey's name has been publicly mentioned for the biggest job in the world apparently was in a letter written to the New York Herald Tribune back in November, 1945, by a plain citizen of Southold, Long Island, who identified himself as Wilson L. Glover. Citizen Glover warned that failure of the G.O.P. to nominate Tobey in 1948 would mean another "Republican disaster," i.e., Democratic victory. But it is doubtful whether Chairman Carroll Reece and the other members of the Republican National Committee will take Glover's warning seriously. Tobey pasted a clipping of Glover's letter in one of his numerous scrapbooks and forgot about it.

This is not, therefore, as so many stories about Republican senators are these days, an assessment of Tobey as a Presidential candidate. It is merely the story of the growth of a man, a farmer and a son and grandson of farmers, into a first-rate politician, able to exert an extraordinary amount of influence on our national and international lives.

A Foe of Monopolists and Lobbyists

Tobey was not always the darling of labor and its political pressure groups that he is today. He has always disliked and fought monopolists and their "fat lobbyists with round heads and round bottoms," as he describes them, but there was a time when he wasn't exactly a screaming liberal on domestic issues. And in international matters he was so completely an isolationist that back in the autumn of 1941 interventionist Frank Sullivan, the Sage of Saratoga, felt compelled to name "Charley Tobey" on a team of All-America Stuffed Shirts.

The Tobey of those days used his eloquent tongue, schooled in classical oratory at the Roxbury (Massachusetts) Latin School, against Roosevelt, the New Deal and even his own party's Wendell Willkie. He accused F.D.R. and Willkie of wanting to have our boys killed in another "foreign war." Tobey opposed the 1940 census as a "snooping attempt" by the War Department to obtain information for a mobilization plan, bucked Lend-Lease, convoys, repeal of the Neutrality Act and whatever he saw as a "conspiracy to get us into war."

He was cordially hated by the interventionists who wrote acidulous letters to New Hampshire newspaper editors, who, in turn, wrote nasty editorials on the subject of Tobey. In the roadside metropolis of Center Ossipee, pennies were collected to buy Tobey a red, white and blue umbrella as a gibe at his appeaser's stand. But Tobey, with characteristic mental agility, took the edge off the interventionists' insult when he accepted the umbrella, by doing a bit of fancy flag waving himself.

"I accept this gift," he said, "in the same spirit of friendly combat in which, I am sure, it is given. We all love America and we all wish to see the blessings that God has bestowed upon America—those things that have made America great—perpetuated for ourselves and for future generations. We are all sincere in our efforts to perpetuate the things we love in America. It is my judgment that this can best be done by concentrating *(Continued on page 28)*

obey is the complete product of small-town life. Typical is this picture
aken when he was governor, driving in a countrymen's sulky race



Tobey was a leader in the fight against confirmation of Edwin Pauley as Undersecretary of the Navy. His stand brought bitter reaction from Truman

HARRIS & EWING



GUNNER'S GOODBY

He wasn't an admiral. But there were seventeen guns to send him home from the sea

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH



The four-starred barge lying off the starboard quarter, rocking with the swells, made no move to tie up to the boom alongside the Old Man's gig

Seymour Thompson

THE seven hashmarks on Prosser's sleeve were red, and not the gold of impeccable conduct and unblemished record; they summed up his years, and hinted that some of the younger ones had been wild. He climbed two ladders from the chief's quarters, and was blowing hard when he dropped his gear at the quartermaster's shack, port side of the quarter-deck. Still, it was neither age nor exertion that made him breathless, but a lost and empty feeling, a vague and bewildering sense of being incomplete. He had felt this way all morning.

The battleship rode at anchor. Her deck was steady as a floor, but Guns Prosser stood stockily, feet planted wide from his days in destroyers. That way, he could tell the ship was alive. He felt a dozen pulse beats, and heard her blowers breathing, and understood that wherever men moved, topside or below, they were a part of her. A group went over the port gangway, rating early liberty. They were still a part of the ship; she would draw them back in the morning. But not Guns Prosser. Today, for Prosser, made thirty years. . . .

He had only to turn in his discharge papers, and let the quartermaster of the watch log him out. He fumbled with the large Manila envelope containing the papers and listened to the junior officer of the deck—it was Mr. Jones—calling down to a motor sailer. Mr. Jones wore gray gloves and carried a long glass, and had a ramrod up his spine. He was telling the cox'n to shove off, make his regular trip, and return. Prosser suddenly realized he had missed this boat.

But time wasn't important any longer, because there was nothing left but time. He breathed more easily, hearing the cox'n's bell and a grind of gears under the ship's side, and the water-muffled stutter of the exhaust. A carrier and two cruisers lay yonder over the port quarter, and the harbor breakwater pointed a gray finger to the open sea. Sun was burning away the fog, but enough remained to soften the outlines of the farther ships and give the swinging water a dull, ponderous quality. After a man had known the sea so long he could just look at the light on it and tell the time of day. Prosser smelled the fog, and the gasoline exhaust fumes it held down against the sea. He looked where the carrier lay, and remembered ships now gone—ships with cage masts and fighting tops, and proud names. There was a time when they called this Battleship Row. . . .

The motor sailer moved clear, and a bluejacket ran out of the passageway and slid to a stop beside Prosser, snapping his fingers in vexation. He was a seaman named Mason, a striker Prosser had had in Number One turret. He was even younger than Ensign Jones, and kept his hair neatly plastered down, and wore whites with a zipper, tighter than regulations allowed. Prosser smiled at a memory. Those days, they would have called Mason a "sheik."

"Damn that boot ensign!" the boy exclaimed. "I missed chow to make that boat, and he sent me below because my skivvie shirt had a hole in the neck. He's got it in for me!"

Prosser said, "That's tough," more in amusement than symp
handed his papers to the
master. Mess gear clatter
and the smell of coffee dri
the deck. A pair of carr
streaked astern, laying a
against the empty sea.
caught the roar and deepen
ing a brief island of sound
of this the quartermaster's
in something like awe. "H
Guns!" he said. "Thirty ye
a long time."

Prosser grinned, but his
tight. A long time, and enc
but how could it end so c
seemed strange that he co
salute Mr. Jones and say, "
to leave the ship, sir?" whe
the last time, when it wa
irrevocable. It wasn't ri
fresh-caught ensign could
salute, and say, "Permissio
and see Prosser go down t
if it were only an overnigh

Permission to leave the
Permission to take off thes
used to take so long to g

(Continued on pag

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON



EVERY BITE A THRILL!

Just to make it a perfect day . . . a Milky Way candy bar.

Every bite of a Milky Way is a luscious combination of the thick milk chocolate coating . . . the golden layer of creamy caramel . . . and the soft, chocolate nougat center, hly flavored with real malted milk. All melt together ou that rare taste blend you will find only in a Milky Way.

n you crave good candy, eat a **Milky Way**



YANKEE GADFLY

Continued from page 25

America's strength in America to protect America and not to dissipate that strength to the far continents of the globe.

"But there are those who disagree; those who welcome the solemn march, step by step and speech by speech, that this country is taking into war. I am hopeful that the considered judgment of the people will prevail. . . ."

But it wasn't until a few days before Pearl Harbor that Tobey really stuck his neck out. He predicted, at a meeting of Nashua Republicans, that Japan would "never dare to attack the United States." The day after the Japanese made any considered judging by the American people unnecessary, F. H. Dobens, columnist, wrote in a Nashua paper that if "we had followed the flag he (Tobey) has been flying, the United States would have been in no shape today to wage any sort of war."

And some days later, one Mrs. Corrine Athone, a healthy 150-pound interventionist, allegedly aroused by Tobey's isolationism, landed a prodigious right hook on Tobey's jaw as he alighted from his automobile outside the combination post office and general store in his home town of Temple. Tobey was left dazed, sitting on the roadside.

But what probably hurt Tobey most was the decline of his personal and political stock in his beloved Temple, a town of 202 inhabitants who occupy a cluster of white, green-shuttered buildings where Highway 101 winds through hills that are green with pine and beside lakes that are blue, deep and cold. To Tobey, who bought the old Felt Farm and settled there in 1903, the year after he married Francelia, to raise a family and some chickens and as many roses, delphiniums and other flowers as his billfold could afford, Temple is "Eden without the original sin" and the place where "souls on the way to Paradise linger for twenty years."

He loved his neighbors and they had demonstrated both their affection for him and their appreciation of his abilities by electing him first as a selectman, then to the state legislature, the governorship, the Congress and, finally, in 1938, to the United States Senate. All of Temple's 141 voters voted for him and gave him a scroll with their signatures and an appreciation of his career as "the first citizen of Temple."

He Values Esteem of Home Folks

Tobey cherished the good will and affection of Temple's people as he cherished his wife, his children, his fierce Protestantism—he's a Baptist with, he says, "a fondness for the Episcopalian service too"—and his good name. Years of struggle to make ends meet in common with the prudent, penny-wise folks around him, had knit him into their lives.

On every last Sunday in August since 1908, Tobey had led his townsmen and folks from towns for miles around in communal prayer and in singing resounding hymns like O Master Let Me Walk With Thee and Break Thou the Bread of Life, Dear Lord to Me. The services are held yearly on a hilltop well up on Temple Mountain near the Tobey home.

Tobey himself hauled an organ from the town's First Congregational Church up the hill on a hayrack for that first meeting long ago.

And on every last Saturday in August, just before the summer boarders went home, Tobey, his fellow townsmen and the menfolk among the visitors rolled up their sleeves and worked at repairing a mile or so of road in the vicinity of the town. They had done this, together, ever since 1914 and in the evenings after the work was finished they sat together to a supper of fried chicken, cold ham, cheese, salad and fresh strawberries.

There were those years when he was a struggling clerk in a Boston shoe firm and commuted from the big city to Greenville, on the Boston and Maine. He would take the 5:10 P.M. out of Boston and at 7:15 P.M. Mrs. Tobey would meet him in Greenville in a democrat wagon, drawn by a horse the Tobeys had bought for $40. Uphill, it would take the Tobeys 45 minutes to do the two and a half miles to the house. The Tobeys arose at 5:00 A.M. so that Charley could feed the horse, do some chores about the house and the farm and then try to beat the Boston-bound train into the station. There were many hurricane finishes but, says Tobey now, he never missed a train—as he has never lost an election.

Memories such as those must have crowded upon Tobey, a sensitive and highly organized man, as he read in the Nashua Telegraph an account of a visit to Temple, a week after the Japanese had proved him wrong, by a reporter who talked with some of the senator's old friends.

"We still think the senator is a fine man," an unidentified gentleman told the reporter, "but we are strongly opposed to his present views. He is wrong and should most certainly admit it now, before it is too late."

But Tobey's troubles had only just begun. The Manchester Press Club petitioned the United States Senate to impeach him. The American Legion in Portsmouth attacked him. Nashuans petitioned Tobey himself to resign from the Senate. Tobey, man and senator, examined his conscience and felt that he had done no wrong.

"I am against war," he said, "and will always be. We are in it now and must see it through. I have always believed in international co-operation (he once stumped New Hampshire on behalf of the League of Nations) but never in war. War might destroy our own democracy without solving anything. We will defeat Fascism. But we will also, through widespread devastation and the misery and hunger and disease wrought by war, open wide the gates to Communism."

Tobey's political enemies—and these include his fellow senator from New Hampshire, the ultraconservative Styles Bridges—attribute his 180-degree turn out of the calm winds of conformity into the storm of independence to sheer political opportunism. Tobey knew, they say, that he faced an angry electorate in his campaign for re-election in 1944 and trimmed his sails accordingly.

"All he did," they say, "was to run with the wind."

Critics Overlook Political Past

Aside from the fact that a politician's mission in a democratic society is as much to follow popular will as to lead it toward constructive objectives, his critics' reasons for Tobey's about-face ignore the senator's political past. He began political life as a Bull Mooser, a follower of Theodore Roosevelt. He has remained a Bull Mooser throughout his career, a crusader who had to have a cause or wither.

That's what drew him into the fight against "demon rum" and made a prohibitionist out of Tobey long before he ever ran for a major political office. He campaigned so long against liquor that only recently has he broken himself of the habit of holding up a glass of water, extolling it as the "best of potations" and swallowing it before maki lic speech.

He is still a teetotaler but l satiable appetite for ice crean bly strawberry. His voracity f has helped to shape Tobey, a faintly penguinesque contou ically he is a smallish man wh the language of his Yankee c as though butter wouldn't n well-molded mouth. Actually houses a tongue with the bite pion's tail.

Once, at a hearing on whet fice of Price Administration continued, the late Senator B Alabama was complaining t 15 members" of the agency board on women's wear, "not from the South."

Tobey, lips twitching, tur OPA official who happened t ing and said:

"That's Senator Claghorn that's muh fren'."

"What's that?" demande Bankhead.

"That's a joke, Senator," him.

Tobey, although he looks a in what some consider a "sar manner" with a trick of lay on a visitor's arm and standin "Well, my boy" attitude, is one of the Senate's ablest sho cently, after a bitter debate forum with conservative Se Reed of Kansas, chairman o Interstate and Foreign Com mittee, over the Bulwinkle yielded to his love of publi by going to the piano, striking and suggesting that now th over, all should join in song. played was I've Been Wor Railroad. It brought the h The senator played so vig his chair fell out from unde

Leisure Devoted to Ga

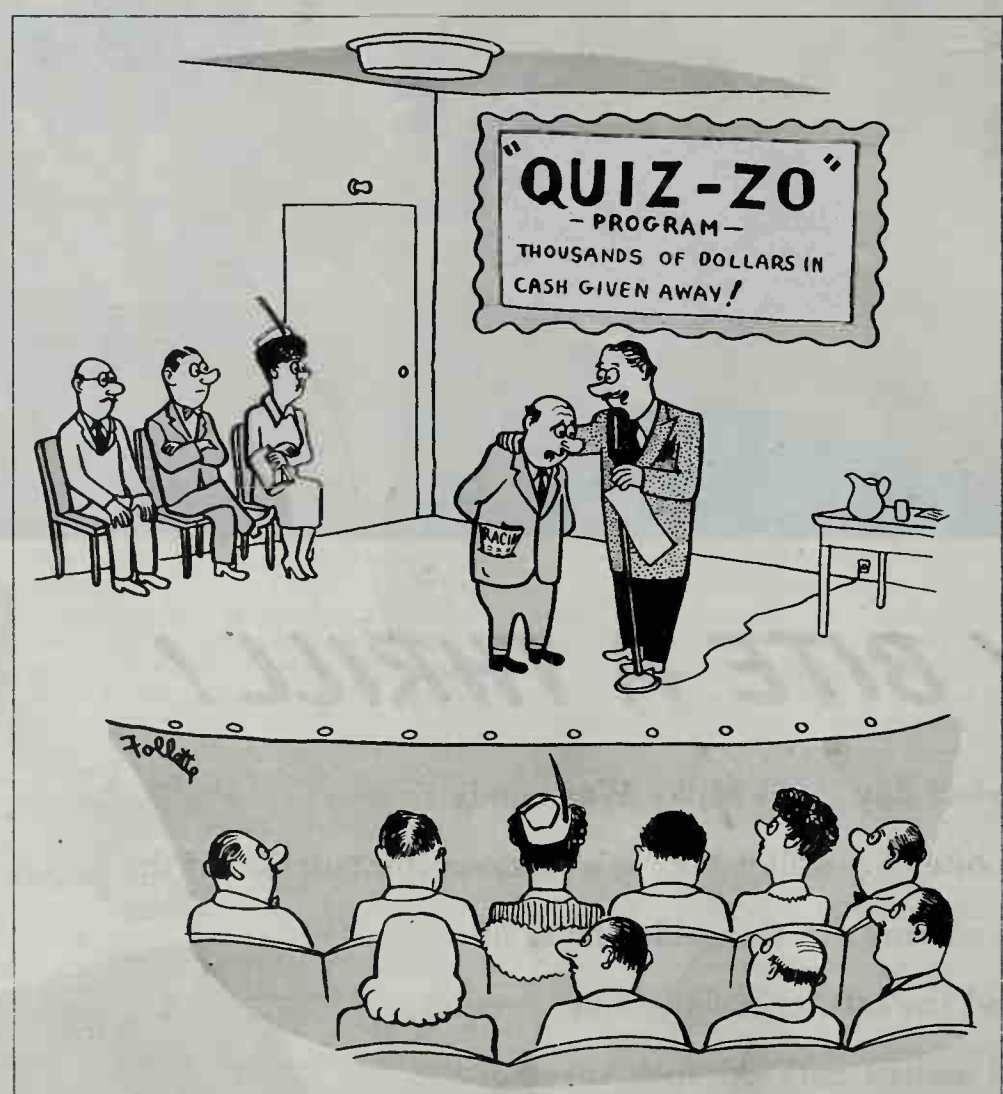
When Tobey isn't bustin posing increases in rent ceili ing hundreds of letters from helping someone obtain a s from the Army or someone invalid relative in a public i is thumbing through seed Gardening is his only hobb

Tobey maintains his goo spite of his concern for h suffers from heart trouble daughter who is afflicted wi ease known as multiscleros til recently, was considere But a newborn friendship Coast industrialist Henry J given Tobey new hope for complete recovery. Kaise also afflicted with the disea a young doctor who claim cure for it and sent the yo to him. A clinic sponsored opened in Washington wi doctor in charge. Tobey daughter to the clinic and ing.

Tobey also has two sons,

That railbird philosop Frank Sullivan, couldn't n another team of All-Am Shirts without ignoring the ord since 1944. And last J paper PM, which in 1941 him as an America Firste to raise its hat to Charley extol him as "one of the cans in Congress who is t in terms of what is good f rather than what is good f lican party—"a courage sighted Republican senato

THE END



"And what is your occupation, Mr. Trimble?"
"I'm a bank teller, sir."
"What are you going to do with the $5,000 first prize if you win it?"
"I'd rather not say."

COLLIER'S — LOU FOLLETTE

A great favorite for "color"... Kodak 35 camera with range finder



A 35mm. "miniature" with fast lens and shutter...and every modern operating feature you need, including automatic focusing device

Makes magnificent Kodachrome pictures...splendid black-and-white snapshots, too, including "flash" shots any time, anywhere
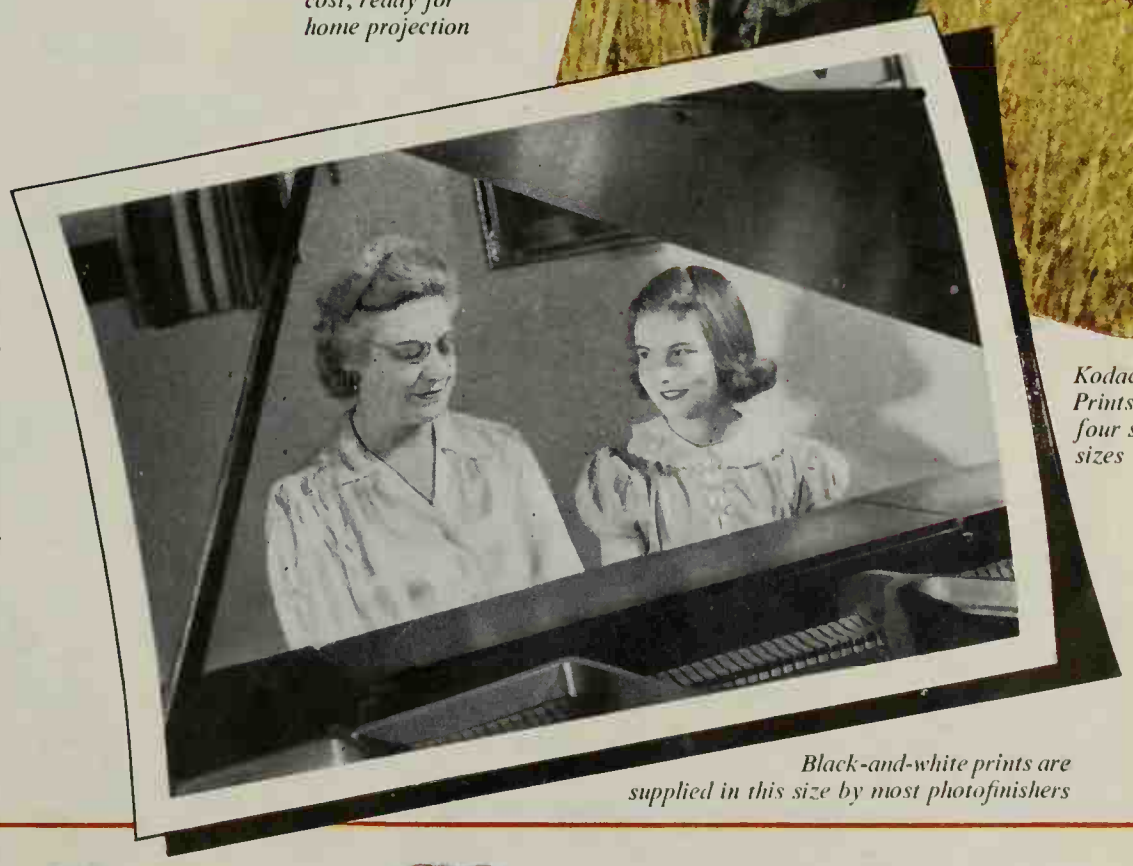




Kodachrome transparencies are mounted without extra cost, ready for home projection



Kodak 35 with range finder and accessory Kodak Flasholder

Wonderful for "flash" shots, in black-and-white or full color. Lens is the brilliant Kodak Anastigmat Special *f*/3.5—*Lumenized* to cut flare—coupled with highly accurate 1/200 second Flash Kodamatic shutter. Coupled split-field range finder for fast, sharp focusing. Automatic film stop . . . exposure counter prevents double-exposure prevention. Price is extremely moderate for such a fine "miniature." See, also, the smaller lower-priced *f*/4.5 model without range finder . . .

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.



Black-and-white prints are supplied in this size by most photofinishers

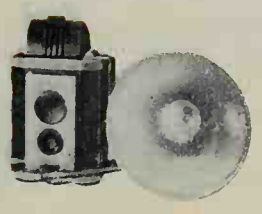
Kodachrome Prints come in four standard sizes

Color and "flash" shots with these models, too...

Kodak is making more cameras than ever before, but the demand is greater, so Consult your dealer.



Kodak Reflex
Outstanding twin-lens reflex camera.



Brownie Reflex, Synchro Model—For great snapshots day or night.

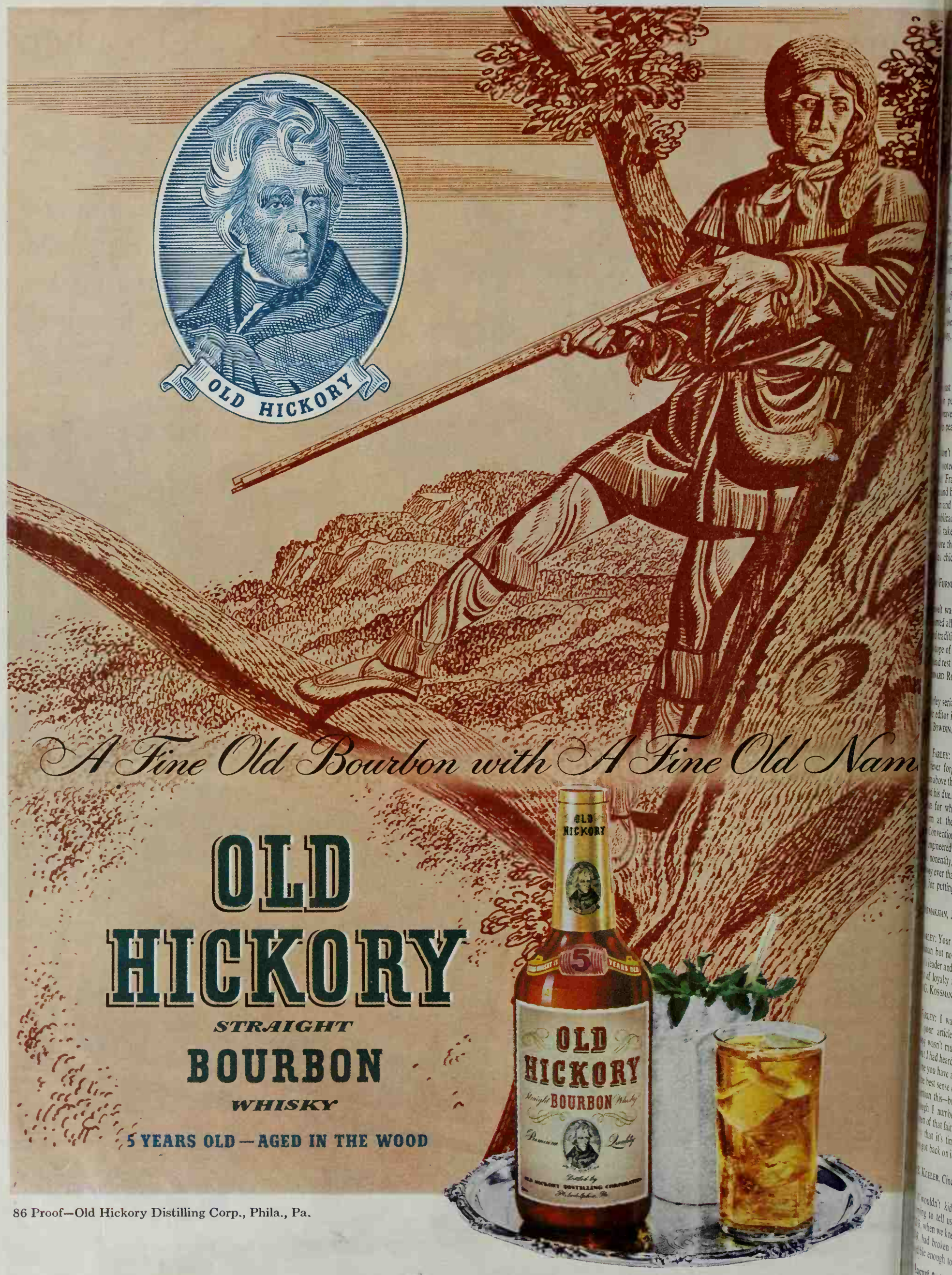


Kodak Vigilant Junior Six-20, Kodet lens—Capability at moderate cost.



Kodak Bantam (*f*/4.5)
Smallest of Kodaks; expert in color or black-and-white.

Kodak



86 Proof—Old Hickory Distilling Corp., Phila., Pa.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

rely an answer to one simple question, w could you do it?"
ear this is an instance similar to that long ago provoked the expression, save me from my friends."
LLARD W. BURGESS, Los Angeles, Cal.

I'm so glad someone else is joust- side Bertie McCormick whom I nd read religiously.
W. L. KEEFE, Chicago, Ill.

Jim Farley's "tattletale" article re- me of a group of boys who were sit- der a tree near my house recently. as revealing confidences between a d himself to the detriment of another

of the listeners got up with a dis- look on his face and started away. g over his shoulder, he said, "Aw, eany, I'm sure glad you ain't my
BLANCHE F. REYNOLDS,
South Beloit, Ill.

m just an ordinary housewife and to put in my two cents' worth. heaven's name don't you let his t in peace? MARY C. FERRIS

u don't know me from a jack rab- I voted in various states Demo- until Franklin Delano sought the m and have, since that time, voted can and expect to remain a regis- epublican for the rest of my life, will take at least another genera- estore the country from the fraud itical chicanery brought about by

RT FURNESS, San Francisco, Cal.

sevelt was a dynamic personality esented all that was best in Ameri- and tradition. During his lifetime e hope of the world. Why not let dead rest in peace?
ERNARD ROSE, Montreal, Canada

Farley serial is the best in a long our editor is to be congratulated.
LL BOWDIN, Lake George, N. Y.

R. FARLEY: You state that the "never forgave me for putting fare above the personal allegiance ered his due." Was this the same fare for which you showed so neern at the New York State ic Convention in 1942 when you ly engineered the nomination of cal nonentity, John G. Bennett? Dewey ever thanked you, publicly ly, for putting him where he is

AKMAKJIAN, Jersey City, N. J.

FARLEY: Your article makes you litician but not a patriot. You to a leader and to your party to ent of loyalty to your country.
ED G. KOSSMAN, Jamaica, N. Y.

. FARLEY: I was tremendously in your article on Roosevelt way wasn't much news to me what I had heard and felt about To me you have always been an in the best sense of the word. I mention this—but I am not a although I number among my ds men of that faith. What I am ay is that it's time this grand ours got back on its feet. More ou.
RT B. KEELER, Cincinnati, Ohio

S: Y'wouldn't kid us, would ? in trying to tell us that YOU F.D.R. when we knew from the F.D.R. had broken with YOU. neredible enough to think you were indispensable when truth to tell it was high time F.D.R. gave you the gate! Certainly a fourth term was its own evidence that F.D.R. lost nothing by disposing of you!!
HORACE CASSELBERRY, New York, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: Keen congratulations and appreciations. Your articles on the New Dealer are a real service to truth and humanity and common decency.
ANONYMOUS

. . . It is quite obvious that Mr. Farley was peeved because he wasn't invited to White House social functions, hence the articles. That plus the fact that it's so nice to be paid for airing one's gripes.
MRS. C. B. KAUFMAN, Kenmore, N. Y.

. . . F.D.R.'s refusal to admit this backbiter to the circle of his intimates was evidently based on sound judgment. Shame on you!
RICHARD DERMODY, San Mateo, Cal.

DEAR JIM: I have just read and enjoyed the first installment of your story.

Where Eleanor speaks of "Franklin's social equals" I was enraged, as there *never* was a Roosevelt—and never will be—who is the social equal of even the lowliest Irishman. . . . From some small political experience, I learned that such things *must* be endured sometimes to win political success.
BEN H. THAYER, Seligman, Mo.

. . . As one who has been at least a lukewarm admirer of James Farley, I can no longer even respect him for his cowardly attack on a dead President. May I state also that this is not written by one who worshiped Mr. Roosevelt, but by a lifelong Republican who loves fair play?
A. E. KULL, Oklahoma City, Okla.

. . . It occurs to me that this statement should have been made while the late President was alive and able (as he would have been) to have defended himself.
PIERCE MUNSEY, Portales, N. M.

. . . Jim Farley does not offend—brings Roosevelt down to earth. Personally, we knew all the older Roosevelts.

Keep your magazine as it is—unafraid of poor critics—and I'll subscribe as long as you do. CLARA LOUISE LAWRENCE,
Santa Clara, Cal.

DEAR MR. FARLEY: I have not read your article but we have heard comments on it and can believe every word you said in regard to this gentleman's attitude toward you. . . . INTERESTED

. . . Why I Broke With Roosevelt reminds me of Kipling's lines spoken by Woodrow Wilson when he was ill and broken from working in the interest of peace:

"If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools . . ."

NED MAUSTON, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I enjoy the articles no matter who wrote them. I am not Catholic or Democrat.
MIKE R. BORTON, Miami, Fla.



DEAR SIR: Mayor James Michael Curley, who was sentenced to jail for using the mails to defraud, charged that Franklin Delano Roosevelt was reaching out from his grave to punish him.

He did his best to degrade the name of Roosevelt in Boston. While Curley's workers were collecting two hundred thousand signatures on a half-mile-long petition to free him by any means, newsboys on Boston streets were shrieking, "Curley is right! If you do not believe it, read what Jim Farley has to say in this week's Collier's, just out." We've been plagued by Curleyism for half a century. Are we now to be plagued by Farleyism?
HENRY BOLTON, Boston, Mass.

. . . Don't destroy our illusion (if you want to call it so) of this epoch of history by publishing such articles by a man who is very evidently trying to promote his political ambitions.

I shouldn't read any more of those articles—they make me fighting mad—and I am a Republican—what do you know about that! MARY MCC. BUCKLEY

. . . Our late President was a Gentleman, with all that it implies and more. Kindliness is one of the outstanding qualities of a true Gentleman, and no one can deny that Mr. Roosevelt had even more than his share. That is the one thing Mr. Jim Farley could not understand. It was his own shortcomings and he himself that made the break.

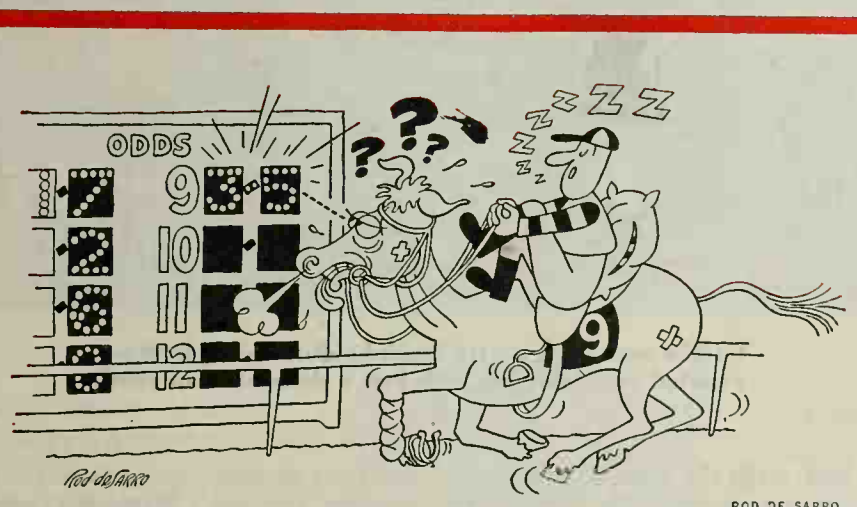
Does a free press mean that anyone can come forth after a man is gone from this life and publish his version of a situation, knowing there can be no reply?
(MRS.) ELSIE N. MACHEN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I thought I respected Mr. Farley for holding his tongue these few years. But now comes the *dawn*. Or should I give him the benefit of the doubt?
PATRICIA KIEL, New York, N. Y.

. . . The other morning I noticed comment on the articles and I hotfooted it to the newsstand to get one. They were out, but I finally located both issues and have not enjoyed anything in a long time as I did these. Already several of the most prominent men here have read my copies, and I have a waiting list, since they are unable to get the issues.
C. P. DICKSON, Raleigh, N. C.

. . . I can see where the freedom of the press is a thing which is an ideal of American democracy but there is also an American custom of allowing both sides to be heard. JOE WASSER, Monticello, N. Y.

Collier's published part of the "other side" in a condensation of Frances Perkins' book, The Roosevelt I Knew, and will publish other versions in the future.



ROD DE SARRO

SPORTING ODDS

Horse players at Bay Meadows, near San Francisco, in 1940 were astounded to see the odds on a five-year-old maiden named Green Tea drop suddenly from 90 to 1 to 2 to 1. Not only had the horse never won a race, it had never finished in the money; yet 10 minutes before post time the electric tote board indicated that a large chunk of dough had been wagered on Green Tea.

Convinced that a betting coup was in the offing, hundreds of fans stormed the mutuel windows to cut themselves in. Green Tea was soon installed a 3 to 5 favorite. It ran a placid ninth. Most of the chagrined bettors didn't learn until the next day the source of their "hot tip." A short circuit at one of the $10 win ticket windows had sent the mutuel machine berserk. Before it could be disconnected, it had "sold" 187 tickets on Green Tea, for which no money was received. And the $1,870 had been automatically recorded—and paid—in the win pool. The unwitting and unwilling purchaser of these 187 tickets was the American Totalisator Company, which leases the mutuel machines to the race tracks and underwrites any losses caused by mechanical defects.

—Dick Friendlich, San Francisco, Calif.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

THE CHAINED GATE

Continued from page 16

something would happen if they did. He turned on the headlights, and the beams shot out toward the highway.

For a moment he almost decided not to go—then started the engine.

"Tallyho," Fran said, but it wasn't very loud. . . .

A dark blue night, white with stars, colder than Jack thought it would be, but warm enough for swimming.

As they drove in, the big cement beach gates whitened with car light. A sign in simple block printing labeled the closing hour: 12.30 A.M. They drove down the cement auto path that curved at a level with the sand. The sand was a night-white near the road, browning and darkening off toward the water and shore.

They drove to the car-crowded parking place, and from the parking place carried the rug and paper sacks across the loose sand toward the sound of the lake.

The sand squeaked as their heels came down, grains spraying, catching in their shoes. The wind was a steady, cold pressure on their faces as they circled around through the couples and groups sitting and lying on blankets. The sound of a harmonica came nearer and they passed a boy sitting alone, playing to himself.

THE harmonica became fainter and the sound of the waves louder, the wind colder. When they found the shore they walked just above the damp mark of the water until they came to a dark, private place where they could sit back in a gully and still be near the breakers.

Jack collected wood for a fire. Fran spread the rug on the sand, her forehead ringlets gone and her hair falling straight and dark around her thin shoulders, moving with the breeze. All the while he collected the wood Jack kept thinking of the best way to tell Fran they weren't going to see each other any more after tonight.

He wished the trouble hadn't started at Fran's house, because now that made things harder. He knew she was going to think he liked her less because he'd been embarrassed, and he knew breaking up with her now was going to humiliate her more than ever. And he didn't want to break up with her but he had to. He didn't like her less because of her father. If anything, it made her seem closer to him, but she wouldn't understand that. She might even do something crazy when he told her how things stood.

Fran was a funny girl, but not like her older sister Marion. Marion, on summer nights, used to slip out of the house and down the back stairs in her night dress; she'd go out on an impulse, because it was exciting, and sit in her father's car, parked in the shed behind the store. Everyone knew about Marion except Fran's mother and father. She only stopped going out to the shed when Fran told her she'd tell their father if she didn't stop. Fran told Jack on their first date that she'd made her sister behave, so Jack would understand she wasn't at all like Marion.

But Fran was odd in other ways, impulsive, too, talking of running away from home to Hollywood—and then a month or two later saying she'd decided to become a nun. She wanted something, Jack wasn't sure what; deciding he wouldn't be on the furnishing end if it were anything like marriage.

When the wood was collected Jack started the fire. He uncapped the two ginger ale bottles and they each held theirs in one hand, and their roasting sticks in the other. The hot dogs split in the flames, charred, and oils dropped down on the fire. Marshmallows crusted brown and black, their centers melting to a liquid sweetness that burned their mouths.

When they finished eating Jack pulled a flaming stick from the fire and they lighted cigarettes. The bad mood he'd started the evening with was gone.

Jack broke his roasting stick into tiny sections, tossing the pieces into the fire. No one passed near their fire and they were undisturbed back in the wind-protected gully. Jack imagined they were shipwrecked on a desert island. It was a nice feeling, the same feeling he had whenever they went out together, like being the central characters in a movie, the romantic leads. Then, in the darkness around the fire, he imagined the faces of cannibals watching them. He thought of how he'd protect Fran: like the Bronze Man, ripping steel doors off their hinges, pulling limbs off trees for clubs—and next imagined, even felt, a gun strapped low around his hips, like the cover men of adventure magazines.

When Jack got up to build the fire higher he took large branches in his



"I'd like something pretty much heightened by hydrogenated vegetable oil with just a dash of riboflavin"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

hands and, while she watched him, broke them sharply across his knees. He wanted to be like the pictures of another man, the one in the back of the magazines, in the ad, the one snapping a link chain across the muscles of his chest.

After the fire was fixed they pulled the rug around until they were away from the smoke. The fire reddened the sand, flickering the foot-pitted ground with shadows. Below, in the darkness, the lake waves rolled. They drank more ginger ale, talked, and Jack felt quite happy.

JACK sat facing the fire, and Fran lay across his lap. He pulled his arms around her tightly, forgiving himself with the pressure of his arms for the thought of ever breaking up with Fran. Her head rolled toward his shoulder, the warmth of her temple pressing against the side of his face. When she put her arms up around his shoulders and held him just as tightly he didn't know what to tell her because he didn't want to lose the happiness he had when he was with her, while it lasted.

But when she whispered just under his ear, their heads still pressed together, "I don't ever want to get married," he was instantly wary, sensing a question sounding him out.

He relaxed his arms and her head came slowly away. He knew it had been a question when he saw her eyes; she had that way of questioning, with meanings that slipped in behind and came quizzically through statements.

Jack glanced away from her eyes. "Yeah, why not?"

Fran laughed, but her body was too tense for the laugh to come freely. "I don't want any mess like my mother's got. You know how I mean? You're pushing up daisies soon enough."

He had to make his stand then, or never, and Jack took the opening, holding his breath slightly. "Yeah," he said. "I don't want to marry *nobody* myself." A silence hit all around them, her silence.

She said slowly, "Does it have to be that way?"

"How?"

"You know."

Jack reached for the bottle of ginger ale. He drank and set it down again without answering.

She said, "Gee, it's so bad at home I hate to live there. I'll give you a guess what my mother's going through. Oh, I suppose you can't blame my father so much. He feels terrible, says he can't even face the customers in the store any more. He can't work the humiliation out of his system, but he's doing his level best trying to . . . on all of us." She paused. "What you mean is: You don't want to marry *me*. Isn't that it?"

The ridges of the flames jerked in the wind. The wood roared and popped, its heat pressing against their faces. He'd had a dozen ways of telling her thought out, and now was the time. But all he could say was, "I guess I just don't like marriage, Fran. Somebody gets pushed around sooner or later. Somebody kicks all the fun down cellar."

Fran lay very quietly. "Yep. You hit the head on the nail. Slip the gentleman his sixty-four dollars." Then she sat up quickly, clapping her hands down on the rug. "Come on. Let's go swimming." He tried to see her face because he hadn't liked the sound of her voice: but she twisted away and stood up. She went over to her swimming suit, and Jack got up, brushing his hands together, watching her back as she moved out of the firelight.

They went up opposite sides of the gully to change their clothes in the darkness, and then came down again to meet at the fire. Jack reached the fire first. When he heard Fran coming he turned and watched her move into the fi... Her eyes had a wild look, as thoug... in the darkness she'd been talkin... edly to some ghostly adviser.

She came up beside the fire, ti... across the sand with long, pausin... "Are you afraid of getting marri...

"Naw. I just don't like it."

She smiled. "It's got me bu... too," and she took his hand, he... colder than the air. They walke... to the water together and ran in, p... quickly under its cold surface.

THEY swam back and forth, ... in chest-high water, teeth ch... and voices jerking sharply. Jack... his legs up and down to get warm... body. He didn't like swimming ... The water had a strange bla... around the white froth, and bub... followed his hands. It was like sw... on a dead planet's lake where t... true light no longer existed. Fran... quiet, answering him only occa... when she spoke, staying too f... She was a better swimmer than J... stayed easily out of his reach. J... lowering his legs to be sure of t... bottom in the insecurity of the ... ter and the night.

He was thinking of some w... Fran back to the beach when he... head go out of sight, slipping... down below the surface as thou... one had pulled her by the legs. ... came up again a few yards a... bathing cap parting the surfac... a splash. He started toward he... moved away, backstroking.

She was laughing but it soun... like her hands splashing in t... "Let's swim to Chicago. Come ... Fran rolled over in the water,... tening bare shoulders and bac... up, her arms reaching out in ... smooth crawl stroke toward the ... of the lake.

Jack yelled, "Fran. Hey, F... go in."

She didn't answer. He look... face rolling up and down, go... arms silently dipping and risin... kicked his own legs up and pull... through the water behind her. ... farther and farther ahead. He ... ing her again, and after th... swam, saving all the breath an... he could, keeping track of the ... beach while he swam.

He could feel the lake gett... and colder and began to th... cramps. He wondered how ... could go and still make it ... wouldn't have to be very far. ... still hear the sound of her feet. ... her no longer, could only ... rhythmic froth of her kicki... ahead. He began to think al... not his own body alone sinkir... bottomless darkness—but Fr...

He shouted frantically, "F... listened, no longer hearing ... ment in the water. The sho... his throat, and the black w... quietly around his body. He ... ward again, his big arms slici... the lake that gave way aroun... fingers. The water flooded o... and eyes and along his shoul...

He stopped swimming ag... heard her voice. "Jack. Wh... ter?" She wasn't far away.

Over to the left he saw he... toward him, her head hig... moving in a slow breast stro... and cap were wet, her fac... marble against the dark wa... dazed and uncertain. "Wha... ter?"

Jack treaded slowly, his l... saving his arms, knowing h... he'd have to handle her. H...



Only Zenith gives you these Twin Triumphs in Tone !



1. IN RECORDS . . .

THE SENSATIONAL COBRA TONE ARM

All America's raving about this revolutionary Zenith development. t tone purity and beauty you've *never* heard in records before! Entirely —reproduces tones on a Radionic Wave. No crystals, no magnets, no to change! Magically erases *all* annoying scratch and vibration. Keeps ords like new *hundreds* of plays longer! Comes with new Silent-Speed that gently, quietly changes 10 and 12 inch records intermixed . . . so st you enjoy a practically *continuous* flow of music. No other radio—at any price—gives you this sensational *new way* to play records!



2. IN RADIO . . .

GENUINE ZENITH-ARMSTRONG STATIC FREE FM

Only Zenith brings you this new way to enjoy the world's finest music in glorious new fidelity, without a special aerial . . . static free even in storms . . . and yours on *both* the 50 and 100 megacycle wave bands, to protect you against any future change in FM wave lengths. All this in addition to Zenith's famous tone perfection for your favorite regular radio programs, and world-wide short wave as well. Compare—and you'll see that Zenith gives more quality per dollar in *every* way! Get a thrilling demonstration at your radio dealer's today.

Shown closed above, open at right, classic design radio-phonograph console in beautiful grain walnut finish. Cobra Tone Arm, Silent-Speed Record Changer, Standard Broadcast, Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM. Model 9H081 . . **$269***

* * *

Your choice of 43 Zenith radios, radio-phonographs, and portables from $26.95 to $395. ** West Coast prices slightly higher.*



ZENITH RADIO

•LONG DISTANCE•

COPR. 1947, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

fluttered his hands in the water, hoping she'd believe him. "My toes are cramping."

She came in closer, worried now, no longer dazed. "You sure?"

"I think so. Let's head back."

Her eyes blinked and she looked up at the sky a moment. As she glanced back her shoulders bobbed quickly toward the fire on the shore, the water pillowlike against the side of her head. "Take it slow, Jack. I'll swim alongside."

After several minutes, the fire as far away as before, he did not try to raise his arms above the water. They were too tired.

He wasn't even sure he'd make it back until the sound of the waves on the shore seemed so close that when he put his legs down they ticked bottom sand.

They walked up and out on the land as silently as they had returned to the shore through the water. Jack said, "For a minute I thought you *were* heading for Chicago."

The sand stuck to their wet legs, and their skin goose-pimpled in the cold air. They walked into the firelight, into its warmth, heads down, watching their feet hit the sand. Fran said, "I lost my nerve. It wasn't a trick, Jack. I don't want to get married. I don't."

WHEN they were dressed they sat on the rug by the fire. Jack lay back and closed his eyes. His arms didn't feel as tired now, but he closed his eyes because he felt humiliated and ashamed. The smoke of the burning wood blew lightly around them. He could see Fran through his eyelids, her head bent to one side, running a comb through her hair: half his own weight, nowhere near his strength—yet he'd floundered like a terrified baby a hundred yards from shore and made a fool of himself to get her back to land.

Fran brought the comb down with a jerk and raised one hand to her mouth. "What time is it?"

Jack sat up quickly and pulled out his watch. "Twelve forty-five."

She dropped the hand from her mouth slowly and Jack was already on his feet rolling the rug. They started back for the car, running down the shore line where the sand was damp and hard.

Only their car stood in the parking place, a single, stationary car in the middle of a sanded emptiness. They got in quickly, slamming the doors, and drove down the road to the gate.

The gate was as far as they could go. The heavy chain links were aglow in the car lights. Jack glanced at Fran. She was staring straight ahead, her lips pressed together.

Jack said, "There's another gate further down."

He jerked the car in reverse, wheeled it back, then sent the car forward. The second gear was a humming, swirling sound in the car before he slipped it down to high.

They swung around, up to the second gateway, and stopped. In their headlights, sections of the heavy chain were like gold, luminously afire. And beyond the gates Jack could feel, almost see, a man sitting behind a kitchen table, holding a pair of shears in his hand like a dagger, his eyes above his swelling cheeks like cups of fishhooks.

Jack switched off the key.

In the headlights they saw the sign again that labeled the closing hour of the gate. And under this sign was a second sign that said that under no conditions would the gates be reopened until morning. Jack looked at the sign and knew how Marion's husband must have felt the morning Fran's father walked into the garage where he worked and told him what he had to do or go to jail.

The light of the dashboard lay across their laps and faces. Without turning his head toward Fran, Jack said, "Well, that's that."

Beside the gate was a watchman's office, a small boxlike hut where a light bulb burned and they could see a part of a man's head.

Jack switched the key on again and started the engine.

He felt Fran's fingers tighten. She said, "What are you going to do?"

"Make a run for it across the sand. See if I can circle the gate to the highway."

"Jack. We'll get stuck."

As he swung the car back along the road to get a good running start the door of the watchman's office opened and the man inside came out. He stopped outside the doorway, silhouetted by the inside light.

Jack gunned the motor and headed for the sand. He leaned over the steering wheel, his lips pulled back across his teeth. It was like hitting a wall of water. The car struck the sand and swerved, wheels spinning and digging. They sank in the loose sand and the car came to a slow, gradual stop. Only the rear wheels went around and around.

Jack heard the man knocking on the



"Now, this outfit was especially designed for people who have no taste in clothes"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

car window. He turned the engine off and rolled the glass down.

"What do you kids think you're doing?" The watchman held a large-bowled pipe casually to his mouth.

Fran pleaded and Jack argued. The man kept shaking his head, explaining the regulations, saying, "If we didn't lock those gates tight we'd be letting folks like you out all night long. Besides, I ain't even got the key."

He helped Jack push the car out of the sand and back to the road. After that there was nothing more to do but go inside the guard's house and keep warm until daybreak. There was no telephone in the hut and no place the guard knew they could find one.

Jack began to get mad—mad at himself, Fran, the guard, everything. He wanted to smash the guard in the face.

There were only two chairs in the hut. Fran and the guard sat down while Jack looked out the window at his car and the heavy chain across the gate. Fran smoked cigarettes one after the other, nervously. No one wanted to speak.

At the end of an hour the guard got up and went over to the door. He opened the door a few inches and spat out on the ground; and after standing a moment in the doorway, went outside, closing the door.

Jack looked down at Fran, at the top of her head, at the cigarette smoke coiling from her fingers. He felt miserable. He wanted to touch her and knew he couldn't, any more than he could tell her not to worry. He didn't feel mad now, not even trapped. He wanted to touch her tenderly and tell her not to worry about her father, because as soon as they opened the gates in the morning they could head straight for Indiana and be married.

JACK stepped over beside Fran and bent beside her, taking both her hands in his big farm boy's hands, and he said, "Listen, Fran—"

She jerked her hands away, the cigarette spinning down across the floor. Still in a half crouch, he watched her go out the door before he could move. Then Jack grabbed the door frame and went out behind her.

He ran across the pavement toward the gate, gaining behind her. She crossed the chain ahead of him and he almost had her there, catching her a moment later on the highway. They stood in the middle of the road, facing each other on the starlit concrete. The wind from the lake moved the fringes of her skirt and hair.

Jack held her arm tightly. "You can't walk home. What's the matter with you? We haven't seen a car come down this road since we been here." He pulled her back toward the gate. "Now come on. Your folks will understand."

She pushed his hand from her arm, straining against his wrist, her face contorted. "Just leave me alone, Jack," she pleaded.

He took her arm again and she twisted her shoulders and head away. "I'm the one that has to face my father. You don't. You know what he'll think. And how do you think he'll feel?"

"Honey, I'll marry you if you want me to."

"Oh, shut up. You don't give a damn about me. You said so. Don't think this means you have to marry me. You don't give a damn about me."

"I just said I didn't like what marriage turned into, Fran. You said the same thing." She began to moan and push at his wrist before he realized how tightly he was holding her arm. He wanted to tell her how frightened he'd been out on the lake, that he'd have gone right on swimming after her till he went down if she hadn't come back. But he kn wouldn't believe that, even listen saying that now. He said, "I reall to marry you, Fran, honest. Wh have to do or say to prove it? I wanting to because I think I sho cause of being locked in here t honey. Listen to me."

She began yanking and twisting end of his arm. "You don't give about me. Don't you think I kn

"Take it easy," Jack said.

Jack pulled and drew her back the gate while she jerked and When he reached the chain he li over, and the chain rattled aga legs as he stepped over beside he

Fran's face turned up to hin white reflection in the dark wate hair, the hair moving, rippling wind, her face distorted and w said, "I hope you get it someday you get it as bad as me."

He let go of her shoulders, his fingers one at a time and back. It seemed as though wall mortar and board—were c down on his head and shoulders as though he were sinking dow body, growing smaller, tighter ar until the blood in his body sw pushed thunderously against and eyes. He opened his mouth at her, to let it out before he bl But there was no time for s voice—

At some moment during the fury of his decision he strac chain and wrapped the links wrists and around between h He threw his feet up against t gatepost and, bending his legs, out of his trousers at his knees. ripped down the back between ders and the iron chain cut th flesh of his fingers. From far across the dark rustling lake, fr place, he heard his name calle tiny name far away. Head d glasses lost, his bent, bursting l into the post, his heels grindi ment. His legs ground in, t the concrete from itself, but wrists and arms from his body

He fell back to the ground chain before he wanted to or and did not realize the chain his hands until he tried to reac again and the loose, broke across the side of his face.

HIS name came closer and became as near as her ha at his coat, and her face. He h one hand, each of them h other, while he felt over the kled ground for his glasses, fi finally under his knees, still ur put them on with one hand, toward the car with the othe ran.

Going out between the gat of the car kicked at the chai went up through his body l of something he had waited to hear, and now that he h the note was so quiet and fa frightening.

It was only two o'clock an be home in half an hour, dawn. Everything was fin hands were bleeding, his pal little on the steering wheel. l of the steering spokes. Fran with both hands and her hea his shoulder. He could s sound of the kicked, broke frightening like the lake, or else he'd ever known but r imagined hammer click o ready in his hands for som ever might be coming tow light.

He pressed the accelera down in toward the high, the engine, and at the f turned down the lane to

THE END

...Cary SHIES... Shirley SIGHS... Myrna BURNS!

bewildered bachelor, an amorous
bby-soxer and her big sister, a
morous female judge, stir up the
r's funniest romantic ruckus!



RKO PRESENTS

CARY GRANT · MYRNA LOY · SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer

with

RUDY VALLEE · RAY COLLINS · HARRY DAVENPORT · JOHNNY SANDS

A DORE SCHARY PRODUCTION

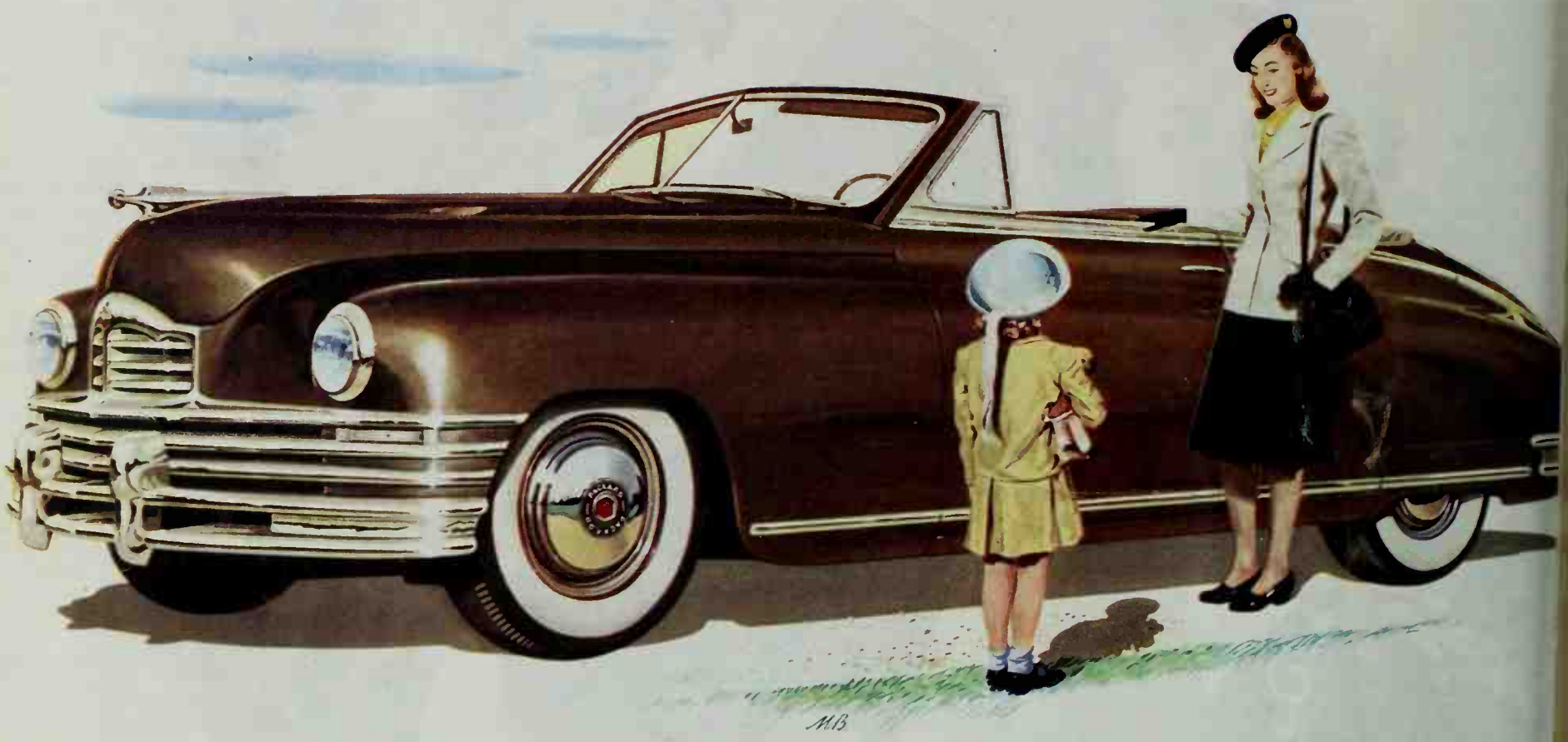
Directed by IRVING REIS · Original story and screenplay by SIDNEY SHELDON

World Premiere RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL NEW YORK

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Packard proudly presen

All-Ne



TOP DOWN . . .



Magic Console-key control panel!

Whether "On" or "Off," control keys stay in trim alignment. New non-glare "Flite-Glo" instruments for night driving.



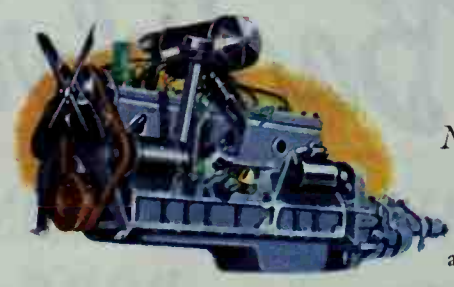
New Magic-trol panes!

All windows including the rear quarter windows can be lowered or raised individ or together, simply by pressing buttons.



Magic Prest-O-justment seat!

Press the button and seat slides smoothly back or forward—hydraulically powered. Plenty of leg room for driving comfort.



New 145-H. P. Passmaster

Velvet-smooth power! Engin "safety-sprint" acceleration fo and passing cars and trucks at h



Your choice of 6 stunning colors!

Here's breath-taking beauty . . . in Cavalier Maroon, Packard Ivory, Golden Green, Sardonyx Brown, French Blue, or Black.



Packard Comfort-aire ventilation!

New design provides a constant supply of fre air through dual air ducts, even when windo are closed tight. Prevents window fogging.

merica's *first*

stwar *Convertible!*

Here's America's first postwar convertible! A nvertible that's new—completely new—from res to top!

From the clean sweep of its smart bonnet to e tiny wisp of vapor from its whispering exhaust it breezes by, the sheer beauty of this new ackard Convertible will leave you breathless!

To actually drive it . . . to know the thrill of its performance . . . the flash and surge of its new 145-horsepower Packard straight-8 engine . . . is still another breathless experience!

Hurry to see this most beautiful of all convertibles at your Packard dealer's. But — we warn you — go prepared to lose your heart to it!

. . . IT'S TOPS!



PACKARD ' ' ' *ask the man who owns one*

THE END OF THE WORLD STRIKES OIL

Continued from page 19

have its transportation paralyzed in wartime. Now, whatever happens to copper and nitrates, Chile will be sitting pretty and can use its foreign credits for machinery and consumers' goods instead of for fuel. There was a gambler's flavor to the talk, for Chileans, next to the Chinese, are the world's most passionate gamblers. "Good luck always smiles on Chile in her darkest moments."

Since it will take years and much capital to develop the fields, the excitement has been like that of a boy with a new Christmas toy who has forgotten he'll have to scrub behind the ears anyway. But part of Argentina's loan of 700,000,000 pesos ($175,000,000) to Chile has been earmarked to develop the Springhill field with Argentine and American technicians.

Many other things besides oil and the settlers' movement are afoot in Patagonia. The Argentine government hopes to have the deep peat beds of Fireland exploited for fuel. In accordance with President Juan Perón's five-year plan, Patagonian hydroelectric, mining and industrial development is to be pushed. Already trucks, lurching over bad roads, are bringing out coal from experimental shafts in the great coal beds that stretch for 250 miles south from Lake Argentino—to the south ports of Gallegos and Santa Cruz and to Chilean Natales.

A railroad is being surveyed from the coast to the new coal region. Other new mineral deposits have been located: lead, zinc, copper, maybe nickel. Aquiles D. Ygobonne, chief Argentine authority on all things Patagonian, says there are large iron deposits.

New industries will supplement the packing plants and wool-processing establishments that dot Patagonia and the strait. Wool textiles, rayon, clothing, leather goods, shoes, chemicals, soap, plastics, are some of the first products to be turned out. A whole new industrial city is planned for Nahuel Huapi in the lake region. Thus frontier Patagonia, now chiefly a sheep and coal and oil area, in time may become an important industrial zone.

Already several thousand new European immigrants, hand-picked for character and special skills, have been shunted to Patagonia. As the region develops, hundreds of thousands of outsiders will settle there.

Sheep Ranch a Source of Oil

The new Springhill well is at the seat of one of the enormous sheep ranches. From Springhill on three sides can be seen the slate purple water of Magellan Strait, the four big winking lighthouses on the First Narrows, the short pipe line snaking northwest where tankers come. Small black and white dolphins frisk in front of steamers rushing in on the roaring fifty-foot tide. The Alacaluf Indians say the dolphins are children of the moon, trying to leap up to their mother who abandoned them to run after the sun.

Primitive roads—bitten deep by half a century of sheep drives to the packing houses, woolsheds and boiling-down plants along the strait—lead into the Argentine third of the island and southwest to Porvenir. Sheep herds along Patagonian roads, north and south of the strait, sometimes stretch as far as the eye can reach.

Ostriches, the feathers of which are prized for capes, cloaks, bed coverings, wall hangings and rugs, are hunted down on horseback with *boleadoras*—three stones in leather thongs—dexterously whirled about the legs. This implement was used long before the Spaniards came. One archaeologist claims it has been found with human bones and skeletons of the extinct two-toed horse in ice-age deposits dating back twenty thousand years.



"I tell you, 'J.B.', a man's outlook is pretty hopeless these days. Every year the Administration sees to it that the dollar is worth less; and all the while scientists keep adding years to our lives"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

Small herds of guanacos, lowland cousins of the llama, neigh and cavort across the meadows daintily, with excited darts of their long necks and small proud heads.

Small Porvenir, on a magnificent bay on the east shore of the strait, which there bends southward, is laid out Spanish-Moorish style around a central plaza. Inner patios, protected from the wind, grow palms and flowers and ivy. In a plaza flower bed stands a white marble black-snouted bear, an animal now known in the vicinity—perhaps a Yugoslav importation. Three times a week a National Air Lines plane shuttles the forty-odd miles across the strait to Punta Arenas—Sand Point.

The gold prospecting region is far south. A hundred miles below Punta Arenas, on big Dawson Island, is another large sheep ranch and the biggest sawmill in the region, which buzzes away at the oaks and coigue, the famous evergreen antarctic beech. From the trunks of these mighty trees burst forth large pink fungi, eagerly eaten by Firelanders as a delicacy. Farther south on famous Beagle Canal, with the world's most striking scenery, are more sheep ranches, British missionaries and the world's most southern prison, Ushuaia, Argentina's Devil's Island, a long, grim, high-walled edifice.

It is a dazzlingly splendid region: flowering meadows, glaciers, cascades, snow peaks, great forests, deep-cut fiords—a sort of combination of Norway and Switzerland, and more majestic than either. In the vast cathedral-like silence, sometimes a new iceberg is born with a crash, a rumble and roar, and the sea smokes as it builds into crashing surf. The innumerable islands are often alive with seals and sea birds and black swans. The lakes are often scarlet with flamingos.

Some great peaks bear innumerable glaciers, and their black slopes look as if they had been clawed by white fingers. The most massive glaciers are known as the Twelve Apostles. Perhaps the Romanche Glacier is the most stupendous: a great slanting wall of blue ice, flanked by leaping waterfalls plunging through evergreen forests. If the light is just right, a dozen spray-born rainbows arch, one above the other, across the grinding ice pack.

But Punta Arenas is the main center. There at the International Bar, Don Gregorio slapped down his gin and tonic and pushed back his tall silk hat from his curly chestnut hair. It was the signal for typical Fireland cracker-barrel wisdom.

Don Gregorio looks Scotch and moves in English circles, but probably is an offspring of some Scotch herder and a Tehuelche Indian woman, handsome specimens when they are young. It is not considered polite anywhere in Magallanes Territory to quiz a man about his past. Don Gregorio was in port for the winter and an annual binge.

On a remote south shore, he has a sturdy cabin he shares with two other gold washers. His operations are simple. Patiently he smokes his pipe till an angry storm washes up gold-glistening black sands from some undersea source. When these have been worked over, he smokes through to another storm.

Now, at the International Bar, his stovepipe pushed back, Don Gregorio waved his big hand vaguely south toward the great snowy Darwin Range, then vaguely north at the crumpled black and white ridges of the Paine Cordillera above Natales, and pronounced solemnly, "There's death in them thar hills."

He was not referring to fellow prospectors who for three quarters of a century have been leaving their bones about, but to his belief that there is pitchblende in the area, and this would ultimately mean atom bombs, once the heavy white uranium has been extracted from the black ore.

The uranium legend runs all along the eastern Andean valleys. Long ago El Jimmy, notorious early Engli… told a visitor that coal packed… north of Rio Turbio often tur… be pitchblende. It is there the … ernment plans to drive in a ra… build factories. Some substan… to these tall yarns by the bon… covery of a pitchblende de… Mendoza, farther north.

News reports that uranium… reason for Byrd's latest Sout… pedition may have had no ba… where was that expedition … Patagonia's back yard, wat… closely than in Argentina and … two governments hastily co… joint expedition, and Argenti… second permanent lighthouse … arctic Continent.

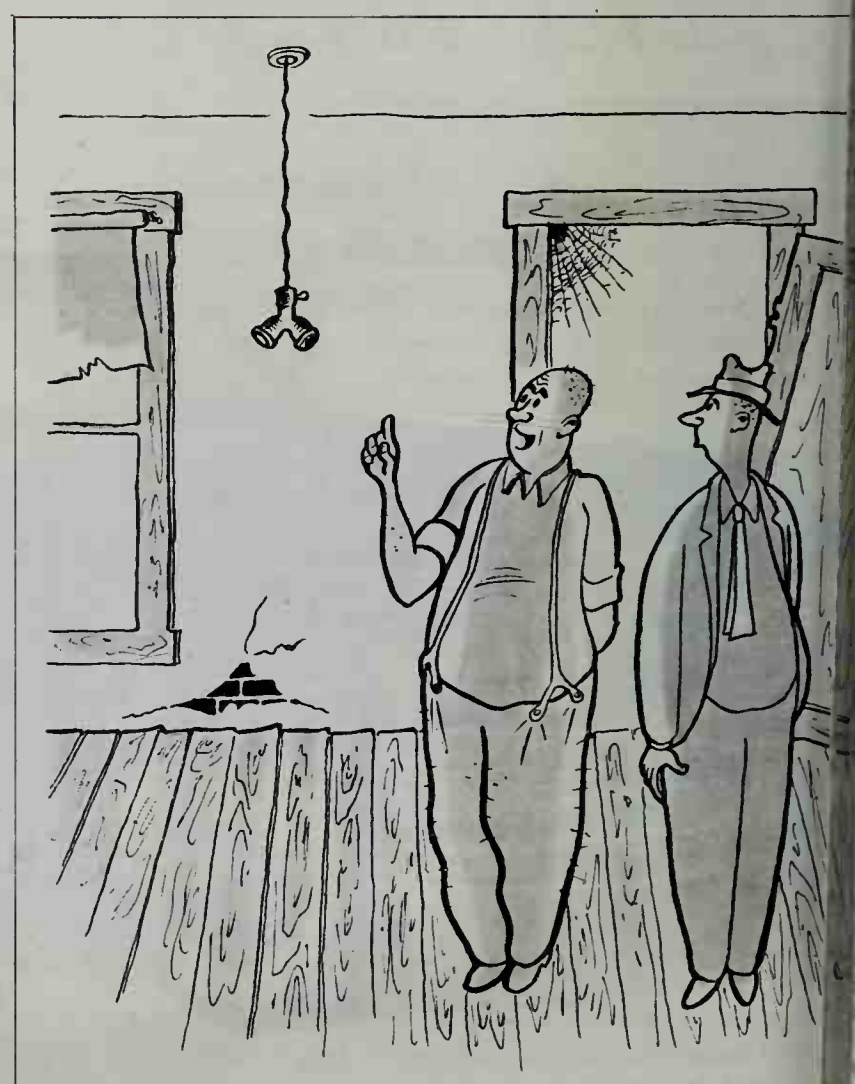
To Australia via South …

Byrd's transpolar flights … added to excitement around … nas, which now looks forwar… ing the jumping-off place fo… travel from Chile and Arg… the South Pole to Australia. … have significance for either a … a peaceful world.

All these new impulses co… the tip of South America are t… tion of southward frontier … in both Argentina and Chil… Argentina has built fine road … throughout the Patagonian … The Argentina Automobile … maintains the swankest auto … in the world and numerous a… in emergency auto parts … stretches within a few hours … quén and Rivadavia oil fields … ing.

Chile has had a tougher … late last century she was cut … south by the fierce Araucanc… satisfactory treaty was finall… since then the southward fr… ment has gathered drive.

In beautiful half-moon P…



COLLIER'S **"Now there's a nice feature if you have an electric raz…**



"The new maid is really wonderful with the children" JARO FABRY

t inland bay surrounded by sted hills, this busy south- uivers along the waterfront ked lumber. The harbor is of vessels. Those from Horn" have a weather- unty appearance, yardarms torms and albatross, which flocks for hours on end.

ly little ninety-passenger of a fleet of six vessels con- south channels, rides high n the crest of the forty-foot decks are stacked with lob- ums of petroleum, water- timbers, bedsprings, marine a knocked-down windmill. bound for one of the regu- eek runs these boats make rn settlements and farms, lands, the famous Chonos and Puerto Aysén.

this being the tourist season will run still farther south San Rafael, with its crash- ers and its swank hotel on its. Steam shovels are now h the Isthmus of Panama all-inland waterway clear f Magellan.

the Tenglo passengers are The American Geographic tic maps of the region, than twenty years ago, do the now flourishing little o Aysén and Natales. In ears tens of thousands of ave taken up millions of steads, and the green back full of log cabins, stump sheep, new roads, new lls buzz. Fifteen thousand ntly needed right now for

over the Tenglo rail with en, two dogs and bundles. out of Concepción in the and has never taken root 's bound now, with hope for the south frontier.

sén storekeeper has been ardware, kerosene lamps, es and satin wedding ung folk are getting mar- h says. "That means they e found homes for keeps

He himself is dressed in heavy woolens, *bombachos*, looking like a cross between golf knickers and Gaucho or cowboy pants. "I came in six years back, lived two winters in a shack without even a stove. Now Aysén has fine docks and streets and parks, and I have a big store. The city now has three mighty good hotels, well, kind of good, and up at Coyhaique in the back country, there are three more. You should see the beautiful lakes, the fine streams—black with ducks and eight- to twelve-pound trout."

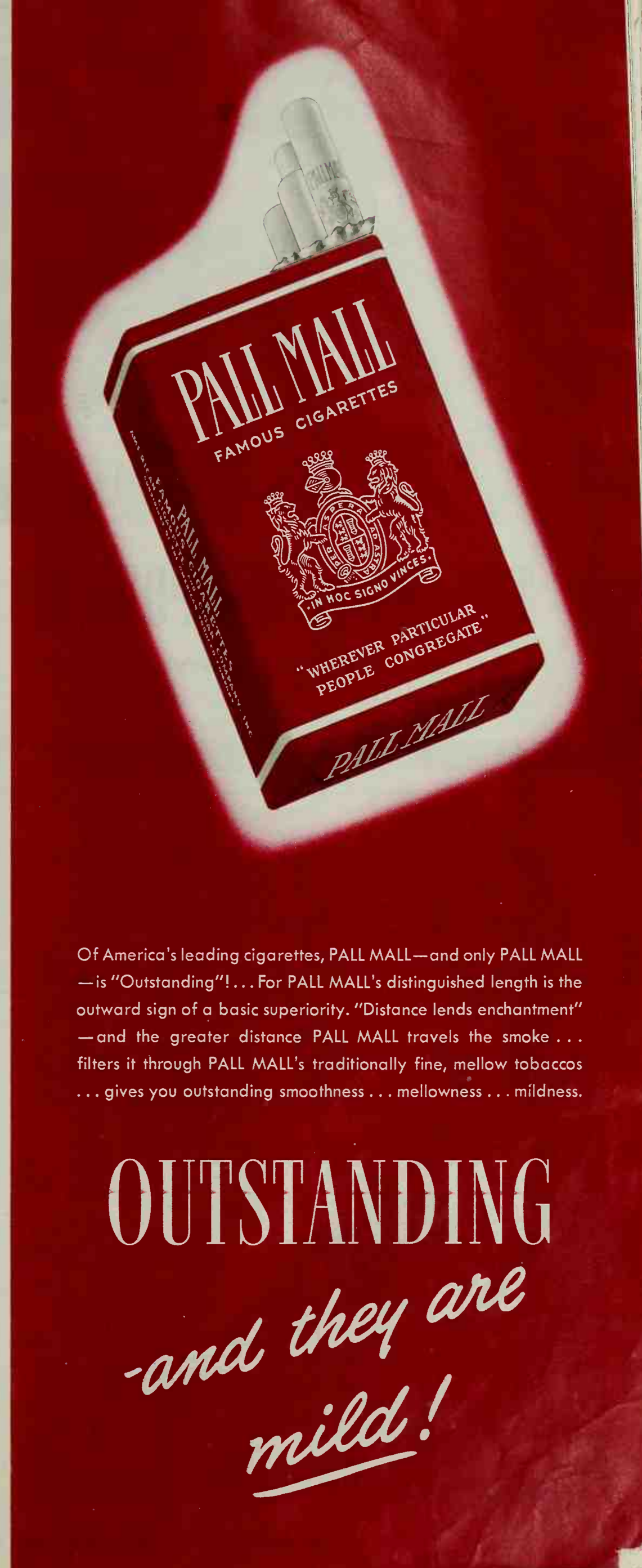
Trails Through Scenic Wonders

Back from Aysén, new roads feed on into Argentina. The main highway follows the new split-rail fences along beautiful dancing Simpson River up the thrilling Snail Grade through stupendous forests, past gorgeous lakes and the Virgin Falls. To this name, a local Irish wag who loves showing strangers around always appends the phrase, "sooner or later." Natales, farther south, now a place of 10,000, has also felt the boom.

Most of Patagonia in both countries is still primitive and bleak, windy, open-sky country like our Middle West plateau country before cities, railroads and new industries flocked in. Today, Patagonia, with more resources than quite a few areas in our own now rich-populated West, is similarly a new frontier, but since farm lands are limited in most places, transformation of the region must wait upon the organized implantation of new industries.

This effort is mostly in the blueprint stage for a future of good intentions. But the southward push is getting stronger, and it can mature with new roads, railroads, airfields, towns, schools and industries. It is too soon yet to measure the real tempo of the change in the quickening life of Patagonia, but the blood of civilization, so called, has at last flowed into the cold extremities of the great continental land-giants—Siberia, Alaska, Patagonia and Fireland—and is pouring in new life. Folk far south in beautiful Patagonia believe that because of superior climate and more resources, their region is the most practical of all such areas and faces a great future.

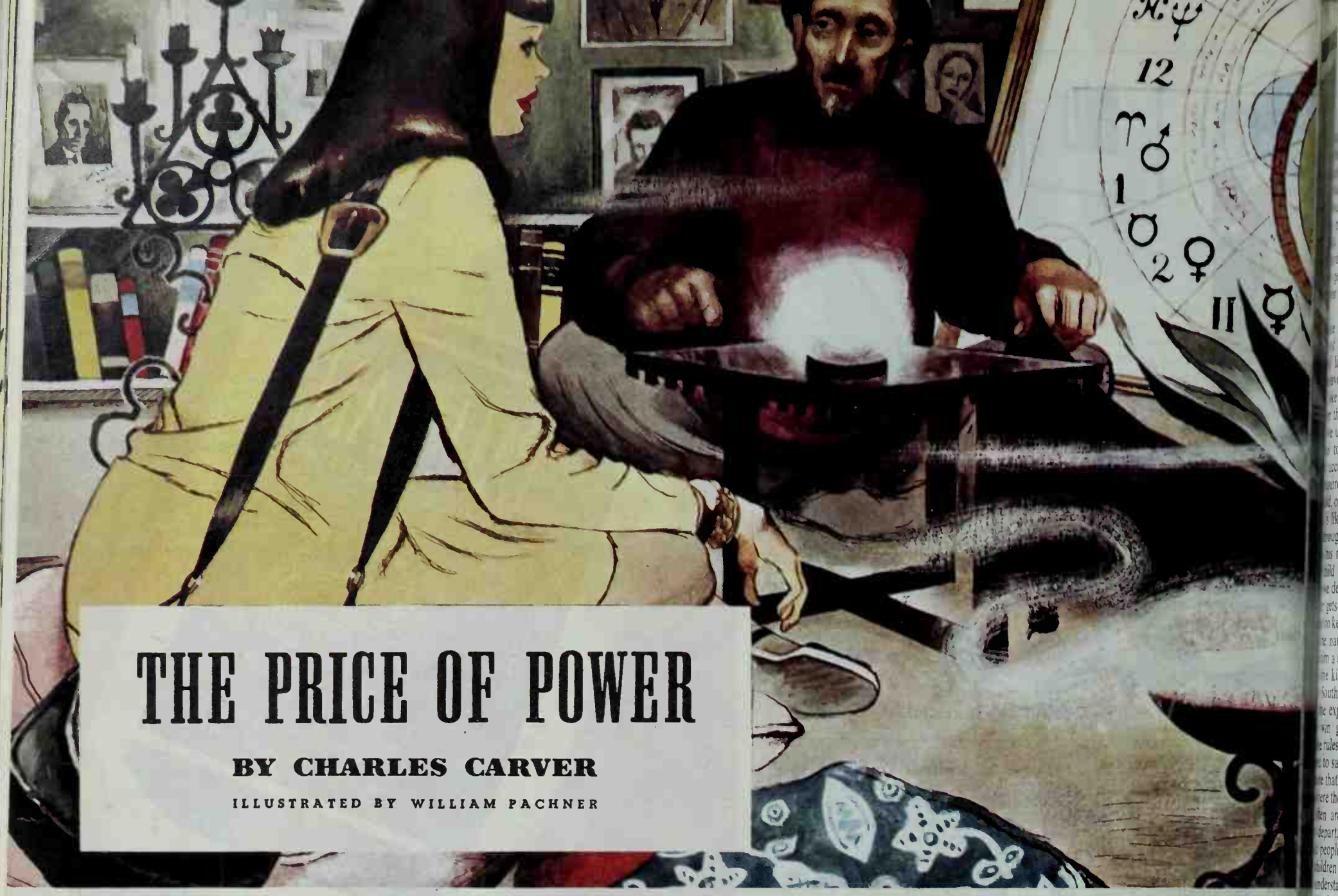
THE END



Of America's leading cigarettes, PALL MALL—and only PALL MALL—is "Outstanding"!... For PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke ... filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... gives you outstanding smoothness ... mellowness ... mildness.

OUTSTANDING

-and they are mild!



THE PRICE OF POWER

BY CHARLES CARVER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

I showed her the magic words on the stand and then passed my right hand over the crystal ball a few times to increase the strength and power of e

STRICTLY by will power I beat back the impulse to toss the young lady out on her ear. I didn't mind so much the amused skepticism with which she brought up her problem, nor the disagreeable condescension with which she discussed it—but when this girl began carelessly fingering a ten spot to back up her request, I almost forgot myself.

Because persecution, ridicule and suspicion have surrounded my profession for ages, we practitioners have to be particularly careful about our ethics. For instance, anyone caught selling the Power for peanuts, so to speak, was worse than a traitor. And that was exactly what my supple visitor was trying to engineer.

I took in the cold, hard eyes, the sleek, dark hair, the even, predatory teeth. The hunt does something to women, I thought. It makes panthers out of kittens. Furthermore, the vibrations I received from this girl were especially bad. A Gemini, I guessed. I'm a Leo myself—never could get in step with a Gemini.

"What month were you born?" I asked her.

"June 14th." The answer was obvious, but professionally satisfying nonetheless.

"And you are suggesting," I said, ignoring the bill in her hand, "that for the selfish ends of romance I should deliberately misread the crystal this evening when you lure this timid swain of yours here for a séance?"

"I'm not luring him." She chuckled unpleasantly, deep in her throat. "He suggested it. And incidentally it's not 'misreading,' mister. Just tell him the signs say to marry a girl he met at the Palm Pavilion, a girl who was wearing a mother-of-pearl tiara. Tell him her middle name is Diana."

"Namely, you?"

"Namely, me."

I looked at her in horror. I had forgotten how tight the web could be spun, with what devious delicacy it could be drawn choking-tight.

"But do you believe your friend would be so much influenced by a reading?" I asked. "So much that he would take a step as important as marriage?"

She smiled slowly. "You mean is he enough of a sucker?" The vibrations I got were very unpleasant indeed. "Sure he is. He told me himself he believed in fortunetellers." She drew herself up suddenly. "Not that I don't love him," she said defensively. "Of course I do."

"Even if he were poor?"

"Of course. Say—!"

"Simply a guess," I told her. "Simply a wild guess."

There was an uncomfortable pause. "You, of course, do not believe in crystal gazing—crystallomancy, as we call it?" I lighted a small piece of incense and made several right-hand passes over my crystal.

"Don't be silly," she said. But I caught the same half-ashamed eagerness in her voice that I had heard in so many during my years of practice.

"Please sit over here," I told her, indicating a cushion to my left. "No living soul should be to the north of the crystal during a reading."

"I don't want a reading," she said—and moved obediently to the cushion. Because it was her first encounter with the occult, I explained what I could as I made the preparations.

I explained, for instance, about oxide of iron, with its strong affinity for magnetism, and how it is part of the crystal. (Mine is a particularly fine one of Bohemian glass.) I told her of the tea made of *artemisia vulgaris*, the ancient tonic prescribed by the sorcerers of the Middle Ages, and of the herb succory (its leaves always turn north), which creates magnetism in the body. I explained that with the moon approaching full and the sun in its northernmost declination, the conditions were excellent for clairvoyance.

FINALLY I showed her the four words, so old their meanings are lost, although their magic remains, which were written in raised gold on the four sides of the ebony stand before us: TETRAGRAMMATON to the north; EMMANUEL to the east; AGLA to the south; and ADONAY to the west.

I passed my right hand over the glass a few more times to increase the strength and power of the vision, then a few passes with my left hand to heighten the sensitiveness. The girl was leaning over the crystal as though mesmerized. In a low voice I explained about the breathing. Then we sat silent while the fumes of the incense and the trapped forces did their work. It did not take as long as the usual reading.

"I see," I said, "a tired disheveled woman in a cheap room cooking stew on a hot plate for three th children. I see a man at a her, asleep, face hidden i Wait! There is a gold ring ger. I see initials. I think t 'L,' and 'K,' but the vision

She gasped, pale as a g that's impossible! He's lions!"

I peered into the sphe "He *was* rich. For years th poverty. A disinheritance —disillusionment. . . ."

Suddenly I recoiled fror and covered it with a "There will be no charge f ing," I said shakily. "So bitter to have the Power, Please leave me now. A your young man is, don here, I beg you."

Her eyes locked with cally over the wisps of from the incense. For a she was badly frightened. the money toward me, closed my eyes and sai *padme hum* four times sl

When I opened them s but the ten dollars was decided to give it to cha Necromancers Home pe other hand I felt a little the fifty dollars a youn given me that morning. be fireworks when he hadn't played Cupid as I checked his birth da wasn't in me to throw brother Leo to that gold

What's more, it wou highly unethical.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

SPARE THE CHILD

Continued from page 13

h should obtain in every home. t is this discipline? Certainly it is not oundless license touted in the early s, when any curb upon a child's be- or was abhorred as a mar upon his ing psyche. Discipline is training eality.

uthard doctors believe a child t to get within the home a realistic ng for the kind of world he must live

e late Dr. John B. Geisel, former or of Southard, replaced the old n of license with the theory that en have a need for discipline. They ly like it. Children feel more se- when they know the rules and are o live up to them. They have op- nities to win praise. They get a of accomplishment when they do s required of them.

child, one of the Southard doctors s, is like a man driving his auto- through strange territory. Dis- is his road map. Too often we e child loose with no map at all, en we despair when he piles up in , or gets lost or stuck in the mud. vant to keep him on the main high- n the name of sweet horse sense ve him a map.

is the kind of discipline children he Southard School. As children r the explosive phases they find n win greater satisfactions by the rules than by breaking them. used to say, "Praise that which is nore that which is bad." In such sphere the hellions who arrive at often are constructive citizens ey depart.

ard people know that the art of children is about 99 per cent f understanding how they oper- ke this incident:

ung woman recreational worker he kitchen of the big house when he children, a belligerent boy of came up to her with a meat knife ssed it against her arm. "You nk I'd dare to cut you, do you?" d. She could have answered, Bo- , "You haven't got the guts to cut hen most certainly he'd have er arm to prove he wasn't yel-

d she quietly replied, "Yes, I u'd cut me if you got a notion e boy dropped her arm and way.

d deal of conduct which seems shocking to the outsider actually is beneficial. The children swear a great deal. They go around protesting their hatreds. You hear them shout excitedly, "I hate you, Murphy!"

One boy went up to Dr. Murphy and said, "I'm going to kill you!"

Dr. Murphy, not at all humorously, replied, "Suppose we make an appointment for that," and the two of them figured that a certain twelve minutes on the following Thursday would be the ideal time for the killing. (Somehow this appointment slipped the boy's mind when Thursday rolled around.)

"It is important that children with unresolved hatred have someone to use as a target. They need someone to hate. Otherwise they aim this hatred inward against themselves," Dr. Greenwood explains. In short, the Southard School must let the hatred come out and put love back in its place—an immense job for which there is no precise blueprint.

How the Urge to Hate Is Cured

An investment of love is made in each child by the easy, understanding way in which his rampages or his failings are accepted. Children lose their "need to hate" as the weeks and months roll by. They begin to love Dr. Greenwood because he loves them. His luminous, happy face and the way his hand finds a place on their shoulders make them know that with the doc, love of children is no act; it just comes naturally. Once when three children ran off and slept in a chicken coop, Dr. Greenwood's only retaliation was to remain in his office until 4 o'clock the next day. For the children, just being deprived of his presence was punishment enough.

The change from sick, antisocial behavior to the healthy, democratic way of getting along with others is a slow but satisfying process. Children who smashed and swore in the beginning learn to let off steam in Dr. Greenwood's "gripe sessions," where, in the best traditions of the United States Congress, they can air what ails 'em. They learn to savor and enjoy their special rights, such as the right to help themselves to anything on the bottom shelf of the icebox during the snack hour, to toast their own sandwiches, to pour their own juice. They learn to balance their rights against duties, to expect to pay out of their allowance for a window they break or to stay



eauty of this place is that it's made of green lumber and in no time ave the appearance of a charming, century-old colonial cottage"

BILL KING

Grant's

America's Largest-Selling 8 and 12 YEAR OLD Scotch Whiskies*



FAMOUS LORE OF SCOTLAND

Scottish craftsmanship, like the art of distilling, antedates Viking days. Exquisitely wrought dirks are still worn by gentlemen.



*Every drop of GRANT'S is either 8 or 12 years old. Wm. Grant & Sons are the exclusive proprietors of the Balvenie-Glenlivet and Glenfiddich distilleries. 86 Proof

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS
IMPORT DIVISION
Austin Nichols & Co. Inc.
Brooklyn-New York

home from the Friday night movie if they raise Cain at bedtime.

All this, of course, is part of the process of getting well. But sometimes the dressing and binding of wounds is not enough; sometimes the wounds must be opened and drained and the cause of infection removed.

A few children are given psychoanalytic treatment. More are given modified forms of psychotherapy, in which, largely by a talking-out process, they bring the cause of infection to the surface where it can be washed away.

A few years ago a boy came to Southard, billed by his family doctor as a pathological liar. True to form, he told no less than fifty gaudy falsehoods in his first three days at the school and he didn't seem to grasp the fact that he was lying.

Cases such as this do not clear up by magic. It took months of arduous and often discouraging psychotherapy, the boy sitting down with his doctor and hashing and rehashing his life's experiences. As with a detective tracing clues to a crime, there were blind alleys and false leads and disappointments.

Psychology of a Phony Athlete

But the case eventually was solved: The boy's lying dealt mainly with his prowess in athletics. He claimed to have won all manner of contests, to have captained dozens of teams, broken records, won trophies and so on. His mother, it developed, had been a wealthy socialite and had married his father during a trip to Europe in the 1920s. She palmed the father off as a European nobleman with three or four titles, though actually he had been a blacksmith's helper. But in private quarrels the mother would spitefully denounce him as a phony. The boy loved his father and over the years developed a method of accepting the lie his father lived. This method was to live a lie himself.

Under full illumination, the need for lying vanished like a bogeyman under the bed. The boy could face his father's situation, understand it without justifying it, and go on to shape his own life. Furthermore, the recreational therapists at Southard coached him in athletics and helped him develop considerable ability. He was soon able to find satisfaction in the truth about his athletic prowess.

Every morning the staff meet to discuss the endless, and endlessly new, problems which the children pose. I sat in on some of the conferences and was amazed at the patience with which the doctors, therapists, teachers and social workers go after each new challenge. I would have thought they'd occasionally throw up their hands and say, "To hell with it," as too many parents do.

But the staff were undismayed by the little boy who seemed preoccupied with death, who always dressed up like an undertaker; or by the boy who insisted on staying the same age, who never wanted to grow up; or by the girl who demanded punishment, who'd say, "Damn it, Greenwood, why don't you punish me?" and then, if a privilege were withdrawn, would bitterly sob, "You're always punishing me!"

One purpose of the morning conference is to integrate the total treatment of the child. A recreational therapist reports that an eight-year-old boy refuses to participate in any games. Invitations to "Come on, get into the fun" leave him trembling on the side lines, his shoulders slumped, his arms tucked close into his chest. The doctor who has been treating him says, "Don't coax him. Let him alone. One of his troubles is that he has been 'pushed' by his parents since infancy. Now he is afraid to enter into anything for fear he may not measure up."

Actual schoolteaching at Southard is as you will find it nowhere else in the world; often a class has only two students, and never more than five. When children arrive at Southard, the school principal, Myrtle Thompson, gives them a standard achievement test to find out what grade they are best suited for. But formal schooling is usually the least of these children's problems. Some have emotional blocks which make them seem like morons, yet they have high intelligence and can sail happily through their schoolwork once the blocks are removed.

One girl was an absolute blank in spelling. Her teacher took her all the way back to simplest phonetics in the hope of getting her to spell easy words like "house" and "street." But it was not until her larger emotional difficulties were cleared up that spelling began to come as normally as it does to other children. Her block against learning to spell was a revolt against growing up, a resignation from responsibility. But don't confuse it with malingering. She *actually couldn't* spell.

No child is forced to attend classes. They come and go as they please and often take whole weeks off at a time. (The Southard mentors discovered long ago that you can lead a child to the classroom but you cannot make him learn.) Nominally, there is a morning assembly in the white frame house after breakfast and then the children who feel like it drift off to classes. No bell tolls the end of assembly. If they're having a good time it can go on indefinitely.

A few years ago Southard had an older girl whose parents wailed, "We don't know what to do with her. She absolutely refuses to go to school." If they thought the Southard teachers would shackle her to a desk and pump learning into her, they must have been disenchanted by what followed. The girl was allowed to cut school for two and three weeks at a time. Her teacher met her now and then for chats out in the sun or in the shade of the handsome pin oak in the yard. It must have tried the teacher's patience never once to attempt to sell education. But the long, slow investment of interest and affection finally paid off one day when the girl asked, "Will you teach me arithmetic? Gosh, I don't even know my multiplication tables!"

Once their emotional illnesses are cured, the children are transferred to the regular public school in Topeka. Here they can make the final adjustment before they go home. In the final months some children are also taken out of the big mansion altogether and sent to live with private families in Topeka. Here, under supervision of social workers, they get back to a mode of family life which makes the return home less of a jolt.

Being a parent myself I could not resist asking the Southard School experts for a few tips. How can you and I bring into our homes a healthier atmosphere for our own children?

"Don't reject your child," several of the staff counseled. While we may be certain we love our children, the children themselves are never positive. They need constantly to be reassured that they are loved and wanted; not by smothering affection but by long-term attitudes of tolerance and acceptance. And it is much more important to play football with the boy than to buy him a $49 football outfit.

"But you have to bawl out a child once in a while. It can't always be sweetness and light," I protested. Naturally, I was told. The trick is to bawl out Johnny without anger. You must get across the idea, "I love you just the same, Johnny; it is only what you did that I don't like." It is perfectly possible to deprive a child of a privilege, say his Saturday matinee, without biting his head off and making him feel that you wish he were dead. As parents, we're a little like traffic cops, who have the right to give offenders tickets but certainly no right to abuse the living daylights out of them.

"It is far better to praise than to scold," another of the Southard experts suggested. That seemed a bit sirupy to me. Wouldn't the household turn into a [illegible] tual admiration society? Only if [illegible] make it so, I was told. Praise, like [illegible] things human, is worthless unless [illegible] honest. Given when earned, it take[s] high value and a child will exert hi[m]self to win it—just as adults go throug[h] sorts of exertions for a citation or a [illegible] bon. Conversely, the withholdin[g] praise is one of the most effective [illegible] plinary tools a parent has, but it [illegible] skill.

Dr. Albert Preston stressed the [illegible] portance in child discipline of a [illegible] united. "It is terribly confusing for [illegible] dren when a father comes up wit[h] the stock line, 'It's all right with me, bu[t] your mother.' Each parent should [illegible] authority. Each should stand by [illegible] honor the other's decisions," Dr. P[reston] advises. Parents can hash out thei[r] ferences after the children go to be[d] when they openly lock horns on [illegible] plinary measures the children are [left] and confused—just as you'd be [if] traffic officer told you a red light [to] stop and another said it meant go.

From Dr. Mary Leitch came th[e] gestion that parents watch what th[ey] about in their children's presence [—] doesn't mean hush-hush or censo[r]ship. It means an awareness that childr[en] perceptive human beings, drawing [conclu]ings from all the things they see an[d] hear.

Dr. Leitch told of a small girl wh[o] ried the following conversation arc[hed] her brooding heart for years aft[er] overheard it: Her parents were [telling] neighbors that they had sold th[eir] "when our little girl was on the [road]." Overdramatizing the situation [the] mother exclaimed, "My goodness [—] the worst thing we ever did!" Th[e child] playing on the floor, drew the [grim] conclusion that she was the cause [of] worst thing" her parents ever did [—] it was all her fault.

A good rule of thumb, says Dr. [Leitch] is always to assume the child is l[istening] to all that goes on—the chances a[re] [illegible]

What Parents Don't Understand

All of us, the experts agreed, w[ould be] less likely to get alarmed about c[hil]dren if we knew more about wha[t] children tick. Shamefully, mos[t] know more about automobiles [and] dios than we do about our offspr[ing]. sometimes are alarmed when [children] the perfectly normal things all [children] expect of them.

Take lying, for instance. Ne[arly] children go through a phase of [fanciful] storytelling, or even the outright [tell]ing of falsehoods. This is because th[ey] sometimes have a hard time distinguis[hing] tween what *really happened* a[nd] they *thought happened.* A sm[all] may tell you he put his jacket aw[ay] actually believe that he did), tho[ugh] may find it later on the floor of h[is] A crude accusation of lying doe[sn't] into account the little fellow's [mind] approach to reality, his learnin[g] to ferentiate between the real and t[he] ful.

Finally, I polled the Southar[d] experts on what a child needs m[ost] mins? Skates and sleds and vel[ocipedes]? A governess, an expensive nu[rse]? the thing all children thirst for is [the] intangible. No capsule has yet b[een] to contain it, and no toy depar[tment] fers it for sale. It is a pedestr[ian] called love.

Sometimes a ten-cent gift, [unex]pected, carries more love tha[n a] of dutiful presents for a birt[hday]. half-hour talk, a lively intere[st] events of a child's day, can be m[ore] laden than expensive tickets [to a] game. Attention to a child's [fan]his ideas (though they seem "s[illy]" our smug Olympus) can give [him] bustness of heart that can be [given] in no other way.

THE END



From original hostility to Southard's staff members, children usually shift to strong affection, as here evidenced toward Dr. Morton Bassan

5 good reasons why you'll want to see this

New FRIGIDAIRE COLD-WALL



1 **Cold-Wall design**—world's most advanced refrigerator! Chilling coils built into walls—air stays *still, moist.* Foods keep fresh days longer—*uncovered!*

2 **Super-Freezer Chest** stores up to 35 lbs. of frozen foods. Quickube Trays release ice cubes trigger-quick—no tugging, no prying, no pounding, no sink-splashing!

3 **Cold-Wall compartment is BIG.** Glass-top Hydrators protect fresh fruits, vegetables in extra-moist cold; guard taste, appearance, vitamins. Aluminum shelves.

4 **Meter-Miser is the simplest** cold-making mechanism ever built! Uses less current than ordinary light bulb. Quiet, self-oiling. Backed by 5-Year Protection Plan.

5 **A Frigidaire Dealer is near you**—see Classified Telephone Directory. Learn why the "Cold-Wall" is worth waiting for. Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio; Leaside, Ontario.

Listen to
"THE MAN CALLED X"
on your radio
every Thursday night
See newspaper for time, station.

You're twice as sure with two great names

Frigidaire *made only by* General Motors

RS • ELECTRIC RANGES • WATER HEATERS • HOME FREEZERS • KITCHEN CABINETS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING EQUIPMENT



Shades of Magerkurth and Durocher! Before taking his turn at bat, the Japanese Babe Ruth, Hiroshi Oshita, doffs his cap and bows in obeisance to the um

JAPAN'S AT BATTO AGAIN

BY WELDON JAMES

Baseball's booming in Nippon once more, but its top men aren't completely happy. They bewail the fans' politeness, and want them to act more like Americans

MR. SOTARO SUZUKI is a pleased man, for baseball is once more a respectable sport in Japan. From sand lot to Tokyo's great Korakuen Stadium, the Japanese again play with a batto, bara, globu and mito. The picha throws a man out at fasto on a bunto, the shotostopu throws one out at secondo, and the lefto plays close in to sardo for a weak batter. It's ball two, strike three, and you're out, for millions of Japanese who don't even know they're speaking English.

Mr. Suzuki is an amiable little guy who writes sports for Yomiuri, the biggest newspaper in Tokyo, and doubles in brass as vice-president of the Nippon Professional Baseball League. He beams nowadays at the way his favorite sport is booming, but he has his worries. The game, he thinks, could stand a lot more Americanization. Especially on the money angle, because even with crowded grandstands the professional teams just don't make dough. And maybe on a little more color, or just how to treat the umpire.

"If only we could produce a Leo Durocher," said Mr. Suzuki wistfully, recalling with sadness the Oriental impassivity with which a Japanese slugger receives the depressing news of "Strike three!"

"Or," he continued thoughtfully, "if only Mr. Durocher could lend us a hand while he's vacationing this year—he could teach us a lot. But of course that's impossible. Anyway, we're trying to make the game more American. Our league slogan this year is 'Follow the American ball.'"

The Lip would doubtless be struck dumb with horror by one aspect of the eminently respectable Japanese game: the godlike status of the umpire. The Japanese call him "umpiya," all right, but their own word for that, *shinbankan,* means "supreme authority"—and to Japanese players in the past he might as well have been Emperor Hirohito himself. Neither they nor the spectators would have dreamed of questioning or booing Mister Umpiya. Each batter doffed his cap and bowed to the umpire when he entered the box and that little ceremony told it all.

The American occupation, however, may yet make "rhubarb" popular in Japan. Recently, M Suzuki sent a memo to each club president urgi that the players be encouraged to "give more ch ter, show more pep, and quit bowing to the umpi —to act more like Americans." This has not y resulted in American-type rumpuses or "rh barbs," but most have quit bowing to the umpi Only occasionally do they slip up, doff their ca and bow from old habit. Small wonder, at th No Japanese pro makes more than 5,000 yen month—but all the umpires get exactly that. I the only league in the world in which all the un make as much as the top-notch stars.

In the amateur games, especially with colle nines, the players are equally polite and ceremo ous with one another. Before the game begins t two teams line up between the pitcher's mou and home plate and doff their caps and bow w military unison. And to heckle or argue with Honorable Opponent during the game would unthinkable.

"Gee," commented one G.I., homesick Brooklyn and Ebbets Field, "when they throw

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN F. DOMINIS

A Truck ith a Cab that *"Breathes"*

day's new Advance-Design Chevrolet , the driver's compartment almost y "inhales" fresh air and "exhales" ir—keeps glass fog-free and clear—far far more comfortable!* Other new fea- nd innovations make these the trucks *first*, no matter what your hauling See them at your Chevrolet dealer's.





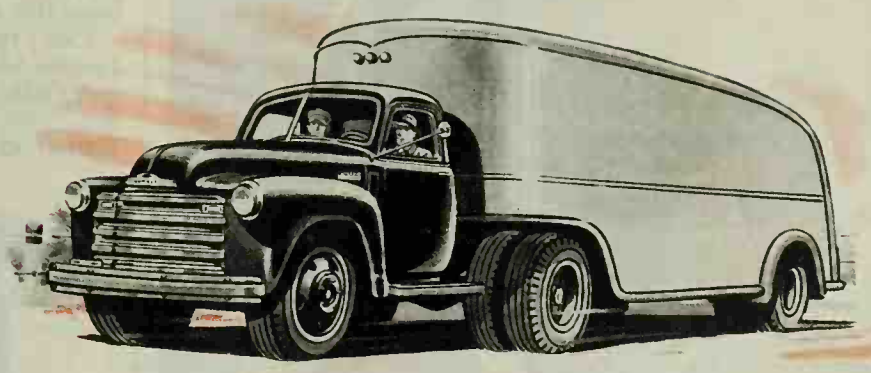
e **ADVANCE-DESIGN** trucks, new from roof to headlight to tail light, with performance ve you better and more profitable results on any delivery or hauling job.



truck engines—for dependability, power and our Chevrolet's **VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE** is of its capacity! . . . And those Chevrolet **TRUCK BRAKES** have positive-action, an sign for greater brake-lining contact that sure stoppers!

More **LOAD SPACE** in panels and pick-ups . . . more efficient loading in stake and high rack bodies. . . . And stronger, sturdier **FRAMES**, designed to carry greater loads greater distances for a longer time. The **LONGER WHEELBASE** means more room in the cab—better load distribution in the carrier.





There's power on the pull, with Chevrolet's **FULL-FLOATING HYPOID REAR AXLES!** They're geared for the load and the road!

**Fresh-air heating and ventilating system optional at extra cost.*

New Advance-Design

CHEVROLET TRUCKS

FOR TRANSPORTATION UNLIMITED

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

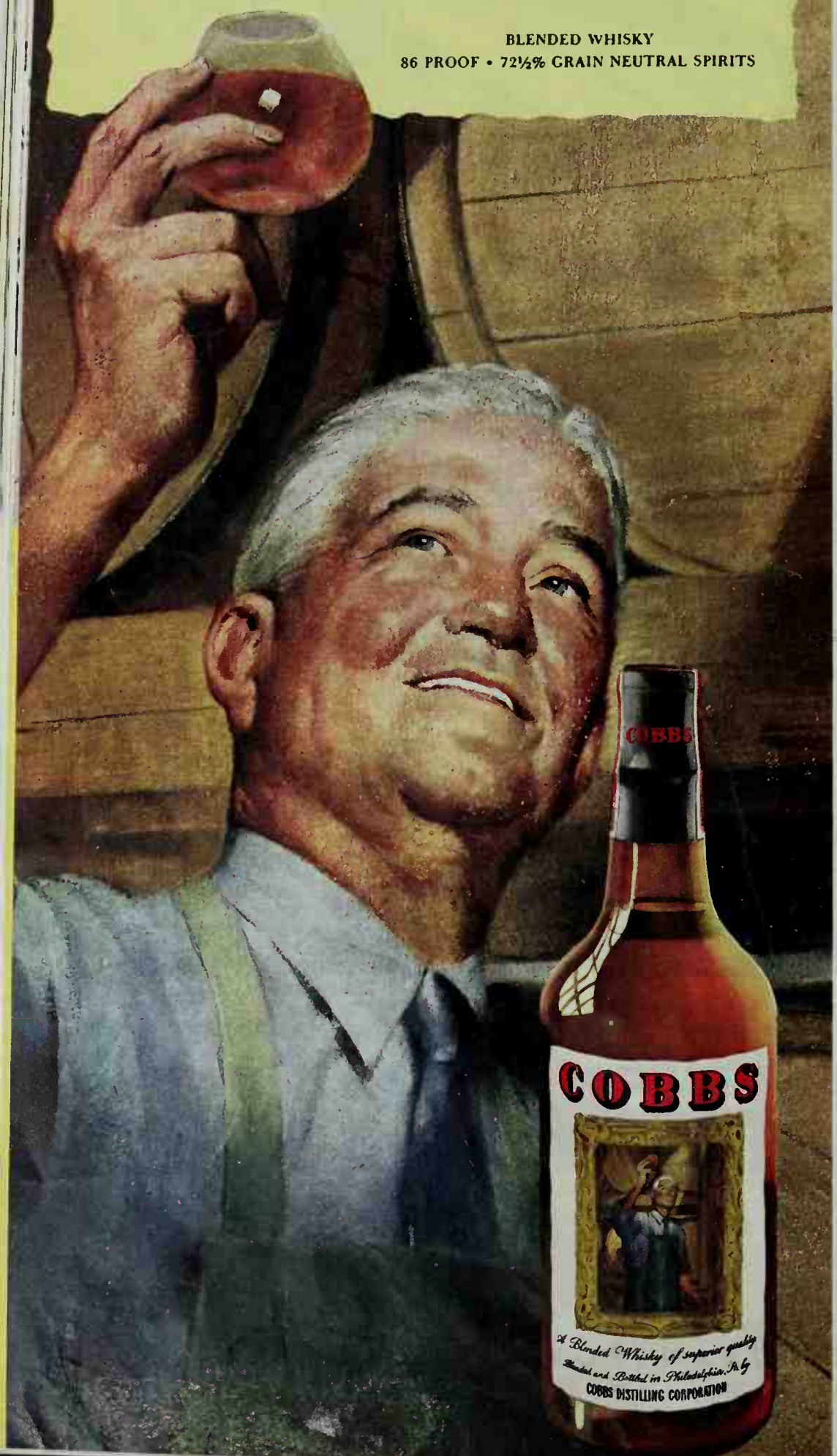
COBBS

The Master Blend

All the skill and experience of The Master Blender are reflected in COBBS. Whisky blended to bring you appealing mildness; new levels of richness and flavor. You'll take added pleasure in the modest price.

COBBS DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BLENDED WHISKY
86 PROOF • 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



guy out at first, you almost feel like the first baseman ought to bow and say, 'So sorry!' "

The professionals have cut out the team-bowing act, but their game retains the gray respectability of Nipponese politeness, and the spectators share it. A couple hundred G.I.s, munching peanuts and sipping Army-ration beer, yelling, "T'row da bum out," or cussing the umpire, make more noise than the 50,000 Japanese overflowing the Korakuen Stadium, and furnish a colorful liveliness Mr. Suzuki wishes the appalled Nipponese spectators might imitate.

But Mr. Suzuki is pleased enough to have the stadium frequently filled. In Japan's topsy-turvy baseball world, the amateurs usually draw bigger crowds than the professionals.

The professional game, frowned upon by the wartime Japanese government, was dropped in 1943 and was revived only last year. The amateur game continued through the war on a reduced scale —but good nationalists no longer called it baseball. They renamed it *yakyu*, meaning "field ball."

How Democratizing Is Baseball?

Our military-government people are pleased by the baseball boom. They don't think that baseball in itself will make the Japanese any more democratic than it did before the war. But compared with the schools' old military drill, it's practically Jeffersonian. Our physical-education experts are actively propagandizing for more baseball everywhere, working in particular and with great success to popularize a one-out game for hurried city youngsters.

Today, baseball is by far Japan's Number One sport, outdrawing even *sumo*, the Japanese version of wrestling, which the militarists promoted as the national game. It remains popular, but even so the great halls are seldom filled except during the semiannual national ten-day tournaments.

Three famous wrestlers last year quit *sumo* to become baseball players, on the theory that the money was better. They practiced picking up oval stones with chopsticks for a couple of months, "to make the fingers more nimble," had their wrestlers' topknots barbered off in a public ceremony of renunciation, and joined the Greenbergs—a barnstorming outfit named, of course, for Hank.

But the wrestlers were flops as ballplayers, and they have not been heard from this season.

Last year the Nippon Professional League ball games, all played in Tokyo and Osaka, drew 1,558,615 paid customers. Very satisfactory, according to Mr. Suzuki, except that the individual teams lost money (the league made a lit five yen 20 sen a customer (then a cents), the teams were making m first few weeks of the season. Th war inflation caught up with th not even the Osaka Rings, who championship, got out of the re

This year the league upped pri yen (now about 60 cents) for seats, 15 for grandstand and fiv for the bleachers, and the teams tendance on the increase, hope money. They have to buy blac food for the players, however, league has to maintain two hot kyo and Osaka. The cost of e has soared sky-high, too.

Before the war the American- handmade Japanese ball sold f a dozen; today the league pay per ball.

Bats have jumped from fiv 120, and the new gloves, ex tions of the latest imports the using, cost 500.

Such prices have given Japa ball one aspect that no kid in Br Cincinnati would appreciate. keeps a foul ball is considere The league, ably abetted by M in his writings for Yomiuri, vinced the Japanese fan that i triotic to baseball" to "steal" into the stands, and a good fan wouldn't be found dead wi

With true Japanese thrift, fessional teams use the balls over until they're deader tha letics' chances after the first t Twelve balls are supplied for six are invariably returned use, and on occasion all deemed fit for another match doubtedly slows up the gan counts in some degree for hitting of most Japanese batte

Veteran baseball critics Japanese fielders are pretty sensationally so, but that few players are any great shakes a it isn't that the pitchers are only so-so. Most of them u twisting sidearm delivery, an get rattled, instead of slowi get a grip on themselves, they and faster.

The outfielders know this, play close to the infield. Th fouls up the fielding, with baseman and the center fiel disastrously, but it also me center fielder may stop a h throw out the runner at first

One of the big-stick boy the fielders all move back is Hiroshi Oshita, a left fielder Flyers known throughout as Japan's Babe Ruth. He with 20 home runs last y



COLLIER'S

"I wonder what supplies they managed to pick up today at a price slightly higher than we had figured on?"



"Well, something's ready. I heard a definite click" JOHN MILLIGAN

enough already this season to ahead of competition.
is getting 60,000 yen (about his year, and his teammates get 00 up. These salaries compare 2,000 a good secretary or inter- ght make. Not hay—in Japan. her players, Oshita oils his own a day, prays at a Buddhist good luck, and waits in line to wded trolley to the ball park. e trains the professionals have —the railways permit them to ahead of the inevitable mob. ur run from Tokyo to Osaka, surance of a seat is a real con-

nd other batters were partial le Slugger bats in prewar days, Nipponese Babe Ruth's prize was a bat given to him by the rican himself. It broke during game, however, and now the e slams his homers with a at branded "Splendid Happy

follow the American game as Dodger fan. Their papers about it, and one Tokyo eet has a circulation of more 0. The concern for Babe y remembered here from his was nation-wide during his s.
t the professional game in tricted to the eight teams in Osaka, although some of represent other cities, such nd Kobe. That's about like and Chicago having four in the only league in the playing all games in those

o the red doesn't worry the gue too much. Most of the wned by big business outfits ers, and presumably they ses to advertising or good- ion. Two, however, are althy sportsmen, American- ese expect a profit on their ithin a year or two. A low- can be bought for one mil- ,000), but that's still a lot of an.
aper Yomiuri, which owns he stock in the joint-stock cking the Tokyo Giants, rst American All-Star team mes with Japanese college . In 1934, when the colleges games with pros, it brought All-Stars to Tokyo, organ- f 18 games with Nipponese , and got interested in pro- rst Japanese professional

rculation in 1931 was 250,- nd of 1934 it had soared nd later, after it expanded Baseball Club (which it a in 1935 for a long tour) t Nippon League, circula- tion passed the 2,000,000 mark. Only the postwar paper shortage has cut the Yomiuri to something under that today.

Another team, "Babe" Oshita's Tokyo Flyers, is owned by the Tokyo Express and Railway Company. The "Babe," like other players, draws his 5,000 yen a month from the company all the year round, though he does no work for it.

"I have a desk, and read there," he says.

Mikimoto, the Pearl King, has another profit angle. His Kinki Railroad owns three of the Osaka clubs, the Tigers, Bears and Rings, and the two Osaka ball parks as well. His railway cashes in on extra fares to the games, and he profits on the park rentals.

Hon. Suzuki's American Ideas

But Mr. Suzuki isn't satisfied with this setup. He thinks the Japanese game will improve with better salaries, better contract arrangements, American-style farm systems—and that these are possible only when baseball makes money on its own, no matter who owns the clubs.

"We want to Americanize the game completely," he says happily. "We've got to learn to make money from it."

Mr. Suzuki has had this Americanizing idea a long time. During the war, he recalls, the militarists wanted to ban the use of English in the game and substitute "Army terms."

"For 'strike,' for example," he said, "they wanted to substitute the war-word *yoshi*—meaning 'approved.' And for 'out,' the war-word *hike* (pronounced hee-kay) meaning 'get back!'"

Mr. Suzuki's opposition to such nonsense led to trouble with the secret police, and, in a way, to the wartime disappearance of league baseball after 1943. Now, with no obstacles in his "Americanizing" way, he is all smiles.

He has one other ambition dear to his sporting heart—to have a crack Japanese team play an American nine. The nearest bet is a G.I. team, of which Japan is full, and Suzuki-san hopes that one of these days he can arrange a match.

"I think we might surprise them," he says. The Nipponese might, too. Babe Ruth must remember to this day the 1934 close call he and Simmons, Foxx, Gehrig and others of the All-Star aggregation had in Tokyo. A Tokyo Giants' pitcher named Eiji "Schoolboy" Sawamura, then only 17, held the ever-winning Americans to six hits, and only Gehrig's eighth-inning homer (one of 47 racked up by the Americans in their 18 games with the Japanese) gave them their 1-0 victory.

Young Sawamura was a soldier during the war, and went down with a troop transport torpedoed off Formosa by the U.S. Navy in 1944. But Mr. Suzuki has his hopes for more "Schoolboys," and is happy that now the Army can draft them no more.

THE END



ROOTS

Continued from page 11

perhaps. He could teach, and he feels sure they must badly need teachers there.

"I had hoped, too," said Jesse Moore.

Taking old Abrams as a sample of all the old men in camp, the director had a vision, sentimental, perhaps, of what an old man wanted: time to look back and consider what he had done, and to see his children and their children. Old Abrams would have to watch other men's grandchildren. Still, he had a right to a few hours of quiet sunshine, somewhere, the right to respect and the company of a few other old scholars who liked to talk. Even here, he tried to teach, tried to make use of himself and his knowledge.

"Come back and talk, any time," Jesse Moore said.

He got up, and watched Abrams slowly cross the parade ground and go into the recreation hall, where some of the young artists had lettered on the wall: "This—is the corridor where we work and learn in preparation for the blessed day when we shall march through the gateway to our promised land."

They meant a specific gateway, the one between outside and inside, the one that finished off the brick wall, and was flanked with two statues—an old scholar, like Abrams, laden with his past on one side, a young pioneer like Saul Weitzman, who had helped to build the wall, on the other. In the first joy of what had seemed deliverance, the young men in camp had torn down an old brick shed, had made tools out of nameless bits of hoarded metal, smelted over hardly more than handfuls of coke and charcoal. They had chipped away the old cement carefully, and had built the entire wall of salvaged bricks, wanting to show what they could do and what they had to offer.

LATE that afternoon, Jesse Moore went through the gate himself, as he had errands to do in the town of Landsberg. But before that he had seen a dozen other displaced persons, persons asking for help, for news, for courage. "Isn't the United Nations going to have a committee, or something, to deal with us?" they cried. "Couldn't we get Nansen passports? We'd go anywhere, it doesn't matter."

It was strange. These prisoners had a more elaborate kind of freedom than any of their rescuers dreamed of. They had no country, and for the most part, no family ties now: They would go anywhere that would take them in—Canada, Cuba, Africa—it didn't matter, so long as they could work for their food and make some sort of home; become human beings, instead of numbers. They did not want to be guarded, or sheltered, but only to be allowed to take their chances—all over again.

Jesse Moore, who felt his only work was to break down the walls of the capsule and let out the seeds so they could get somewhere in the earth, under the sun, could only give the people who came to his office a cup of coffee.

"Here," he said to each one. "Have some."

Maybe it only brought them to his office more often, but what of it? What was he there for?

They're good seeds, he wrote to his friend in scientific farming, *or they would never have survived so long. They've been tested in terrible ways, and still they have hope and promise, still they're alive, and hide other good life inside them. . . .*

Sometimes a relative who had escaped from Germany in 1938 and settled in South Africa, or England, saved enough to send for the remnants of his family, once he found where they were. Or a train of reckless, displaced men, strong and able to work or to snatch what they wanted, broke out of camp to take their chances in a still chaotic world. There were children, without living kin, roaming roads they had never seen before, going nowhere, never looking back.

"Have some coffee," he said to Hanne Gruen. He had watched her from the beginning, and she stood in his mind for all the young, orphaned, homeless girls. He thought of her, standing alone by the wall, combing her hair or reading.

Hanne worried him; she kept herself to herself too much. Others her age clung to older refugees, or found lovers or husbands or friends, but Hanne stayed alone. She would not even let the desperate, eleven-year-old Peter Kalakis (Greek? Armenian? A Pole?) come near her. He was a wild boy, who stole, and fought, and had a hoarse, rough voice, from shouting obscenities, perhaps. But he was a warm creature, who had once been a member of a big family; and now he was alone. Of all at whom he flung his wild affection, Hanne was the one he needed. Captain Moore had thought: If she'd just comb his hair—or sit with him to eat. . . .

But she pulled her skirts away, almost visibly, when Peter came near her. Peter knew this, and now he often lay in wait, and tried to trip her with a stone, tried to yank her thin old clothes, to tear them. Still she would not look at him.

"I've got to go into town, Hanne," Captain Moore said. "Would you like to come with me, just for a little change?"

"No," Hanne said softly. "No more."

"I'd have liked your company," Captain Moore said. "I'm sorry I haven't heard about your passport, Hanne. How's Saul?"

HANNE was a pretty girl, nineteen, with brown hair, blue eyes and pale clear skin. She kept amazingly clean with broken bits of comb, and a piece of soap from some charity organization in the United States. She groomed herself, Jesse Moore suddenly saw, as if for sale on an auction block. One female, single, in moderately good health . . . strong—can work.

Hanne shrugged. "Saul is the same," she said. "Still wants me, like before."

Saul amazed Jesse Moore. *One of those strong, solid men,* he wrote home, trying to make these people real to people who could not believe. *Fresh-colored, lively. He's survived, and almost forgotten, it seems, enough to kill all the others who were with him. He was not only political, but from Poland. A real pioneer type, not too imaginative, but capable of going anywhere, and putting down boundary stakes.*

There were some others like Saul, among the young. They married, they had babies in the camp hospital, they worked as they could, and gave one another instruction in language, current history from what they heard on the radio, manual arts. Their passion was to establish themselves somewhere, in a small group, a few couples and a few strays adopted for luck, so they could begin to make the family, the village, the town, the city.

"You won't marry him?" Captain Moore asked.

"No," said Hanne.

He knew why. She thought one girl alone might be adopted, might be given a passport, have a chance to find work. She was ready to travel alone, and travel light, and that was one reason she could not spare so much as a kind word to the kid, Peter Kalakis, and why she had fought her love for Saul Weitzman to a standstill.

"I'm sorry," Jesse Moore said, and he was. It was too late for Hanne, he thought now. There was no hope for her. I've got to resign, he thought. I haven't done enough. It's too late for a lot of them.

Landsberg, a pleasant-looking old German town, where Hitler had written Mein Kampf, was getting back to normal, though times, and the occupation, were hard. There was no coal for parlor stoves, so parlors with their memorials to the finer life—sofas, chairs, carpets, the Bible on the table under the lamp, along with the other books—were closed off. The things in store windows were never for sale. Old men hauled loads of wood they had gone to the forests to cut.

Still, it was a change from barracks to see real houses. Captain Moore, homesick for Iowa, had been inside many of them. He went inside one this afternoon, where his friend, Bill Addison, was quartered. Bill was out, but Jesse had afternoon coffee with his landlady.

"Such coffee!" she apologized American captain. "Seeds! Burn You should have come to my ho tasted my coffee in the old days, some real *Torte,* made with su whole cups of butter!"

Even in these houses crowd roomers, or bombed-out relativ Cologne and Frankfort, there w life pictures on the walls, and curtains, and china, some of it old Meissen, some newer souve with gold swastikas for a border cups. Captain Moore put dow abruptly. "I've got to go along,"

HE DID the rest of his errand he walked along the street ticed that people wore real clot Old clothes, to be sure, cut in ditional German manner, a litt little big, but of the most dura rials. The young girls, particula aged to look smart in tight swe suits made from clothing that belonged to men in the househ

There's Hilda Lessing, Jes noted grimly. The slender, d girl was walking out with an MP and now she wore his rin was because of Hilda that Ha came into Landsberg any mor many of the displaced pers cleaning themselves up and mak selves presentable, had gone w into the town. Many had ne because they had come in se and covered trucks, at ni Hanne.

Hell, I'll be glad to get b and that's a fact, Jesse Moor edged to himself. I don't h here. It's another sign that through.

On the way back he though cision he had made to resign. Hanne: Both things worried were tied up with each other.

Hanne's father, a widower with his two children over a cery store in Rotterdam. N have been jealous of the fami were poor and unnoticeabl her father worked with the u He died in the bombing of and her brother disappeared noon.

Hanne's friends, warm and to the motherless child, we family next door. The pare ligious, kept the holidays, b dren weren't, they were onl gay, and Miriam was H friend. Then one day the f peared.

Another afternoon, a truc the store, as if to make deli the driver got out, Hanne sa Nazi uniform, but before sl for help, he had snatched h sidewalk. She found hersel sands before her, and like t ready jammed into the ca truck, bound nowhere, qu with fear, or screaming r like sixteen-year-old Hanne.

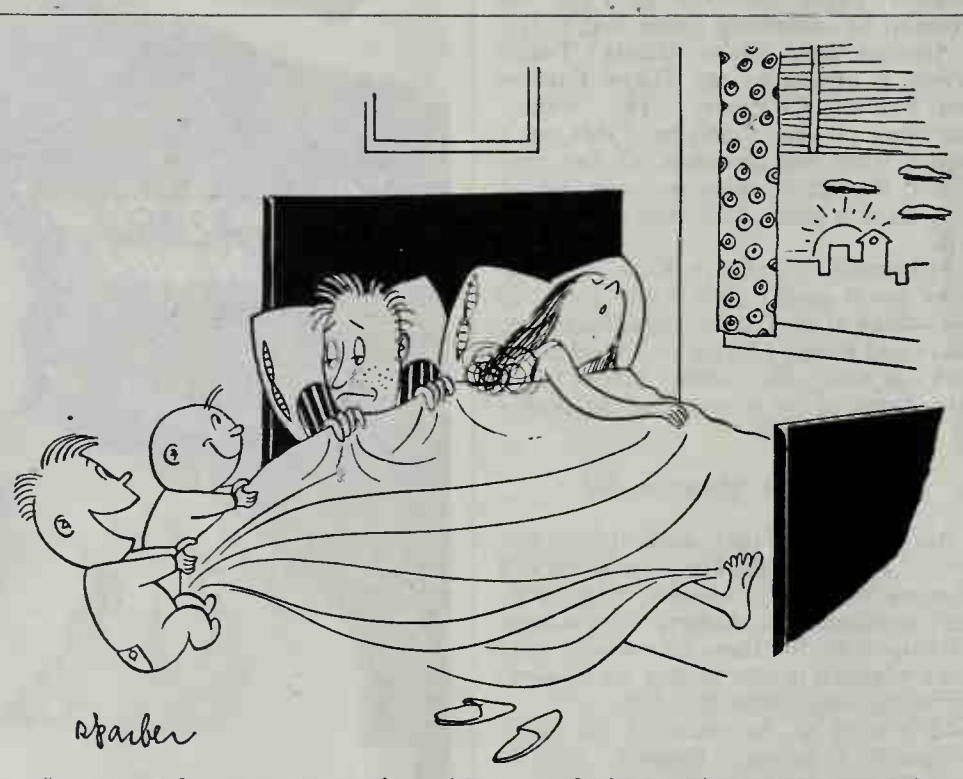
Toward the end of the with many others from the c camps strung in a line aroun had been taken into the tow the war factories. She ha machine with a town girl Lessing. She whispered Hilda; the next time they when the American genera at man's inhumanity to m citizens of Landsberg wal camps.

"It was the others," they "Of course, we didn't know

"They lie! We told the oners shouted.

The general made then

TIMMY — **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"But we only want you to play with us until it's time for you to get up"

COLLIER'S



Top Performance

...HAVOLINE gives motors more driving power

Extra power follows through as Havoline clears your motor of carbon and gummy sludge — "rough" that wastes power strokes. With no hazards or bunkers in the way of *complete lubrication,* you get low net in cost; save gas, oil, battery, parts. Tee off for your Texaco Dealer's, now!





...CLEANS as it lubricates



THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

...e in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

benches where men had been piled. He made them look at still smoldering corpses, and smell the smells of disease and death; he made them examine the enamel basins from which prisoners had been fed like dogs.

Hilda had wept.

When she saw the tears, Hanne thought Hilda would be her friend, and she often walked about in Landsberg, looking for her.

When she found her, Hilda gave her a long cold look, not letting go her American's arm. "Scum!" she said. "Concentration camp scum!"

After that, there was only Saul for Hanne, and she would not have him. She stood alone, and perhaps heard the others saying:

"Listen, we're lepers, so far as people outside are concerned. They hate us, for reminding them of what happened to us. If the Americans leave Germany, it will start all over again, the next day. . . ."

JESSE MOORE let himself into his office, which was cold and dark. The staff had quit work hours before. As he turned on the lights, and saw the files and the desks and the papers, his heart sank deeper. All the paraphernalia. All the paper forms. Everything but the will and the intent and the determination to get these people out of here before they died.

He picked up a handful of papers from his desk, and for most of the names he had a face, and a story. He tried hard about this, knowing that namelessness was the disintegrating acid for the displaced people. It was strange how few of them ever really knew just what had happened to them. They were Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, Germans; they came from every country; only about a quarter of them were Jews, but they had all been so enslaved they were as nameless as those men who had been chained to galley oars, or who had built the Pyramids for the Pharaohs. Some had been born in this place, others had married here, many had died. They told all they knew to Jesse Moore and his workers, to soldiers who came by, to one another, trying to make themselves real, even to themselves. They read their papers. They asked questions. They listened.

"If you ever get out of here, listen, go to Bremen. Ask for Peter Kohl. He was a second cousin. A printer. Tell him about me. Tell him to try and find if there are any others—I lost them at Oswiecim. . . ."

"I have a cousin in America who sings on the radio and makes jokes. A rich man. When I get out, he'll help me, I know He used to write, send packages of food and clothes to us. Tell him I'm here. . . ."

They at least believed what had happened, and knew it was not impossible, as so many in the outer world felt. When a package of canned milk and old sweaters came, the recipient would feel a strange elation for a few seconds—his name was on a package, he existed. He was not wiped off the lists of living people. Inside the capsule, they lived as they could, but it was a barren growth: hope faded, months went by. People, like Hanne, gave up, and no longer believed the rumors of people being allowed into England to work, or being permitted into South America, or Mexico.

"You think we're going to get out of here?" one of the women shouted. "Hasn't it sunk in yet? No one wants us! We'll get charity food and charity clothes, maybe some international talking group will discuss us, every year. But we'll get out of here the old, underground way." She uttered the words with a peculiar grim downward gesture.

"Hell," said Jesse Moore. "I can't write the whole report tonight. I'll get something to eat before I start."

The dining hall was almost empty. Captain Moore ate something tepid and institutional-tasting, and had a glass of water for a change. He had American cigarettes from the PX and before he went back to work, he gave one to the dismal man behind the counter.

"Here," he said, "have one."

"Sure," the man said.

Rare as good cigarettes were, there was nothing gracious about the exchange. The air withered graciousness. Jesse Moore was even glad to get back into the office, away from the sight of the barracks with their lighted windows, and from the wind that flapped around him like a coat. He went to the window to pull down the blinds.

As he did so, he saw a couple in a violent embrace. They stood in a moving, twisting closeness that could not bring them close enough; there was tension in their shuddering outline in the pale moonlight that now flooded the parade ground. When he recognized the figures, Captain Moore was not shocked. Hanne, who would not marry Saul, and Saul, who wanted to marry Hanne. He watched them until they moved away, slowly, with that intense, absorbed movement that meant they would not separate, that they were only going somewhere else for the love they had to have.

Jesse Moore, a heavy-set man of fifty himself, was not surprised. Aren't morals an affectation for people with countries, he speculated—countries and enough to eat, and names?

Turning back to work, he thought of what was happening to Hanne, because her hope was gone. While she still hoped, secretly, she groomed herself, standing alone by the brick wall. Why should she marry, become one part of two? Doubly hard to get passports for two, of different nationalities. Who would adopt a married couple? Or even give them work to do?

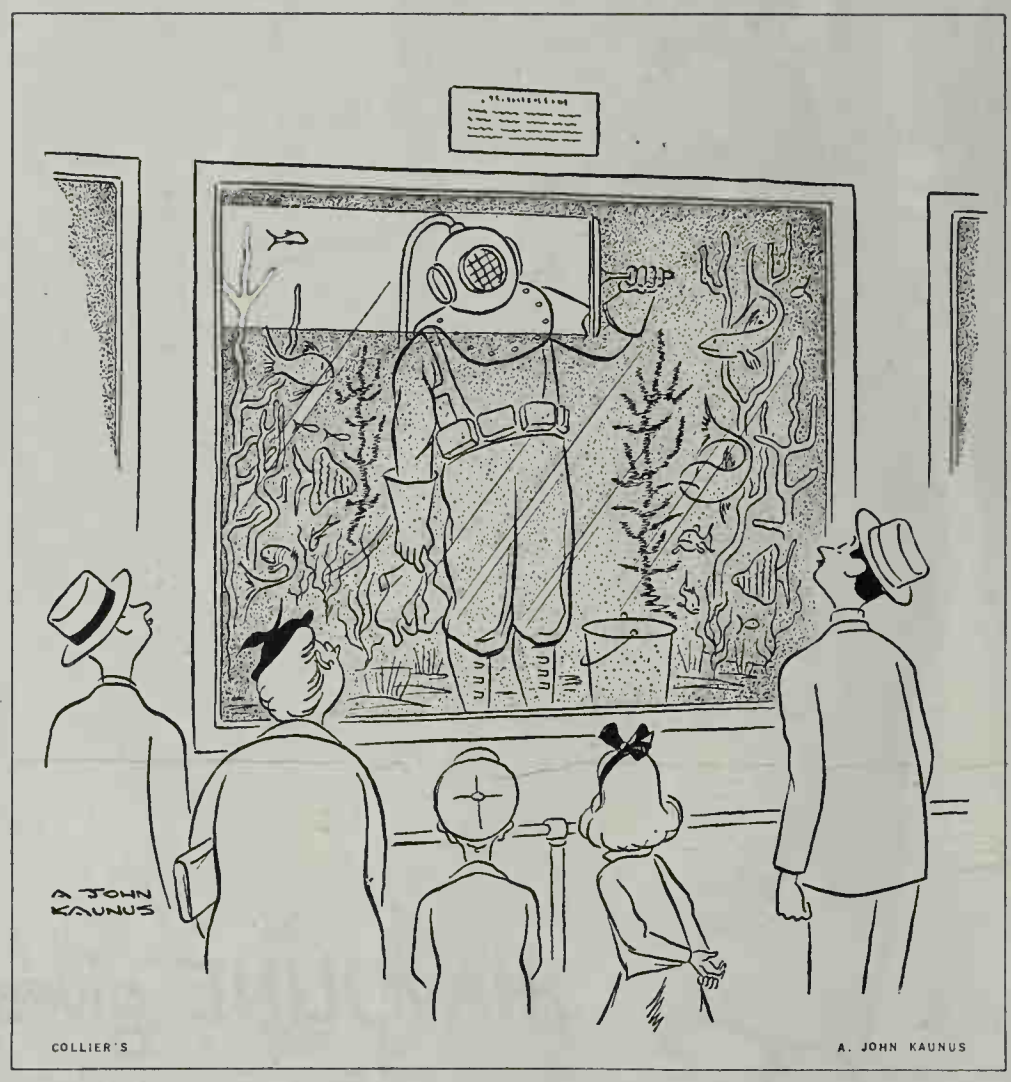
If I could see even a glimmer, I'd hang on, Jesse Moore thought. I've been here long enough to know how things go—but I've got to have a sign. I can't fight this feeling of complete failure in myself. . . .

It was gray and cold when Jesse Moore quit work. He would get some breakfast and some sleep before the day's complaints and beseechings began to pour over him again. He was sitting over the first cup of coffee when Saul and Hanne came and spoke to him.

They had the unmistakable look of lovers, Jesse Moore thought. The girl had a translucent look of happiness, and she clung to Saul's hand. He was surprised when Saul said, "Captain Moore, can you help us get married? We want to, as soon as we can. I don't know what kind of papers . . ."

Captain Moore said, slowly, wondering if this were his sign, "I'm very glad for you two. You'll find it better together, I know."

Luckily, Saul had a citizenship and it could be arranged. Captain Moore saw them married in the Chaim Bialik library, among the gathered books of these homeless people, and he went to call on the married couple in their new home, a few days later.



The barracks, which had once housed German soldiers quartered on the town of Landsberg, had all been painted, at first, and given names. They were named Roosevelt or Shalom—Peace—so a man could say to his friend (a man from Silesia), "Come over and see us tonight. We're in 6-B, Shalom," and it would sound almost personal, almost like a home.

A CORNER bed in a barracks was the most desirable place; someone had given up such a corner to the young Weitzmans. With just a blanket or two hung on ropes, and a bureau, the corner was a real room, with a wall and a window. Saul, who was a good carpenter, had built shelves to hold Hanne's purse and comb, and his own shaving things, and a few cans of food and ash trays, wedding presents.

"Oh, we're snug," Saul said, laughing, entertaining the first visitors, who sat in a row on the bed. He and Hanne were happy, but when Jesse Moore went back to his office and his report, afterward, he thought: She hasn't really cut her chances. Saul's a Danish citizen, actually. Maybe he'll get into America on the quota. Maybe she knew that, and that was why—

All week long, he looked for a sign, and saw only the old things. A man, suddenly remembering something, stopped still as he swept the bare earth, and his face grew lined and old, though only seventeen. One of the boys a fight with a gang in town, and P lakis smeared one of the barrac stolen paint. A woman shrieked her sleep, and everybody in th barracks heard her, and guesse dreams.

"If we could only have a roon selves," someone said.

It was Hanne, after all, who g Moore the sign. He found her in his office one noontime, with faced Peter Kalakis clinging to Her face was white, too, with a cision, and she had lost her translucence.

"Captain Moore," she said, here, who's always in trouble. any way we could make him our brother for me, or could we ac for our child?"

"You're nineteen, aren't you, Jesse Moore said. "Saul's twenty?"

"And Peter's eleven," she sai difference does that make? someone to look after him. Y he started to run away last ni brought him back. He has n nothing—he'd be a wild anima weeks, starving . . ."

Tears poured down her face

"But why take this on yours tain Moore asked. "There ar ages—"

"No orphanages," Hanne sa

"Why?" Jesse Moore asked.

"I suppose I like this kid," H angrily. "And maybe I've brother, a wild animal, somewh Europe!"

"I remember you had a brot Moore said.

HE THOUGHT about it. his ivy. For a couple mar week to take on a strange, wi fore they even had their own meant taking on an enormo really. A handicap that might settling on a farm, or findin couple, yes. A couple with a kid—well—

He said, "I'll come and t and Saul tonight."

"He sleeps in the next be Hanne said. "Mrs. Krotchi Peter has terrible nightmares. so we like him to be near."

After she and Peter had go Moore sat thinking some n was wearing a shirt of Saul's. had not only combed, but cut

Suddenly he reached into drawer, and took out his let nation prepared for Washin his angers and his failures.

One seed had got out th invisible crack in the tough difference that held these p they were. Not on the win port, or new immigration la strange, interior way of grow the seed had escaped. The stood alone by the fence, hair, had married the man The couple without a futu had taken an orphan into That was the extra thing, t promise that made Jesse M much more personal letter that made his friends and home say he was hipped on

He came from Iowa, whi all, a farming state, and he seeds. Hanne was a seed th Only one. Still, thought one seed can produce a who It would grow well anywhe a chance. . . .

What the hell's the m home? he wrote, the letter writer jamming in his ha *Statue of Liberty dropped to make a fence? Doesn member these are people he*

THE END

GUNNER'S GOODBY

Continued from page 26

where a gun is something a cop and not a mistress, beautiful and ding, shining and terrible and pre-Permission—

assenger came on the double from board side. The bosun's mate of ch sprang into the quartermaster's There was a short, warning squcal s pipe, and his voice taking on the y of the loud-speakers:

hear this! Lay aft, a-all the s! Lay aft, a-all the side boys!"

er could feel this, too: the ship stirring smartly, springing to n. He moved inboard, looking the starboard gangway. The ys ran there, wearing undress ith neckerchiefs, squaring their ts as they formed a lane. Farther captain popped out of a hatch e some distinguished visitor—always thought of the captain as Man, although he was not as old er, himself. The officer of the s poised and alert.

resplendent with gold leaf came n the deck at the gangway. The ipe shrilled into a long note, and high; officer of the deck, nate and side boys snapped into d salute. Guns Prosser caught n and held it without knowing was holding it, without con-emembering that he had seen mony hundreds of times. He dmiral's face, lean and strong-d the eyes bright and alive in it; d the admiral face aft to salute s. and then turn to salute the the deck, and the pipe kept up g as he passed down the lane ys.

ere eight of them because he admiral—because there was a girth and weight increased with eight men were required to a man aboard.

cer of the deck said, "Two!" nds came down, and the pipe abruptly ceased. The Old k hands with the admiral and elow.

" Mason growled behind Now *nobody* goes ashore until d calls away his barge! And irl waiting for me!"

turned suddenly on the n, and then held his tongue. se saying anything. It was no that old gag about Mason's to find sympathy in the dic-ght alongside other words. ld learn.

R was remembering. There irst ship, and a young division d Corley, and Corley had a is spine, too. There had been r-made blues with a postage-, a suit too tight in waist and nd exaggerated in the bell Always a girl waiting, and ne: a girl waiting at the Sands brunette watching the Ferry ock from Pier Fourteen, a le the fountain in the Plaza, with quiet, patient hands in oot at Sixth and Main. So was a Navy, there'd be girls re, and young Corleys and ing the men toe the mark—awing their men back in the

to tell Mason something, use, and he was not a man Mason went to the port rail, efully to leeward there, and ith a wry face.

stayed in for thirty years!" disgust. "You don't catch over. Not me!"

dn't answer. There was the barge lying off the starboard quarter, rocking with the swells, making no move to tie up to the boom alongside the Old Man's gig. Prosser turned toward the break in the deck, and climbed the ladder there; he had thought of something he had to do, and purpose drove away the lost, empty feeling.

He made his way amidships, and climbed again, and the two gunner's mates looked up curiously when he came out on the flying bridge. They were ready, with the blank ammo already laid out for the two one-pounders of the saluting battery.

"What the hell are you doing up here, Guns?" Janofsky demanded. "I thought you'd be halfway to that chicken ranch in Chula Vista. You don't have to fire this salute."

"I'm not off this wagon yet," Guns Prosser said. "Stand by!"

IT WAS the least thing he could do—the fitting and proper thing. He stood in the starboard wing of the flying bridge and looked down over the after part of the ship, and back down the years. There was the lad in the too-tight liberty blues, and the girls waiting, and Mr. Corley's stiff back at the gangway. There were the wild years, and Mr. Corley saying, "Prosser, if you want to make this liberty boat, you'll lay below and get into a regulation jumper!" There was the summary court, and the brig time; the red ink on his record, and Mr. Corley back of them all—Corley riding him, making things tough, almost driving him over the hill.

And then there was the change, as if he had grown up, and the First War, and a crow on his sleeve. There was no longer the girl at the Sands Street gate, or any one watching the Ferry Building clock; the girl was gone from the sun-splashed Plaza where the fountain laughed at the tourists, and there was only that one with the patient hands, waiting where the shrill-voiced red trains rolled in at Sixth and Main. . . .

"There he comes!" Janofsky said. "Here's the stop watch."

Guns Prosser pulled himself back to the present and looked down at the quarterdeck. On the port side, Mr. Jones stood guardian at his gangway. Mason waited by the quartermaster's shack, filled with the suspicious intolerance of youth, and with youth's impatient dreams.

On the starboard side, the traditional honors were beginning again.

"I never used a stop watch to time the intervals of a salute," Guns Prosser said. He straightened proudly; his voice rose loud and clear on the wind that whipped across the flying bridge and snapped the four-starred flag descending the hoist. What he spoke was the gunner's chant:

"If I wasn't a gunner, I wouldn t be here! Ready—starboard—fire! Away from my wife and home so dear! Ready—port—fire! If I wasn't a gunner, I wouldn't be here! Ready—starboard—fire! Away from my wife and home so dear! Ready—port—fire!"

Seventeen guns. To Prosser they were more than a salute to that four-starred flag and the man who broke it wherever he went aboard a man-of-war: They were, as well, a salute to thirty proud years, and an ending to them—they made it easier to go.

As the mahogany-hulled barge moved away, he noticed one thing: Admiral Corley's back was still ramrod straight, despite the years.

And now he knew what he had to say to Mason, when they went ashore in the next liberty boat. He'd tell Mason that if she was the right girl, she'd still be waiting for him.

THE END

Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot "Bugs" on contact!



Before

Here you see a picture, much enlarged, of the parasitic growth which causes the pain and maddening itching of Athlete's Foot. These tiny organisms flourish on perspiration products and dead skin. When they attack raw flesh, every step is torture.

After

Here you see a picture (same magnification) of Athlete's Foot organisms *after* contact with Absorbine Jr. Note how the growth has wilted and died. No longer can it cause itching and pain. Contact with Absorbine Jr. has *killed* the growth!

Look for **Cracks between your toes**

When feet are hot and steaming, perspiration irritates the skin, often to the point where it cracks and shreds away in moist patches. This summer condition invites Athlete's Foot! The ever-present organisms multiply fast in warm weather . . . they attack raw flesh through the open cracks, and every step is agony!



Apply **Absorbine Jr. full strength**

Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact! To guard against reinfection: Don't share towels or bathmats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the organisms. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult physician.

Absorbine Jr. also benefits you four other important ways:

1. **It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging future attacks of Athlete's Foot.**
2. **It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**
3. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.**
4. **It cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.**



Play Safe! Daily Hygiene! You can help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet *every day!* Wonderfully cooling and refreshing after bathing. Absorbine Jr. has also been famous for more than 50 years for the relief of muscular aches and pains. Ask your druggist for Absorbine Jr. today. $1.25 for a long lasting bottle.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.



We climbed the curving road until we came to the knoll. There, robed in white, stood the man with the birds. "Welcome all," he said in his deep, ric

CONCLUDING THE EXCITING STORY OF ROMANCE AND HIGH ADVENTURE

MERCHANT OF VALOR

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

The Story:

The events narrated take place in sixteenth-century Italy. A Medici Pope sits at Rome, trying to control a country turbulent with internal strife.

PETER CAREW, son of an English wool merchant, is in Florence on business for his father. An honest, straightforward boy, Peter falls under what he believes is an enchantment cast by a haughty and beautiful Italian adventuress, whose purposes are shrouded in mystery. Not knowing her name, Peter calls her BETSY.

After routing a band of assassins in Florence, Peter is forced to flee the city and enroll in GIOVANNI DE' MEDICI'S Black Bands, a famous free-lance army.

A cheerfully unscrupulous monk, who boasts of being the hunting hound for the Pope, follows Peter doggedly, hoping the love-smitten Englishman will lead him to the elusive Betsy, who is engaged in mysterious plotting against the Pope. The monk works in conjunction with COUNT PIERO RIARIO, an evil nobleman who hates Peter because the Englishman has protected a ragged mountain waif, BEATRICE, from Riario's lust.

After a great battle, in which Peter is knighted and his general, Giovanni, wounded, Peter, Betsy and Beatrice, together with some traveling circus performers, are set upon by agents of Riario at an inn. Peter arranges for Beatrice and the coolly aloof Betsy to escape by a back door while he and the circus mountebanks drive off the attackers.

The next day Peter and the mountebanks come to Giovanni's castle, Trebbio, only to find that Betsy has not yet arrived. His worry turns to wrath when Beatrice, harried and breathless, rushes in to tell Peter that the monk and his men have captured Betsy in the woods; she is being taken to Riario's castle. Without further ado, Peter resolves to attack the castle with his circus friends and what few soldiers can be spared from Trebbio's garrison.

Conclusion

TWELVE men, all that could be spared from Trebbio, were a woefully small force with which to attack a stronghold such as the lair of Count Piero Riario, but one must work with the tools that come to hand, no matter how inadequate. The ten that I took from Trebbio were veterans of the Black Bands, and this was a foray after their own hearts, because there was promise of booty.

There were, in addition, five men, including the giant, from the company of mountebanks, w fit to accompany us, and for whom I borro ter mounts from My Lord's stables. So Niccolo Gozzoli in the care of my mistre out upon the heels of the ravishers.

The castle, not so large as Trebbio, was the top of a rock-strewn hill. It was squ strongly of rock and surrounded by a wal which there was but one gate of entry. T no moat, but the gate was guarded by square tower. This we surveyed from th ment of a wood upon the mountain slope of miles away. It was formidable.

Beatrice, tiny upon her big horse, sat be I studied the strength of the castle.

"Ser Pietro," she said, "this is my fathe as well as thine. Long has the count h people and great have been his cruelties. waited long for the day of repayment."

"Then let us find your father Tasso qu

"It will not be difficult," she answered ping her little hands before her mouth sh cry, high in note, rising and failing so tha the note of some beast in agony. Th

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Champagne of Bottle Beer

Enjoy Life with

Miller's

HIGH LIFE BEER

BREWING COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

repeated thrice. Presently a faint answer came to us from the westward and another from the south. Beatrice lowered herself swiftly from her horse, climbed to the top of an exposed rock and stood there arms upraised, silhouetted against the sky.

"One will come to us," she said with confidence.

We waited, clustered about the pinnacle, and presently our horses' ears twitched and their heads turned curiously to see what approached. There was a scrambling, and a bearded, haggard face, lost in a mass of matted hair, peered at us from behind a boulder.

"Bruno," said Beatrice, "it is I, and friends of mine and of my father's."

THE man slithered among the stones and stood before us, ragged and savage with hollow eyes.

"It is the Englishman," he said sullenly.

"Bruno," she said, "the day has come. Where is my father?"

"At the caves," he answered.

"Hast watched the road?" I asked.

"Aye."

"Have any entered the castle?"

"Horsemen—six—and a monk, and a woman and a dwarf, their hands tied to their saddles."

"They are in the castle now?"

"None has left it, Englishman," said the mountain man.

I turned to Christoforo. "Place thou the companions across the road, well concealed," I said, "so that none may escape. I go to gain allies."

"Not a weasel shall pass us," Christoforo said, "nor a bird. We will guard well the mouth of the burrow.". . .

Thus leaving Christoforo to his duty I rode on with Beatrice, and she was silent and brooding, with eyes deep and dark as pools of still water in a shaded forest.

"Art angry with me, child?" I asked.

"I be no child, nor am I angry with thee," she said.

"Thy mood," said I, "is not a happy one."

She turned her eyes full upon me, and they were twin mysteries. Her young face was without smile of youth.

"I be no child, Ser Pietro," she said, "nor call me such again. I be a woman. Aye, and compelled upon an errand no woman may welcome."

"Thou dost not wish to see thy father?"

"I have heard thee named simple, Ser Pietro," she said, "and simple thou art. The errand is this: That I must go to the succor of another woman, more beautiful than I and better loved than I. And if the errand succeed, then I have aided myself to calamity."

Now this was a saying too dark for my understanding, and I have found it wise, especially in dealing with women, to make no response whatever when their words are heavy with some heavy meaning. If a man pursues such a conversation he is apt to hear matters to his disadvantage. Therefore I rode on beside her silently until we came to that grassy glade in the hills and the tree from which I had rescued Beatrice when Riario pursued her with dogs. And here she looked at me again with brooding eyes but did not mention what had happened there. We rode on to that high, hidden ravine where we had slept that night, and Beatrice uttered again that eerie cry to warn of our approach.

We rounded a shoulder of rock and I saw again the man Tasso—bearded, broad of shoulder, bandy of leg, and he held a great pike in his hand. Somewhat behind him were tattered mountain men and women, silent and menacingly watchful.

"My father," Beatrice called in her clear, birdlike voice, "it is the Englishman come again."

Tasso laid his pike upon the ground and advanced to meet me, and there was, strangely enough, dignity in his bearing, albeit he was so illy clad.

"Ser Englishman," he said, "thou art welcome today, or on any day. Why seek ye Tasso in his den?"

"To ask aid of thee in an enterprise," I said. "I would serve the Count Riario as he hath served thee and others. I would dig him from his burrow and destroy him."

"Upon what quarrel?" he asked.

"He hath made prisoner of a maid," I said, "a maid most precious to me."

"It is a reason," Tasso said, "but there could be better reasons. But thou art young and it doth suffice for thee. What strength hast thou?"

"We be a dozen from the Black Bands," said I, "and a handful of strolling vagabonds."

His lip twitched beneath his beard. "A noble army to besiege a fortress," he said wryly. "Mayhap thou hast more boldness than discretion, Ser Englishman. But, by St. Bartholomew, I like a rash man. Also twelve fighting men in armor fifty men. Among the weapons was one that gladdened my eyes, for it was a bow of yew with arrows to shoot with it—a goodly English bow standing alone in this cavern so far from its home. And as I perceived it I remembered what I had seen in the crystal ball—the picture of myself, in armor as I was, but with an English bow in my hands; it gave me a sensation that did not please me. Nevertheless I took the bow in my hands and said to Tasso, "With thy permission I will take this for myself, for I have some skill with it."

"And welcome," he said.

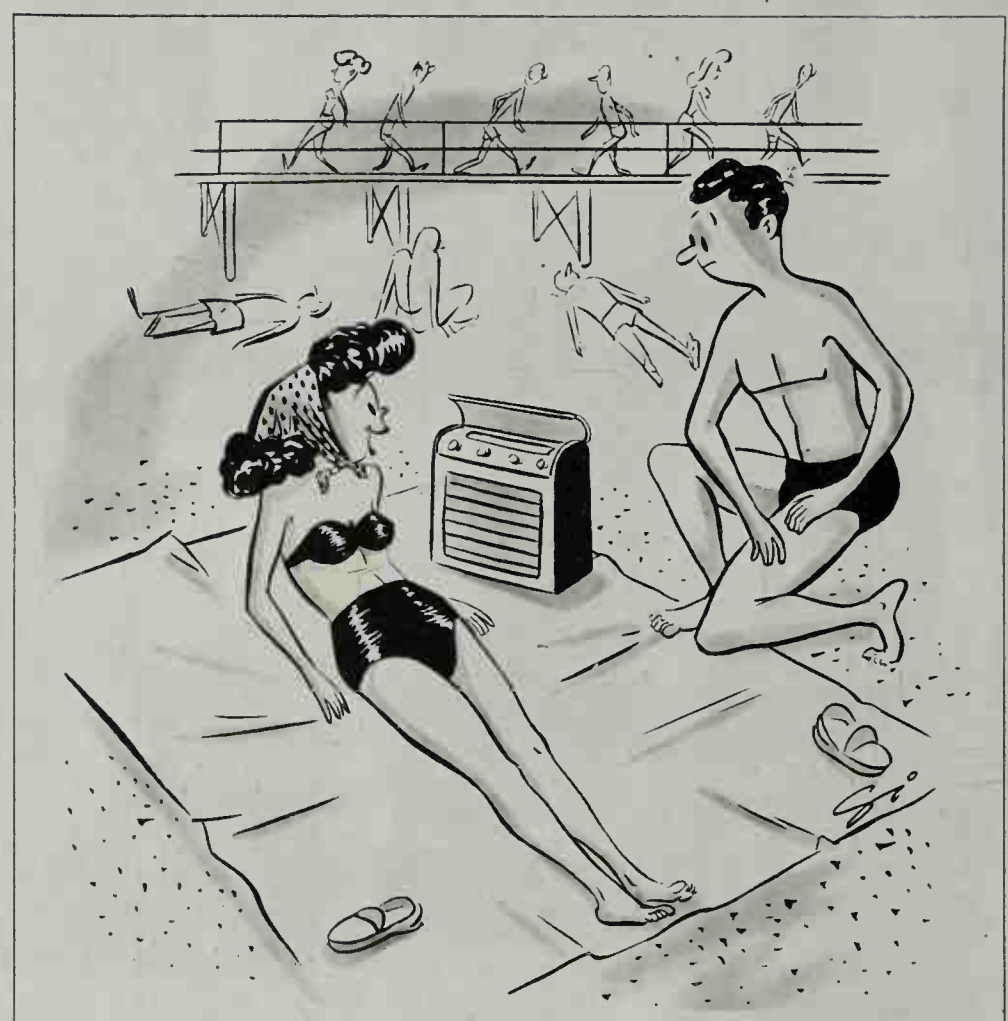
"How many defenders in the castle?"

"Perhaps a score," he replied. "They will be hard to come at behind their walls of stone. Where are thy men?"

"Across the road blocking escape."

"Go thou to them," he said. "I will be with thee within the hour with such numbers as I may gather quickly."

I returned to my men and found them



"I'm sorry, but I don't know who's up, or the score, or what inning this is, or even what teams are playing. I only listen to the games for amusement"

COLLIER'S SIMON KATZMAN

are not to be sneezed at. Also I owe thee a debt. What strength I can muster shall be thine to command."

"How many?" I asked.

"We be outlaws and masterless men," he said, "and have our food to gain in ways thou knowest not of. Some be scattered, but methinks I may gather two-score or better."

"There is need for speed," said I.

"There will be enough for a beginning," he said, "and others will come in through the day. Right eagerly, Ser Englishman, for my men love not this Count Riario."

"What arms?" I asked.

"Not such as would content thy general," he said, "but we be in better posture than when thou and I first met. When war is in the land then such as we add generously to our store of weapons. Come and see."

First he dispatched messengers, and then he led me to a deep, secret cave, where were stored a miscellany of weapons and a scattering of steel caps and breastplates. There were pikes and crossbows and swords and a pair of harquebuses, though with scant powder and ball for them—but withal, enough to arm in some manner a company of well concealed on both sides of the narrow road leading down from the castle to the broader way that led southward to Florence. From the spot it was possible to see the walls and tower of the stronghold behind which Betsy was imprisoned and at the mercy of Riario and the monk. It was not pleasant to think upon. But of one thing I was determined—if harm came to her, not one of those who inflicted cruelty upon her should be left alive.

I SAT upon a rock with Christoforo and questioned him. "Have any attempted to leave the castle?"

"The gates have not opened," he said. "Nor has there been a sign of life save smoke arising from the kitchens."

"A thing we cannot know is whether word of Betsy's capture was sent to Cardinal Passerini by the monk. It were wise to act as though we knew it had been done."

"Aye," he said. "We must take the place before a man can ride to the city and return with horsemen to take us in the rear."

"Are the defenders aware of our presence?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I think not."

Within the hour, Tasso came with a score of his followers, grim and hungering for vengeance upo lord who had dealt with them so and we sat down to make some p battle. I cudgeled my brains to how My Lord Giovanni would go it, and what diversions or stratag would devise. I have ever found there is some problem to be solved is of great difficulty, it is an ex thing to put off a direct headlong upon it, to pretend to yourself th can find some way of getting at i wise. And that the very exer thinking about it will very ofte you to hit upon something by a or by inspiration.

Therefore I pretended that I w Lord, endowed with his skill, anc find no difficulty in devising some ness to undo the enemy. The came to me that we might tempt fenders of the castle to sally forth the gate and have them at disad but I could think of no bait to lu with until I bethought me that l might be cheese in the trap.

If it were to have any success be because Riario was ignorant numbers. But before I attemp directed Tasso to prepare first th a tree that might be carried by of men and used as a ram to batt the gates. And also I request lacking scaling ladders, a suffic young trees should be felled a branches removed so that th would furnish footholds to c Then, a quarter of a mile down I stationed my men of the Black

WHEN this was done, and sun yet was high, taking foro for companion, I rode at fu up to the great barrier.

It was my thought to make it had but then arrived in reckless unaccompanied.

So we galloped up to the g hammered upon it with my bellowed aloud for admission Riario's name, demanding he c to me as if I were one distrait

"An the gate opens," said Christoforo, "be ready to cla thy horse and gallop away."

Then I fell to belaboring the more and to shouting Riario's such challenges and insults as c tongue.

I continued this exercise un shouted down to me from guarding the gate, and I saw peering down betwixt the battlements, and one of the face of Riario and the other the monk.

"Ho," called Riario, "it is t man. What madness is this, En Then he spoke aside and sil monk: "He doth desire adm urgently. Can it be, Brother, something within that he do

"Count Riario," I called "right well dost thou know here and what I seek. C darest not hunt even a woma pack of dogs to protect thee! me the maid Betsy, and wit or I will pull down thy ken stone about thine ears. Com fight me for her an thou hast or come with a companion o panions if that be more to th

It was the monk who answ the count. "Nay, my son," thy ways and meddle not in high for thy comprehension thou dost seek is no prisoner Riario, but of Florence it powers more mighty even th Go peacefully before evil b

"He hath been reading s romance," Riario said snee sees himself some knight-e quest. Tell me, Brother, c a lady's glove upon his heln

...e laughed as at a witty pleasantry ...at down into the courtyard.
...stoforo touched my elbow and ...red, "I hear sounds within."
...dy then to wheel and gallop," I ... and called tauntingly to the ... "The tale must be true," I said, ...thou art no true Riario but the ... of an ostler. The taint of un... horses comes down the wind to ...trils."
...eaned through the opening be... the battlements and said softly, ...at, thou draper's clerk, thou diest ...y."
... there was a creaking and groan... the great leaves of the gate; but ...oro and I were ready for it, and ...rs to our horses' flanks, and ... quickly to flee down the road. ...us sounded shouts and the claw... clatter of hoofs upon the stone ...t of the courtyard. Over my ... I saw five horsemen in pursuit. ...by side, Christoforo and I gal...adlong down the hill, and passed ...uscade, whereupon we reined ...es to their haunches, turned them ... heels and spurred back again, ... our swords as we charged into ...oming men-at-arms. A great ...wiss by the looks of him, was in ...nd I drove into him headlong so ...orse reeled and all but fell to the ... before his rider could regain ... in the saddle I let him have it ...ear and shoulder. Then there ...ting and confused melee as my ...rred into the remaining four ...flanks and rear, and in moments ...r, with five bodies lying there. ... twinkling, darting from the ...th, came a dozen mountain ... flung themselves upon the ... rifle them of arms and armor ... clothing. It was a sight from ...rned away, though, in truth, I ... blame those ill-used ones for ... themselves at the expense of ...es. We had reduced the garri...e sturdy fighting men, a loss ...ld ill afford. But one thing ... now know for certain, which ...hristoforo and I had not come ... a harebrained mission. We ...rce and his castle was truly ...d. Tasso's outlaws were jubi...ny experienced soldiers of the ...ds were phlegmatic as became ...ad accomplished a small thing ...se of the day's work.

...NESS was falling; hourly more ...tain men came trooping in ... were full threescore of them, ...ut was a hardy fellow with ...is heart. Tasso and Christo..., conferring together, saw no ...rther concealment.
... men light fires for their ... said to Tasso, "and the more ...he better. Let the defenders ...are in great numbers."
...vill light the castle walls," he ... though my people have cats' ... messenger might escape in ...s to bring succor. Also, Ser ..., we have a modicum of oil. ...arrowheads in tow and soak ... oil we can keep the defend... through the night."
...ught of, Tasso," I said.
...nt ring of axes came to our ...s were being felled to make ...iers against tomorrow's at... three walked around the ...afe distance to study the de...inst such numbers as ours it ...e that those inside could not ...he defense of the outer walls, ...eal fight would be the taking ...e castle itself. At most they ...including serving people, no ...wenty. If these were to be ...within the walls of the square, ...ss of the castle they could ...born defense; where, if scat...the outer walls they would be too few to withstand our numbers. If the command were mine I would make but a pretense of defense of this outer fortification, nor would I risk precious lives there; but would at the proper moment retreat within the main structure where the defense could be compact and effective.

"Let us sleep while we may, taking watch in turn," I said. "Thou, Tasso, and thou, Christoforo, lay ye down first." . . .

I paced uneasily, thinking of Betsy within those walls, and painting foul pictures of what she might be suffering at the hands of Piero Riario. There was only grim silence in the castle, though windows were lighted and torches flared in the courtyard and upon the walls to tell of sleepless sentinels. I walked around it and around until the half moon thrust its rim over the eastern mountains and climbed the skies, and when I deemed that three hours had passed I returned to the fire by which Tasso and Christoforo slept. Now and again an arrow, trailing flame, swept upward in an arc from some bowman to penetrate window or other opening, and in a great circle crackled a dozen campfires about which moved black eerie figures. For those inside there would be no rest, for every fire arrow must be found promptly and stifled lest it bring disaster.

AROUSED Christoforo for the next watch and lay down beside Tasso, laying aside my armor for comfort, and hoping that Riario had no firearms to use against us—as, indeed, events proved that he had not. After a time, troubled as I was for Betsy's safety, I slept, nor did I awaken until Tasso shook me at dawn.

Now our plan was this: That with our improvised scaling ladders we should make simultaneous attack upon both sides and rear of the castle, leaving the front with its gate and towers unmolested—and that when the defenders were full occupied thus and their attention was fixed upon repelling those who scaled the walls, we should suddenly bring forth our tree trunk and launch it against the gates. To this duty I assigned my Black Bands men. The discharge of fire arrows was to be redoubled since there could be spared few to stifle their flames.

An hour after dawn the outlaws, shouting savagely, rushed upon the walls and clapped their ladders against them, mounting fearlessly. I stood with my men waiting, English bow in hand hoping for some exposed target and praying the target might be Riario himself. And suddenly there was smoke pouring from the upper story of the keep and I remembered that picture I had seen in Betsy's crystal ball, and here was that picture in actuality. Which caused me to think upon the picture that followed it of the stone-walled room, smoke-filled and reeking, and of Betsy lying there pallid and lifeless. I could not bear the thought.

I shouted to my men to raise the battering log, which they did with good will, and I, casting aside my longbow, ran at their side as they trotted with it toward the juncture of the gates. Arrows were loosed at us from the tower, but not a man fell as the barriers trembled and splintered under the first impact of the log's butt. Again and again we battered, with the wounding of but one man. Then finally the gates burst asunder and we charged into the courtyard.

It was as I had foreseen. The defenders of the walls deserted their stations and ran headlong into the castle itself, and we caught but few of them before they reached this safety.

The courtyard and outbuildings were ours, but there we were sorely exposed to the marksmanship of archers who shot down at us from the battlements, and more than one man fell until we pressed close to the stones of the castle walls to huddle there while the defenders hurled down great stones and missiles and even

GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

by Berry



I spend hour after hour teachin' school kids to swim and dive....



But most of 'em dive like a sack of potatoes and barely stay up.....



An' I'm about ready to call the whole thing a waste of good time...



When along comes a youngster with the grace and raw talent of a mermaid.....



Naturally,

best Raw Material... best MOTOR OIL!

Best finished products come from best raw material. The young diving star is a good example.

SO IS PENNSYLVANIA MOTOR OIL!

Only a small percentage of crude oil is Pennsylvania grade, but oils made from this choice material are preferred by a high percentage of car owners. This preference has been earned through many years of over-the-road performance.

100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils are *balanced* oils. They have a natural balance of all requirements of complete. dependable lubrication . . . quality in all respects . . . *all*, not just one or two.

Whether your car is new or old, rely on 100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils. They are safe and sure. Count on them.

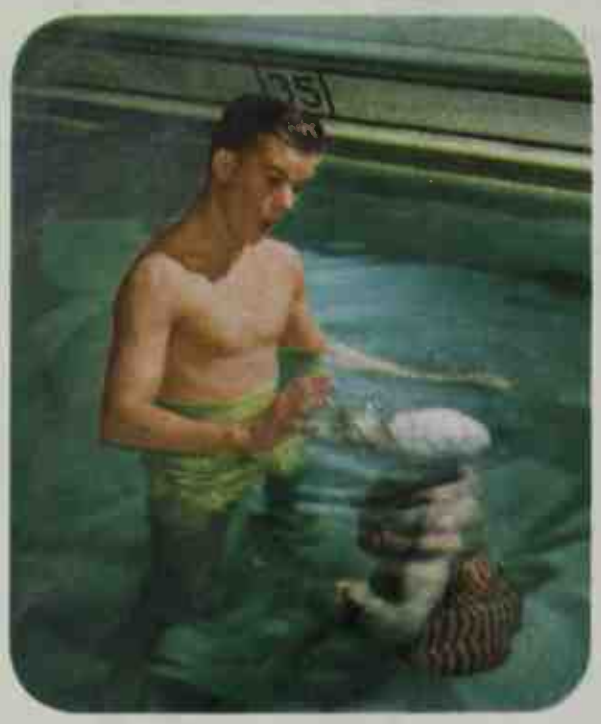
KEEP UPKEEP DOWN!

FRICTION-FIGHTING FREE-FLOWING
SLUDGE-PREVENTING LONG-LASTING
HEAT-RESISTING MONEY-SAVING



For your protection, only oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude which meet our rigid quality requirements are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania



If she ducks your kisses like this . . .



And you wish things were ducky like this . . .



TRY THIS

MORAL: *Freshen up for closeups! Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking. Always good taste!*



The candy with a hole—only 5¢

boiling water upon us. It was an evil position and untenable for long. I heard Tasso call for axmen to attack such doors as opened at the rear, and I, calling upon my men again, sent them driving against the great main doors under their archway at the front. A huge block of stone, pried from the battlements, crashed down and splintered at my feet, and missiles rained upon us, but the doors shook and quivered under the impact of the log. They were strong, built to withstand such attack, and such was the rain of rocks and missiles upon our heads that, if we failed to batter in the doors soon, we would have to withdraw.

But at the fourth splintering blow the two leaves of the door parted and were wrenched from their hinges and we rushed headlong inside to be met by a wall of defenders who disputed it with us there in that narrow way. It was a grim business of clashing steel and trampling feet and gushing blood and hacked bodies as we pressed them backward. I remember little of it, for the lust of battle seized me. Riario was there fighting right manfully, but I could not come at him myself.

HOW long it lasted I do not know, but at last what remained of them broke before us and ran for the stone stairway, and Riario was one of them. Upon the stairway they made their stand again and we had to climb up to get at them. But we drove them backward step by step. Now I am a big man as I have said, and stronger than most. In this hour, driven by fear for Betsy and rage against the count, my strength was multiplied. Here was no matter of art or skill or the niceties of swordsmanship, and I was careless of what happened to me so long as I might come to the maid in time.

I pressed Riario and forced him upward, and my men fought that day as few men have ever fought. Slowly, step by step we forced them backward and upward, treading over the bodies of such as fell. Riario's handsome face was grim and evil and desperate, for he must have known that this was the end of him. But much as I hated him, and wicked as he was, I must say that on that stairway he acquitted himself as a man of c
Between gasps of breath he taunt
but I fought silently and grimly.

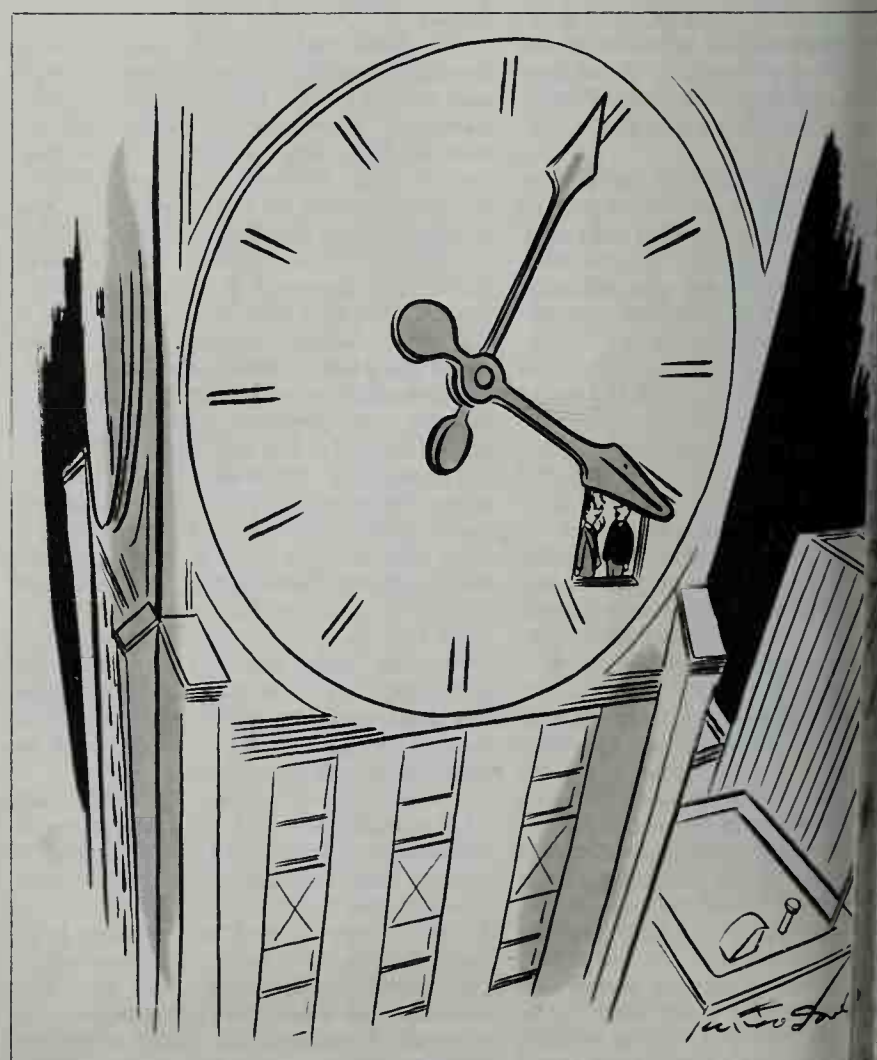
"Shalt never see her alive, E
man," he panted. "Didst sleep
with the thought that she was
arms?"

It might have been so, but I
God that he lied in his teeth and t
had been, by some miracle, save
his savagery.

Now we came to the top of th
way and still we forced them ba
Here more of us could find foo
fight side by side. We drove int
and then, of a sudden, the few
mained turned tail and fled f
lives toward the rear of the ca
but Riario, who cursed me vil
turned and ran speedily toward t
of the big building. And there
to a door which he thrust open,
fore he could close it my shoul
against it and I thrust it wide.

It was a square, bare, ston
room and standing erect in a c
it was Betsy, wide-eyed and er
parted lovely lips, and little han
ted into fists. Once she spoke
Riario leaped toward her, having
thought—to slay her there be
eyes. He was swifter of foot tha
he raised his sword to strike. I, i
ation, and because I could not
in time, hurled my sword at
even as his sword fell. And
guided by God, flew straight as
so that its point went in bet
blades of his shoulders and c
between his ribs in front. He
no sound save an awful gurg
throat and lay prone.

But his own blow had fallen
lay Betsy, white and still upor
which had been her sleeping p
her eyes were closed. But ther
blood upon her, either of he
Riario's. My eyes were dim, e
the agony of the sight or with t
that billowed through the door
the room. I threw myself on
and lifted her in my arms and
fell against me so that her
loosed and spread itself over
And I dared to let my lips touc



"This apartment always gets dark at four-thirty, but you'll get usc
COLLIER'S

xt Week Begin

MAN RUNNING

BY ELWYN JEPSON

han Penrose was in love the wrong woman, so in love that he would ything for her—even id to the world that he e murderer of her hus- Don't miss this bril- nd absorbing novel of l's daring efforts to a hunted man—a man oved another woman— he peril of the noose

now that she was dead she bject to it.
er and held her to my breast, e smoke was denser and I must hasten if I were to res- dy from this flaming castle. vere the sounds of battle as I own the stairs with her limp arms; stepping over the bod- in in the hall below, I passed open doors and out into the shine. Across the courtyard it seemed to me the castle rrounded it was a polluted t where I dared not permit n. I carried her a little way n woods and laid her down eet spring grass, and then, d by such grief as a man can and live, I knelt beside her or her soul. . . .
as standing beside me. She little hands examined Betsy

ad," I said.
Pietro. She is alive. See. ats."
v—I saw Riario strike her d."
no blood," she answered. nder her hair is a great knowledgeable way she njury. "Not even the bones e broken."
comprehend it. I had seen sword and bring it down as I hurled my own blade t must have been, through tion, that when the point s, the weapon had turned nd the force of the stroke that he smote with the the edge.
ve?" I asked.
not say. If the brain within hen she will recover from e be carried to the caves lie undisturbed."
litter upon which to bear and two men carried her walking at her side. Be- ighting being over, there uts of elation as the out- burning castle.
cted all things, and when d speechless, was laid in h softness under her and p her warm, Beatrice sent ou but distract me," she er to me."
wixt happiness that Betsy fear that she could not survive such a blow, returned to the now flaming castle where outlaws capered about great piles of loot and drank merrily from butts of wine rolled up from the cellars. There Tasso stood brooding.

"Payment will be exacted for this," he said gloomily. "This Count Riario had high connections."

"Among the slain or the prisoners," I asked, "has any seen a fat monk or a homunculus?"

"There be no prisoners," he said simply, "and among the dead I have seen no monk nor homunculus."

"Of that," I said, "I must make sure."

So I searched and questioned, but no man could remember seeing, during the fighting nor since, the monk who boasted that he was the hunting hound of the Pope. In some manner, during the heat of the fighting, he must have slipped away and made good his escape, which was an evil thing for all of us. For he would make his way to Florence or elsewhere with the tale of this affair; but worst of all, he survived to continue his grim pursuit of Betsy. And now the advantage was with him, for he had seen her face to know it.

I returned to Tasso and told him the tale.

"My men must scatter," he said, "for we cannot stand against those who will come against us. The escape of this monk but calls for greater haste."

"I have brought this upon thee, Tasso."

"A slight matter for us who are used to being harried like wolves. Who shall follow a flight of birds? Our booty will be securely hidden and, when these hills be safe again, we shall return to it. But what of thee, Ser Englishman? Thou art a known man."

"I go to Trebbio," I answered.

"When the maid can travel, if ever she be able to travel again," he said broodingly. He waved his hand to indicate his followers. "These must be gone ere nightfall, before a circle be drawn around these hills through which they cannot escape."

I signaled to Christoforo. "Comrade," I said to him, "gather the men of the Black Bands and ride to Trebbio. The monk hath escaped and will bring down vengeance upon us."

"And thou?" he asked.

"The maid is hurt, as thou knowest, and cannot ride. I remain with her."

"A well woman," he said, "is a vexation; an ill woman is a calamity. I will see to it that they ride to Trebbio."

THROUGH the remainder of the day troops of outlaws bent their backs under burdens of booty, carrying all into the fastness to be hidden in caves and burrows, and then they vanished away. I sat before the mouth of the cave in which Beatrice ministered to Betsy, waiting and listening and hoping and fearing. At long intervals Beatrice came out to me and each time her message was the same: "She hath not opened her eyes nor returned to consciousness."

At nightfall Tasso came, and Beatrice came out and stood beside us.

"This spot will not be safe for thee and her," Tasso said.

"My father," Beatrice said, "I think to move her will be to kill her."

"Englishman," Tasso said, "I have repaid my debt to thee."

"Right handsomely, friend," I answered, "so that now I am in thy debt in a sum so great I never can satisfy it."

"My daughter is dear to me," he said.

I understood him. His obligation discharged, it was time for him to look to his own safety and the safety of his child. "Go, Tasso," said I, "and my gratitude will ever follow thee."

But now the child Beatrice stood straight and gazed into her father's eyes, and shook her head. "Thou mayest go, my father," she said, "but I remain."

Tasso glanced from her to me and



Behind every bottle is the quality-tradition of Park & Tilford and the knowledge gained in over a century of experience. That is why it is—

"the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America!"

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

frowned, and then, in a manner wholly Italian, he shrugged shoulders and spread his hands. He even smiled grimly. "Had I a house," he said, "I would not be master in it. Be it so."

"In a day, in two days," said Beatrice, "it may be possible to move her. Meantime, my father, cannot a few men remain to watch the roads and give warning?"

"Since," he said with some irony, "thou hast usurped command, it shall be so."

Then, among the rocks, I heard a scrambling, and Christoforo stepped into view, somewhat shamefaced.

"I commanded thee to Trebbio," I said sternly.

"Nay, Pietro—thy command was that some men should go. I be no Trebbio man. I am thy man. To obey thee in all things, save one. I am a leech. I cling to thee. I am a limpet. Command me to anything save to leave thee, and I obey."

Whereat he sat down beside the fire and assumed a most comically stubborn expression of countenance.

"Art a mutinous and intractable rogue," I said, my heart warm within me at his friendship and his loyalty. "Stay then, and have thy throat slit alongside thy betters."

THROUGH that night the maid Beatrice sat sleepless with Betsy whilst I watched outside, alternately drowsing and waking. Christoforo snored beside me. In the morning Beatrice came to me.

"She hath awakened," she told me, "but is bewildered. There is no fever, the saints be thanked."

"Did she speak my name?"

"Nay. There is only rambling talk of letters and of kings and of Venice."

"She will live?" I asked.

"I told thee in the beginning," Beatrice said somewhat impatiently, "that it was but a knock on the head."

"May I go to her?"

"Have patience," she said. "When she is like to know thee I will notify thee."

I sat there through the morning, not daring to stir lest Betsy should send for me, and Christoforo entreated me to eat and drink, but I had no appetite for it, but in midafternoon Beatrice came to me saying, "Since noon she has slept naturally. But now she is awakened and is reasonable."

So I went into the gloomy place and stood beside Betsy scarcely able to see her face.

"Ser Pietro," she said almost in a whisper.

"Betsy!" I answered. "Will all be well with thee?"

"Thanks to thee," she said, and I knelt beside her and took her hand in mine, which she did not resent.

"I came to thee," I said awkwardly, "as quickly as I was able."

"Aye," she answered, "quickly enough."

I hesitated over it, but because I must needs know or die of it, I stammered, "Did harm come to thee, Betsy?"

She smiled faintly. "I am as I was when they took me into that place—thanks to the monk. He thwarted Count Riario who durst not disobey him."

"I shall remember it in his favor," I said, "when I come to deal with him."

"Ser Pietro," she said, "thou must away to Trebbio."

"Wherefore?" I asked.

"To bear the packet to Venice."

"Not for all Venice nor all Tuscany would I leave thee."

"I command it," she said, rising to her elbow, but sinking back again dizzily.

"Nay," said I as gently as I could speak. "Thou knowest that I do love thee, and that whatever thou dost wish I will perform as well as I am able. But there is danger here, and I will not leave thee to it. The monk, of all that were in the castle, hath escaped. Ere long he will return seeking thee."

"The more reason thou shouldst go."

"I owe no allegiance to Venice, nor to Tuscany nor to any country or person but England and My Lord Giovanni and thee. And in this pinch my allegiance to thee is the chief of them."

"I tell thee," she said angrily, "those letters will ruin this Medici Pope."

"That is nought to me compared to thy safety," I said.

"I hate thy stubbornness," she said.

"It is the stubbornness of love."

"If I will love thee wilt thou go?"

"I will not buy thy love, nor do I desire any love that is offered for sale," I told her.

She turned away from me and buried her face, and I knew not how to deal with her or what to say or do, so I got up softly and went out of the tent a most unhappy man. For it did verily seem to me that the lass I loved was one who had no true love ever to give in return, but only regarded it as a merchant doth regard the wares upon his counter, and as a commodity to be used to accomplish her purposes. But she did look, as she lay there, so lonely and lovely that my heart yearned most painfully for her.

"Man for man," she said, "thou art his equal, aye, and better. Have we horses? How soon can they be in readiness?"

"I will see to it, Madonna," I answered, my head confused by her words, and that she held me in some small estcem.

I went down the devious path, but had scrambled but a hundred yards when I saw Tasso coming up to me. He waved a muscled arm to southward.

"They come, Ser Englishman," he said. "Fifty men. We must away."

"It was for that I sought thee, Tasso. My lady is fit for travel. She doth demand that we set out for Trebbio."

"No," he said. "Before we can mount and ride they will have the road—aye, and messengers will gallop ahead to arouse enemies against us. The Riarios have friends to the northward. Before this day ends, Ser Englishman, they will be coming at us from north and south. The mountains are our only refuge."

"Then," said I, "let us into the mountains, though it will displease her." . . .

What we should have done, or how we should have fared in those long days of lurking and hiding that followed, had

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



"Pardon me, miss, but your ol' man is puttin' on his bathrobe and slippers and he looks kinda angry"

COLLIER'S

That day dragged to its end, and yet another day, and Betsy did not ask for me nor did she permit me to come near her. On the third morning I looked up to see her standing, clothed and natural, in the mouth of the cave.

"Good morrow, Pietro," she said.

"Good morrow, Betsy," I answered.

"This day," she said, "we journey to Trebbio."

"Thou art not fit."

"Fit or no," she answered, "that is how it shall be, even if I must travel alone."

There was something in her bearing, something, mayhap, that comes of blood and high birth and so unfamiliar to such as I, that awed me and mastered me. Perhaps it was something individual to her—an indomitable courage and resolution that were a part of her.

"Thou shouldst," I said out of my thoughts, "have mated with My Lord, for he alone is worthy of thee."

Then she said a thing, the first of its like she ever had uttered to me, and I knew not what to think of it.

"Art not such a poor stick thyself, Pietro," she said. "By how many inches doth Giovanni tower over thee?"

"All men unite to name him the greatest warrior of our age," I said.

it not been for the skill and knowledge and adroitness of the man Tasso, I do not know. He led us through those mountains, hiding us, guiding us where it seemed impossible for human beings to travel, as if he possessed the instincts of some wild creature rather than those of a man. Never did he lead us far from the road that wound northward to Trebbio and thence to Venice, and more than once we looked down from some high spot upon searching patrols.

The mountains were being combed diligently and with double purpose. First by retainers of the Riarios panting to wipe out in blood and cruelty the spite that had been done them by the killing of their kinsman and the burning of his castle; and second by the monk and his following of Passerini men, bent upon the capture of Betsy and of myself. I do not know how many men there were all told, but it seemed to me an army.

There were five of us: Betsy and Beatrice and Tasso and Christoforo and myself. At night we slept without fire and never was there enough to eat, though Tasso was a rare hunter. Betsy, for whom I had feared amid such hardships, thrived upon it, and—if that were possible—grew more beautiful. Certainly, thus

close to the things of nature, she b
more the maid I had first met in ou
English forest and less of the enign
had always been to me. Young
seemed, and with elements of mer
in her. And that stern impatie
reach Trebbio and Venice seem
have been laid aside for the time,
ceased to urge us to it.

"Betsy," I said to her as we rest
night, huddling together for warm
have never seen thee thus—a simpl
and not a mystery involved in
things."

She smiled at me wistfully. "
think, because never before have I
peace. It is the solitude of these
serene hills and the quiet and s
that hath here been ordained by

"Aye," said I, "the affairs of ma
far distant from us."

"See," she said, pointing to a
ing crag that lifted its face far ab
"that clean rock hath reared itse
since Saint Adam and Saint Eve
in the Garden, it may be. It will b
unchanged, a thousand years fron
She frowned and peered down
lovely hands, by which I was able
ognize her in any disguise. "Co
to that," she said, "a king or an
or a pope lasts but for a day.
deed is done and forgotten befo
gle grain of rock is altered by
water. It doth make one think
living humans and the mishaps th
awful to them are but short of lif
little importance."

"God works in eternity,"
"Man's labor is measured by sec

"But for all that," she said n
"for all the briefness of it, it still
necessary that we do in our allo
onds of time the thing that has
lotted to us."

"If the thing be good and bene
said, "but not if it be violent an
ful. Mayhap today's Pope, o
King Francis or today's Empero
do great harm to the world so
work to destroy them. But life i
and the power to transmit life.
Betsy, that this hour by the
knife thou couldst destroy one
them. How may we say thou
impeded the plans of God? I
that tomorrow King Francis o
dan of Turkey would beget a
would live to be a saint and w
benefit to millions. A bad fa
have a virtuous son. Why th
we seek to break the chain of lif

"Thou art a philosopher. I d
such thoughts resided in thee."

"Nor I," I answered, greatly
at myself. "I did not think th
purpose nor out of wisdom."

"But," she said, "out of thy
which it may be is higher than

TASSO, who had been abr
upon our pursuers, came
his face was worried. "They
cle about us," he said, "and in
we do not starve meantime,
come to us if they persist. Ea
circle narrows."

"Then," said I, "we m
through it."

"Not to the north nor south
he said. "But by luck and sk
help of the saints we might
road and escape to the eastw
thing they will not expect."

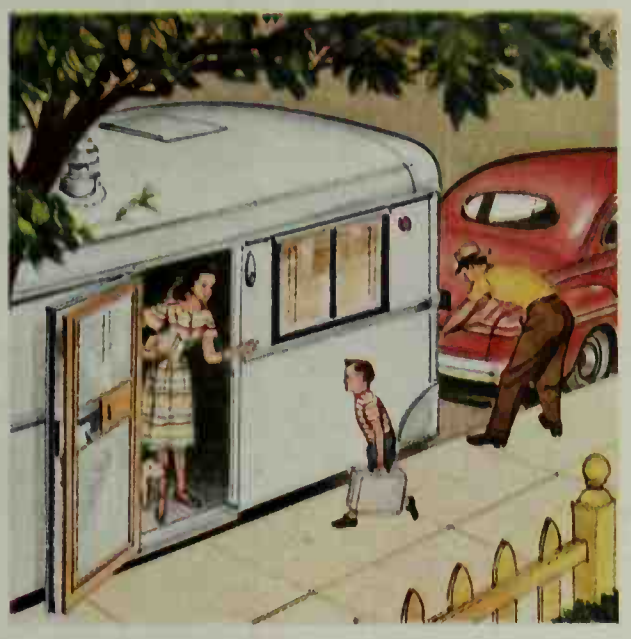
Then up spake Beatrice ge
yonder," she said, "I can co
safe refuge."

So we argued it and made
and upon a night when the
obscured by clouds and the
tled icily we made our scra
ward to the brink of the road
we saw a patrol ride slowly
tened until their hoofbeats
silence, and then, one by on
ows, we essayed the open
was no concealment, and so
road and the meadow that

This might be you, this vacation...



oll out the car from behind
aluminum doors . . .



and hitch on your trailer,
all aluminum, too . . .



at nightfall you'll sleep in
aluminum bunks . . .





. . . up at daybreak to fish from an aluminum canoe . . . then cook up your catch on an aluminum grill!

ear old—and already more and better products...with

Kaiser Aluminum

a Permanente Metals product

GO, The Permanente Metals Corpora- Henry J. Kaiser, opened another vast f aluminum—Kaiser Aluminum.

175 million pounds of Kaiser Alu- te, sheet and strip—were turned out. uch as the entire industry produced roductive year before the war!

num has been fabricated by manufac- ly into the products you see here . . . but also into aircraft, buses, garden tools, kitchen utensils, plus hundreds of others.

Light, durable, better looking, they will come to you in greater volume, sped by Permanente Metals' integrated aluminum operation . . . which controls the production of quality aluminum through its mammoth processing plants at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and Spokane and Tacoma, Washington.

Add to these resources an aggressive management plus experienced engineers eager to meet the toughest challenges, and it's easy to see why you can expect more aluminum products—better made.

Get the Manufacturers' names

For the names of manufacturers nearest you who make the aluminum products pictured or listed above, write:

Permanente Products Company

Consumer Service Division, Kaiser Bldg., Oakland 12, California



Does your radio garble your favorite newscaster? That means it's time to have your set thoroughly checked by your local radio service dealer. He's a *good egg* and he does a good job at a fair price. The Sylvania radio tubes he installs assure you of the greatest enjoyment from your set. There are no finer radio tubes made!



SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

Product of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.



The MYSTERY of SELF

Unlock the secrets of *self!* Explore your mental world. Receive the *keys* to the *hidden* laws of life. Become the master of your affairs... the creator of your own happiness. FREE book explains. Write: Scribe P.C.R.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose · California

HOW THOUSANDS

EASE PAIN

OF SIMPLE PILES

Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

**Pile Ointment and Suppositories.*



and safely reached the sheltering hills at the back of it. Elated at this success, we made our way up a tinkling brook for some short distance, when Tasso suddenly bade us halt. We could see, as we rounded a shoulder of the ravine, that its walls were lighted by flickering flames, and knew that ahead of us was a fire.

With finger to lips, Tasso crept forward, and I, clumsy as I am and ill-fitted for delicate work, crept at his heels. Not more than a hundred paces from us, in a sheltered dell, was a cozy fire, and the figures of two men sat close to it upon their hunkers. One was a soldier, the other was a broad, obese figure clad in monk's brown robe. Tasso's long knife was in his hands, and silent and serpent-like he slithered toward them. Then I saw him rise suddenly, arm uplifted—and the gleam of his knife.

EVEN as he struck I leaped to my feet, and careless of being seen, I ran to him. There upon the sands lay the soldier, twitching in his blood, and the monk, round eyes big and white with surprise and terror, hunching there unable to move or even to stand or cry out.

"So, Brother," I said as I stood over him, "the hunting dog is hunted."

He somewhat recovered himself at sight of me and recognition of my face. "I thought it was the wild men," he said, "who have no compunction of my churchly office."

"Whose protection thou dost little deserve," I said.

"Come now, my son," he said, his oiliness returning, "there have been some slight differences between thee and me. But nought that a reasonable man may not compose. I have made advantageous offers to thee," he said, "whereby thou might escape from Italy with wealth in thy pouch and the maid at thy side."

"Which," said I scornfully, "I refused."

"It will pay thee to listen receptively," he said. "Now, by delivering thee and the maid to Passerini I may win me an abbey. But even so I remain a churchman. I yearn for a broader and merrier life. I yearn for wealth to scatter upon my pleasures. Even now I can manage thy escape, and mine as well, an thou but make a partner of me."

"Betraying thy employers."

"Kings betray one another, and popes and emperors. Why should the privilege be denied a simple monk? Knowest thou the true name of the maid who is with thee?"

"I know it not nor care to know it."

"Nonetheless she is the key to the treasure of jewels I told thee of, and she can be profitable to both of us. The jewels of the Degli Albizzi."

"Stop thy tongue from clacking," I said to him, "and hoist thyself upon thy fat legs, for this night thou dost travel with us a prisoner."

He shrugged. "I have seen worse fates. At least I am alive, and while I am alive I may still do well for myself. Ah, here be the others. The good Christoforo and the brace of maids. A good evening to thee, Madonna," he said obsequiously to Betsy.

She did not return his greeting, but to me she said, "Remember, Pietro, he stood betwixt me and Riario's lusts."

"Not from chivalry," said I, "but for purposes of his own."

But for all that, I had a more kindly feeling toward him as I remembered it.

"Get to thy feet," I ordered, "and bethink thee constantly that my eyes are upon thee watching for some foul trick."

We dared not tarry, so, with Tasso leading the way and I with ready knife behind the monk, we plodded up the ravine, nor did we halt except briefly to rest the women, until the sun rose over the peaks and it was another day. . . .

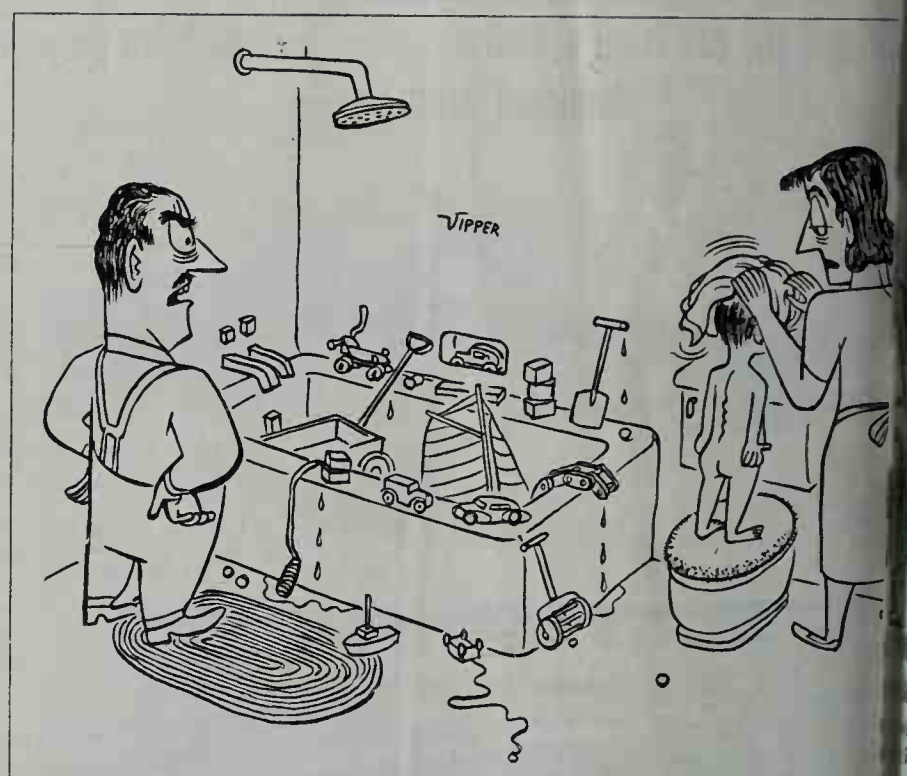
We slept until the hour of noon and plodded onward again, and one more night we slept in the hills before we plodded on again, led now by Beatrice, who spoke not at all of the destination toward which she was leading us. And then, upon the third day we came to a land where the sun shone, and the trees were green and sturdy and the grass was lush, and before me, in long line, I saw a boundary of white crosses stretching back into the forest, and I knew to what sanctuary we had come.

We crossed that line marked by sacred symbols, and somehow it seemed to me that a weight was lifted not only from my shoulders but from my heart, and that peace surrounded us here, and virtue. Even the grazing deer but lifted their heads to gaze at us with big, liquid eyes, for there was no fear in them, nor in the birds fluttering near us.

"What is this place?" Betsy asked of me in awed voice.

"Here," said I, "is an island of serenity in an ocean of strife."

With Beatrice walking sedately ahead, we came to the curving road which I had trod once before, and we climbed it until we came to the knoll. There, robed all in white as before, stood the man with birds perched upon his shoulders. Never upon



COLLIER'S "Why can't he just take a bath in his toy box?" VIRG

human face have I seen such calm nor such goodness nor such kindness.

"Welcome all," he said in his deep, rich voice of music. "Even thou, my brother," he said gently to the monk. "Rest here in peace, for no harm can reach thee in this sanctuary." He stretched out a slender hand toward Betsy and his lips bent in a rare smile. "I have long awaited thee," he said.

"Thou hast awaited me, Father?" Betsy exclaimed.

"Aye, child, waited yearningly for thy vexed and driven spirit to rest here and to be refreshed."

THEN a strange thing happened, a startling, bewildering interruption. From the door of the little house darted a ragged, twisted and crippled figure of a man in evil rags, and this creature threw himself at the feet of Betsy and clutched her skirt and bore it to his lips.

"Madonna! Oh, Madonna! My sweet, beloved mistress. Thou has come to me at last. My sweet mistress that I love."

I knew not what to think, for here, when he should have been in Trebbio, was the bedlamite Niccolo Gozzoli, not mumbling like a madman, but speaking in that strange, harmonious voice which my ears remembered well.

Then, suddenly as he came, he darted away upon his bent and broken legs, into the house, and then out again, clutching in his gnarled fingers a pouch of leather. And this he carried to Betsy's feet bling at the string that closed it.

"See," he said with childish gl have been faithful to thee. For the I preserved and hidden it, wracked by torture. For thee, m and my mistress."

And then, the pouch being o he poured upon the ground befor gleaming, sparkling stream of wh red and yellow and green until it a heap upon the grass giving b rays of the bright sun.

I HEARD the monk grunt as if been smitten in the stomach. "lives," he said in a whisper, "th of the Albizzi!"

Betsy, unheeding the wondro of jewels, was bending over t lamite. "Niccolo! Niccolo!" s and heartbreak was in her voice find thee thus!"

"I have been faithful, dear m have been true to my trust. Th not tear the secret from me."

"Better had they done so, N She turned brimming eyes to n doth think I am my mother,"

"My mother who was slain w ther in the sack of the palace. her little hands over her eyes

"Weep not for me, my mist Niccolo in a voice of sanity happiness to suffer for thee. E tore my joints asunder I was h knowledge I was bearing it for

Now, for the first time s woman and compassion, sol child and clinging to me blind

The white-robed hermit p in his measured, melodious v row not, daughter," he said g hath by his fortitude and found a greater thing than body or soundness of mind. he there is reserved a fair se throne of God."

Betsy uncovered her e flashed through her tears. der that I hate those who ha cruelty and worse?" she de me. "Dost wonder now that been given to the pursuit of Dost wonder that I have li anly, with such pictures as t fore my eyes, and with the the blood of loved ones runni

"Vengeance is mine, saith the hermit said softly. "E geance comes never from Hi from the prompting of the E doth always seek a door of soul. Thou hast denied t and happiness."



"Am I then, my father, to forgive these Medici?" she asked stubbornly.

"Thou art not divine but human," he said, "and such forgiveness is above the powers of mortal man. But let not sin beget sin. Remember thy wrongs, for thou canst not forget them, but leave the imposing of retribution to God."

I heard a babbling sound and looked down upon the monk, and so foul an expression of lust and greed have I never seen upon a human face as he played with the gems, letting them slip through his fingers greedily and picking them up again to feel them with his flesh. The face of the hermit was stern.

"Man," he said, "rather would I be thief and murderer than thou, for thou hast been false to thy vows and recreant to thy holy calling."

The monk looked up slyly. "Give me but these," he said, "and thou canst have thy bliss in an uncertain hereafter."

A spasm of pain crossed the lofty face of the hermit, as though he felt in his own flesh some pang, and he sighed. "My daughter," he said, "come apart with me."

He took her by the hand and led her across the sward and into the green wood, and I remained, standing over the monk to see to it he filched none of the jewels—for I be a practical man and cannot abide to see good property lost by foolishness.

"What is all this mystery?" I said to him, because I understood none of it nor what it signified.

"Thou dolt," he said harshly. "Thou simpleton. Thou half-witted son of a wild ass of the hills! Thou wouldst not listen to me, nor be partner to me, and now we have lost all. During all the days and nights thou hast spent with her hast asked no questions, nor sought to learn her secrets?"

"Nay," I responded. "Her secrets were her own."

"Then I will tell thee."

"I wish not to learn from thy lips. If there be anything she wishes me to know, she will disclose it."

"Fool!" he said. "This maid thou dost in thy rusticity call Betsy is heir to a great family—the last of the Albizzi. Named Clarice after the wife of the Magnificent Lorenzo. Aye, and should the wheel of fortune turn in Tuscany, wide lands and houses in Florence and wealth would be restored to her. And thou, dolt, doth love her and desire her as some herdsman of sheep desires the maid of a village! She is as far above thee as any star in the heavens which thou might hope to clutch and wear in thy cap."

TO THIS I made no reply, being, to my sorrow, in agreement with it. I thrust him aside, gathered up the treasure and poured the glittering baubles into the leather pouch, and thrust it under my belt. He watched me with avid eyes.

Tasso, who was standing at a distance, growled and stepped forward a pace. "It were best, Ser Englishman," he said, "were I to search about in his liver with my knife. It will avert future troubles."

"It may come to that," I said for the monk's discomfort, "but not here in this place of peace."

I walked away from them and sat me down on the sward and brooded. I was conscious of the weight of the pouch of jewels dangling from my belt and it added sorely to my heaviness of heart. Now that I have reached respectable age I can look back upon my youth and understand many things that then were hidden from me, and one of them is that in a young man abides a great supply of that thing called vanity, though he is not aware of it. It is this vanity that enables him to hope in hopeless situations. He believes wonders can happen to him, and that he has been especially singled out by Providence for favor. He cannot down the belief that whatever he desires will somehow come to him no matter how impossible it may be. So it had been with me and my love for Betsy. Always there had been some remote hope.

But now I despaired. It is one thing to love a homeless, nameless, mysterious maid. It is another thing to raise your eyes to one of illustrious birth. And now, added to the nobility of her lineage was what seemed to me enormous wealth. Also there was my pride. Now, with her treasure in jewels at my belt it did seem to me that my wooing might seem to her to partake of self-seeking and the desire to participate in that richness. Gloom beset me and self-pity.

As I sat thus miserable I saw the white robes of the hermit and Betsy's blue gown come forth from the circling trees. The hermit left her and went into his dwelling and she stood there looking about her uncertainly, as if troubled in mind. The sun was behind her, glorifying her hair, and turning her rags into rich embellishments.

IN SPITE of myself I was drawn toward her as by some magic power of attraction, and I stood before her, awkward and unsure.

"Madonna degli Albizzi," I said, and that was the end of it because no other words would come.

"The monk told thee," she said.

I nodded.

"Then, Pietro," she said to me, "perhaps thou will understand much. Mayhap thou will understand why I have not been like other women, and why, driven as I have been, and hating as I have hated, I have been under compulsion. From my babyhood I have been taught to hate and not to love. I have been educated, not as other women, to be soft and alluring, but in other, darker arts which would aid me in the mission which was mine. To be the enemy and to seek the downfall of any bearing the name of Medici. I have engaged in plots. I have sold my wits and my beauty to those, who for any reason, were their enemies. I have plotted for them, spied for them, stolen for them. I was well taught and I have accomplished more than a man could accomplish."

"It is not for me to censure thee," I said dumbly.

"I have used thee to thy disadvantage and danger."

"I would have served thee in anything," I said, "hadst thou but asked." I hesitated after this and stared at her beauty which in this moment seemed more wondrous than ever before. "Because I loved thee beyond all else, and cared not if thou wert worthy of it."

"The loneliness of mountain fastnesses, and the still, starry heavens at night, and the remoteness of the world," she said, "are wiser to instruct than all the great teachers of the world."

"I know not your meaning," I said.

"I learned another thing, Pietro," she said, "and that is that in all women resides a force stronger than will because it comes from nature and not from thinking. I discovered that all plans and all intentions must give way to it, because it hath been implanted in women by the law of God. There is a reason, Pietro, why women are created women."

I was bewildered. "And what is this reason?" I asked in my simplicity.

"They are created women," she said patiently and sweetly, "in order that they may love and attract the love of a man, because only by this can one generation follow another, and the evils of one generation be amended by the next."

"That I understand in some measure," I said, "but all this thou hast forsworn."

"Look thee, Pietro. A pope lives but for a span of years. A family lives but for a few generations. Who is alive today who may claim the great Alexander as his ancestor, or Caesar? What great family is there that carries on forever? Even the Medici will die out."

"Nothing is eternal save God," I said.

"God," she said, "and the love of man



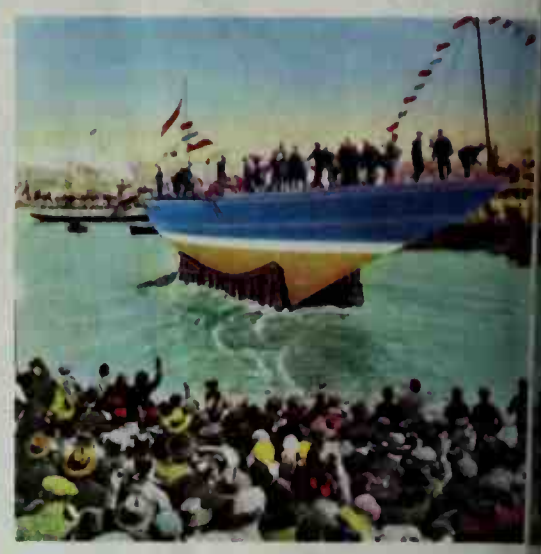
Who will try to "lift the mug"?



1851 **America's Cup,** "the old mug," has had millions spent in its defense and challenge, though it's worth under $100. Won by the schooner *America,* racing against the cream of English yachts, it came to the U.S. seven years before the name Corby's came to Canada.



1899 **A great name** in yachting and a great challenger, *Shamrock I* was soundly trounced by *Columbia,* the U.S. defender. As the name Corby's went into its 41st year in Canada, international sailing supremacy was firmly established here. But there were more thrills ahead.



1937 **Most recent** bid was made by th yacht *Endeavour* off Providence. it fared no better than its predecessors. stayed in the U.S.—*Ranger* won four strai races the year the name Corby's reache anniversary in Canada.

1947 **You,** like many others, may hope for a Cup challenger soon. Who'll build a costly racer is the question, but someone will succumb to the greatest sail racing challenge in the world. So raise a toast to *America*—the grand ship that first won "the mug" and *make it a toast with Corby's.* This sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name has a special knack in favorites from the bar.



SCALE MODEL OF THE "AMERICA" FROM THE COLLECTION OF COMMOD



CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAM

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blen*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

nan and of woman for man, thus by Heaven. What, Pietro, God's occupation if there were r human bodies holding souls to for Paradise?"

be deep thoughts and beyond prehension," I told her.

I must e'en be simple and plain nderstanding," she said. "Canst d this: That it is vastly more im- hat a woman love a man than estroy an empire?" She paused ed up into my eyes so that all inside me quivered with yearn- er. "And wondrously more e said.

yet I stood, a dumb dolt, know- ot what to think nor what to Then, patiently she prompted so plainly that even my slow ht something of her meaning. " she said, "thou hast declared dost love me. Was it but

said, "it was more than words. oice of my heart."

st desire me, Pietro, as a man hat a woman may become his

I said, "that is the way of it

remember," she said, "the —to repeat it for my hearing?" rds be few and easy to remem- d. "They be only three. To thee."

she insisted.

ee, Betsy," I said obediently. a little step closer to me, and g thing that had been in her e deeper and stronger and il I was blinded by the sight

e said softly, "doth that not e request?"

so lead," I said, "to another ee, not so high above me in in wealth."

re I some other—say the abond maid in thy English n thou didst succor and turn ry maid at thy farmstead— be thy request?"

I answered, "right heartily 'I love thee, maid. Wilt thou e, and be mine forever?' " ietro," she said more softly, aid."

t simpleton that I was, I what she was about with so and arguments, but even yet lieve it. But thank God for ithin me that caused me to y clumsy arms toward her, e into them and was close t I could feel the supple response of her body; and, okel I lifted her in my un- light so that her lips were s and we kissed each other e were village maid and

thee, Pietro, as thou hast to do even against my will, ess that is in thee, and the e loyalty and the most dis- icity. But it did require high-sounding words and bring thee to the point."

wn upon her feet. "Dost " I asked, still incredulous, lt stoop to wed with the

y, an thou wilt have me," king me as I am with all w or suspect of my con-

were Jezebel herself or a," I said, "I would forget or thee."

e by the hand, she led me rmitage, and the hermit, ite, came and stood in the smiled and said to Betsy, th the twain of ye?" she said. "But I was hard ke him bid me."

"That stands in his favor," said the hermit kindly. "And now what is thy will?" He looked at me as he spoke this question, and I was mute, for I did not know what I wished him to do.

"Must I ever be the forward one?" Betsy asked. "Then so I will be. Father, this backward man desireth to wed with me."

"What day and what hour?" he asked, his eyes alight.

"Too many days and hours have passed, and all too few remain," she said with downcast eyes. "I be impatient and desirous. What is thy wish, Pietro?"

"Father," I said, bedazzled by all that had happened to me, "wilt wed us now?"

"Right gladly, my son," he said and led us within where was a little altar and candles alighted. Behind us came Christoforo and the maid Beatrice, who wore a strange, unreadable expression. But Tasso stood in the door that he might keep an eye on the monk.

Then Betsy and I knelt before the altar and the hermit, and I saw her hands busied with the fastenings of her hair which she loosened so that it fell down in a glorious mantle to her waist. Whereat I think I must have cried out, for she looked at me and smiled gaily as if at enjoyment of some rare humor. My happiness was complete at what she had done —for, by letting her hair loose about her as she knelt to take the marriage vows before the altar, she averred that she came to the marriage state a virgin.

Then there was reverend silence as the hermit spoke the words and touched our heads with blessing palm, so that when again we stood upon our feet we were no longer two, but one. And all the glory of the world flooded through the window, riding upon sunbeams, and I could not speak for the joy that choked me.

IT WAS midmorning of the next day. Betsy and I were walking hand in hand in that serene oasis. We were as one at last. She was the Betsy of our forest—simple, tender, eyes misty with love.

"Is it true, my darling?" I asked.

"All true," she said softly.

"Hast left all this turmoil and plotting behind thee forever?"

She looked at me, and her face was suddenly grave. "Save for one last obligation," she said. "There are the letters of the Pope that I filched from the lodging of King Francis. Them must I take to Venice. After that, my Pietro, I am thine forever to do with as thou wilt."

"To take to England?" I asked, for she was a great one of this land, and that was a point that troubled me, seeing would be but a simple merchant's wife in England, and I put that thought into hesitant words.

"No simple merchant," she said, "but a knight at the hands of the Most Christian King. Aye, I will to England with thee or to Cathay or the Islands of the Sea."

Then, carried clearly on that serene air, came to my ears the sound of voices lifted in song—the voice of men who sang an air with beat and lilt to it. Faintly it came to me from the westward—the marching song of the Black Bands.

Then did I seize her hand and we ran together like children down that slope to the barrier of white crosses and so to the road that led toward Trebbio. And in a moment, rounding the bend came a company of My Lord Giovanni's men riding on horseback, led by one of his chosen captains, a certain Neapolitan named Galeazzo. I called his name urgently, and he recognized me and waved his hand and called his men to halt.

In quick words I told him what had befallen and of our need and how the retainers of the Riarios were betwixt us and Trebbio. He smiled thinly.

"I am ordered thither," he said, "and then to Fano, on the coast. My Lord hath gone to the baths and will journey thence to Venice to consult with the Doge who hath offered him full command of all Venice's armies."

"How doth his leg mend?" I asked.

"Sweetly," he answered. "Another month and he will be fit to lead men in battle."

"Wilt pause," I asked, "until we can be ready to travel in thy company to Trebbio?"

To this he consented and bade his men be at ease. Betsy and I climbed the slope again and in the little room knelt to receive the blessing of the hermit. Then, with Christoforo and Tasso and Beatrice —and with the monk for prisoner—we said farewell to that fair spot and to him who made it so, and joined the companions. Spare horses carried us on our way, so that we reached Trebbio with no mishap, and as we rode across the drawbridge and into the courtyard John Peter the manikin, who had escaped from Riario's castle and made his way to Trebbio, capered about us as though he had gone mad in his delight at seeing us again.

Once more I saw my sweet mistress, and she kissed Betsy upon her cheeks and gave her welcome. She gave us news of Lord Giovanni, how he was much restored and was on his way to Venice. "But he will decline the offer of the Doge," she said. "Venice be no fit employer for him, for Venice will never fight when plotting or negotiation will serve. It is his intent to go to Fano and there fit out ships to harry the Turk."

That day came her brother, the Cardinal Salviati, and he was right courteous and kind to me so that I dared speak to him of my personal concerns, namely the mission upon which I had come to Italy, and the funds due my father from Florentine merchants.

"For thee, Pietro," he said, "it will not be safe to go to Florence. Thou hast enemies. The Cardinal Passerini will do thee harm. But this other, this matter of business, is a small thing, and I will direct my secretary to have it strictly in hand."

I thanked him humbly. "Your Eminence," I said, "there is yet one other thing. We have for prisoner a monk, an evil man, the hunting hound of the Pope, who, so long as he lives, will be snapping at our heels."

"He hath been a thorn in the flesh of many," said the Cardinal sternly. "The bishop in Milan hath a prison with right sturdy walls and a cell that he will lend to me cheerfully. Give thou this monk to me, Pietro, and I certify that he will trouble neither thee nor any other until his spirit hath been chastened and his body mortified. As for thee, my friend, my advice is that thou betake thyself out of this Italy speedily. For there is no safety here for thee or thy wife. There is peace for a time, but the time will be short, and then, I fear me, troubles will fall upon Italy such as we never have seen."



"But if you aren't a little girl, why are you dressed like a little girl?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

NEXT day we bade farewell to My Lady, whom I never was to see again, but who was to write the sorrows of her heart to me in the tragic days that followed. I took Tasso by the hand and thanked him, and bent to kiss the maid Beatrice upon cold lips. And Betsy kissed her and spoke gentle words to her.

The last I saw of Trebbio was this maid standing straight, arms close to her sides gazing after us.

"That maid," I said to Betsy, "sorrows to see us depart."

"Aye, simple one," said Betsy.

So we rode northward with our escort and came to Venice where My Lord was sumptuously lodged at the expense of the state, and his name was in all men's mouths and when he went forth he was the hero of the people. He did not walk with his old-time vigor, but this limp, his physicians told him, would soon depart, and he would be as sound as ever in his life.

As was always the way with him, he was in trouble because of the behavior of the Black Bands when there was no fighting for them to do, and claims for damages because of their marauding and looting, which kept him ever in a state of poverty. But his determination and his hunger for glory flamed as brightly as ever. It was his plan now, while no other employment offered, to become an admiral and take to the sea, using Fano as a base, and to prey upon Turkish and Saracen pirates who harried the sea.

The boyishness in him, and the lust for life and pleasures, was as strong in him as before his wound. He was reluctant to part with me.

"Tarry here with me, Pietro, and I will make a soldier of thee," he said, clapping me on the shoulder.

"I have no joy in war," I said to him,

do you know...

that the beautiful modern air-conditioned *ice* refrigerator gives foods the *three essentials* of complete, scientific food protection—constant cold, proper moisture and clean-washed air? No breakdowns, no noise, no defrosting—and you always have pure, crystal-clear ice on hand for every cooling need. Inexpensive to buy . . . and economical to use!



Before you buy *any* refrigerator be sure to see the beautiful new post-war Ice Refrigerator. Just get in touch with your local Ice Company.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

"and England and my father and mother call to me."

He laughed gaily. "And thy woolen cloths," he said jeeringly. "Thou a knight! Nay, merchanthood is not thy fate, Pietro. Thou shalt see. An thy King Henry be half the man I take him for he will roust thee out of thy shop and set thee to man's work. For though there be thin peace this day, it will not long continue, and thy king will have need of such men as thou hast shown thyself to be."

"I be a man of peace," I said, but he only laughed at me, and he was a better prophet than I.

The end of it was that through his influence Betsy and Christoforo, who vowed he would never leave me, and John-Peter and I were granted passage on a swift galley carrying orators to Naples for some high negotiation. Thence we took ship to Livorno, and these days upon the sea were happy days for Betsy and me, during which we grew closer together and learned each other so that neither had secrets from the other, and our love increased with the days.

An English ship was in that port, owned by a friend of my father's, and we were taken aboard her to sail southward again, past Sicily and through the Pillars of Hercules. At last we sailed past the white cliffs and into home waters and came to anchor in our own Thames River.

NOW there is the end of my adventures in Italy, all foisted upon me against my will and by circumstances. But I did not regret them, because they had given me the friendship of the greatest warrior of the age, and the sweetest wife man ever had.

We landed shortly after dawn and were driven through London streets to the house of my father, where I was received with joy, and Betsy with wonder. Nor to my mother's practicality did it decrease my wife's charms that she brought such wealth with her.

Cardinal Wolsey, who knew all things, heard of my coming, and sent for me and questioned me upon this and that, and seemed darkly pleased with the things I told him. Also the King himself admitted me to his presence and nothing would do but I should relate to him my adventures and how I had been knighted by the Most Christian King.

"Now, great yokel," he said jovially, "thou hast a noble wife. Thou art a knight, made for valor upon the field of battle. Thou hast studied war under the tutelage of the greatest general now alive. Let common men sell woolens. England hath need of such as thou."

"But, Your Majesty—" I started to protest.

He frowned and I was afraid of his anger. "Art a knight," he said. "An I give thee a coat of arms and ennoble thee, hast thou wealth to support it?"

"My father's business is profitable," I said, "and My Lady wife, being heiress to the Albizzis, hath great wealth in jewels."

"Most excellent," he said. "Leave thy father to his woolens. Thou shalt serve me. I create thee baronet, and when thou hast earned it thou shalt climb even higher." He grinned at me broadly as is sometimes his way when he is genial and harmless. "I have liked thee, Sir Peter, since that day when thou didst confront me and shoot thy arrows with such skill."

So, willy-nilly, I took service with my king, and truth is I never have regretted it, save that it cost me many days of the company of Betsy.

At her wish we bore the treasure in jewels to that street where merchants deal in such baubles; and, being well advised, we sold them for a great sum, so that we were rich as many barons and earls. And with a part of these moneys we bought lands surrounding our farm and built upon them a handsome house over which Betsy presided wondrously.

News reached us from Italy and the Continent. In May of the next year, 1526, the Holy League of Cognac was made and war descended again upon Italy. My Lord Giovanni was recalled to the service of the Pope and speedily added to his glory and his reputation for rash valor.

Then, in December of that year came dire news: My Lord was dead. In the very moment of victory, as he turned his great charger Sultan, he was struck again in the same leg that had received his former wound, but in much more terrible way, and of it he died in great pain. With rare courage he endured the agony of the saw when his leg was cut from him.

Then, a confessor being called to him, he said, "Father, being a professor of arms, I have lived with the habits of soldiers as I should have lived like monks had I put on the dress you wear. Were it allowed, I would confess before everyone, for I have never done anything unworthy of myself."

In dying he was in no manner changed from the sort of man he was while life lay before him gloriously. He died with courage, fortitude, and as his confession showeth, a childlike belief in his own rightness.

So in a miserable skirmish died my master and my friend, and the noblest heart and greatest general of his time. And I donned mourning for him as though he had been my relative.

Thoughtful and knowing men have told me since that had Giovanni de' Medici lived, there had been no sack of Rome, nor imprisonment of the Pope in Hadrian's tower. And that the evils which rained upon Italy and the church would not have come to pass had his genius been there to lead her armies. . . .

A score or more of years have passed since that day, but I remember him now as I last saw him in battle, and ever so shall do.

The little Cosimo who used to play about my knees hath become Duke of Florence, which no other Medici ever was; but he resembleth not his father, so they say, for generosity is not in him, but coldness and stealthiness.

To my great rejoicing, somewhat after Yuletide, I learned that Betsy was with child, whereat she was as glad as I.

"Wife," said I, for the matter seemed of import to me then, "I am hungry to know if it is to be a son."

"It will be," she said, "what God wills, and I care not which, because it is thine and mine conceived in love."

"I desire a son," said I. And then I wheedled. "Wife, fetch out thy ball, so I may gaze into it as I gaze it in times past."

"Nay," she said, "the crystal bal behind me in Italy with all that wer it. Never again shall I or thou traffic with it."

I had never dared to ask about now I ventured. "By what art didst bring it about that I saw pict the crystal?" I asked.

She laughed at me then, gaily. "thee see pictures," she said, "I thou wert and art a great, simple that I could command to do my commanded thee to see and the obey."

"Is that all there be to it?"

"All," she said, "that is fit ears."

Then, for I was very pleased self that I had begotten a child, a sidered it a wonderful feat for a perform, I questioned her as I h a hundred times before. For the hearing her tell it to me.

"When," I begged of her, "d love me, sweet?"

"I think it was in your forest fled from the fair," she said.



"Wait'll you hear this record, Daddy! It's by a new singer named Al

COLLIER'S

"That is when I loved thee

Then she laughed at me a does almost every day, and s it is not so important to kn loved thee first as to know cease to love thee."

"And when," I asked qual that day be?"

"That," she said, "doth d thy good behavior."

So I have always endeav have toward her in such I should not lose her love, a have been successful, for thinks, the affection is strong now that our two sons and full grown, than at the ver Which, or so it seems to n Heavenly Father intended t should be.

The years have slipped a traveled far and seen much. there, in various lands and v I meet with men who, in manhood, were enrolled Giovanni's Black Bands. matter what wealth or hono to them, that fact is their cl it is with me. For to str been known to boast, and B about my vanity.

"I, Peter Carew," I say fought with Giovanni de was a captain in the Black

THE END

THE STUDY OF MAN

Continued from page 21

l ambition is corrupted by cus-
n authority. Beginning today I
ity to fulfill. These pages will

ufus Nutter did the unforgiv-
mpugned Theoda's world view,
the same as tearing down Bar-
. He suggested that she drop
with the candy-striped cover
arbage burner and reconsider
on to the movies.
e's anything which makes me
nd completely furious," de-
oda, "it's to have you coming
ing the part of the canny New
Why don't you go back in-
n you look as though you'd
f?"
we aren't friends any more,"

that's the most deliberate and
understatement I ever heard.
do you hear?"

NT, and for a while Theoda
ered whether to put him in the
a way he belonged, but just
concluded she would stretch
method a little and ignore
e duration of the study she
id his company.
ing, however, she answered
f the brass knocker on the
here stood Nutter, looking
. Theoda gasped.
e said. "What did I tell

ng on your father," said
pushed past her into the

rse, of course, was glad to
ause Judge Bearse was glad
dy who would listen to him
e first landing on Baddow
n arrowheads, and how the
re related to the Jernegans.
e was judge of probate,
d many ancient records—
atigable authority on local
a collector of everything
1700, especially by Indians.
to draw him out.
irst few minutes it wasn't
had been working on her
e grasped this opportunity.
lism is well represented in
ent," she wrote. "In this
ers of culture and many
cting the conduct of the
ration, even when of age,
to a character known as
Smith."
n for quite a while, and
ages rapidly. Then Nutter
unced that he would have
order to be in bed by ten.
sked Theoda to show him

et it all down?" Nutter
ll.
she said intensely. "You

orning, before dawn, she
led *putt-putt* of a motor-
that Rufus had started for
nds. There were a good
nd all of them were com-
men. She wouldn't be
for days, thank goodness.
, she often functioned
was bothered. . . .
omestic tasks performed
male were astonishing to
aware as she was that the
would be read by Bar-
heoda not only did the
oked. She made potato
was illustrative of eco-
gement, and chicken
was tops for flavor.
d some of the flavor went
, as scientifically as pos-
whet up Barlow's West-
ern appetite a little, Theoda thought.

He did not appear the first week end as she had hoped, but a brief note said he would surely arrive the following Saturday and would bring Dr. Clifton whom he had mentioned in his talks with her. Dr. Clifton, it seemed, was most interested in the project. Theoda had no memory of ever having heard about the doctor.

At the appointed time she drove to the station to meet Barlow's train, and was startled to see him assisting an attractive if somewhat aloof female to the platform. The female was certainly not over twenty-eight, and she had a lot of shining brown hair under a feathered beret, an apple-green suit, and eyes which said they knew all about this sex business and dared you to make anything of it. Such was Theoda's first impression, but on second thought it occurred to her that they dared YOU to make anything of it, which was quite different, especially if the eyes were turned toward a male. Theoda herself was all the other way, and she felt inferior.

DOING ALL RIGHT

The child today lags far behind,
He's lazy and he's dumb,
You rant;
But can you make a yo-yo wind,
Can you blow bubble gum?
I can't!

—Richard Armour

"Oh, Theoda," said Barlow. "Here's Dr. Clifton. Isn't it splendid she could come?"

"It's scientifically perfect," said Theoda, meaning every word and not an iota more.

"I've heard so much from Barlow about this whole plan," said Dr. Clifton, "and I can't wait to see your notes."

"Oh, yes," said Theoda, "my notes."

It wasn't that she hadn't been scientific. The trouble was, she had been scientific in a special way. She would have given a lot for the chance to do some last-minute editing, but no sooner were the crisply mannered doctor and Barlow Crane appropriately registered in rooms on different floors at the inn, than the subject of the journal came up again in a pressing manner.

Establishing the visitors on the southerly side of the Bearse house but not in the hammock, Theoda produced the goods. Barlow, to her regret, read the first entry aloud.

"Saw an albino robin at sunrise this morning."

It had seemed, at the time, like an arresting and romantic opening, besides suggesting an agreeable tendency on the part of the young female to rise early. Everyone in the West, she figured, rose before dawn.

"Environment," Theoda ventured apologetically. "The relation of the individual to the environment."

"But why an albino robin?" asked Dr. Clifton, still puzzled.

"I don't know," said Theoda. "It just was."

Barlow read on and the dope got better. He was presently in the midst of a lot of intensive New England housewifery which went big. Theoda felt a little shy when it seemed to be going so big, thinking that maybe she had overreached. But no, Dr. Clifton was enthusiastic about the authentic delineation of the function of the female in the New England home. Theoda didn't care for her tone of voice, but she had no kick coming. The New England home was secondary or even tertiary in her present calculations.

When the reading of the journal was concluded, and Dr. Clifton had offered some concise and unwelcome suggestions, Theoda was allowed to guide the pair around the village. It wasn't good, but it wasn't really bad, because Barlow kept firing questions at Theoda, which made her the main attraction.

The village was small, however, the tour was soon over, and Dr. Clifton was saying, "We've taken too much of your time, my dear. You must run along or you'll never catch up with your domestic tasks."

"What domestic tasks?" asked Theoda.

"The ones you put in the book," said Barlow.

"Oh," said Theoda. "Those."

So there wasn't anything for her to do but go home, and darned if her mother wasn't beating rugs. Mrs. Bearse owned a vacuum cleaner but lacked complete faith in it—which meant that Theoda had to whang the daylights out of a heavy nine-by-twelve while she caught glimpses of Barlow and Dr. Clifton picking their way along the rippling edges of the harbor below the Nutter place.

She did not see Barlow or Dr. Clifton again until they came to call at the Bearse home that evening. The conversation was mainly between her father and Dr. Clifton, and it ran to Captain John Smith, arrowheads, and Captain John Smith. Judge Bearse didn't need any priming. One word and he was off. Theoda left herself open to Barlow's attention, had he been so minded, but he was concentrating on the patriarchal peculiarities, and also on Dr. Clifton.

When the time came to adjourn, Theoda insisted on walking back to the inn with the visitors. It was a moony night, swimming with the raw material of the soul, but she derived no kind of benefit. She fretted about Barlow. I can't figure him, she said to herself. He's evidently afraid of pursuit by females, but this doctor gal has him looped in a slow walk. Wonder if by chance he thinks he's pursuing her? Something should be done for that kind of ignorance.

ONLY once did Theoda and Dr. Clifton have a direct exchange of words, this being when a fishing boat throbbed into the moon-dappled harbor.

"What's that?" the doctor inquired.

"A Nutter," said Theoda shortly.

"Another what?"

"Just a Nutter," said Theoda irritably, and Barlow had to break it up.

When Theoda reached home again, the judge was expressing laudatory opinions of Dr. Clifton who was, he declared, a well-informed woman. At that, he didn't half know how well informed she was, or by whom. The following day, Sunday, wasn't much so far as Theoda was concerned. She took Barlow and the doctor to church, after which they left her to practice her New England customs while they occupied themselves in ways she was left to imagine. She was glad when they took the evening train. . . .

Beginning at sunrise Monday morning, the young female discontinued the performance of all domestic tasks. Mrs. Bearse remarked that she had known it was too good to last. Theoda missed this practical philosophy, however, for she was deep in thought, with nothing coming of it until nightfall. In the dusk Rufus Nutter appeared. It had been his fishing boat returning from the grounds the previous evening.

"Hello, sweet," he said.

"If you come within hitting distance



CARLING'S Red Cap ALE



Let the jolly Red Cap remind you to carry home the Carling's. Stash it away in your refrigerator to cool till time and tongue are ready. It's better, not bitter—deliberately different—a light, bright flavor, cross-blended for the American taste.

P.S. In Frigidaire, G.E., Kelvinator, Servel, Westinghouse, Norge, Hotpoint, Philco, Crosley, or what not . . . it's Carling's, darling.

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Cleveland, Ohio

Born in Canada

Now going great in the

et hit," said Theoda. "Have you
en how we parted?"
oesn't pay to remember every-

ybe it doesn't, at that," said The-
er mind illumined by a sudden
ght, the reward of diligent think-
rned by inspiration. She leaned
an apple tree, her fingers inside
of her slacks.
t's a peachy sweater you've got
oda."
more of a fuchsia."
ess I shouldn't have said what I
ut you being the right size for a
n. You'd be swell anywhere. I
you'd go big out West."
t's nice of you, Nutter," said The-
nd although there can never be
but friendship between us, and
mited edition of that, I am will-
ake up and let you kiss me. This
ing a general rule, but after all,
engaged once."
ner than that," said Nutter, al-
ose to her in the shadows of the
e.
t his arms around her with gen-
nd kissed her softly and con-
y, but she was in no doubt,
less, that she had been kissed.
night, Nutter," she said, for he
served the purpose of her in-
"We had better call it a day
e start fighting again."
dn't wait to see him go, for she
r to get to her Anthropological
nd put down something warm
sex life of the young female—
f it to knock Dr. Clifton's eye
give Barlow Crane a shot in
If he needed awakening, and
hought he did, this ought to do
As in most matters requiring
she resorted to the back porch
d a convenient light. The trou-
hat Nutter had not gone. She
w lines and, happening to look
im there in a posture of sig-
ttention. She did not care for
sion.
," she said, "you must take a
on yourself. Maybe this isn't
think it is."
n't say anything.
o home," she said. "Go on.
n't you dare!"

S point Theoda concluded that
unwise to remain where she
losed her journal and departed.
was not disposed to confront
onal parents with the journal
than she was inclined toward
is present mood, she chose the
gh the woods.
reluctant to look back, but
footsteps. She broke into a
run. Then she did look back
s she had expected, Nutter was
a good clip. She increased her
. When the path turned, she
hind a tree while Nutter went
e came back.
e could not hope to outdis-
on the straightaway, Theoda
trees. She leaped for an over-
ranch, caught it, and swung
She had not been in a tree for
s and never after dusk, but she
to handle herself. She went
ntil most of the treetops were
level with her vision or below
arkening night was beginning
d by the twinkling stars. She
xcept for the sounds of na-
s silent.
" she called.
eet."
re you?"
own here on a seat of moss."
n't you go home or some-

er.
you might climb up a tree of
and look at the view. I bet
aw the roof of the forest un-
s."

"You may think of me as being eternally here," said Nutter, "waiting faithfully by the path. There is no way you can get me to budge."

"Blast you, Nutter. I despise you."

"How are the stars holding out?" he inquired.

After a while she went lower in the tree in order to converse with him more easily. She was afraid that verbal negotiation would come to nothing, which was exactly what it did. Meantime the limbs were increasingly uncomfortable. She had tried all the large ones. The moon rose, proving the hour to be later than she had hoped. There might be search parties soon. The thought disturbed her.

"Nutter," she said, "I'm coming down. I warn you that the future of our friendship depends on how you conduct yourself, and I must ask you particularly to remember your upbringing and your sacred repressions."

She hesitated on the overhanging



"Why ain't you out where you belong—organizing boys' clubs and fighting juvenile delinquency?"

COLLIER'S JON CORNIN

branch, then leaped. He caught her, and they fell to the ground and rolled over together among the leaves.

As soon as they were upright again, he was kissing her, and the execution was more earnest and intense than anything in her experience or fancy.

For a lean guy, she acknowledged unintentionally, he could make himself remarkably snug in the clinches. Golly!

But ultimately the pause came during which she could assure him of her utter detestation, and after that, they walked home, Indian file, along the path. . . .

As Theoda lay in bed, she fumed. If Nutter thought he could get away with that sort of thing—and then she forgot about Nutter for a minute. She sat up in bed. She grabbed her journal, which she had retrieved in the woods, and switched on the light. Smiling demurely, she wrote. She wrote with enthusiasm. It wasn't so much a case of making Barlow jealous as it was of teaching him the facts of life in New England, drawing him out of himself, and avenging those signs of overindifference she had been compelled to notice in him lately.

On Saturday, Barlow and Dr. Clifton arrived as planned, and Theoda walked with them to the inn and hung around while the doctor made allusions to various provincial matters, including Captain John Smith.

"Shall we look at the notes?" suggested Barlow.

"I brought 'em along," said Theoda, producing the journal.

"Even in the prosaic domestic passages," said Dr. Clifton, "there is a pastoral quality which I find refreshing."

But Barlow was way ahead of her, his eyes fixed on the journal. "Zingo!" he said. "Wow!"

Evidently these remarks were involuntary. He did not smile as he uttered them. Next thing, while Barlow held on to his chair, Dr. Clifton was reading; a subtle change seeped into her expression. Theoda judged that things were, indeed, roused up; she retired to await developments.

Developments were not long in coming. A little before noon, Barlow appeared at the Bearse house, alone. He seemed agitated.

"Where's the Doc?" asked Theoda.

"I don't know. Now please don't ask me to sit in the hammock."

"I wasn't going to," said Theoda falsely.

"I'm worried about Ruth, I mean Dr. Clifton. She was disturbed. We finished reading the journal, and after that she thought we should take a look at this Nutter person. And then I lost her."

"Her or them?"

"I lost them," said Barlow.

"Well, I'm snagged," said Theoda. "So now she's chasing Nutter."

"I'm sure Dr. Clifton is doing no such thing."

Theoda regarded him severely. None of this was as she had anticipated.

"I don't hold with your scientific observation, brother," she said. "Come on, you and I are organizing a search."

BUT it wasn't much fun being with Barlow. After a while they saw Dr. Clifton walk across a street two or three blocks away, and Theoda wanted Barlow to run after her. He said he couldn't because it wouldn't be dignfied.

"Let's get this straight," said Theoda. "For the past twenty minutes or so you've been forcing me to conclude that you are really stuck on the Doc."

"I am," said Barlow stiffly.

"How can you or anyone tell?"

"I don't know. How can you tell when you're stuck on somebody?"

"That's right." She stopped short. "How can I?"

"What's the matter now?"

"I'm taking soundings of my inner nature," said Theoda. "It seems I've shoaled all of a sudden and I'm trying to account for it."

"Of course," said Barlow, "when I said I was stuck on Dr. Clifton, I didn't mean I wasn't fond of you. You're a very wonderful girl and I'd like to know you better."

"Thanks," said Theoda, and then it seemed to her she saw it all, the blue sky and the Pacific, the broad horizons and the way home again.

She excused herself, and as soon as lunch was over set out to hunt for Nutter. But it was he who found her. He was waiting in the shrubbery at the edge of the wood path. When she managed a good view of him she was interested to observe that he didn't look like just anybody. He was sun-brown, gray-eyed and alertly handsome. She did not think she would like Dr. Clifton to catch him.

"Theoda," he said earnestly, "let's you and me square up quick. That doctor woman has been studying me since the middle of the forenoon, and she's got ideas that never came out of a book."

"Maybe they did, at that," said Theoda.

"I'm sorry about what happened," said Nutter.

"Forget it," said Theoda. "Did I ever adore you? No, skip it. I never did, and that's good, because I find that adoring can wear pretty thin."

She conceded inwardly, however, that she had always been kind of stuck on him, even when under the impression that he was left out of the great design.

Then she called out to her mother, "If Barlow Crane and Dr. Clifton come looking for Nutter and me, they'll find us in the hammock."

THE END





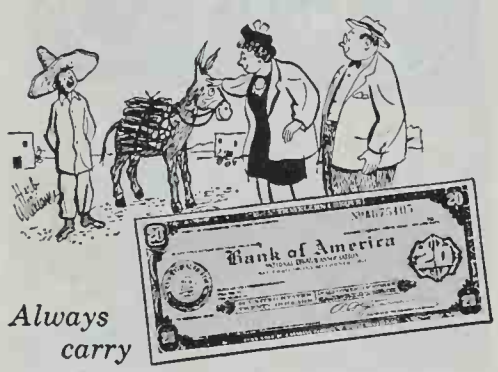
QUICK RELIEF
FOR
SUMMER
TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums



Always carry
BANK of AMERICA
TRAVELERS CHEQUES

Acceptable everywhere, self-identifying, insure your money against loss or theft. Backed by the resources of a five billion dollar bank. Sold by banks and travel agents everywhere.

Issued by Bank of America N.T. & S.A., CALIFORNIA
INSURED BY THE FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION
London, England Branch: 12 Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.4

SMOOTH SAILING WITH
ASTHMADOR

If summer means agony to you—if pollen-laden breezes aggravate your bronchial asthma—take a new lease on life with Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Just ignite ASTHMADOR powder or an ASTHMADOR cigarette, and let those pleasant, aromatic fumes penetrate congested passages. Notice how they help make breathing easier, aid in reducing the severity of your paroxysm. Enjoy summer vacations—you can get ASTHMADOR anywhere—take it everywhere. No costly sprays to buy, nothing to take internally. No wonder Asthmatics have made ASTHMADOR the leading inhalant treatment! Sold under a money-back guarantee. You can't lose—and you've a lot of welcome relief to gain!

THE LEADING
POWDER CIGARETTE OR PIPE MIX
INHALANT TREATMENT
AT ALL DRUG STORES

PULVEX
"DDT"
FLEA POWDER



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Kills the fleas *Quickly!* Keeps others off *for Days.*
Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢
Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.

STAMMER?
This new 128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause and Correction," describes the Bogue Unit Method for scientific correction of stammering and stuttering—successful for 46 years. Benj. N. Bogue, Dept. 4326, Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.
GET THIS FREE BOOK!

YOU BUY THEIR DREAMS

Continued from page 23

knives and other implements, he discarded the conventional barrel shape which has been in use for thousands of years, and devised a handle which actually fits the contours of all hands, left and right. With the conventional handle, Lamb discovered, nearly 50 per cent of the hand was not used. With his new grip, you can lift and hold nearly twice the weight—in a suitcase, a cleaver or a welding tool.

Before Ben Nash designed a new butcher-shop refrigerator, the wooden doors of the old models nearly always split, from the water that condensed on them. Nash added vertical grooves to the door to allow the water to drip off to the floor—and the door-splitting problem is no more.

While all this was going on, a couple of industrial designers in Detroit named Sundberg and Ferar came up with the kitchen scale that can be used interchangeably to weigh lamb chops and infants; Harold Van Doren designed a store scale which was light enough to be carried around and demonstrated by a salesman, instead of being lugged in a truck like its predecessor; Brooks Stevens in Milwaukee weaned road-paving equipment away from ancient Roman traditions; Egmont Arens fooled around with complete, one-piece kitchen units; and Russel Wright designed a cheap, beautiful dish which was strong enough to be heated on a stove or stored in a deep-freeze unit without cracking.

Dreyfuss, meanwhile, did some effective things on trains for the New York Central and Santa Fe railroads. "Every railroad passenger car," he says, "looked as if old Mr. Pullman walked down the center aisle and sprinkled seeds which grew up into straight rows of seats." Dreyfuss introduced varied furniture in club cars, with the chairs *facing* the windows, for the first time. "Another thing," says Dreyfuss, "is that every railroad car is really a long corridor, and man is not designed to live in a corridor."

Modern Art Effects on Trains

To counteract this, Dreyfuss broke up his dining and club cars into three or more sections, each decorated like a separate room. He used mirrored walls along extensive sections of the car to give the appearance of extra width, and he hung reproductions of great modern paintings in every New York Central car that fell into his clutches. On the Santa Fe, which goes through the desert, he used desert colors and beautiful reproductions of Indian jewelry which he borrowed from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. All this unaccustomed splendor so confused one inebriated gentleman recently, that he rode all the way to Albuquerque, when he had intended merely to see a friend off at Los Angeles. "I thought," he said, "that this was the lobby of my hotel."

Dreyfuss made a still greater contribution in 1938 when he designed the Twentieth Century Limited—from the locomotive down to the tickets and the attendants' uniforms. On that occasion; he finished his blueprints and drawings, and showed them to the top officials of the New York Central. Three vice-presidents took one look at the plan for the lounge car and pointed to the forward half of the car. "What," they yelled, "is that?"

"That," said Dreyfuss, "is a dormitory and shower baths for the porters, cooks and waiters on the train."

Up until that time, porters traditionally slept in washrooms; and cooks and waiters in hammocks in the dining car. They washed wherever they could. Dreyfuss' proposal, accordingly, was in the nature of a social revolution, but it finally was accepted by the railroad. A few days later, Dreyfuss was visited by a representative of the train's crew. "You have done more for us," he said, "than any man in the last twenty-five years."

During the war, Dreyfuss designed the secret war room for the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, and huge globes for the offices of President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. Teague, at the same time, was laboring for the Navy's Bureau of Ordnance at the California Institute of Technology, where he assisted in designing the entire series of Navy rocket launchers, used so effectively in the Pacific.

His work also resulted in improvements on the Navy's basic gun, the 5-inch 38; plus new developments in Navy blinker lights; plus a civilian medal for Teague. Loewy's outfit spent the war years working on camouflage suits, insignia, gliders and efficient new medical kits and flight equipment for the Army. Early in the war he handled the huge camouflage job on the Glenn Martin aircraft plant near Baltimore.

In order to carry out all these changes in our civilization, the Big Three and the other industrial designers have swank offices, reminiscent of high-class beauty salons, generally in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. To these the industrialists come with their crying towels whenever they have a product on their hands which isn't selling so well. When the designer takes on an industrialist as a client, his first task is to smooth the ruffled feelings of the client's engineers, until they are sufficiently pacified to refrain from knocking his brains out on sight.

When this is accomplished, the designer puts his own staff to work on the problem. In the case of the most affluent designers like the Big Three, the staff consists of a small army of draftsmen, engineers, architects, renderers, artists, color experts, model carvers, assorted technicians and stenographers, the last-named of whom would look good in the chorus line of a Betty Grable movie.

The architects are included in this array because their technical knowledge is needed when designers plan [illegible] for their clients—and the industrial designers of late are nosing into such [illegible] as city planning and prefabrication [illegible] ing. (Loewy, for instance, is [illegible] designing modern towns for [illegible] country of Brazil.) Dreyfuss [illegible] tains a woman doctor fulltime, [illegible] him in matters relating to the [illegible] body.

Once the staff is organized on [illegible] lem, it launches into a series of [illegible] find out what is wrong with [illegible] model and what should go into [illegible] one. Since one of the top designers described his profession as "40 [illegible] salesmanship, 30 per cent business, only 30 per cent design," many [illegible] tests are conducted mainly with [illegible] toward the amount of space the [illegible] tain in the newspapers. But others turned up some very practical [illegible] and suggestions.

Truck Cabs Needed Improvement

The lot of the long-distance truck driver, for instance, always has been an uncomfortable one. He drove [illegible] sands of miles in cramped trucks, and many a driver has dropped off to sleep for a few seconds and woke [illegible] the ditch—or not at all.

When Walter Dorwin Teague was asked to design a new truck, [illegible] assistants on jaunts of 4,000 miles [illegible] around the country in the cabs of trucks. They talked to the drivers, ate [illegible] drivers ate, and slept where [illegible] slept. They noted down every [illegible] and then came back to New York to redo the truck. The result is a truck that is big and roomy, with seats designed, body-conforming seats to prevent fatigue, and other devices to keep the drivers from getting overtired. A representative of the trucking industry estimates that the new cab will save dozens of lives this year.

In the same way, Teague conducted nation-wide surveys, and the result is a standardized filling station which is used all over the country by the major gasoline companies. Teague advised everything for the con[illegible]



"Hmpf! Somebody forgot those delicious minced-lamb sandwiches! Now we'll have to stop off somewhere for hamburg[illegible]

COLLIER'S



"Come on, you new car, you house in the country, you Amalgamated Steel Company petty cash fund!"

AL ROSS

...orist—including the all-impor-...ter of rest rooms. This item ...aid to have increased the com-...siness by several million dollars. ...ber did the same thing for an-...company on the West Coast. ...Henry Dreyfuss designed the ...f a new air liner, he built a ...model of the plane in an old ...int factory on New York's East ...enth Street, and hired people to ...eats and use the transport's fa-... hours at a time. When he was ...n new-type steamship state-... the American Export Lines, he ...al model staterooms in an old ...ouse off Park Avenue, and had ... of his staff sleep in them ... to test them for comfort. Simi-...wy's model of the Constella-...ne the focus of attention at ...s Burbank plant, and all vis-...ding such notables as Ginger ...d Gregory Peck, gladly con-...erve as guinea pigs and sit in ...or a while.

...oewy designed his nonspilling ..., he made several different ...ich were filled with coffee and ...eries of rocking tables. The ... spillage for each cup was ...o the fraction of a centimeter.

...s of Color Preferences

...eresting scientific knowledge ...l from all this experimenta-...ially in the field of color ... The industrial designers ... 8 out of 10 people always ... if they have a choice, al-... some strange reason, green ... the favorite in toothbrushes. ...ades more quickly than any ... the designers sneak in neu-...of gray and tan instead and ...tes sell just as well as the ...g as the blue is kept out of ...

...strial designers discovered, ...: use of yellow-green in the ...o hips and planes is the quick-...nducing nausea—even when ... ship is standing still. So ...are scrupulously avoided. In ...e designers use heavier, ...s to counteract the flimsy-...truction of the plane, and to ... feeling that there is some-...bstantial than a thin skin of ...tween you and a 6,000-foot ...hey think the best colors for ..., earthbound-looking rusts, ...greens. In trains, the prob-...e opposite and they use the ...rs, like light grays and blues ...o counteract the feeling of ...y.

...icious use of sand, cream, ..., Teague gives the passen-gers of the Swedish Airlines the feeling of warmth as they fly up near the North Pole. The exact same plane decorated in blue, gray and cream *cools* the passengers of the American Overseas Airlines down near the equator. On one Santa Fe dining car, Dreyfuss had the problem of preventing passengers sitting at a counter from feeling inferior to other passengers eating at tables in the same car. He accomplished this by decorating the counter, and all the gadgets thereof, with the most luxurious colors he could find.

All this results, as already has been stated, in large quantities of U.S. currency for the designers. It is surprising, therefore, that the profession should be torn with dissension—as it apparently is. The rank and file is sore at the big boys, claiming that they go too heavy on selling their own personalities, and not heavy enough on design.

This, of course, may or may not be sour grapes.

The entire profession, moreover, is split into two irreconcilable factions: the Society of Industrial Designers, Inc. (with 78 members, including Dreyfuss, Loewy and Teague), and the American Designers' Institute (numbering 350, and including Alexander Kostellow, Ruth Gerth, Alfons Bach, John Vassos and Robert Gruen).

The Society of Industrial Designers claims that the American Designers' Institute is loaded with fabric and furniture designers who don't qualify for the profession at all. And the older American Designers' Institute feels that the Society of Industrial Designers is blocking attempts to make industrial design a full-fledged profession in order to keep the field to themselves.

This feuding probably is less serious than it sounds, since the boys know that with the American craze for constant new models there will be plenty of work to go around for years to come. In fact, many industrial designers thank the Deity every day that it is the American public, and not, say, the British that they are designing for. In England, automobile models are changed maybe once in five years, and one of Loewy's best British accounts is an office-equipment manufacturer whose duplicating machine he redesigned in 1934 and hasn't had to touch since.

This manufacturer holds onto Loewy by paying him an annual fee *not* to design for anyone else.

It is when they are haunted by this specter of possible poverty that the industrial designers tend to admit that their own vendettas aren't too serious. "It is just that everyone else feuds in black and white," says one of the designers. "*Our* feuds have to be in Technicolor."

THE END

Yes... he's used to the best!



He pays $500 for his Vom Hofe fishing reel...

...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!



BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES... it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES... it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company



Indian

WORLD'S FINEST MOTORCYCLE

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

you will enjoy using

timber line

The Stationery that makes letter writing a pleasure

MFG. BY ROCKMONT, DENVER, COLORADO

Fast Relief For Tender, Hot Feet

Eases New or Tight Shoes Almost Like Magic!

Use soothing, refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your troubled feet. You'll marvel how quickly it relieves tender, burning, perspiring or odorous feet... how amazingly effective it is for easing new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Sold everywhere. For FREE sample, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois.



Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

FOR GREATER VISIBILITY



Get FOG KING by Teleoptic

SERIES 100

They Fit Your '47 Car*

BIGGER for more efficient lighting Handsomest model we have ever produced! Chrome plated for beauty! Copper shell and stainless steel door for durability. Sealed beam or silvered type. White or amber

DEALERS: You can order your display direct from factory. Only $4.60 plus postage, including one light. Request on your letterhead

*Except Nash, Mercury, Lincoln, Studebaker

BUY FROM YOUR DEALER OR JOBBER

Prices Fair-Traded

THE Teleoptic Company

RACINE, WISCONSIN

COLLIER'S
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher
WALTER DAVENPORT
Editor
JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor



ONE CURE FOR LYNCHING

THOUGH it can be emphasized that lynching has been on the wane in this country for years, nevertheless one lynching anywhere is one too many. Are there any further sound measures to be taken to speed this old custom into oblivion?

The town of Hurtsboro, Alabama, took a sound measure a while ago, as things turned out, though the citizens may not have realized it at the time. They elected as mayor a man named Hugh Vann.

One day, after Mr. Vann had been mayor for some time, an eighteen-year-old Negro attempted an assault on a white woman. A crowd gathered speedily, and a rope was knotted around the Negro's neck. Somebody telephoned Mayor Vann, who arrived hurriedly in his car.

As reported by the New York Times, Vann addressed the crowd as follows: "You boys are doing wrong, and you'll be ashamed of it. You let me have him, and I'll guarantee you justice'll be done. Now I've known every one of you since you were little, and I don't aim to let you go against your conscience and lynch a man."

While so speaking, Mayor Vann was taking the rope off the Negro and shoving him into the mayoral automobile. The crowd fell back, angry though it still was.

Vann rushed the colored boy to the county sheriff 18 miles from Hurtsboro, and the sheriff inserted him in the state prison at Montgomery to await due process of law.

So one cure for lynching, obviously, is to have public officials who don't approve lynch who have the courage to stand up to ly mobs and talk to them in friendly but fear ion. Mayor Vann's speech could serve as for such harangues.

All of which is another way of saying community, in the South or elsewhere, wh ing citizens frown openly on lynching and mob violence, is more than likely not to ha these unhappy experiences.

It is in communities where the leadin are either too timid or too unenlightene themselves clearly and unmistakably op mob rule that mobs are most likely to sei from time to time. Anyway, here's to H Mayor Vann. He's a man.

WHEN DO WE GET AN MVA?

THE spring floods along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers arrived a bit behind schedule this year, but they brought the same old damage and misery with them when they did arrive.

We should think the victims of these river convulsions would be getting pretty tired by now of hearing about how such things don't happen any more in the region served by the Tennessee Valley Authority, the famous TVA. There, the story is one of successful flood control, more and cheaper electric power, rising living standards, arrested soil erosion and so on.

So we'd like to put in another plug for a Missouri Valley Authority—a government agency to take charge of the 2,500-mile Missouri and its many tributaries, regardless of state lines, and get them under TVA-like control in 10 years or so.

Plans have long since been mapped out—several sets of them, indeed. Without claiming to be experts, we'd be inclined to favor the plans of the brilliant and efficient Army Engineers as most likely to be aimed at solving the problem for the benefit of all concerned instead of at justifying somebody's ideology.

Rivalries among states, and among u down-river people, have blocked MVA in Congress to date. All the while, the M been washing 550,000,000 tons of soil year, and has been doing tens of million flood damage. A lot of potential electric just stayed potential; and so has a lot of And the Missouri has gone on doing its in making the Mississippi floods a ma disaster from St. Louis down to New O

When do we get going on an MVA p way?

Collier's

AUGUST 9, 1947 TEN CENTS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



Beginning an Adventure in Murder

MAN RUNNING By SELWYN JEPSON

IF YOU WANT A PRINT OF THIS PAINTING WITHOUT LETTERING, SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, SEE PAGE 78

PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF



heart of New York. Weekends often find "model" mother Titia and Bryan at a le ranch. *Every* day finds them "duded up" with a sparkling smile. For the Cornells use Ipana—the tooth paste that's specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. Get started toward a "model" smile yourself—get Ipana Tooth Paste.



in' Bryon, 6 years old, rides the range by day, learns how to help gums at night. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink" on brush—*see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

It's fun to have a Model for a Mother

Bryan Cornell's whoops and hollers reveal a smile as sparkling as his "model" mother's

Isn't Bryan Cornell of New York City a lucky boy? Those are gen-u-wine Texas boots and spurs he has. And Oh, boy, look at that six-shooter!

Lucky for Bryan, too, that his mother is a successful model. This means he's almost bound to have a smile that'll lasso the lassies. For knowing the importance of a sparkling smile (that's the first thing models learn!) Mrs. Titia Cornell teaches her son to safeguard his smile by following her own dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Well-known as a Television actress, too, green-eyed, titian-haired Titia makes it her business to know what thousands of schools stress—that a radiant smile depends largely on sparkling teeth. And firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. So get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today!



Eleven years from now, Bryan will be the World's Greatest Pilot (he insists). Long before then, however, his smile will show the results of his "model" mother's care. For the Cornells use Ipana, the tooth paste that dentists prefer 2 to 1 *for their own personal use,* a recent national survey shows!



Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. So important is correct massage to sound teeth and a sparkling smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in specific cases, a recent national survey shows. Follow your dentist's instructions carefully—*help him guard your smile of beauty.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
for your Smile of Beauty



a heater
for your car
until you've seen

THE NEW
FULLY AUTOMATIC
Motorola



positive heat selector. thermastat cantrolled
Fost, constant heat. Heots in o minute or less! Maintains pre-selected heot constontly.

all the heat you want
So powerful it produces sufficient heat to keep on overage size room comfortobly WARM.

heats when the engine is aff
Operates independently of engine ond fuel pump. Does not offect idling of engine.

easy ta install in all cars
Fits every moke ond model cor—even those with automotic tronsmission.

two madels, far cowl-maunt and underseat installatian
Both models engineered for thorough air circulation. Both have efficient defroster-blower system.

Motorola
CAR HEATER

Consult your classified telephone directory for your neorest Motorolo dealer.

MOTOROLA, INC. • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

COLLIER'S

August 9, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managin*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*P*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHA	

THIS WEEK

FICTION

MAN RUNNING — By SELWYN JEPSON — 11
The Serial Story. The first of six parts.

WE KNOW SOMETHING THE OTHERS DON'T — By W. L. KNICKMEYER — 16
There was still something between them: that look in her eyes.

THE LADY WAS A TRAMP — By WILLARD H. TEMPLE — 20
And Father tried to act the part of a tyrant.

THE WITCH — By WILLIAM MORIARTY — 26
He pitied her—and became the ringleader of her tormentors.

THE ACACIAS — By JOHN BARRETT — 59
The Short Short Story.

THE THIRD KISS — By MARLISE JOHNSTON — 62
Millicent had a big decision to make. The kiss helped.

ARTICLES

THE KIDS GET A NIGHT CLUB — By L. RICHARD GUYLAY — 14
Rochester's teen-age set solves its entertainment problem.

THE A-BOMB'S INVISIBLE OFFSPRING — By EDWARD P. MORGAN — 18
A study of the menace of radioactivity caused by atomic blasts.

THE BALKAN FOLLIES — By W. B. COURTNEY — 22
How Americans are browbeaten in Moscowized southeast Europe.

LITTLE MAN ON A HORSE — By JOHN GROTH — 23
An artist sketches the backstage life of the big-time jockeys.

I STOPPED STAMMERING — By EUGENE C. HOMES as told to GREER WILLIAMS — 52
One of the vast army of stutterers describes how he was cured.

THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND — By LESTER VELIE — 72
Conclusion. The present misuse of public grazing lands, unless checked, can develop into a national calamity.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIAL: THE TRAIL'S BLAZED, MR. TRUMAN — By GEORGE CREEL — 82

COVER — By *JAMES CHAPIN*

THE WEEK'S M.

MR. ICKES DISSENTS

MY DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In (June 28th) James A. Farley quotec President Roosevelt as remarking that by eliminating all other men the Cabinet, I remained as the onl be suspected of leaking stories out net meetings; leaking them specif the well-known columnist, Drew

Assuming that President Roose said anything of this sort to the Postmaster General, I would like t that gentleman, and anyone else w be interested, that I never leaked stories to Mr. Pearson or to anyon do not do business that way. have. . . .

Newspaper attacks on me thr my official years, savage and alm tinuous as they were, bear witnes fact that there was no pay-off by t to me for tips.

Mr. Farley's articles are unfortu Mr. Farley. He does not write rounded story of his relationsh President Roosevelt. To me, it i perspective. When he quotes his chief, it seems to me that his clea tion is to put the President in a b in contrast with himself. The seco cle, especially, is studded with qu calculated to make men who are st see red. And, of course, a dead mar position to deny or explain. The q from Mrs. Roosevelt in the first art particularly bad, even if Mr. Far sought and obtained her consent t clusion. Even so, I believe that require a carefully documented prove that there was anything about President Roosevelt.

Mr. Farley's friend, the late A once took a notable walk, but he di dignity on a straight and narrow p

HAROLD L. ICKES, Washington

HISTORY LESSON

DEAR EDITOR: According to The Work (June 28th), Jim Farley and may have been rabid stamp collect designers, but they were certainly n historians. The Virginia Dare F.D.R. designed commemorated a not a fact. She was, possibly, the fi lish child born on American soil. the first *white* child born on thi nent.

Snorri, son of the Icelander Karlsefni and his wife, Gudrid, w here in about the year 1007 A.D. where in the vicinity of Cape Cod. closely related to Ari the Learned, t historian of Iceland, and was the

(Continued on page 74)

Vol. 120, No. 6. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00, two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springf Changes in address should reach us five weeks of the next issue date. Give both the old an dresses. Entered as second-class matter at Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of Marc and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. N or art submitted to Collier's, The Nation should be accompanied by addressed envelo turn postage. The Publisher assumes no re for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Childhood Diseases,  once considered

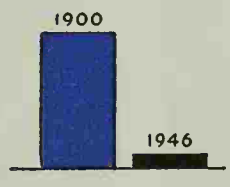
unavoidable, now can usually be prevented by immuni-

zation.  When they *do* occur they are apt to be

far less dangerous than formerly. In one generation

medical science  has lowered the death rates from

measles and whooping cough by about 80%. Diphtheria

mortality is down 95% 

since 1900. Few now die

from scarlet fever, and smallpox is almost wiped out.

But only through constant vigilance  can these

gains be held. Recently, when diphtheria immunization

was neglected in some parts of the country, cases and

deaths in those sections began increasing. *It's up to you*

to help keep your children safe!

Have your children been immunized?

ne first successful vaccination against
in 1796, medical science has made tre-
rogress toward a safer life for children.
e more important steps in this progress
the relatively recent development of
to protect children against other dan-
mmunicable diseases through immuni-
n.

phtheria immunization began to be used on
ride scale about 1921. Specific measures for the control of whooping cough have achieved wide use even more recently. As for measles, there are substances which, if used after exposure to this disease, may give temporary immunity or result in a lighter case. Furthermore, injections for diphtheria, tetanus (lockjaw), and whooping cough today are often combined.

Your doctor can tell you how to guard your children's health by the latest means known to medical science, including immunization. You may also find helpful Metropolitan's free Child Health Packet . . . it includes informative leaflets on immunization, and on the most important communicable diseases of childhood. For copies just mail the coupon at right.

VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

COPYRIGHT 1947—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me Metropolitan's "Child Health Packet," 97-C.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

A man with a pipe gets *extra* attention . . . for there's something so *masculine* about men smoking pipes. Women find it appealing.

P.A. means Prince Albert

A man with a pipeful of Prince Albert tobacco gets real smoking joy and comfort. P. A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. It's mild and easy on the tongue. Try crimp cut Prince Albert — and you'll see why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

BY FRELING FOSTER

A recent bullfight in Madrid was unexpectedly turned into a comedy by a dog sent into the ring to arouse the anger of a bull that refused to fight. Shortly, both animals were in such a belligerent mood that they started a real battle which was climaxed by the dog when he sank his teeth in the bull's tail and held on, until rescued several minutes later, despite the desperate efforts of his astonished and enraged antagonist to shake him off.

Of the 55 countries that now broadcast short-wave programs totaling 4,275 hours a week, England ranks first, its international transmissions in 46 languages consuming 708 hours a week—with as many as 12 different programs on the air at one time.

Some 50 scale models of g structures have been made wi picks and cement by a New Y tist, Dr. M. Russell Stein. their delicate appearance, amazingly strong, an examp an arch railroad bridge, 53 inc and containing 31,000 toothpi can sustain a load 50 times weight.

In intercollegiate football, ord for playing the largest nu consecutive games without a held by the University of Wa in Seattle. Between 1907 and teams won or tied their 63 gan a total score of 1,940 to 123.

The first Sunday schools, in 1780, in th of Gloucest land, gave in reading a ing and receiv name becau were obliged their classes day as it was day the poor were free fro and able to The church no part in e ing the mo and many groups long it as a menac sanctity of the Sabbath.



Paraguay today has 18 men for every 100 women, a sex ratio from which it has suffered since 1870 after waging a five-year war in which the country lost 89 per cent of its men.—*By E. C. Schulze, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

At the première of the film Trilby in New York in 1923, the press agent employed an actress to sit in the audience and feign a trance, at the end of the first showing, in which he found her and called several physicians. Not knowing the girl had run around the block a few minutes before, the doctors were baffled by her pulse and respiration, making the case more mysterious. So for weeks, the press published interviews with psychologists on the possibility of a person in the audience being hynotized by a screen character such as Trilby's Svengali, and the curious packed the theater to see what effect he might have on them.

India's most impressive da those performed by a group ladies in the royal palace in U Seated on a large carpet, w crossed and hands claspe "dancers" interpret—solely matic movements of their eyes nostrils and lips—whole sto love, hate, jealousy and despai

In German denazification co cently, most of the members cast of Oberammergau's la sion Play (1934) were found of Nazi activity, the only on pletely exonerated being Hans who played the part of Judas.

Ten dollars will be paid for each cepted for this column. Contributi be accompanied by their source of tion. Address Keep Up With the Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New Yo N. Y. This column is copyrighted items may be reproduced without p



ELECTRONIC REPRODUCER

...the most Beautiful record reproduction you ever heard!

From the first notes you'll realize that here is record reproduction so astounding in its glorious realism that you scarcely believe your own ears. Even records you've played hundreds of times reveal thrilling new beauty. This is the magic of the new G-E Electronic Reproducer.

Against a background of velvety silence, the amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer magnetically recreates the full recorded sound. Of course, there is no needle to change. The new G-E Electronic Reproducer is self-protecting, and your records are safer than ever before.

This sensational new reproducer is yours in every G-E automatic radio-phonograph. Prove its superiority to your own satisfaction. Ask your General Electric dealer for a demonstration.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-F8

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

natural color tone radios

EVENS, Metropolitan ny, and the mily Hour," ons over CBS.



plus standard ve broadcasts, music recreated ional new G-E producer. Push- g. Sure action ord changer. 9 rectifier. 18th red mahogany or Model 417A.



nificant performer is Model 326 its natural color tone from both and cords. G-E Electronic Re- cer. ure-action record changer. ge fr approximately 118 records.



General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph—Delight in its natural color tone. Discover new beauty in favorite records played by the amazing G-E ElectronicReproducer. Ask to see Model 304.



Master craftsmen fashioned this superb French Provincial cabinet of genuine Honduran mahogany. Its de luxe radio-phonograph brings you the wonders of FM, standard, and short-wave radio plus the G-E Electronic Reproducer. Push-button controls. 12 tubes plus rectifier tube and tuning indicator tube. Model 502.



Makes It Easy to Keep Your NEW CAR Beautiful!



Liquid Simoniz Kleener Cleans and Shines in One Quick Operation!

Keep your car "looking its best". Millions of motorists find it easy to do with *Liquid* Simoniz Kleener. You'll marvel, too, at the way it brings out the gorgeous brilliance and luxurious color of the finish. And so quickly! If your car is dull, use *Paste* Simoniz Kleener to restore the luster and make it look new again. Of course, to protect the finish . . . keep the colors from fading, follow up Simoniz Kleener with SIMONIZ. There's nothing like it to make cars stay beautiful. Get SIMONIZ and Simoniz Kleener today—for lasting, new car beauty.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores, garages and service stations. Also sold in Canada and throughout the world.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS



Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL



THE WEEK'S WORK

Greer Williams demonstrates the old writing adage

WHEN interviewing Charles Baugh for his I Am a Spastic (Collier's, May 18, 1946) Greer Williams ran into Eugene Homes, working as secretary of the District Speech Clinic in Washington, D. C. Mr. Homes was answering the phone and talking to people right and left in a deep baritone voice, the kind that is pleasant to listen to. "I was surprised to learn that he had come into the clinic a few months before, stammering at a furious rate," says Mr. Williams.

"When I learned that about one per cent of the population stammers, it was evident Homes had found an answer to a personality problem of interest to a lot of people. So I wrote I Stopped Stammering, p. 52."

Mr. Williams has fooled around considerably with the human mind. He was a "medicine" man for many newspapers before enlisting with the ski troops in '43. Later he wrote the training manual Your Body in Flight, of which 500,000 copies went to the AAF air crews. Right now he's Consultant in Education for the Neuropsychiatric Service of the Veterans Administration.

WHEN he does an assignment for Collier's, the pink-and-white John Groth likes to get in there and fight, fight, fight. Last September, Groth was run over by a fullback and two halfbacks while sketching in the midst of a Notre Dame scrimmage at South Bend. In February, in Havana with the Dodgers, he was felled by a line drive to the hip off the bat of Cookie Lavagetto down the third-base line. It was only in character that when at Churchill Downs a friendly horse should crowd Groth against a stable wall while he sketched away for Little Man on a Horse, p. 23.

While the horse succeeded only in breaking Groth's drawing pad and no ribs, he did scare our athletes' Da Vinci out of a year's Groth. "Fortunately, however," says Groth, "he didn't lose next time out. If a horse kicks you, then loses, the stable people blame it on you. *You* broke the *horse's* ankle."

Hazardous as his jockeyings were on the body, Mr. Groth reports even worse effects on the pocket. Since he was on a race-track story, Mr. Groth felt it imperative to get the feel of the financial end of the so-called sport, betting $2 each time he went out to sketch. "I was out 24 times, and bet 24 times," he totes up. "I tried everything—eeny, meeny, miney, mo, tips from stable hands, owners, selectors and the horses. I tried horses' names, how the horses looked; I had the woman I love pick, I even tried numerology. I won once, get back for my $2 because in ousness I asked for the wrot at the ticket window."

The feeling about horses be pari-mutuel because M Young, Collier's most vene ior editor, also paid a vi horse-fleshpots recently. H in on the rose-bowery M Park (New Jersey) plant. the sage counsel of the r wiseacres, Mr. Young and made 8 bets, lost 8 bets. been told the track had to m 000 to break even," he say nice to think we'd done o

THE day Willard H. Ter Lady Was a Tramp, p. what he calls his first big sa lier's the refuse men of Sum Jersey, where he resides wit two daughters and a Lab triever named Muffin, went "There may be some signil this," he declares.

Prior to attaining the h Collier's and Summit, Mr attended Michigan and Vir versities (he's from St. Pau sota, is thirty-five), and ser time as batch maker with a p pany, for whom he was also diter. The latter he descri fancy title for "Hey, Temple, hell happened to the orc Dubbs & Hornblower?"

But chiefly Mr. Temple' writer largely of sports s which the hero never failed home run in the ninth innin the game. "Wish I could t couple of them to the Polo G proposes Mr. Temple, whi and forgetting a clubber nam

This week's cover: Boy at "The painting was done in m studio in New York," writ James Chapin. "It is of my liott, age four. The wistful out of windows into a ci was one of the main reasons ing New York and trying here at Glen Gardner, in the tiful New Jersey hills, in an house and studio barn."

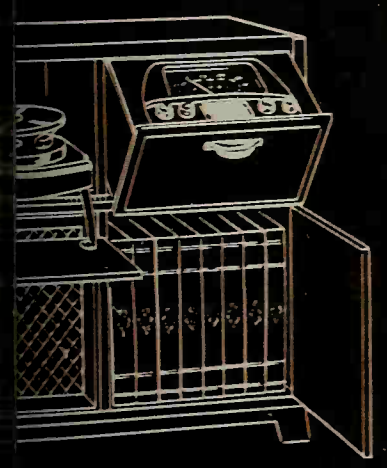
Mr. Chapin attained the ar the hard way. He left public sixteen to work in a bank and night at New York's Cooper finishing at the Royal Aca Antwerp, Belgium, where First Award and Gold Med then Mr. Chapin's work decorated frequently, and is many museums and privat tions. He's snagged the Tem Medal for the "best paintin American artist." . . . TED

Admiral

-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH WITH MIRACLE TONE ARM

WARTIME SECRET FORMULA
MAKES POSSIBLE NEW

record playing sensation



It brings a new thrill to your record listening pleasure. Serving as an ultra-sensitive energy converter, this remarkable secret formula has made possible the greatest advance in high fidelity reproduction since the invention of the phonograph. Banishes needle scratch, "talk-back" or other disturbing noises. New static-free Admiral FM (frequency modulation) radio is an engineering triumph! Hear the sensational model "73" Admiral FM Radio-Phonograph at your dealer, today. Choice of beautiful walnut, mahogany or blond cabinet with compartment to hold 144 records in albums, only **$289.95** *(slightly higher in far west and south).*

Gown by Jane Derby, Inc.
Jewels by Karples, Inc.

America's Smart Set!

ALSO ADMIRAL DUAL-TEMP "NO DEFROSTING" REFRIGERATOR

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPA

Serving Through Science



Welcome to a new world of driving!

Nowhere in the world will you find the kind of driving you enjoy on the U. S. Royal Air Ride.

This great tire is the first completely new development in tire design since the war. It gives you an entirely new kind of tire performance—brings new smoothness to your riding, new ease to your driving, far greater comfort to your car.

The dramatic new Air Ride principle puts up to 14% more air volume at new, lower air pressure under your wheels. Your ride is actually cradled on bigger, softer cushions of air that smother every bump, smooth every mile.

And with its unique design and magnificent balance, the Air Ride achieves a new high in swift, effortless car control. Its narrow tread is more nimble and fleet on the turns, quick to respond to your lightest steering touch.

So take the wheel on the new U. S. Royal Air Ride. Discover a new and thrilling kind of driving on this better, finer kind of tire.



The New

U.S. ROYA

Air Rid

Ride on more air—Ride in more comfort!

IAN RUNNING

SELWYN
SON

ul Charlotte Inwood
ntic with fear when
rived at her lover's
that night and told
n she had murdered
band. An hour later
ondon police were
ng the streets for Jona-
nrose, who had been
nning from the mur-
se. Here begins the
f a man guilty of no
crime than being in
ith the wrong woman

'ANY men have sons and
many more have two legs.
But my father, Commo-
, who wanted a son so badly,
d with the double misfortune
ghter and a wooden leg.
t been otherwise, Jonathan
would have meant no more to
a name in a headline.
her and I—my name is Eve—
d here in the Marsh House
Suffolk village of Kessing-
r since he retired. In these
s a kind of sheep farmer.
w and again he tries to make
n other ways, and some he
are not quite ethical, a tend-
ich also helped to land me in
ficulties over Jonathan—the
difficulties the law makes
murder. And rightly, mind
do not wish it to be thought
ave no respect for the law,
s a necessary thing, however
ather disapproves of it.
my best at all such times to
ge his schemes for becoming
rnight, but it is uphill work
now that the South American
which he spent his impression-
rs was the worst of environ-
or a man with his instincts.
tion that I or anyone else can
e them in their well-developed

y here," Jonathan said. "But
dress off." She realized then
te it was in and cried out,
lood! It's evidence, isn't it?"

condition (he is past sixty) is, of course, silly. Sometimes I feel that if only he had not failed the algebra paper in the Dartmouth entrance examination and so denied the British navy a chance to bring him up properly, our lives today would be so much, much easier.

But there it is. An inevitable day comes every so often when he complains bitterly that his pension is not enough to keep him in shoelaces for one shoe, and by nightfall his active brain will have evolved yet another dangerous plan to triple his capital by Saturday.

Such a day had recently befallen us. I argued, I pleaded and I lost. I climbed a ladder because he could not, and—committed to a course of action I heartily deplored—went one day soon afterward to see a Mr. K. Zimmer in London.

But for this I would not have met Jonathan, nor taken upon myself the thankless task of saving him in the teeth of his resistance, and almost against his better judgment, from the hangman. . . .

JONATHAN'S daydream about Charlotte Inwood that same evening was improbable enough to be embellished by any miracle, for he was making it up as he went along; but the last thing he would have dared include in it was the sound of her hurrying heels on the cobbles below the open window of his sitting room. But when the heels stopped at his door and the bell rang with the three short rings she had used at about the same time two nights ago, he realized it could be no one else.

He was out of his armchair and making for the stairs in a matter of seconds. He could not deny the thrill of knowing she might be in his arms in a moment, but before he reached the door he was already preparing himself for a measure of disappointment. She was not the sort of woman to give way to impulse, particularly a romantic one. She would have telephoned, or done something to give him, and herself, a time for anticipation. She was the kind of person who savored her experiences.

Jonathan was thinking like this when he opened the door, more than ready to hear the worst had happened, that her husband had found out about them.

He saw her face, as white as her long white-velvet evening coat, which was unfastened and showed the white satin frock beneath.

Then he saw something on the frock itself. Down the front of it. From just below the breasts and almost to her knees was a stain: a dreadful, sullying smear of blood.

The dreadful shock of fear that she was hurt passed; it was not her blood, thank God. She held on to his arm, and leaned against the white wall of the narrow passage clutching a small gold handbag; a white figure with a red pattern on it.

"Joseph's dead," she said. "Joseph's dead—d'you hear, Johnnie? Dead—"

Her voice was not her own.

As he closed the door quickly on the darkness of the news and caught her in his arms, she began to shake with a nervous quivering of her whole body. She stared at him with eyes in which beauty had fled before horror; she muttered her husband's name again, and to it added the words which were to change Jonathan's life.

"I didn't mean to kill him—" she whispered. "I didn't *mean* it. He just fell down—and there he was, dead. Oh, Jonathan!—*the side of his head!*"

There was no weight in her thin body as he lifted her, but his heart was pumping as with great exertion when he reached the sitting room upstairs and put her on the couch. His mind was very numb; he took a curious interest in the fact that the red flowers on the chintz were only a little lighter in shade than that red, uneven pattern on her frock.

He touched it with his forefinger, gingerly; it was sticky, and recent. Pattern of death, of murder.

He jerked her by the shoulders, saying, "Charlotte!" urgently for he knew she must tell him at once what had happened in that ten thousand pounds' worth of chromium and mirrors in which Joseph Inwood kept his possessions and his wife and which he affected to call his home.

Jonathan's mind came to life, and he began to shake Joseph Inwood's widow violently, loving her with a fury of possessive, protective love which, until this moment, he had not dared to admit even to himself.

She uttered a sound between a sigh and a choke and he stopped the shaking in favor of comforting arms. She struggled in them, crying out again that Joseph was dead.

"You've said that before—you also said you killed him or some such nonsense." He made his tone sharp.

"I've got to get away—they'll say I killed him on purpose—but I didn't! He could have stopped me—he was stronger, wasn't he—? He didn't even put up his hands to stop me. He just looked at me and laughed and thought I wouldn't—"

"For God's sake," said Jonathan, "pull yourself together and tell me what you've done."

"I hit him—hit him and he fell down."

"People get hit and fall down every day without dying of it—" he began, and stopped. There was, after all, a lot of blood on her frock.

He caught her panic suddenly in the tumbling rush of her pouring words—Candlestick, candlestick on the table.

"I hit him to stop him talking, to stop him looking at me like that—he said filthy things. Oh, Johnnie! I couldn't stand it—darling! You *will* make them understand that! They *must!* It was like a red mist in my eyes. Hitting him was the only way to get rid of it. But I didn't mean to kill him—I swear it."

SHE was sobbing now, clinging with extraordinary strength to him; he had to pull her arms from around his neck to breathe. Words still tumbled forth, but more slowly.

He had realized she had been unhappy with Inwood; that had been his first impression when they had met casually at that tea party short weeks ago. But she had not talked about it. He had felt at once her loyal nature.

But he had not dreamed that Inwood was as bad as that. He listened now in horror which a sense of precious time hurrying them into danger did not lessen.

How foul a man! His constant, crawling suspicion poisoning her life: ugly accusations about other men, a



Jonathan almost collided with the man and girl as he approached the corner. He swerved to avoid actual contact with them, but for one split second they were face to face

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



beastly curiosity about her imaginary infidelities. And in the midst of his own lust he would talk like that.

Jonathan swore softly. She went on with it:

"But tonight he began about you—he must have followed me here yesterday afternoon. I went in to say good night to him just now—he was working, staying up late. He—he suddenly started asking the usual sort of disgusting questions. I couldn't bear it this time. The things he was talking about were real things—sacred things—our love on those fat, wet lips—" She shuddered, fighting hysteria.

While she talked Jonathan continued to struggle against the pity and rage clouding his mind. There was need, tremendous and vital need, for action *now,* before it was too late; if it was not indeed already that.

It was obvious she had injured him, perhaps badly, but if he could be taken to a hospital quickly—

"Charlotte! You *must* pull yourself together. I'll come with you. We'll see how things are. He's not dead. D'you hear? You may have landed him a wallop, knocked him out—but it takes a lot to kill a man."

"He's dead!" she said, her voice strengthened with a sudden urgency. "You'll do something, Johnnie—you'll get me out of this? That's all I could think about when I tried to make him speak and his head fell horribly *loose*—and dead—on my lap." She straightened her back and took a deep breath. . . . "I'm all right now. Sorry to give way. You—you go and look for yourself. Here's the key; I pulled the door to after me."

SHE picked up her handbag from the floor, gave him the key. Her eyes were large, piteous with appeal.

"Johnnie, I can't go back there—yet. I know I shall have to—but in a little while. The servants are in bed at the top of the house. They won't have heard anything."

"What can I or anyone do if he's dead?" he said more to himself than to her. "God Almighty, it can't be true," he added loudly. "You *can't* have killed him!"

Her eyes did not move from his face.

He stood up, gripping the key so tightly in his fist that it almost cut his palm.

"All right. You stay here. But get that dress off."

She seemed to realize then the state it was in and cried out in horror. "The blood! It's evidence, isn't it? They'll prove I did it. Oh, Johnnie, if they could be made to think a burglar did it—!" Her eyes were suddenly alive with hope as she slipped off the long coat and unzipped her dress.

"A burglar—?"

"Why not? No one can have heard us arguing, or even known I was in the house. The library is downstairs at the back and there are only the gardens. The Pilkingtons next door are away and Number 5 is empty! The servants go up at half past ten and I didn't come in until a quarter past eleven. "Freddy wanted me to go on to a night club—"

Jonathan was pleased to notice that his mind was beginning to function almost normally again. He understood the significance of what she was saying. His watch told him it was twenty-five minutes to midnight.

"Do something, Johnnie, *please!* I'll wait here for you—but hurry, darling, won't you? And you won't fail me—?"

(Continued on page 28)

THE KIDS GET A NIGHT CLUB

BY L. RICHARD GUY

A Saturday night at the Barn (above). The dance floor is crowded but larger than in most night clubs. No stags are allowed and cutting in is against the rules. Adults are not admitted. This means that Rochester's younger set has a place that is exclusively its own, for its social activities. Below, a lone couple dances in a tavern. Such spots formerly used to be full of youngsters

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



Rochester shows how any community can give its teen-agers a hop-and-pop spot, and let them run it too

WHEN 15-year-old Stephanie Packard of Broken Bow, Nebraska, wrote Collier's a few months ago (May 10th) for suggestions on what teen-agers can do to entertain themselves, she started the editors thinking. (Well, anyway, wondering.) The complaint of nothing to do was a familiar one from bobby-soxers in thousands of communities. But right under their noses, in the medium-sized city of Rochester, New York, the editors found one answer. "The Barn" is a teen-age center that the kids really enjoy.

But the Barn is more than just a gathering place. It's a night club where a boy can take a girl for a full evening of fun. Furthermore it is exclusively the teen-agers' own.

Rochester's hop-and-pop spot was prompted by another letter—this one from a boy and his sister to the publisher of the local newspaper, Frank Gannett. The letter expressed the hope for a night club devoted exclu young people.

Rochester had tried the usu munity center and the milk they had failed. As one high senior put it, "We're not deli and we don't want to feel we a saved."

The newspaper asked hund youngsters what kind of pla would like. Their answers were ing. First of all they wanted outside of town—a place to Secondly, they wanted a com night-club and country-club phere. Finally, and perhaps m portant, they wanted plenty o music and good entertainmen

Armed with the results of vey, Mr. Gannett agreed to write the cost, and the project its way.

A site five and a half mile of Rochester was donated.

(Continued on page 81



notif of the club's interior lends itself to various sentimental pastimes, time-hallowed one of carving initials. Here, one of the young fellows s himself and his dreamboat by nicking at the low cedar fence rail



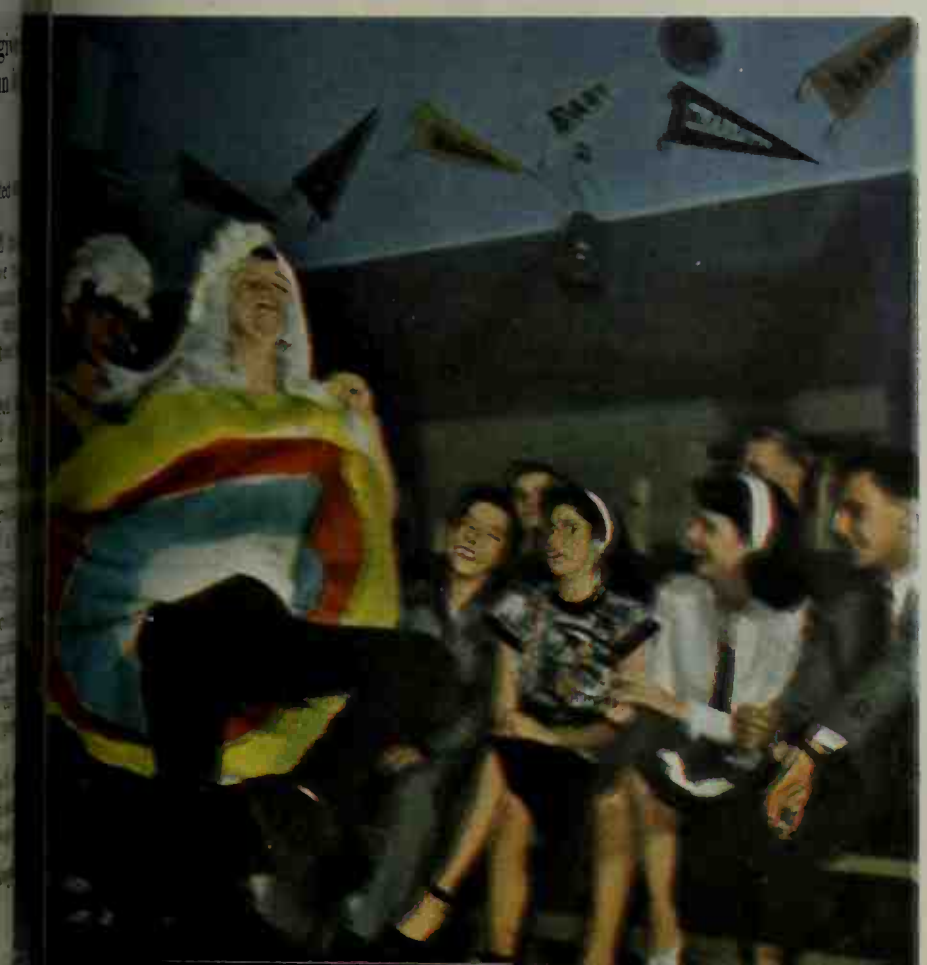
When they're not dancing or eating or romancing, the kids ward off the horrid prospect of inaction by playing games. Sometimes, as shown above, they mimic musicians in a hilarious affair known as the "orchestra game"



l entertainment is all right, but the youngsters seem to enjoy their own lent. Above, Dave Lisk, chairman of the entertainment committee, e crowd with some magic tricks he calls "corny." Below, an all-male n Rochester's John Marshall High School does some pretty fancy step- e schools take turns at putting on a show of specialty acts each week



The Barn is popular with the boys because it is the least expensive place for a date. The admission is fifty cents; soft drinks are a dime, and hot dogs cost fifteen cents. Even a B.T.O. (Big-Time Operator) spends only a couple of dollars for an evening's entertainment. Below, tired but happy teen-agers are waiting for the station wagon to take them back to town





At the beginning we were broke most of the time, spending our free evenings on the roof talking—talking about us



WE KNOW SOMETHING THE OTHERS DON'T

BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

—The something was in his first wife's eyes

IT WAS my goodby party. The apartment was jammed with people I didn't know, and I stood against the wall, watching. It wasn't just a party, it was a symbol.

I was cutting off the loose ends.

Tomorrow I'd be married again, only this time to Nora, and this time everything would be different. I looked at Nora dancing with Harry Wynne, and thought how it would be up there in the woods, with Nora. I looked at Sam Lake being confidential and fatherly with a babe in yellow, and thought about the four hundred dollars that was all I had left. Sam I would have to talk to.

And I kept looking for Sylvia. . . .

After a while Ed Hanson came and stood by me.

"Pete," he said, "you're a lucky guy."

He'd never know how lucky. Nora wasn't an actress and she knew it, and so this time it was going to be different.

"Yeah," I said.

"She's a lovely girl."

Did he think I was going to argue?

Then his face got solemn. He was getting ready to make a crack.

"Too lovely, Pete. Too lovely to feed to the bears."

He was a witty guy.

"Okay," I said. "Okay." That was the kind of stuff I'd listened to for ten years. That was what I was giving up. It broke my heart.

I thought how it would be. There was the cabin, set down under a hill, and the Maine woods deep and thick and quiet all around, and I could smell the clean air and see the lake, blue and ruffled with the wind.

It was going to be tough, trading the Ed Hansons for that.

Ed was looking at me, blinking and grinning.

"They tell me you're going to write a play," he said.

"That's right."

He cleared his throat.

"Ladies by Request ran a full two years," he said. "And Marriage for Three went over a year. But they tell me you're not satisfied. They were so frothy. So—ah—shallow."

He put his head on one side, looking at me.

"They tell me you're going to write a masterpiece." It overwhelmed him. "A genius," he whispered. "Like O'Neill, maybe."

"Yeah," I said. "Maybe."

It was the play I'd wanted to write ten years ago, only better. The play I might have written if I hadn't married Sylvia. There were things that needed to be said and it was going to be solid and new and beautiful and I didn't want to talk about it. Not to Ed Hanson.

It meant too much.

He slapped my shoulder, grinning. "Don't be downhearted, Pete. We're all pulling for you."

Like Brooklyn pulls for the Cards.

Ed gave my shoulder another slap and went away, circulating from blonde to blonde. I watched him for a while and I was beginning to get sore but what was the use? It was just Ed Hanson.

I lighted a cigarette and looked at the party. It was doing all right. Nora was dancing now with a smooth, curly-haired lad I didn't know. She smiled at me over his shoulder, and I grinned and waved.

Then Sam Lake came by, waddling. He still had the babe in yellow and when he saw me he took the cigar out of his mouth.

I remembered my four hundred.

"Sam," I said, "I'd like to talk to you, if you have time."

He wiggled the cigar, and winked.

"Later, Pete my boy. Later, when we are not so busy."

He patted the girl's hand and winked again and they went on. Old Sam. The friends I had at that party I could count on one finger, but Sam was all right. He'd produced four plays for me, before the war; we'd been friends for a long time. I could depend on Sam.

I looked at my watch: twelve thirty. Sylvia ought to be coming any minute. I put my hand in my pocket and touched the box.

A square box, with sharp corners, wrapped in tissue paper. One way to say goodby. . . . For a minute I stood there, remembering Sylvia: the way her hair was when she was brushing it, a thick black cloud all around her head; the little frown between her eyes when she was tired. And I still didn't quite see how it had happened.

She'd been a nice kid, playing walk-on parts, picking up a dollar here and a dollar there. That was at the beginning, and we were broke most of the time, spending our free evenings on the roof of our tenement close to each other, talking—talking about us. I was writing and carrying bricks and shoveling concrete and writing, and we were happy.

Then I wrote Ladies by Request, and everything went to pieces. . . .

Not all at once. It took a while. But Sylvia began getting better parts, and we were going up together, and then it was over. She was just another glitter-happy Broadway babe.

She had said, "Pete, we can't go on like this. It isn't working out. We're just—not good for each other."

She'd done it nicely. I had to give her that. Her voice broke in the right places and everything.

Well, that was Sylvia, and that was a long time ago. In '41. A lot of things had happened since then. And, anyway, Nora was different.

But my throat felt dry and the palms of my hands were moist and cold. I jabbed out my cigarette in an ash tray.

I had to be sure.

She was still with Curly-hair. I walked out and touched his elbow, and then we were dancing together. I didn't waste any time.

"Listen, baby," I said. "Are you sure about this? Do you know what you're doing?"

Her head went back and her eyes got wide. With her gold hair smooth and slick, and that green dress, and the pale skin of her shoulders, she didn't look much like Maine. She looked like Broadway.

"Darling, I don't know what you *mean*. Am I sure about *what?*" *(Continued on page 75)*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. HALLMAN



This rat received flash burns on his ears during the first Bikini test. He may also have received much more lethal radioactivity "burns" which wouldn't show



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

This rat was much more severely burned in the overwater atomic exp Bikini. Test animals are pampered in Navy's magnificent hospital in

THE A-BOMB'S INVISIBLE OFFSPRING

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

What we have really learned about the results of atomic explosion and what it means to you

THERE have been a lot of guesses, some sober, some wild, about what is going to happen to this planet if nations start breaking one another's skulls again. How perilous is living in the Atomic Age going to be? Here, two years after Hiroshima, one after Operation Crossroads, are some of the salient facts, the guarded conclusions, the troubled theories of military men, doctors and scientists—the people who know the atom best:

1. Radioactivity equivalent to the energy emitted by more than 1,000 tons of radium was released in Test Baker at Bikini, the first underwater explosion of the atomic bomb.

2. More than a year afterward, some 50 of the 65 ships in the target array are still so contaminated with radioactivity that under accepted safety standards they cannot be manned.

3. No way has been found to decontaminate a ship or any other object polluted with radioactivity.

4. Bikini Atoll and lagoon still have "warm spots" of radiation and are classed as unsafe for habitation.

5. Fish and algae retrieved after Test Baker had soaked up so much radioactivity they could take their own X-ray pictures.

6. All the pigs and 75 per cent of the rats in Test Baker perished.

7. Radiation has changed the shape and color of some plant life.

8. Changes in the color of human skin, and formation of massive, ugly scar tissue called keloids, some of which didn't stop growing until nearly a year after the bombings, were numerously noted on burned survivors at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

9. Intensive radiation may spread cancer.

10. Temporary sterility was caused in many survivors, male and female, in Japan.

11. Some scientists fear that strong radiation might dangerously alter human cell structure and ultimately produce freaks.

12. Radioactive particles from the five bombs that were exploded are still floating around—harmlessly—in the upper air. But scientists are seriously debating what is the *X* number of bombs (500? 10,000? a million?) it would take to overload the stratosphere and threaten the habitable areas of the globe.

13. Whatever *X* may be, no real defense against atomic warfare is even in sight.

Scare you? The radiation Test Baker released was a billion times as potent as a gram of radium. Much of it quickly "died" as fission products from the blast decayed into stabler substances but a powerful amount of it still exists. In 1940 there were approximately 1,000 grams (about two pounds) of known separated radium in the world. One microgram (a millionth of a gram) of it could, under certain circumstances, kill a person.

Some of the Bikini ships are still so "hot" that men can't work aboard them for more than an hour or so at a time, even with masks, special clothing and shielding devices. (The radioactivity of a substance is commonly measured in terms of a roentgens and the maximum safety level is 1/10 of a roentgen a day. This is generally more radiation than is emitted by the luminous dials on the instrument panel of an ordinary transport plane.)

Several of these ships were washed, scrubbed and hosed with fresh water, sea water and chemicals. Their decks were scoured and scraped; their paint chipped. Applying fresh paint—which contains lead, which is a shield against radioactivity—didn't work. Cleansing experiments continue. So far, nothing has had any material effect. Two weeks after the explosion the washed vessels registered relatively the same radioactivity as the unwashed. Radioactivity is indestructible and cannot be neutralized. The only answer is to let it peter out of its own accord.

Duration of a "Half Life"

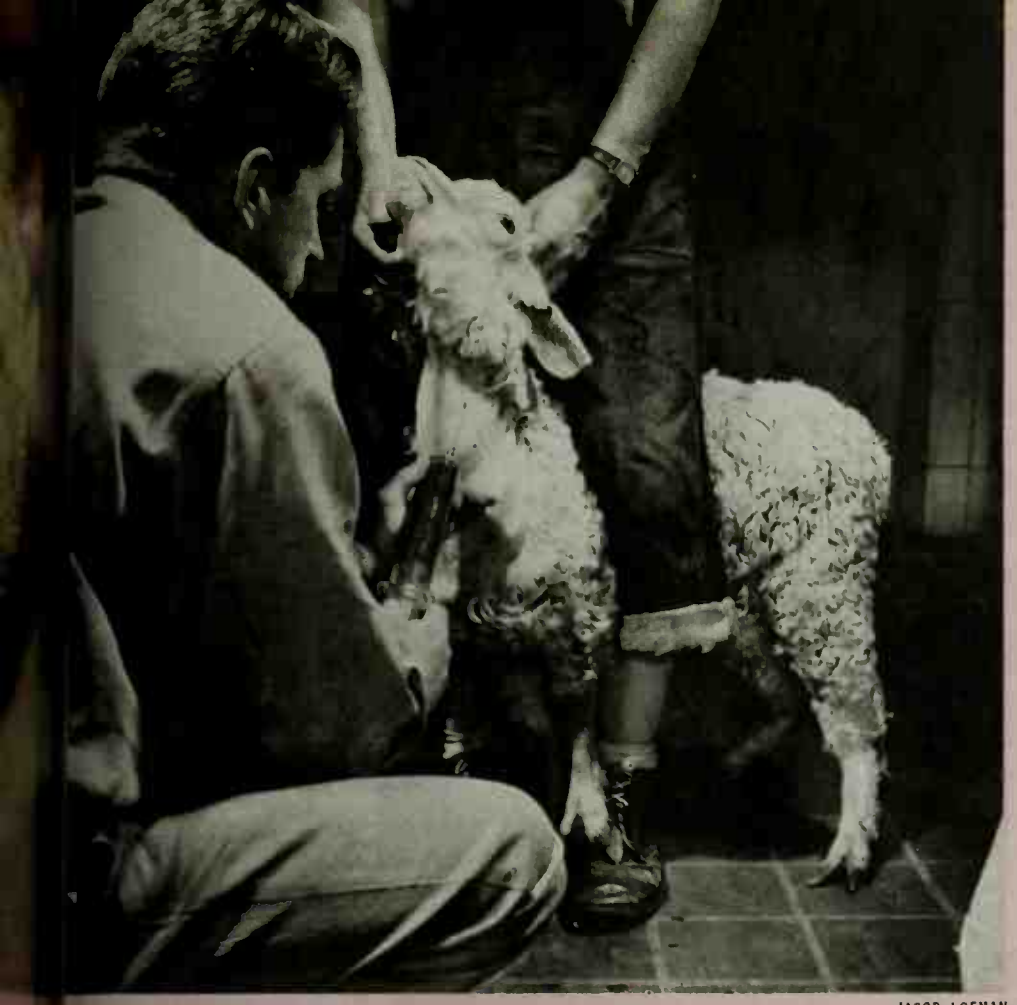
This may be a long process: Radio sodium, produced in enormous abundance when the Baker blast acted on sea salt, loses half its potency in 14.8 hours. Scientists call this a "half life." Radio phosphorus has a half life of two weeks; radium 1,600 years; plutonium *24,000* years.

These ships are valuable as atomic laboratories but, although they are 300 to 400 times less radioactive today than they were on July 25, 1946, as far as normal naval uses are con they might as well have been They couldn't even be safely scr the radioactivity might emerge somebody's rebuilt yacht, a st or a skyscraper's girder!

The clouds of radioactive which soaked the ships missed Atoll proper, and practically n the intensely "hot" particles we posited on dry land, but the marine plants, coral reefs, ev bottom of the lagoon, were radioactive.

The secret of the self-photo ing fish is simply that when the placed on X-ray plates, their gave out enough radiation to the films. It probably would been fatal to eat the fish the Professor Lauren R. Donaldson versity of Washington School o eries radiobiologist who wit Crossroads, "guesses" it "wou unwise to eat fish or other products from inside the atoll, now.

No lush forests of vegetation sprung up in Hiroshima and Na but a few curiously formed wee a variety of plants with albino-s leaves have been found around plosion centers. In Nagasaki af attack, an agriculturist name Takeo Furuno planted two veg gardens from seeds brought fro side. One plot was 150 meters the explosion ground center, the 500 meters. He got some abn looking plants from both plots



JACOB LOFMAN

t, like all other Bikini survivors, is being bled to see whether it has developed Radiation kills white corpuscles in the blood of both animals and men



SIGNAL CORPS, U.S. ARMY

Keloids, heavy scar tissue, cover the healed wounds of a Nagasaki boy, burned as he leaned on a shovel 1½ miles from the blast

more from the one nearer the ut the changes are not con- epresentative.
uction of the pigment by in- traviolet light from the bomb parently explained some of the anges in the skin of survivors n. Thick and elevated above , the keloids, as the scar tissue l, were pink, brown or white. ere firm to the touch, some . Some felt warmer than the ding skin. The Atomic Bomb y Commission observed that car formations may present problems in surgical treatment ed that in some rare cases the ty of cancer might have to be ed.
experiments, some long pre- he Atomic Age, indicate that n induces cancer; studies of effects on humans are incon- Two strains of mice, one pre- to have cancer, the other to , underwent Test Able, the er explosion at Bikini. None wn any unusual effects so far. e, ships were exposed to in- less radiation than in Baker.)
sterility in survivors in Japan amed on radiation; the sex re among the most sensitive to ge number of women exposed ct radiation from the blasts definite menstrual disturb- Several authorities, including R. Harold Draeger, who the naval medical-research at Bikini, believe however that tion dose strong enough to ermanent sterility would also erson.
'monsters" have been detected ffspring of Japanese survivors specific genetic changes ob- but it might take several ions for irregularities to show. ls and plants already have been o produce malformed offspring posure of their sexual cells to tive energy. Fruit flies pelted rays, for instance, have pro- adically deformed descendants.

After similar exposure of their ancestors, rats have been born with claws on the ends of their noses.

Many bomb victims lost their hair. It's coming in again, in coarser strands, some of it gray and curly instead of straight and black. Beta rays in dust particles fell on the backs of some Hereford cows grazing at Alamogordo, New Mexico, after the first atomic-bomb explosion and turned patches of their hair white. Their regular red hair is returning and no abnormalities have been noted in the cows or the calves they've had since.

Pigs are supposed to have about the same resistance to radiation as man; rats have more. Six pigs of a total of 20 succumbed in Test Baker before the ships had cooled enough to be boarded. The other 14 died within 14 days. Of the 199 rats placed on four ships, 70 were dead when recovered; 80 more died later. Virtually all the fatalities were attributed to radiation; the blast broke the water bottles of a few rats and they died of thirst. All the animals used were shielded from the blast by at least one deck or bulkhead. Rear Admiral William Sterling Parsons, Navy atomic-defense chief, said later the area within a half-mile radius of the explosion center would be considered an "intolerable zone" for both men and ships.

Dr. Paul S. Henshaw, until recently radiobiologist at Oak Ridge and now scientific consultant to General MacArthur, is particularly worried about the possibility of an atomic war spreading cancer and also upsetting the normal heredity progression of human cells. "Animals receiving heavy acute exposure of high energy radiation (X rays, gamma rays, beta rays, neutrons) died prematurely, usually in a condition of advanced age, emaciation or some form of cancer," Dr. Henshaw said. "We know that early X-ray workers who received burns on their hands later developed cancer, and that physicians and dentists who have had their hands in X-ray beams too frequently have developed skin lesions which later turned to cancer."

When it comes to genes, the molecules in human cells which determine hereditary characteristics, including sex, Dr. Henshaw said there seems to be no level below which effects are positively harmless. "When the bullet-like particles of radiation act on a cell the intricate organization is disrupted, and if the cell is able to sustain life, some of the modifications may bring about a change that may be passed through succeeding generations. What the frequency for these (changes) is for any dose level is not yet known for human beings."

Survivors Face Grim Future

The Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission report, which Dr. Henshaw coauthored with Dr. Austin M. Brues, observed regarding survivors in Japan that: "from previous irradiation experiences with both animals and human beings, there is good reason to believe that reproductive disturbances, malignancies of one form or another, shortened life-span, altered genetic pattern, etc., will in time appear in greater or lesser degrees."

But in the whole history of the Manhattan Project there were only two deaths from radiation and in Operation Crossroads there weren't even any atomic injuries.

Out at Brookhaven, in the middle of Long Island, 75 miles east of New York, the U. S. government is building one of its biggest atomic-research laboratories. Experts consider it a safer place to work than an airplane factory. Satisfied with safety measures, underwriters asked for no extra premiums on employees' group insurance policies.

But many atomic experts agree that, theoretically, the whole green areas of the earth would be threatened by radioactivity from the explosion of an *X* number of bombs, and man might be driven to live on the icecaps over the North and South Poles, the only places on earth that the wind currents would keep relatively free of contamination. But they disagree sharply over that unknown *X*. A few argue that if 500 bombs were set off in a short time we would be stepping on danger's doorstep; others say it would take from 10,000 to a million.

Many military men, however, stoutly maintain it's fairy-tale stuff to figure that radioactivity would be used in such strength as to threaten a hemisphere, a continent or even a strategic city for any length of time, on two grounds: First, it isn't easy to deliver an atomic bomb—guided missiles of supersonic speeds have a restricted range, and a certain number of other carriers, like bombers, submarines, etc., would be destroyed before their bombs could be exploded —and second, even if an enemy could make a successful "saturation" attack with radioactivity, he wouldn't want to, because it would render the target area as useless for the victor as for the vanquished.

Scientists would like to believe this, but they see modern warfare following no rules; atomic weapons would blast the conflict quickly out of control.

"One bomb fired in anger would be the beginning of the end," one physicist said.

Dr. Edward Teller, Hungarian-born professor at the University of Chicago, a Manhattan Project scientist and one of the world's leading physicists, calculated that if the activity liberated at Bikini were multiplied by, say, 100,000 bombs or a million and released off our Pacific Coast, the whole of the U.S.A. would be endangered. He admits that it has by no means been proved that such enormous amounts of energy could be so released. But, he wrote in the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, ". . . . it is much more than a fantastic possibility. If such great quantities of activity should become available, an enemy

(Continued on page 61)



THE LADY WAS A TRAMP

THE great dog crisis in our family began when Lady escaped from the house for a few minutes one crucial afternoon.

"I m not sure anything happened," Mother said hopefully to Father when he came home.

Lady, a sleek Irish setter, looked up at Father with a wicked grin, her pink tongue lolling out and her tail thumping the floor. Father had given her to us but he had trained her and she was his dog. He was always talking about breeding her but had never found a potential sire in our locality he considered fit to associate with Lady.

"You didn't see another dog when you found her?" Father said.

"Well," Mother admitted, "there was a dog furtively slipping away around the hedge."

"What sort of a dog?"

"I don't know," Mother said doubtfully. "A sort of shaggy, nondescript dog—about the size of a pony."

Father winced. Frances, the youngest member of the family, toddled up and tugged at his hand. "Puppies," she said. "Frannie want a puppy."

"I'm sorry, honey," Father said. He had it all worked out. If and when Lady's time came, he would take her to the vet and no one but the vet would ever see the pups. But the best-laid plans can go astray, and Lady did turn out to be in an interesting condition. When the time neared, Father said, "We'd better take her over to Doc Kinsey."

"You know how lonely and unhappy she is away from us," Mother said. "Let's wait a day or two."

Lady looked pleadingly at Father and he gave in. The trip was postponed a day, then another two days, and on the third night Father was roused from bed by Mother.

Half asleep, Father instantly assumed the house was full of burglars. "Phone the police," he whispered hoarsely, and picking up a number-twelve shoe, he started for the stairs.

"Lady's having her puppies," Mother said.

"Hell and blast!" said Father. "Call the vet. Where is she, in the kitchen?"

"In your study," Mother said, and Father groaned. . . .

A few hours later we all stood in a circle around Lady, Doc Kinsey drinking a cup of coffee.

"Eight healthy pups," he said and looked dubiously at their muddy color. "Not thoroughbreds, are they, Hooper?"

"No," said Father, "and we don't want them."

"Best if I take them away now then," the vet said.

"Take them away from Lady just after she them?" Mother cried, looking at kindly old Kinsey as though he were a fiend. In vain H tried to explain that Lady would mourn her for a very short time. "She's had them," M said, "and she deserves a chance to raise them can sell them."

Father came home that night with the bac of the car filled with lumber, and that eveni worked in the cellar constructing a pen for the He talked to himself as he worked and his came clearly up through the hot-air register

"I have things to do," he said plaintively. a busy man"—*crash* went the hammer—"I h brief case filled with urgent work and I sper evenings"—*crash*—"building a blasted dog p *crash*—"for a lot of mongrels."

Mother smiled at us, looking up from the h of socks in her lap. "Your father is really warm-hearted man," she explained. . . .

The situation became acute when Lady ra Father came home from work and found M downstairs, crouched in the pen, feeding the from a little rubber-nippled doll's bottle.

"That's the last straw," Father cried, fro angrily at Lady, who came joyfully up to gree



l rigged up a complicated leash for the
so he could take them all walking at once

nad to do something—the family was obviously going to the dogs

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

won't even take care of her own puppies."
her fault," Mother said. "Besides, the
ll be weaned in another week. Then we
n getting rid of them. I'll run an ad in
l."

u won't," Father said. "There's an Ani-
ue in town and I'm turning those pups
'

e over to the Animal League that night.
o be a sagging, dilapidated old house. An
rridan with chin whiskers opened the
her was prepared to find a kindly old lady
dogs with a love that passeth all under-

n," said Father genially, "I am going to
u with eight of the cutest little puppies
aw."

said the old crone. Father reddened and
is message.

a up, can't yer?"

s," Father shouted angrily at her. "Eight
mit. I'm giving them to you."

woman said, "Miz Rand, she's sick, she
me to tend to no more dogs," and the door
as it closed in Father's furious face.

came home disconsolate. "We're stuck with those dogs," he said. "I have four kids that run me ragged, and now I have nine dogs. Who ever heard of a man with four children and nine dogs? I'll be a raving lunatic."

"Don't get excited, Norman," Mother said. "I'm sure there are lots of people who would love to have those dogs. I've put an ad in the paper and I'll have the children inquire among their little friends."

Father brightened up and the next night when he came in he looked cheerful. "Well, children," he said, beaming, "I know it will be hard for you to part with the little pups, but that's life. How many did we get rid of today?" and he patted Frances on the head.

"Don't wanna give the puppies away," Frances said. Her big brown eyes filled with tears. "Mean old Daddy," she said, and ran out of the room.

The cheerfulness vanished from Father's face. He muttered to himself, then looked heavily at the rest of us.

"We found three kids," I acted as spokesman. "But their mothers won't let them have mongrels."

Father got red. "What is this," he shouted, "a town full of snobs? I had one mongrel after another when I was a kid. Fine dogs. Aren't people mongrels? Aren't Americans mongrels? Who's a thoroughbred in this country except maybe an Indian? And look what happened to the Indians."

Father was getting worked up. Mother said, "Supper's on the table, Norman. I'm sure we'll have some results from the ad in the paper today."

She was right. About nine o'clock the doorbell rang and a man came in and asked to see the pups. Father and Mother took him downstairs. He looked at the eight pups leaping back and forth in the pen, and then turned a hard eye on Lady. Lady had a pedigree and Father was very proud of her.

"Pretty coarse type of Irish setter, isn't she?" the man said chattily.

"What makes you think so?" Father demanded belligerently. Mother made warning signs that Father ignored.

"Bigger than most," the man said. "Not as streamlined as she should be."

"Oh, no?" Father said dangerously. "What do you want, a dog, or a toy to put in your pocket?"

"These pups," the man laughed, "are going to be young elephants."

Father was still smarting over the insult to Lady. "If you want a canary," Father said, "I can direct you to a bird store."

And that ended any *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER



KONST

The Croatian Cabinet parades at a public function in Split, Yugoslavia. In this Russian-dominated country Americans are received as unwelcon

THE BALKAN FOLLIES

BY W. B. COURTNEY

"The Beautiful Red Danube" is the setting for a tragicomic show in which our G.I.s and diplomats often are pushed around and our planes, flying on official missions, are treated like enemies. After an extended inspection tour, our correspondent reviews the farce

FOUR hundred million dollars of your money and mine (the recent grant to Greece and Turkey), plus a lot of other things you ought to know about, are now going down the Balkan drainpipe: the popularity and prestige of the United States; *the safety of our occupation forces in Europe;* and the faith that many of the "little people" in this patch of earth reposed in us.

The Balkans are now a stage for what is currently the Greatest Show on Earth: complete with bands, parades, ringmasters, star performers and clowns. And we are in it. As clowns. Yanks over here have named this show "The Balkan Follies."

The Balkans—Albania, Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Turkey-in-Europe—are named after the mountain range which runs lengthwise across Bulgaria and forms that country's only backbone. Altogether they are slightly larger than Texas, have a population of less than 50,000,000, with an illiteracy average of 40 per cent—100 per cent among the peasants. Albania is the size of Maryland. Albania is famous in medical circles for judging its children's health by the louse test. Have got?—then Allah be praised! Greece is smaller than North Carolina. Greece is famous for in-again, on-again, gone-again kings; and bureaucrats who get fine new cars every time the nation receives foreign aid for its starving.

Turkey-in-Europe is smaller than New Hampshire. Turkey is not famous for anything since Ataturk made it give up harems. Yugoslavia is smaller than Oregon. Yugoslavia is famous for biting the hand that feeds it; a habit arising from the table manners of its peasants who hit anyone slow to pass the borsht, over the head with jugs, hence their nickname—"Jugheads." Bulgaria and Rumania are roughly the size of Tennessee and Utah respectively. Bulgaria and Rumania are jointly famous as the "Jumping Allies"; it's a poor war that doesn't find them on each side half a dozen times, often on both sides at once.

It surprised certain Western Foreign Offices, after the war, to learn that Balkanese are really *people*—and people, moreover, tired of being a museum remnant of the feudal age; tired of being pushed around by rich landowners, mauled by cops a living in disease, filth, uns poverty and blackest ignoran

The stage setting of the F river that draws a 1,750-mile across the Balkans. Originall up to the name made fam Strauss waltz: The Beauti Danube. Hitler's Shirts re The Beautiful Brown Danu is being revised to The Beau Danube. The Danube is th and best inland water highwa rope. It rises in Germa France, bisects Austria, forn tial boundary for Czechoslo Hungary, laves northeast Yu and is the frontier between and Rumania.

A politically, commerci

(Continued on page 6

ITTLE MAN ON A HORSE

BY JOHN GROTH

The life and times of a jockey, as told and painted by one of Collier's artists

little men in the bright col- are big men around the track, and they've become ause they're pint-sized. As at Churchill Downs put it, as a kid they used to push because I was so small. ig guys are asking for my

it usually starts is this: ized kid hangs around the ably for no other reason e likes horses. He gets to around the track, too, and he jockeys in their flashy ter or later someone spots marks casually, "You're a Why don't you ride?" he encouragement the kid

a job as exercise boy and e half-ton nags about. He ps big arms and shoulders. areful not to develop else- to be a jock he must remain t 85 to 105 pounds.

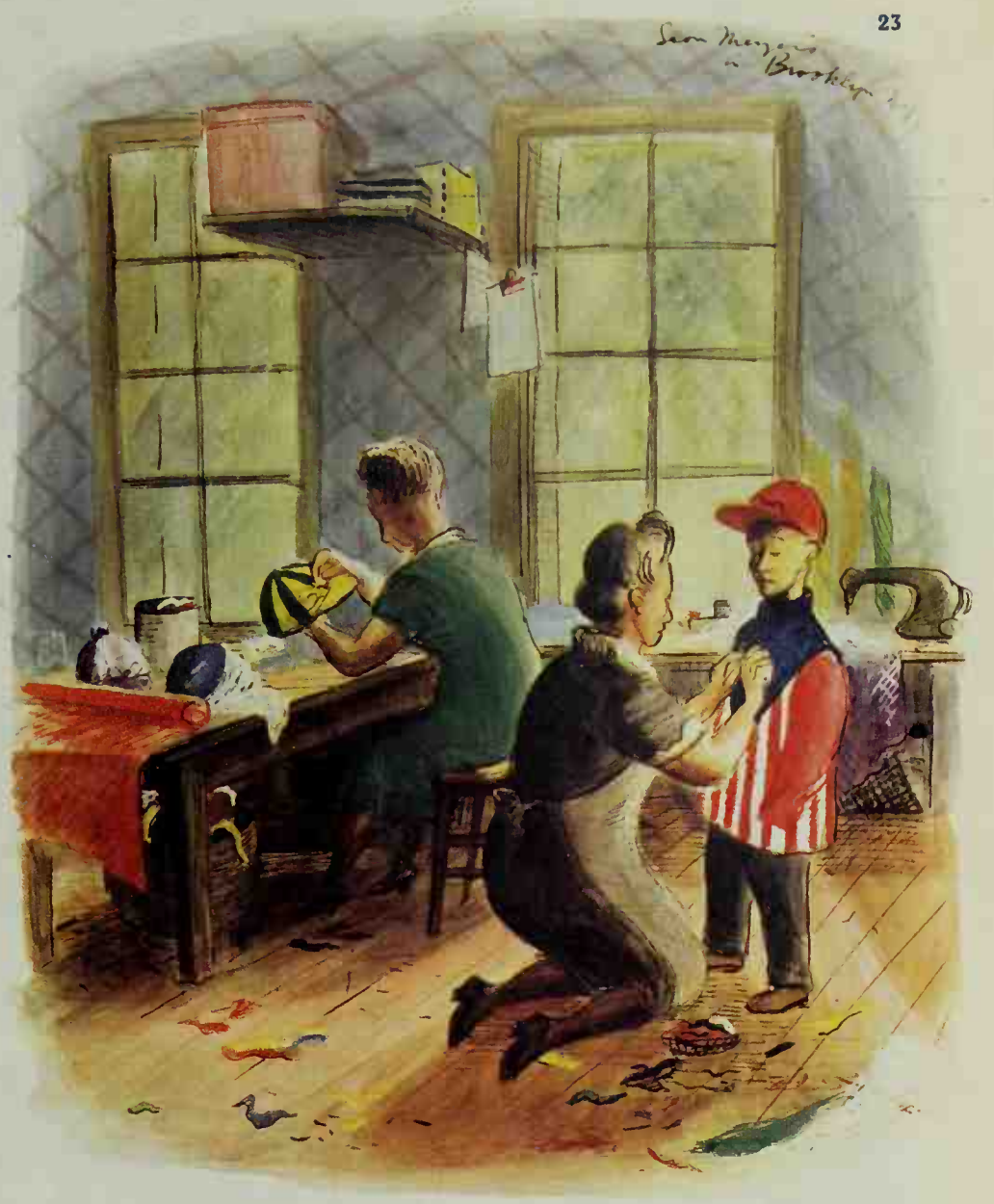
ouple years, the kid applies rentice jockey license and, well, in time he develops l-fledged jockey, equipped with an agent who solicits mounts for him and cuts himself in for 10 per cent.

Now the kid is eligible to don the bright silks. It may be the watermelon pink and gray of the John Hay Whitney stable, Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt's cerise and white, or the cyclamen and blue of the Main Chance. More likely it'll be the equally brilliant hues of a smaller stable.

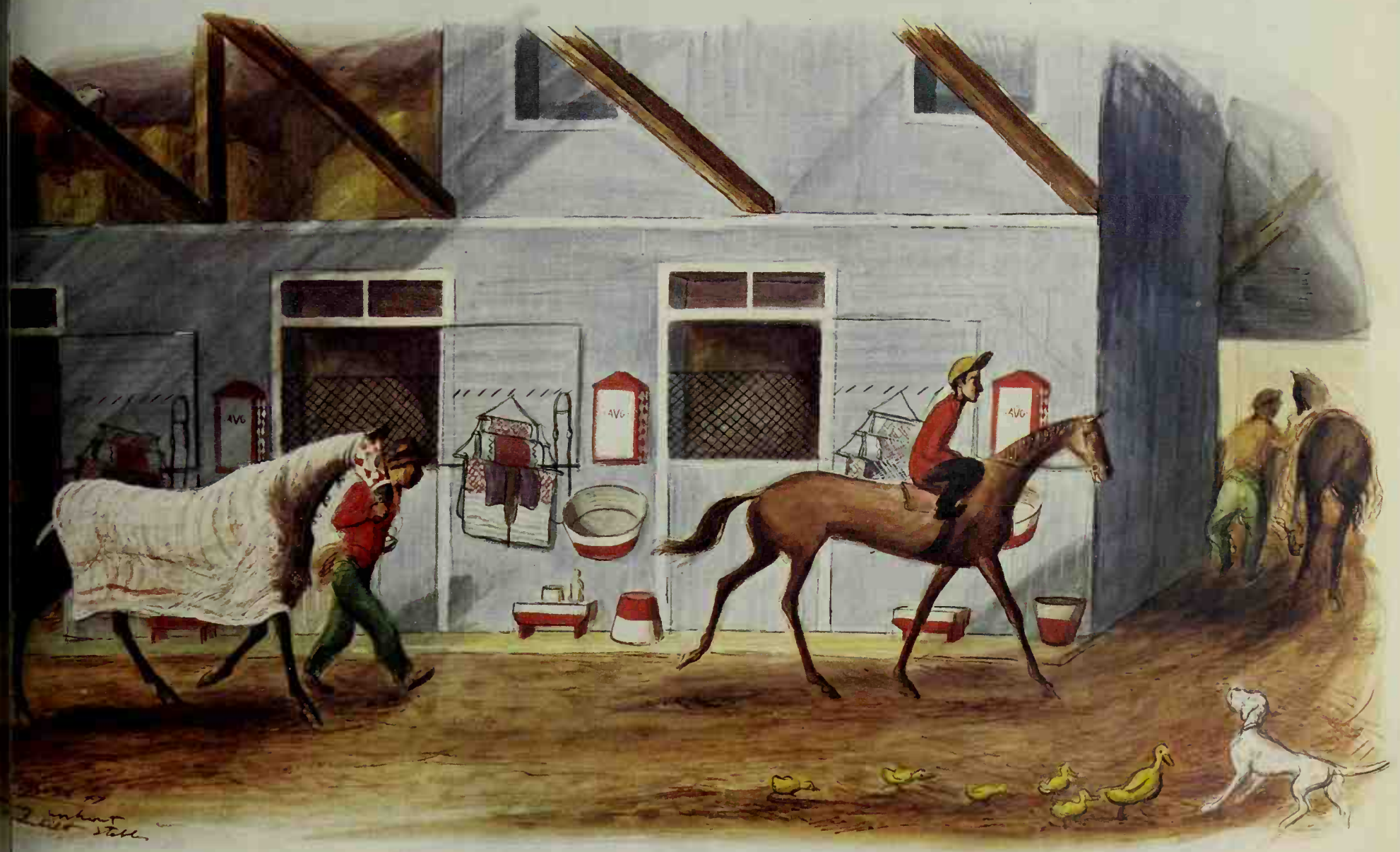
The silks are in all sorts of designs—polka dots, stripes, bars, stars, diamonds and squares. And whatever silks the jock wears, his mount's equipment is in the same color scheme. So is everything about the stable. The horse's blinkers and blankets, the sweaters worn by the stable boys, even the appurtenances—pails, benches, medicine chests—all carry the owner's colors.

Some jockeys ride exclusively for one stable, some free-lance, and others give first call to one stable, reserving the right to ride other horses when not called.

The pay varies. A contract rider usually starts with base pay of $50 to $100 a month plus a bonus for each ride. On purses over $5,000 he cus-



Most of the riders' silks and other equipment come from the little old-fashioned shop of Leon Meyer in Brooklyn, which the artist shows above. Below, he paints the morning workout at the Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt stables, with the Chilean jockey Ruperto Donoso in the saddle







Between races, the jocks play gin rummy or lounge about in the jockey room under the high racks of silks

The locker room is a bustling place, as the valets rush about helping the jockeys change between races



tomarily gets 10 per cent.
lancing jock ordinarily gets $
per mount with a bonus of
wins, $35 if he comes in secor
notch rider may make $600
week the year round.

That sounds fine, but it
profit. The jockey has to pr
own saddle and saddle girths
crash helmet, breeches,
boots, lead pads, whips, gog
ber shirts and a lot more t
fact, he supplies everything e
colorful blouse and cap ma
the stable colors. These the st
vides, cut in the fine custom d
G.I. uniform—usually one
big. The jock binds the ca
head with rubber bands an
the cuffs to keep the blous
from hanging to his knees.

He and the other jocks ma
liant rainbow picture as the
in their silks at the start of
but they're just bedraggled
when they come back to t

Above, the jockeys parade their mounts in the walking ring before the race. Below, a mud-caked jock heads back to the locker room from a heavy track



the track has been heavy, vered with mud. The valets with water and towels and m clean. The silks for the have been laid out, and the s the jocks dress.

s one valet for every four or ys. These big fellows, who Primo Carneras compared tiny bosses, bustle about the m like wardrobe mistresses ld chorus change. They take he jocks' racing things and hes, light their cigarettes and s. It's an odd job for the big ut it pays well.

e a jock work only for the tes he's in a race, but his life us. Often he's up at six in ning exercising horses. He at the track an hour before race even if he doesn't ride seventh. He may pilot six or unts in an afternoon.

means, of course, as many f silks. For instance, at Belmont one typical day, Eddie Arcaro rode Mary Tudor in the first race, attired in the yellow and blue of Lester Manor Stables; he went out in the second in sapphire blue and gold fox on Gallacha for the Foxcatcher Farms; the fourth race he piloted Stage Mother in Walter P. Chrysler's white and red; the sixth in the green and white of W. M. Jeffords, on Uncle Remus, and the eighth riding Jeep for C. V. Whitney in light blue and brown—the silks of five stables in one day's riding, which is not unusual.

Weight is a major problem for the jockey. A lucky few don't add pounds no matter what they do, but the majority do their daily roadwork as religiously as a fighter training for the main bout. They pound around the track well swathed in rubber undershirts covered with sweat shirts. If that doesn't get rid of excess poundage, they boil out in the hot box.

There's nothing easy about riding, particularly on a heavy track. The jockey who's riding well back in the pack gets mud shot into his face with the impact of stones. His goggles cake up and accidents are frequent. His horse may bolt and drag him, and only luck and his crash helmet will save him from serious injury. The ambulance isn't at the track for nothing.

When a jockey hits the top, like Longden, Arcaro or Atkinson, he'll make more each year than the President of the United States. But it's a long road up. And whether he gets anywhere or not, he'll always be a wanderer. This month it's Santa Anita, next month Hialeah, then Churchill Downs or Belmont. Or maybe a fast flight to Baltimore for a ride in the Preakness.

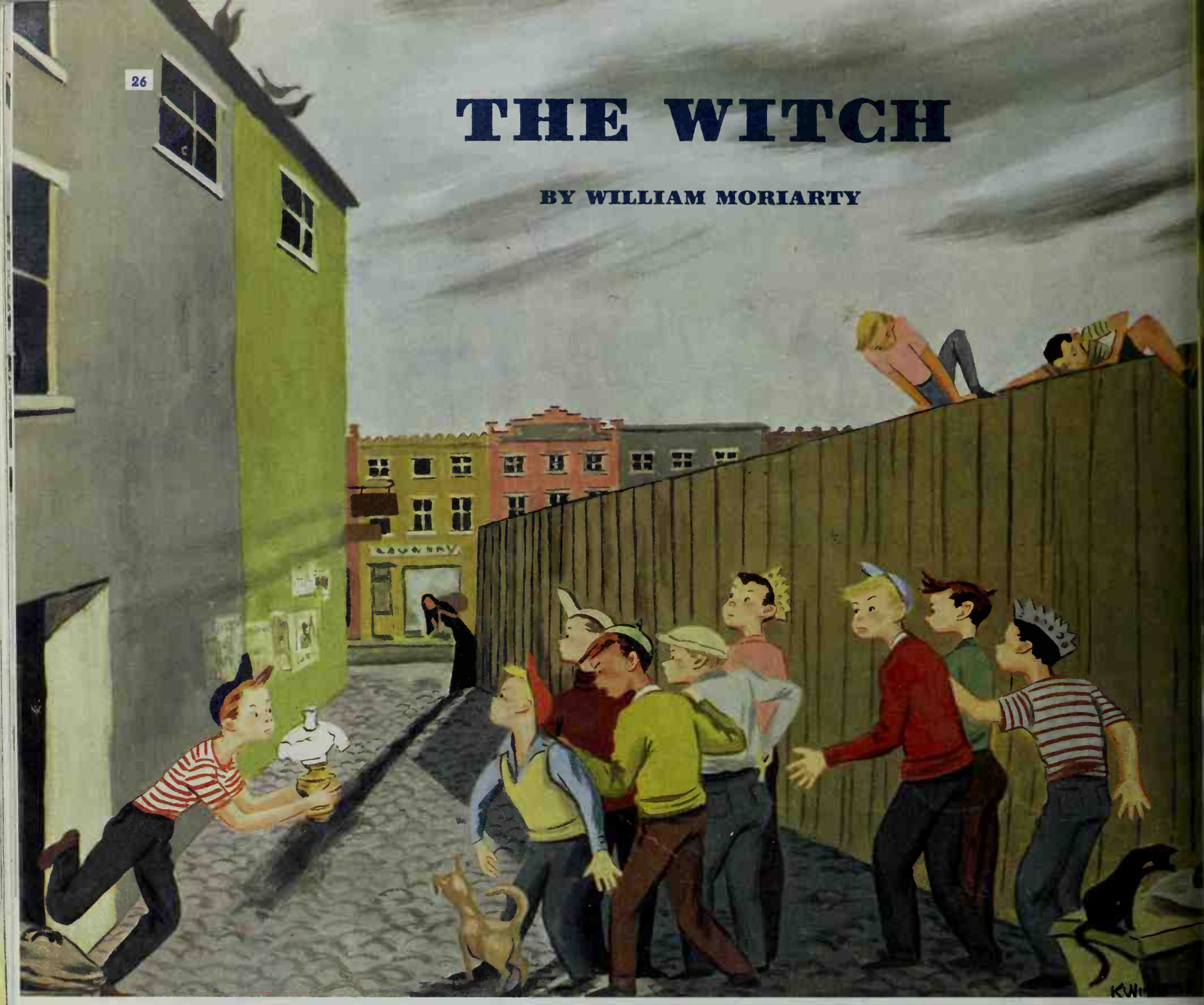
So there's little opportunity for home life Some jocks marry and acquire houses, automobiles and babies. But under racing commission rules, there's one thing they can't own.

A jockey isn't allowed to own a race horse. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THE WITCH

BY WILLIAM MORIARTY



With the lamp in my hand I ran up the steps. The Witch stood there at the corner of the alley!

A story of cruelty punished but scarcely redeemed by remorse

SHE lived in the cellar under the Greek's. The Greek had a store in a red-brick building near Saint Patrick's School on Market Street. The store was painted bright grass green. On one window, the one on the left-hand side of the door, lettered in red and blue were some words in Greek and on the right window the same words except in English. It was one of those funny kinds of Greek stores you see around. The Greek sold olive oil and spices and Greek coffee and different things like that. In the windows he had on display a lot of cans of all sizes printed on in Greek, and hanging behind the cans were long strings of dried figs. And in back of one of the windows was a big red coffee grinder.

What the store looked like inside I don't really know. I don't think I was ever in there. He didn't seem to have much of a trade and only for an occasional Greek dressed up in a shiny black suit you would never see anybody going in or coming out.

As for the Greek himself, I don't remember him much either—except that he was small and kind of fat and had one of those big curving Greek mustaches. He looked like what I'd guess you'd say was a typical old-time Greek who had come over to this country from Greece not too many years before. We used to pull his door open and yell in, then slam it again and run. But he never chased us. So after a while we let him alone.

People used to say that he was mixed up in rumrunning and that he had a room in the back of his store where he'd sell you moonshine if he knew you. But if he did I never saw anybody going there buying it, and besides he seemed like an inoffensive-enough man.

They used to say, too, that she was his mother and that he made her live in the cellar. But this was all just gossip and mean lies, because in the first place you could tell that she wasn't even a Greek.

I guess he must have been all right, since he let her live in the cellar under the store when all those that did the gossiping wouldn't let her within fifty yards of them.

This was all when I was a kid and still going to Saint Pat's. She was old even then, and so thin and brittle-looking that you'd be afraid she'd break in half if she tried to bend over. Her face was yellowed and she was as wrinkled and ugly as sin. She used to wear—winter and summer, it didn't make any difference—a long black dress that came down over her shoes and dragged along the ground behind her as she walked. The top part of the dress was shiny satin and she kept it pinned together at the front of her scrawny neck with a great big tarnished brooch that you could see when she was thirty yards away. Over her narrow, bent, little shoulders she wore, thrown across, a ragged black-lace shawl that used to keep slipping off. What her name was I didn't know. Everybody just used to call her the Witch.

Sometimes, when I was by myself, I used to think of the things that people said about her and I'd think of her having to live in the cellar a sorry for her. I'd even make around her to myself. Tha married to a millionaire's when he died his family h her out. Or that she used to tiful heiress who had marr young fellow for love an family had cut her off, an husband died and she was to go back to them. Crazy a kid with a romantic i would think up.

But no matter what I'd about her, whenever I'd see ing along Market Street wi bag over her back, the s would always happen. Som side me would choke an afraid. For a minute, I'd st watching her. And then— was wrong but I couldn't h cross the street without takin off her and I'd try to keep fr ing into a run. . . .

She was a scavenger, I g call it. You'd see her with h

(Continued on page)

ILLUSTRATED BY K. WIGGINS

Products of
ITERNATIONAL HARVESTER



most complete line built . . . 21 basic models that more than 1,000 different types of trucks.



QUIPMENT—Farm mechanization, including the new Farmall and implements for small farms. Farmall M illustrated.

What the International Harvester symbol means:

Products to save labor, increase production and provide better living.

A business begun 116 years ago with an important service to mankind—the invention of the mechanical reaper by Cyrus Hall McCormick.

A company operated fairly in the interest of customers, employes and stockholders.

Twenty-one plants to manufacture International Harvester farm tractors, farm machines, motor trucks, crawler tractors, industrial tractors, gasoline engines, diesel engines and home and farm refrigeration.

Two hundred and twelve branches and company-owned outlets, and more than 9,000 dealers, to distribute International Harvester products and to supply after-sale service.

Excellence of product now, with *greater* excellence always in preparation.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars" every Sunday! NBC Network.



INDUSTRIAL POWER—Crawler tractors, wheel tractars and engines of praved perfarmance and aperating ecanomy.



REFRIGERATION—Beautifully designed, efficient . . . bringing new leisure and convenience ta the *homemakers* af America.

MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 13

He smiled at her, took her hand and held it while he reached into the desk for a flashlight. He found it, satisfied himself that the battery had life in it, and went quickly to the door. She watched him, a shining gratitude in her eyes.

He carried the memory of it, and her white, gleaming body into the quiet, concealing night. . . .

To reach Cary Gardens he had only to leave the Cary Mews by the north exit, turn right along Brompton Road for sixty or seventy yards and then right again. Number 4 was the fourth house from the corner of Cary Gardens, a matter of another fifty yards. Thus he was standing on the high stone porch within a matter of minutes after leaving the mews flat.

HE WAITED a moment before putting the key in the lock. The street was empty, the house dark and silent.

He stepped inside onto the thick carpet and closed the door softly behind him, easing the spring of the latch into its staple so that it made no sound. He listened, and heard nothing except the wooden ticking of a large clock somewhere close to him. He pressed the button of his torch and swept its beam up and down the square hallway. He knew the library was at the end of the wide corridor facing him on the right.

He put out the torch lest the narrow, stained-glass windows on either side of the front door betray him to a patrolling constable outside, and made for the library.

The door of it was open. He stood by it peering into the complete darkness of the room. He strained his ears, remembering that the breathing of a man with a head wound is likely to be stertorous breathing. But there was none of any kind—just a flat, unbroken silence.

He stepped over the threshold and shut the door before aiming his torch toward the middle of the room. He pressed the button, and the beam cut into the darkness, a bright sword of revelation.

There was no doubt about the deadness of Joseph Inwood. The angle of the left arm, the twist of the legs—and in the left temple was a mortal wound.

A heavy silver candlestick lay gleaming on the creamy carpet a yard away from the body while its fellow stood on the wide, black table desk beyond, like a watchman of the dead.

The scene was unreal; the thought came to him that this was ridiculously like the traditional death of fiction: a millionaire found dead in his library, murdered by his wife. And that brought the unreality to immediate, tragic and dangerous actuality.

Joseph Inwood had been murdered by his wife. They would say that, however justifiable, however accidental a homicide it might have been.

He noticed that he was not as alarmed as he had expected to be; there was less fear than the circumstances might have made reasonable. The sight of the body, the blood a dark patch on the light carpet, the candlestick—these things were dangerous; but there was comfort in the secrecy of them. No one except Charlotte and he knew what was in this room.

He moved into it now, avoiding the immediate area in which Inwood lay, and reached the far side of the desk. He switched on the table lamp.

Papers, documents were spread out on the red leather blotter; an open account book was propped up against the big silver inkstand. The safe in the paneling behind the desk chair was half open as Inwood had left it after taking out the papers on which he had been working. Jonathan looked these over quickly, touching them only by the extreme edges with his fingernail when he needed to turn a page. There was much correspondence with the Office of Works about a bridge; the figures were mouth-watering. Inwood, Limited, of course, would not be building it if they weren't, but nevertheless as an upstruggling architect himself, Jonathan appreciated the handsome profit involved.

He went around the table and looked more closely at the body. The face was even more porcine than in life; the thick fleshy cheeks seemed still blown out with the conceit of its living expression. Swine to look at, swine to know. . . .

The thought of fingerprints continued to occupy Jonathan's mind. The candlestick for instance had a perfect surface for them. He took out his handkerchief and thoroughly wiped the column and the edges of the candle socket. The corner of the square base was dark with blood; he left that as it was and put the thing carefully down again, fitting it once more into the small but definite impression it had marked in the pile of the carpet.

He switched on the main lights of the room and began dealing with footprints, particularly the sharp, circular indentations of Charlotte's high heels. He erased them with his fingers.

He looked for traces of blood fingerprints on Inwood's face and clothing, for when Charlotte held the head in her lap she might have got some on her hands. But he was reassured, and stood up to face Charlotte's portrait above the fireplace: the Elmhurst portrait The Actress at a thousand guineas the square foot which had hung on the line in last year's summer show.

IT WAS an exquisite piece of work, more real than life; a glorified Charlotte, the skin even more delicately translucent than her own, the eyes deeper and more hyacinth. They looked straight into his, her love and passion reaching forth to him. "You'll get me out of this. . . ."

A burglar had done this thing—that was the best way.

He set to work methodically.

He pocketed Inwood's gold watch. He found the wallet and scattered its contents on the floor, but kept the three five-pound notes it contained. Having rubbed it clean of fingerprints he dropped it in the wastepaper basket.

In one of the safe drawers which he pulled open, with his handkerchief guarding his fingers, he found a three-inch-thick bundle of pound notes clamped tightly with an elastic band, and a small leather bag containing quite a number of cut but unmounted stones which looked very much like diamonds. He put it at the bottom of his hip pocket and wadded it down with the bundled notes. He pulled the drawer right out of the safe and put it on the floor.

The other things in the safe, papers and account books, he stirred with the haphazard hand of a burglar in a hurry.

Then he had his brightest idea.

He picked up the fatal candlestick again, still using the protecting handkerchief, smoothed out the impression of its base in the pile of the carpet. He opened the door cautiously, listened a moment to the quiet house, and leaving the door wide and the lights burning, went toward the front door.

Five feet from it he paused with another thought for the future mechanics of the evidence he was creating.

He turned about and went up the stairs, using the torch to guide him. He knew Charlotte's room to be one of the two big rooms overlooking the gardens at the back, but which he could not be sure. But there was not much risk attached to going into the wrong one, since there were still two floors between him and the servants' bedrooms.

However, he picked on the correct one by choosing the door with a small silver knocker which glimmered in the beam of the torch. He put the candlestick under his arm to free his other hand, and, switching off the torch, turned the knob slowly and opened the door a few inches. The familiar aroma of her perfume reassured him; he stepped inside.

The long windows were open, with the curtains only partly drawn and he could not risk turning on the lights. He went across to the sliding doors of a large built-in wardrobe and, with shaded torch, found a white evening frock. He rolled it up and put it inside his jacket.

He shut the door after him and went down the stairs again. He waited a few moments, listening through the sound of the big clock for any noise to suggest movement within the house. All remained quiet; the yellow shaft of light from the open door of the lib steadily. He went out of the into the pillared portico and that the street was empty turned and with his elbow br the small side window at a with the lock. The crack was as he had feared it might b tinkle of the glass as it fell satisfactorily muted by the he He put his hand through th found he could reach the kn lock with several inches to sp had the burglar broken in—

He spent another ten sec rapid review of the situatio pretty sure that so far everyth right, but the next stage wo easy. There would be no walls and closed doors.

But the time element in th crime must be clearly estal having been now—neither e later. He could think of no of doing it but this. He put torch, grasped the candlestick took a deep breath. Then he front door wide behind him a down the step, with a clat echoed down the quiet stumbled, recovered himself.

Then he set off along the pa hard as he could go, pounding his feet in a flight of noticeable flight of a man in headlong e

THIRTY yards from Numb twenty from the corner of Road he threw the silver c from him as might a panicking who realizes suddenly that h carrying the incriminating we bounced into the roadway and a standstill there, glittering, nently unusual object in such a

He rushed on, his ears strain fully for any sound above running to indicate an interest needed only one person lyi somewhere near this stretch o hear him and remember it inquiry began.

As he approached the corner collided with a man and a girl just coming out of the shad railings near the gate of a hou than swerved and avoided actu with them, but for a split se were face to face. The man w startled, he said something wh than could not distinguish; t were lost as he hurried around of the railings into Brompton

His satisfaction with this establishment of a witness—of nesses, for there had been a girl the chap had been saying a l night, and who would be able t her boy friend's story of a n man running away from Numb marred by an uneasy feeling th seen the young man before so In the ordinary way of things t not have mattered, but this was ordinary way of things; if he ha young man somewhere, there a danger that the experience mutual; but it did not follow tha remembered it or, if he did, th recognized him; the moment brief and the light no stronger of the summer stars.

Jonathan hurried on. He m noticed the man months ago in train, seen him crossing a road a ticket in a cinema—anywh time. Nothing to worry abo and only to be thought about as esting phenomenon, a glimpse the difficulties a real criminal w in the course of his crime if h man of nervous imagination. ened his pace a little and looke



COLLIER'S "Why, George! You did notice my new bathing suit!" BARNEY TOBEY

Ford's
ut Front

TH A FAMILY AFFAIR!



Do you know why more people have picked Ford station wagons than any ather make? Here's one reasan: Ford pianeered the statian wagan . . . introduced this smart utility madel to an appreciative public. Yes, Ford has praduced mare cars af this body type than all ather makers put together.



ord Continues
rs own statian wagan bodies
ountain, Michigan . . . selects the finest
rdwaods far them . . . fashians them with
netmaker craftsmanship. "It's the best loaking, langest lasting
agon on the road taday," say owners . . ."Way out frant in papularity!"

There's a Ford in your future



Really two cars in one!
Eight people can travel comfortably in the Ford statian wagan . . . and in real style! And far light hauling, both rear seats are easily, quickly removable. It's the handiest carry-all ever . . . a real family affair!



Don't slink away



And live with Rover



Use this and soon



You'll be in clover



Here's a quick, easy way to make dull traffic film and grime vanish—use No. 7 Polish. If you want to restore the original color and glowing lustre, get a can today.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
No 7 POLISH
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

shoulder twice before he turned into Cary Mews. He was safe enough, of course; even if anyone hearing his dramatic departure from the Inwood house had thought of pursuing him, there had not been time to do so.

He dropped to a walk as soon as he was in the mews, keeping on his toes and making his return to the flat as quiet as his exit from Number 4 had been noisy. The two must not be connected.

CHARLOTTE was waiting for him at the top of the stairs, her white coat fastened to the throat, her eyes dark with anxiety.

"He was dead," he said.

He knew that she had had no hope on that point. Her anxiety lay in wanting to know what he had been able to do. She hurried into the sitting room ahead of him, turned and clung to him.

He gave her an account of what he had done with a minimum of detail. When he handed her the frock, she said he had been very clever to think of it, and more, to have picked the right kind of one—the half smile which lightened her face was the first bright thing of the evening. He knew from it that her courage would not fail her.

"I think the burglar theory will work," he said, "and if I guess right, someone will very soon find the candlestick in the road and connect it with the open front door—if they haven't already. There was a chap near the corner. I think he would see it and yell for a policeman."

"Darling," she said, and was almost tranquil in his arms. There was no doubt of her relief and gratitude.

"While you were gone I tried to work out the time part of it. Freddy and I came out of the theater just before eleven. It's ten past twelve now—"

"What time did you get home?"

"A few minutes past eleven."

"By taxi?"

"No. Freddy drove me."

"Freddy. Then someone knows the time you—"

"Don't worry about that. Freddy will back up any story we decide on."

She sounded very positive. He did not know who Freddy was, but he had to believe her faith in the man.

"You let yourself in, of course?"

"Yes."

That reminded him of her key, and he gave it back to her. "How long were you with your husband?"

"I don't know—not long. It's all such a muddle."

"You were here at a quarter to twelve."

He got on to the next point, the most difficult of them all.

"There'll be a gap of nearly three quarters of an hour between the time you left the theater and your arrival home—even if you get back there as fast as you can now and this Freddy chap keeps his mouth shut, or is ready to say he drove you around the town before taking you home—or nearly home—because you'll have to arrive on foot."

She nodded.

"I know. I've been working it out, and it's all arranged. I didn't see why you should have to hold all the baby. You know I said Freddy had wanted me to go on to the Paradise—well, I've just rung him up and said I'd changed my mind. He's waiting for me at his flat."

Jonathan's alarm was immediate and violent.

"Charlotte!"

"But it's perfectly safe, darling. I thought it all out. I shall tell him I went straight up to my room when he dropped me at the house, got ready for bed, and not having a book to read, went down to get one. And found Joe."

"But—"

"I know, Johnnie. You're going to say that the natural thing would have been to faint, scream, rouse the household, phone the police—yes, darling. But I can easily persuade Freddy that I am not that sort of person, that it's much more like me to run away from awfulness and horror—and then realize that I shouldn't have, and begin to look for someone to help me put it right."

She stopped his protest before he could utter it.

"After all, isn't that exactly what I did do—and came rushing to you?"

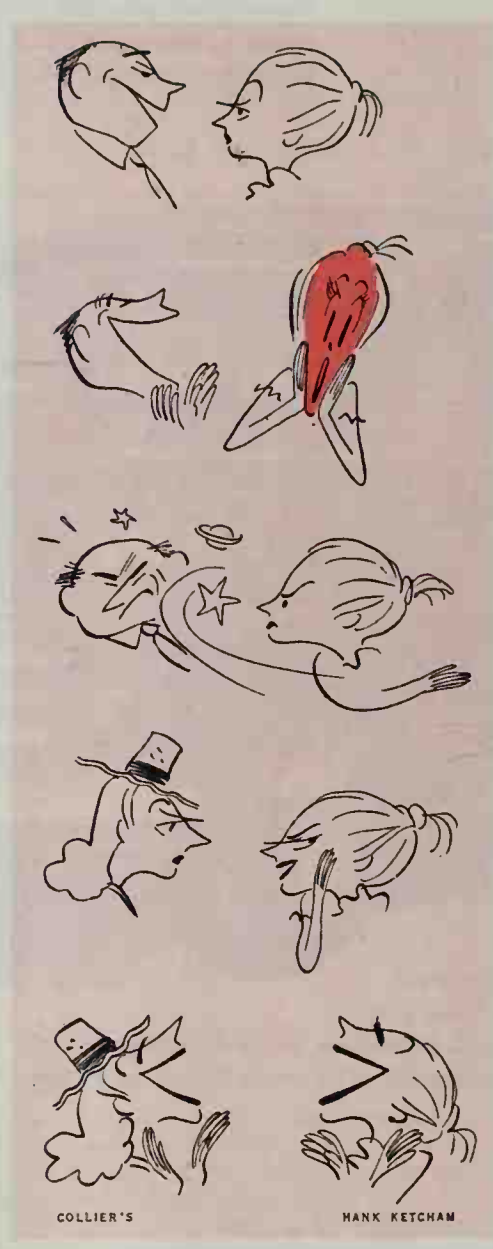
He told himself that his real objection lay in the thought that she was now calling on someone else to carry her flag, on another man. He struggled against it.

"Suppose the police start asking questions, checking up with everyone in the routine way they do in these things? You're asking this Freddy chap to perjure himself in a murder case—?" He used the word on purpose.

"He'd do that for me," she said.

"You know him pretty well?" The thought gnawed.

"Not as well as all that, sweetest; you



do pick on the funniest moments to be jealous."

"And you to be silly, darling. You really think he'd stand by you if it came to the point? If the police doubted the burglar evidence?"

"I do—but I know they won't."

Jonathan had to believe her. She had arranged, it seemed, to pick up Freddy at his flat in about twenty minutes, and to go on to the Paradise from there. "Freddy who?" he asked.

"Freddy Williams. I must have told you about him. I've known him for simply years. Oh, darling, I know I can trust him, and you mustn't think 'the worst' so easily."

It was, as she had said, the wrong time to argue about things like that. And when he stopped to think a moment, there must be a number of men who would do anything to protect her.

"All right," he said. "That covers everything. By the time you get home in the early hours the worst will be over. You'll be met by a sympathetic police inspector, or maybe even a superintendent, who will ask you to pre
news—if the policeman c
hasn't already said the san
either case, the best thing yo
have hysterics, or somethin
have to say anything luci
matter so much then what y
"I've never had hyste
sounded doubtful.

It was on the tip of his t
that she had never before
band, even by accident. I
have been kind, even in an
things back to a normal lev
"The police are clever b
also busy," he said instead.
be glad that the burglary mo
case into a routine type, to b
by the routine organization
into it. Nothing subtle."
"That's all true," she agre
be frightened of them."

She went into the bedroo
the dress he had brought
turned with combed hair a
make-up, and he wondered
her return to outward com
after all, she was the one p
world he would back to hol
any situation; that she had
panic in those first awful
the accident—and it *was* a
was to the final degree ine
human being of her finen
and mind could have done o

She was warm in his arm
her throat, the softness of h
"Now we go," he said.

He rolled up the bloodst
and took it with him when
down to the garage, using
the hall passage. He put her
without turning on the garag
slid back the folding doo
oiled wheels and, a moment
in third gear and, taking adva
slight incline to help him
clutch, effected an almost co
lent exit into the mews.

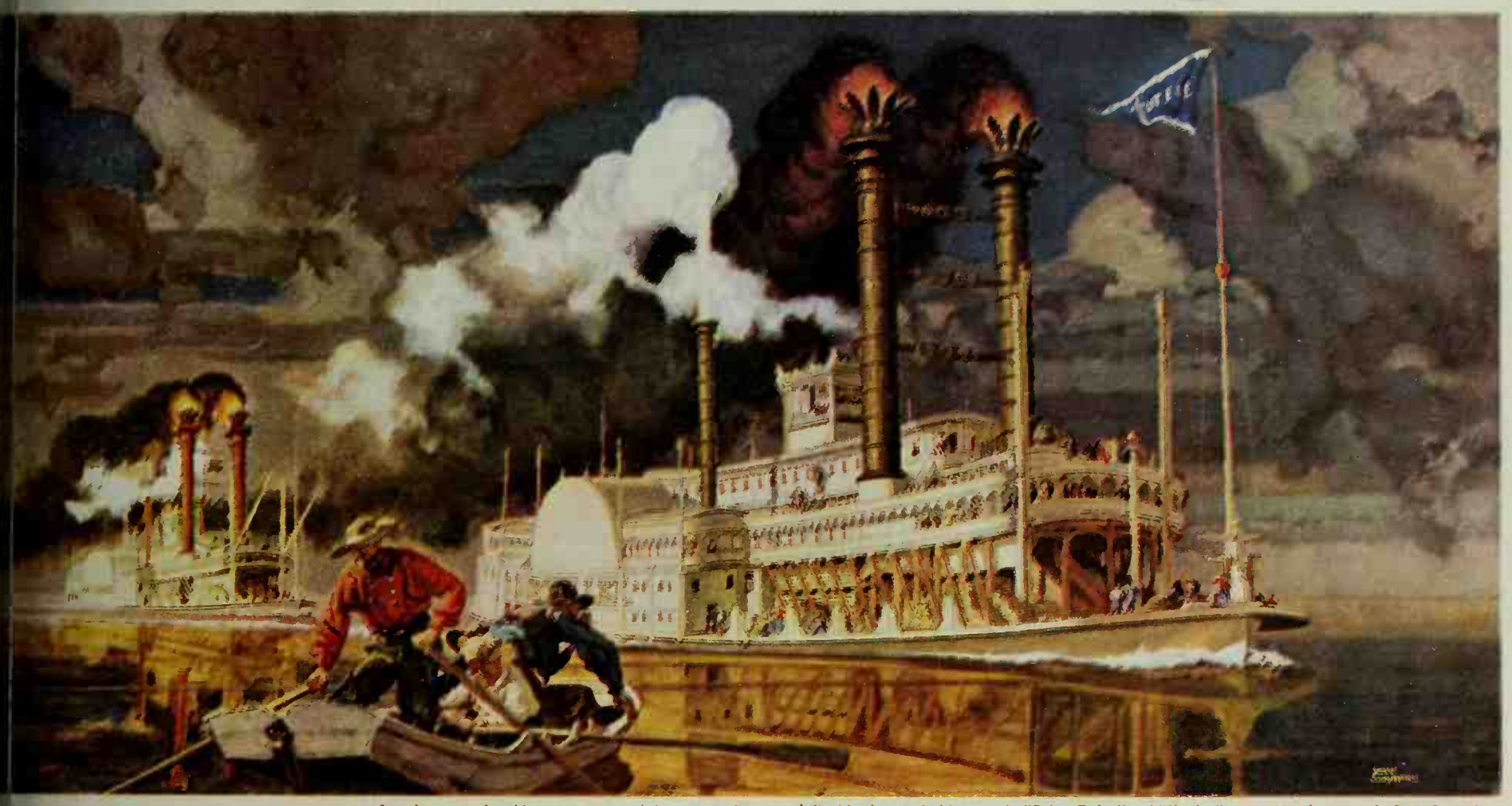
After a moment he was a
off down Church Street, and h
toward King's Road, Chelsea.
"Where is his flat?"
"North Audley Street. O
big chemist place. But stop
it. He will expect me to com

HER voice was cool; she
aloof, fascinating—the
for whom he had fallen so ha
aware now of achievement; th
awful as it was, had forged
tween them which must surel
the strongest bonds which ha
two people together. The
immediate future, was grim
but if she kept her head, and
the slightest doubt that she
would heal the rawness of th
would become gradually un
bad dream fading, and they w
gether for the rest of their l
all, Inwood had died by she
brought on by his own foul
lotte's hand had been the ha
not that of a woman freeing h
to another man. And loss by
such a comparative thing; it
pended on who died, and wh

He was almost cheerful by
reached North Audley Stree
proached the church. The
clock pointed to twenty-five m
midnight; he drew her attenti
"We've done well."
"*You* have, darling."
"I'll ring you in the mor
neighborhood will be in an up
it and I shall have the excuse
to know that you are all right.
able to tell me the police r
will be quite natural to tell me
a burglar and so on—"
"And if they think it wasn't
"You can say they think it
"And I shall see you very s
He glowed secretly, but firm
"Shut yourself up and see

American Originals





Steamboat racing's golden age, an original American tradition, symbolized by the epic duel between the "Robert E. Lee" and "Natchez" in an original painting by Dean Cornwell.



The art of distilling gin has reached its "golden age" in Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin, an American original, a different gin—a Seagram original!

Ancient Bottle offers you the first basic improvement in gin in over 300 years; result of Seagram's leisurely, time-honored method—an *exclusive* method.

You can *see* the difference in its natural color of fine vintage champagne.

You can *taste* the difference in its marvelously dry yet mellow flavor—flavor that rivals that of the finest imported spirits.

Look for Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin at your favorite bar or liquor store. Let that distinctive color guide your eye to the perfect cooling Collins.

Seagram's *Ancient Bottle* Gin

DISTILLED DRY



The original "ancient" bottle (left) will, when available, replace the present standard bottle.

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y.



three or four days. I'll ring up tomorrow evening, but you'll have told the servants not to put through any calls."

"But, darling—I shall want so badly to talk to you."

He acknowledged to himself the pleasure that thought gave him.

"See you soon," he said as lightly as he knew how.

She pressed herself against his side when he leaned over her to open the door; her hair touched his face. He found he wanted her very much. Then he was watching her as she crossed the road to enter the glass-paneled door of a small block of expensive flats.

How often in this life did you get a chance to prove your love, to stand forth like this and turn aside from your beloved's head such a very dangerous thrust?

And he *had* turned it. He was morally sure of that.

HIS thoughts ran smoothly with the car's rhythm, driving homeward through the thinning traffic; each impression fitted into the pattern of all he had seen and done since she had arrived at his door. The blood on her frock, the pity of her fear, the hurried, wretched story of Inwood's brutality of mind. He saw again the slender beauty of her body as she freed it of the bloodstained frock.

Frock. It was in the car pocket by his leg. Drop it in the Thames now? No; two or three reasons, best of them that there was no great hurry, and people seen throwing things in the Thames late at night were unfavorably regarded by police and passers-by. Safe enough where it was. No one ever had anything to do with the car but himself.

His mind went back again to the Inwood house. The candlestick . . . the jewels, money . . . smashing the front-door side window with his elbow . . . down the steps, the door gaping behind him, and along the pavement toward the main road . . . chucking away the candlestick . . . a crash and tinkle of bright silver on the surface of uneventful Cary Gardens, and on toward the corner . . . then, the convenient witness. . . .

Jonathan, who had just swung the car smoothly into the mews in an accustomed arc, suddenly remembered where he had seen the young man before.

He was the counter clerk at Hargood's, the wine merchants in Brompton Road who sent him a bottle of whisky and two of gin once in a while; the same young man who had apologized only yesterday for being short on his quota.

"So sorry, Mr. Penrose, but we haven't a bottle left."

So sorry, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Jonathan Penrose, of 21 Cary Mews . . . just around the corner from the shop—drives a black coupé. Oh, yes, sir, I could swear it was him. I said, 'Oh, Mr. Penrose, we nearly collided,' but he just ran on as if the devil were after him. And then I saw the candlestick in the road—I heard it fall in the road when he threw it away. . . ."

You didn't need much imagination. . . . Jonathan Penrose drove the black coupé straight past the door of 21 and the open garage next to it, drove past the *police sergeant and the constable who were standing there waiting for him,* and out of the mews at the other end. He drove hard, with a weakness in his wrists which made the car sway untidily.

Out of the corner of his eye as he passed the lower entrance to Cary Gardens he saw a white ambulance and two, or perhaps there were three, police cars at the curb by the Inwood house. But the two dark blue figures outside his own flat were more vivid in his mind.

Keep cool—keep cool—if only this damned panicky feeling would stop. How many times had one heard it. "If only he hadn't taken fright and tried to get away—he only made it worse for himself—"

But this was not one of those instances.

Stay, and tell the truth!

He could say to them:

"All those signs of b disorder, the papers strew the money and the diam and the broken window and stick in the roadway and the down the street—I did all your eyes off Mrs. Inwood. is the money and the li stones—"

"Oh, off Mrs. Inwood? W

He would have to say:

"Yes, you see, Inspector him—not on purpose, you It was quite an accident. I was accusing her of sleepi Yes, it was true, of course, t happened, but all the sam *mean* to kill him when she s on the head with that candl

Jonathan did not take his accelerator until he reached Corner. At about that point the police had just about l get out a calling-all-cars war out for a black Talbot, nu 7023. So he stopped the car denly and got out.

He had walked several yar remembered the frock in the he went back for it, leaning while he put it under his co quieting down a little. He th small suitcase in the dickey kept extra tools.

He found and emptied it; event and by no means sma eral months as a tool bag, it some semblance of luggage w establish his bona fides in a hotel; as long as he chose a He wished he had a hat.

He transferred the frock case, hiding the action by l back to the pavement, and set off toward Piccadilly Circ averted as he passed people. unduly troubled by the fact were still plenty of them abou there were the less likelihoo one would notice him.

CHARLOTTE was upper mind. He loved her. Char be safe as long as suspicion r the burglar, as long, in fac mained on himself. No one were acquainted.

As he walked quickly awa incriminating car, he began other danger. Charlotte wou Paradise by now, with Fredd delaying her return home unti had thoroughly absorbed the planation.

But would she keep her hea was told that someone calle Penrose had done the murde she hold her tongue and let the Or would she, in order to save out the truth?

She must not do that. *Mus* would she be able in that mom prise to see it would do no go was as liable as if he had reall thing himself, that at best he charged as an accessory after t inevitably the police would spiracy between the two of the tried to clear him she woul worse—fatal for herself—and nothing.

He found himself praying would be untrue to all that wa her, strong-minded enough to temporary sacrifice, for that need be if he could get away ahead to the future when, after for him had died down and he lished himself in a new name, find a life together somewh largeness of the world. Jona rose, who had not been long e of the army to have made career for himself, would v John Any-name-you-like wo into existence. There were pr

"But who could have told the newspapers?"

CRIED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"All I know," thundered Elmer, the bull, "is that you and I were the only ones in the world who knew about it."

"That's right, dear," agreed Elsie.

"Then," exploded Elmer, "how come these newspaper columnists keep asking *who* is saying *what* about *which* bovine glamour girl?"

t's real nice of the col- all me a glamour girl,"

" frowned Elmer, "with now and what I know, u going to stop being irl?"

p being such a worry- hed Elsie. "Think how ll be of us at Borden's nounce our exciting news."

p Borden's out of this!" snapped Elmer



"This is *our* news. And tell Borden's not to cross us up by bringing out some doggoned new product just when our news breaks!"

"Don't worry about that, sweet," calmed Elsie. "Borden's just brought out new *Lady Borden Ice Cream*. And folks are going mad about it. It really *is* fit for a golden spoon. Smooth as a dream, and rich and luscious golden cream."

hinking about ice cream," commanded Elmer. "Let's think about *us*, and *our* big news."

"But Lady Borden Ice Cream is big news already," said Elsie. "It's already a great favorite wherever people appreciate truly excellent ice cream. At dinner tables, grand parties—"



"Did you say *party?*" brightened Elmer. "Woman, there'll be no party to touch the one I'll throw when our big story gets out!"

"When you throw that party," said Elsie, "don't forget to serve the very newest of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—I'm referring to Borden's Cheese'n Bacon Cocktail Spread!"

"She talks about cheese," moaned Elmer, "when our wonderful secret is about to be spilled to the world. Woman, are you *daffy?*"

"I certainly am daffy," chirped Elsie, "about that new'n wonderful Cheese'n Bacon Spread. It's such a *thrilling* combination of aged Cheddar cheese and bits of crisp, broiled bacon. Makes the tastiest sandwiches ever. And it's perfectly grand spread on crackers."

"Aw," grumped Elmer, "the way you yap about



Borden's, it's no wonder those newspaper fellows got wind of things."



"But dear, I *never* breathed a word," protested Elsie. "I promised I wouldn't *even hint* until you gave the word."

"And when Daddy gives the word," drawled Beulah, "you'll hear it—everybody'll hear it—it'll be loud but good."

"Of course it'll be good," said Elsie. "Daddy's one of the Borden family, too—and you know, *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"



© The Borden Company



Copyright, The American Tobacco Company

"Mighty Fine Leaf," painted by David Stone M

FINE TOBACCO...

Light tobacco
Ripe tobacco
Mild tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.



LUCKY STRIKE *means* fine tobacco

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the

course, but not insurmount-
e initial escape succeeded,
ice hunt had been outwitted
. Then they would be safe.
Charlotte keep silent now?
ave that little extra strength
rise and horror when they
knew who had dropped that
n the road?
ave of panic came over him,
of instincts demanding ex-
e must save Charlotte and
ime, himself. But how? Even
as impossible; all his papers
mews flat: passport, check-
thing. No passport, no
w far and how long could a
thout one or the other, or
t, though! There was the
ey in his pocket. He would
t. Lucky to have it at all, and
n Charlotte not to pull chest-
he fire; must make it plain to
he first place it can't be done,
econd there isn't any need to
et to Charlotte.
sion went as suddenly as it
eaving his mind clear again.
t first; find Charlotte at the
d contrive to let her know
ppened. Make quite sure that
situation develop in its own
will work for us. Make her

adise was in Swallow Street.
kened his pace. The suitcase
began to worry him. He de-
ge it in the cloakroom at Pic-
tion, hoping that the clerk
ake particular notice of him.
Station. He noticed with
he cloakroom clerk did not
htest interest in him. He put
in his waistcoat pocket and
s later was looking at the
om the opposite side of the
eet, seeing with satisfaction
was movement in and out of
oors, mostly of people arriv-
l parties or couples.
d there, waiting for a good
cross the road and merge him-
ne of these influxes.
you in," said a girl's voice
n. "I'm a member. It'll set
ree quid for a bottle of gin—
t from me, naturally."
in a black suit with a long
rt skirt and a small hat. She
shoulders, long legs and very
ings; her wedge heels were
n most. She seemed to be
he light of the neon strips over
se.
ot?" he said.
on then, ducks. I'll see you
d time. The name's Sally."
nly a slight variant on the old
ough rather more digestible.
from that, she would have a
ing influence on his entry. And
t forgotten about membership;
of it would present no great
obstacle to getting in if he were
it would inevitably draw a cer-
nt of attention to himself.
y do it for him. She put a hand
n and urged him across the

hting in the dance room was
s than that promised by the
e reception hall; it was discreet
int of darkness. The alcoved
the walls and out in the open
ed only by small lamps. The
s busy, the floor crowded, and
eiling held down the noise and
o smoke so that neither could
You knew this was the Paradise
golden angels with sprouting
easts who hovered, their backs
ll, in the four corners of the

ld not see Charlotte anywhere.
s anxious again. Something,
might have gone wrong with
d her plan. He wanted to tour

the room from table to table, to waylay the dancing couples as they circled the floor. Time passing pressed on the heels of his patience.

The girl Sally was chattering at him, a waiter was filling all the view, a throbbing drum beat with his pulse. . . . He wrote the word *gin*, scrawled indecipherable initials under it and got rid of the waiter. The girl wanted a cigarette and attention. He could give her the former, but, of the latter, very little.

Then with infinite relief he saw Charlotte. She was dancing with a dark-haired man with a heavy, good-looking face who would be "Freddy." They were at the edge of the floor quite close to him now. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be allowing her partner to carry all her weight. And no wonder. Jonathan marveled again at her strength of mind, her sustaining courage. It was so much easier for him, who had movement, initiative, things to do.

How to get close to her without causing her to give something away to her partner in the surprise of seeing him here?

"Come on, darling," the girl said. "My toes are itching."

He got up, seeing it as good a way as any to let Charlotte know he was here.

The girl wrapped herself professionally around him and began singing the words of the tune, which dealt exclusively with what love could do for you if you would only let it. That was true enough, in several senses of the phrase.

Charlotte's eyes were closed. It was tantalizing to be within two feet of her and not be seen by her. Freddy seemed to be holding her very affectionately, or else it was that if he didn't she would slip to the floor. Her white fingers rested loosely near the collar of the man's dinner jacket. Jonathan looked at those fingers possessively; they were his, to love as he loved the rest of her lovely body.

Then suddenly she opened her eyes and looked straight into his, as if, he thought, her spirit aware of him, had summoned her.

Her mouth parted slightly and her hand on the man's shoulder moved convulsively, then slackened again. But that was all.

JONATHAN managed to convey his need to see her alone by a slight backward movement of his head toward the foyer. He thought she responded by the smallest of nods, but he repeated the gesture to make sure she understood.

"Excuse me," said Jonathan, when they had got back to the table. "I shan't be a moment."

Sally's eyes hardened suspiciously. He managed a grin to reassure her that he was not walking out on her and made for the small lobby between the main room and the entrance foyer. He was not many seconds ahead of Charlotte as she came into it. He stood facing the dance floor, watching it crowd again as the band started up. She came level with him and paused within whispering distance. And she had the sense not to look at him.

"I was seen leaving the house," he said under his breath. "Police were in the mews when I got back. I'm disappearing."

Her eyes flickered toward him in alarm and then away.

People passed between them, and for a moment they were separated.

"This makes no difference," he went on quickly. "Don't try to get me out of it—only make things worse—I insist that you don't. Promise—"

Again her eyes, infinitely troubled, met his, but they gave him the promise he wanted.

She moved away, either to the ladies' room or the dance floor, he did not see because he turned away at once to shut her out of his view. He knew it might be weeks before he could be with her again. It was a thought which swept out of his mind even the relief at having been able to warn her successfully.

He took a chance; the instinct to get away out of here was too strong to resist. There was a page boy in the foyer. He gave him four pound notes from his wallet to take immediately to the lady at the fourth table on the left. And half a crown for himself.

"You see her?"

"You mean Sally? Sure."

"She's waiting for it," he said, to make surer that the boy delivered it, and went straight out of the place. He turned up Swallow Street and through the archway into Regent Street toward the Circus again.

Ducking out like that wouldn't matter unless they found Charlotte had been there, and their possible contact with each other established by the girl recognizing him as the "wanted" man from his picture in the papers. So many "ifs" were too many. Fear, more than any other emotion, was the fulcrum of imagination.

But his picture in the papers; that would add more difficulty to the task of escape. . . .

This brought an extremely satisfactory thought. His picture would not be in the papers for the good reason that no photographer had ever taken one of him. The need had never arisen. No girl insisting, no publicity requiring his likeness for support. Snapshots? One or two, widely scattered, and poor likenesses at that. George Wilmot had taken one last summer—and George was not at all the sort of man who would assist in the hue and cry; in fact, he would probably look on the destruction of a man like Inwood with approval.

HE FELT a rising of misery as he thought of George and Sybil Wilmot and the fifty or so men and women in the world who were his friends and whom he might never see again. He could bear that; but could he bear the constant knowledge that, puzzled though they might be at first by the inconsistency between what they knew of him and the news he had robbed and murdered, they would not find, however hard they searched and reasoned, any evidence on which to doubt the truth of it?

He had built up far too strong a case against himself for anyone to doubt his guilt, and that was the full truth of it.

He caught himself up with fierce accusation for having forgotten Charlotte. To be united to her by such unbreakable bonds, to be able to look forward to a life with her, albeit not immediately possible, far outweighed the loss of a few good opinions.

Then he saw the police patrol car. It was drawing into the curb twenty yards away. Its interior was dark, but there was a glimmer of silver buttons, and a brief shadowy profile against the side window of a man with earphones.

It may have been unreasonable to think that they had noticed him, that they had recognized him from a police broadcast of the wine clerk's description, but he had perhaps gone through too much too rapidly and recently to take a calm view of an alarming possibility.

He turned around and crossed the wide expanse of Regent Street toward the opposite pavement with a tingling discomfort between his shoulder blades. He knew they were watching him. He began to run, hoping that they would regard it as a normal thing to do in view of the traffic. He thought he heard the slam



SPORTING ODDS

In a game with the Cleveland Indians several years ago, the Boston Red Sox had runners on first and second when Joe Cronin, Boston's playing manager, came to bat. Sammy Hale, Indian third baseman, anticipated a bunt and inched cautiously toward the plate—but Cronin sent a line drive directly at the third baseman. Hale had no time to get his glove up, and the ball struck his head with a resounding whack. As both base runners started off with the crack of the bat the Cleveland shortstop headed instinctively toward third. The ball bounded from Hale's head and landed in the surprised shortstop's outstretched glove. One out! The toss to second was made in plenty of time. Two outs! And the relay to first was easy. Three outs and a triple play!

And when the dazed Hale came to, he discovered himself credited with an assist.

—Frank McAvoy, Needham, Mass.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

With The Tide



Blackie:

"It's easy to get this ball, Whitey, because I'm riding with the tide."

Whitey:

"We've been riding with the tide for generations, Blackie—because BLACK & WHITE gives people the character they want."

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

of a car door. He wanted to look around but dared not. Why had he let himself begin running like this? Easier to begin than to stop. Were they running in pursuit of him or had the car crossed the road after him? Wheels whirred down the slight slope and shut out other sounds. He turned north, away from the Circus, and dived helter-skelter into the short alley leading into Kingley Street. As he took the corner he saw, fifty yards behind him, two of them in pursuit; the dark peaked caps of mobile police were unmistakable.

But Kingley Street was dark, deserted, and although he feared at any moment to meet a patrolling constable, he had a more sheltered feeling in the narrow street. He heard a whistle, sharp, urgent, summoning all who upheld the law. Pelting up Argyll Street, he made for the more crowded area of Oxford Street and the tube station. Faces turned toward him as he passed them but the lethargy of uncertainty was in their expressions. He might be a man running to catch the last tube train; it gave him the few moments he needed to get ahead of them before they joined the police chase.

His mouth was dry with the sucking of air into laboring lungs.

ONE can imagine how Charlotte Inwood came out of the ladies' room at the Paradise and went back slowly to her table. She would have renewed her make-up and taken another aspirin or so; Jonathan had been gone about four minutes. The conversation in the foyer between Jonathan and herself was safely past. The shock of seeing him there when she opened her eyes on the dance floor had been too awful, one of the worst moments of the whole thing.

Freddy Williams was reclining comfortably on the red plush seat, his handsome face as composed as a stone; he seemed to be enjoying his cigar. He moved but did not get up when she reached his side. He looked at her rather like a doctor analyzing a patient's reaction to a hypodermic, and said "Well?" as if nothing particularly exciting had happened.

"Anyone would think," said Charlotte with a sudden anger, "you had done things like this so often th
mean anything to you any
He grinned at her; the
a still woman in movemen
the most attractive things he
"It's true!" she said with
"You're so confident, and s
a man who's eaten a gooc
knows it won't disagree w
loathe you!"
Freddy Williams consi
looked at the end of his c
looked at Charlotte Inwood.
"However often I have or
things like this," he said, "
quite honestly, I have neve
beautiful, desirable, clever
rescue me from the predi
which my impulsive nature
me."
"I deserve every word o
said. "And why I'm not a r
after what I've had to cope
I don't know. I'm frightene
Freddy. *Why* am I behaving
and calmly—and cleverly?"
"Because you are in a situ
has sufficient of the fund
arouse you to the actualitie
You're alive, as a woman,
thing to fight for, to run ris
the first time in your artifici
that it's happened to you. S
surprised and tell me what D
Quixote required of you whe
was so nicely settled."
"Someone saw him running
the house, someone who knev
police are looking for him."
Freddy Williams laughed
nodded.
"I thought it was somethin
And he came to tell you not t
him out of the muck?"
"You're very sure of everyt
you, Freddy? Suppose he c
me he wasn't going to be left i
—which is a beastly wor
wouldn't go on with it—that
go on saving me?"
"No."
"But *how* can you be so po
"Darling, you don't know y
in spite of the number of men
you don't know them either.
than is behaving according to

TIMMY by HOWARD S



"I let Hanky hold my penny in his mouth—and he lost it"

COLLIER'S

...t time you buy a tooth brush...





Choose the design most dentists recommend

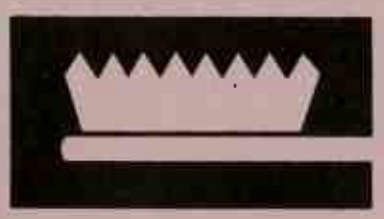
...ls one design ...eeth best, say dentists 2 to 1

When 30,000 dentists were asked which of these designs cleaned teeth best—by more than 2 to 1—the answers were: "Straight Line Design!"

...gt this Straight Line Design ...y Pepsodent Tooth Brush

Most peoples' teeth are *not* set in curved rows. They lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows that Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits *more* teeth *better* than convex or concave designs...Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Look at all the tooth brushes sold today...there are only 3 basic brushing surface designs



1 STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN



2 CONVEX DESIGN



3 CONCAVE DESIGN



Pepsodent tooth brush

A Product of Lever Brothers Company

Use the YELLOW PAGES of your Telephone Directory

with no advantages whatsoever. Don't forget I've seen him twice. Both times he was looking at you and didn't see me. And I remember thinking that if I ever caught myself looking at a woman the way he was looking at you, I would take a gun and shoot myself. You own him, body and soul."

"But if they catch him—and surely they will—he'll tell the truth."

"He doesn't know it."

"I mean, what he thinks is the truth: that I did it—accidentally."

"If he told them that—which is the truth as he thinks he knows it, who on God's earth will believe him? After this spectacular run-out he's done! Suppose he tries to implicate you, where will *that* get him? My dear windy little goose, *I* am your alibi. Let them try to break *my* story."

He laughed again, and she shivered at the sound with an intensity of pleasure.

"Tonight wasn't the first time you've—killed," she heard herself whisper. He lifted the loose skin of the back of her hand and pinched it between the nails of his thumb and second finger.

"But never before because I wanted a man's wife," he said, "as badly as I want you."

She looked at the livid blue mark on the white skin of her hand and shivered again, aware of another uprush of the same queer pleasure which this man was able to evoke whenever he spoke, or touched, or hurt, or merely *was*, and she near him.

The band played a Strauss waltz and the smoke of Freddy Williams' cigar eddied caressingly about the breasts of the golden maiden above their heads.

"And never before," added Freddy in faint repugnance, "have I killed a man with a candlestick."

THIS, then, is where Jonathan arrived in my life, at a time when there was plenty to occupy us. Things, in fact, were what even Father called "difficult," a word I could not remember him using before. K. Zimmer was the trouble.

I had just finished a two-hour session with K. Zimmer, trying to deal with him in accordance with Father's instructions, and I had done very badly. It might have been worse but I had left his small, dirty office on the first floor, and was down the stairs and out of the front door before Jonathan came through the archway from the street with the police at his heels. For it would not have been at all suitable if K. Zimmer, who would have seized any additional weapon to use against us, had seen the manner in which Jonathan came into my life. But the door of 52 was safely shut.

That archway may have had a door to it before the war, but the six feet or so of stone passage between the street and the actual front door was more a jutting-in of the pavement than a part of the house. It also formed a convenient dark corner for couples without parlor sofas; there had been such a couple in it when I arrived three quarters of an hour ago. It was from this small memory that I had the idea a moment or so later which I think saved Jonathan.

At first he was no more than a dark, swaying figure—a tall man whose face I could not see, breathing heavily, a hand against the wall to support him.

He spoke. He asked if this passage led into the next street. I said no, it was only the entrance to a house and what was the matter? Nothing, he said, was the matter.

To this day I am not sure whether it was something in his voice, some deep and subtle contact between us, a pre-ordained coming together of two people, or merely the effect on me of a sudden blast of a police whistle not far away. Perhaps the sound acted as the stimulus to a kind of reflex instinct in me, conditioned as I was by association with Father, which without conscious thought demanded that I protect this man from the hated police who were our enemies as well as his.

Wherever it came from, I moved at its dictation.

I joined my hands behind his neck, pressing myself against him, and told him urgently to pretend to be kissing me.

He pretended to be kissing me, and I thought: How satisfactory of him to understand my plan so quickly.

He held me tightly, further to support the picture of a loving couple. He was very exhausted and his heart hammered against me. I moved a little so that his back was to the pavement.

Then, a moment later, a torch flashed on us, held a moment and was gone. That was all.

"They fell for it," I said at last, and his arms loosened, dropped to his sides. He leaned against the wall, and tried to control his breathing so that he could speak. Instead of asking why I had helped him without question, which ninety-nine other men would have done (and reasonably) he said, "Thank you" and left it at that. Then he began trying to size me up, and I laughed at what he was thinking, so clearly could I see it. "I'm afraid I'm not the easy lady who rescues the hero and dies of t.b. in the last chapter so he can marry the good girl. It's only that instinctively I rather shy at policemen—that whistle and everything. I had to do something—"

I was not sure what "everything" added up to. But I was realizing where we were and that K. Zimmer was too closely upstairs behind me. I went out onto the pavement and made sure the chase had really gone past us. I was thinking "us," I noticed, and felt the first twinges of alarm at what I had done.

I said goodby and good luck, and another time he should remember that men are animals too—when one of them starts running, so will all the others. Or hadn't it happened like that?

"I think if I had had the nerve to take no notice of them, they wouldn't have noticed me. As you say, I ran and they ran after me. I think it was an ordinary patrol car, not looking particularly for me—it was too soon."

Then, to prove myself the wise disciple of the zoologists, I was dragging him by the arm into the car, because two men who looked like plain-clothes men were coming toward us from the direction in which the chase had gone.

I started up, drove into Oxford Street and turned east.

"Apart from that," I tol
viously I was very silly to
an accessory after some fact
not know about. You'll ha
as soon as there's a bit of
tween you and them."

"Of course—and I am ve

"If I drop you off at H
station?"

"That would suit me ve
said in a voice which clea
that Timbuktu would have

Apart from not wanting t
involved in whatever troubl
I had to remember what I w
ing in the back of the car.
stopped and searched. . . .

"Look," I said sharply.
nothing whatever to do with

He was startled. "Of cou

"I'm sorry. I didn't mea
you like that. After all, yo
me to get you out of that, t
lift, or anything."

"It was a terrific thing t
stranger. If you'll stop the
manage all right."

"Where will you go?
somewhere—safe? Someon



"It's not going to be easy. They've never seen a bird or a bee or a f

COLLIER'S

"Yes, of course."

He hadn't. I felt angry
He shouldn't have done what
done without making a few
arrangements.

"This will do—this corner. I
he said.

HE STOPPED in the mi
sentence because he not
noticed too, that I was drivin
stead of slowing down to let
the car.

"I'm not asking questions,"
was that a—well, a local hue

"I think it was, but it could
evidence of a—well, calling-a
of thing on a national basis."

Oh, dear, I thought, and ask
he would be safer in London

He hesitated.

"I'm being practical," I said
as easy for me. I'm going a g
the east coast between now
fast time."

The tires hummed, the
sweetly, and I was trying to as
that it really was "just as e
contents of the Austin's bo
though it was, were worrying
being a complete fool.

"The country," said my pass
tantly. "A small place—"

"Any small place in mind?"

That toe, that finger, and that little fish
Made as neat a three rings as one could wish.
So the gentleman cried, "I have a hunch
The water'll be warmer after lunch."
And the lady said, "That suits me fine!
Let me pass you a bottle of Ballantine."



Great favorite since 1840...

it's America's largest selling Ale



Back in 1840, when his ale was ripe and ready, Peter Ballantine took one drink to judge its PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR, and chose for his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

Your first glass of Ballantine Ale is more than a drink; it's a discovery. You wouldn't believe ale could be so light *and* so satisfying. And the *flavor!* Ballantine tastes like no other ale you've ever tried. "Wonderful!" Look for the 3 rings, call for Ballantine Ale . . . today.

BALLANTINE ALE

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

You've got the right number if you...



keep brushless with Barbasol

Why do more men use Barbasol than any other shaving cream? Because women like those smoother Barbasol faces! A quick, easy, clean Barbasol shave keeps you brushless all day — saves your time, your money and your skin. For really perfect results use Barbasol *and* Barbasol Blades. **FOR TENDER SKIN.** The same beneficial Barbasol ingredients that tame tough whiskers also protect tender skins; never tighten or dry them. Better buy Barbasol today!



"Well—no, I haven't," he admitted.

"A stranger rather shows in a small place."

"I hadn't thought of that—I'd be more noticed."

"You would."

"This is ridiculous," his voice was stronger. "I can't let you in for this—taking advantage of your kindness, unthinking kindness. I'm a fugitive. Anyone who helps me will be in trouble. I—I'm a criminal."

"Well," I said, "suppose I haven't much to lose by helping you?" This was not altogether accurate; for no reason whatsoever that I could name I was trying to keep him with me. At the same time my rational mind was nagging at me to refrain from any further acts of self-destruction.

A criminal? He was no more a criminal than I was; I told myself so, and did not ask myself how I knew. Perhaps I realized that to be a criminal was quite possible without feeling like one; or that motives and circumstances as viewed in your own eyes are what make you feel a criminal, not your acts as seen by others.

THIS one was not feeling like a man who has committed a crime, even though he was behaving like one.

If the police had a general search out for him, it must be for something very serious. . . . "What have you done?"

"Murder," he said so quietly I scarcely heard the word. I realized I had asked that question aloud. It was the one question I had not wanted to ask.

I said, "Oh," rather blankly, and he went on speaking in the same low voice, looking straight in front of him.

"I tried to make what they will call a murder look like a burglar's killing, and it came off too well."

"Murder," I said meaninglessly, "is a bit of a thing."

"—So you see why I'm not a healthy contact."

My mind should have made itself up once and for all. "You get out," is what I should have said. Instead, I said, "Now you've started, it won't hurt to tell me a little more."

He drew his breath.

"This is not the police version, but the true one. I didn't kill anyone, but someone else did, and I believe honestly it was by accident. It was not murder—I used the word to put the thing at its worst, as the world will see it."

I was immediately aware that my curiosity about him had been violent and personal.

"If you didn't kill anyone I don't see why on earth you are running away."

I was driving steadily through the wide east city streets, which were by now almost free of traffic; the dashboard clock showed twenty minutes past one.

"You *must* drop me," he said earnestly. "I'm a danger to you or anyone who helps me. I told you I tried to make an accidental killing by someone else appear the work of a panicky burglar. Unfortunately I was seen leaving the house by a man who recognized me and who was apparently in touch with the police immediately afterward."

All this was difficult to understand straight off, but it seemed to me he should have stayed and explained; he would have got into trouble for interfering with evidence in a crime, but to have run away was about as mad a thing as one could imagine.

Again my line should have been to shrug my shoulders, tell him he knew best, stop the car, and wish him the luck he obviously did not deserve and get rid of him.

"Who is the 'she'?" I said instead. "Your wife?"

He shook his head, and I could feel him thrusting hard against the floor boards. His eyes were intent on the road, fearing the sight of a flashing torch.

"Not my wife—she was *his* wife."

"The man who was killed

The rights and the wron
beyond me; the essence of
however, was clear. He n
woman very much indeed.

I suppose one is always i
intrigued by the sight of a m
to a woman other than he
necessarily quite so much a
be now. It was out of all
the realities. And worse
nothing to curb my curiosi
aged it. Obviously, I told
I could get him to tell me ab
in the middle of the night
rather confused—I should
after him for a little longer, u
me better he might feel like
me.

Thus I was able to give n
idiotic reason for what I wa

But first I must ask him t
I made them short and
How recent was this killi
good was the police descri
likely to be? He told me
lieved about there being no
of him in existence. A verba
obtained from several peopl
bit muddled.

A clever fugitive would
places and lie low in them un
appearance, with the carefu
mannerisms of a new identity
the old. . . .

Had this unguilty murde
doubt was planning such a
capacity of character to succ
had not seen much of his f
the profile was good. A st
and chin, a high forehead. . .
began to see the light of an

"I can make you a proposi

"No proposition you c
would be anything but so un
you that it's not—" he stopp
not convinced that I knew wh
proposition meant.

"It depends," I went on
you've got any money."

That shook him a little.
cautiously that he had fortu
by some in the course of i
burglar.

"You see," I explained, "at
I'm not on the right side of
self. We could make a dea

"Not on the right side o
He was puzzled. "A girl like
paused to ponder how nice c
girl I might be. I held my ton
effort; one day perhaps I wo
to explain to him in simple
there are no longer nice girls
girls, whatever he had been b
believe, but merely girls—a
more that even they are wo

"What have you got yours
in?" he asked. I wondered
would say to any answer I m
this sort of question from a

There was a pause and be
say anything, he added, "I'm
ing to do with me, of course.

I LET it go at that. I liked h
It would simplify things if
he saw me as a young wo
tomed to solving her own e
lems, and most others. Givi
to arrive at this conclusion I s
ever we decide, it's a business
won't be getting something fo

He nodded finally, and wit
relief in his voice said he wou
would.

I was progressing. He w
to accept my toughness and
looking after myself; that I
him and would do so on a bu
I summed it up for him:

"Like you, I need help. In
can keep you safely hidden fo
you begin to build up a new i
what we—what I shall want
may put you in the law's c
something besides a murder
commit."

very ready to accept *that*

hope cynically. "I believe I have to—and after all id or didn't kill the man is affair. From the practical the police believe you did. to be my problem as well

aid shortly. "You appear, ust me to a certain extent." home.

d to. I'll have the whip e way."

you would have more to about me than I would ou?"

id in a nice, hard, clipped ly what I mean."

nt. We were on the out- city now and leaving the last. I felt it was the t my cards generously on ne who closes a deal. So I you've read the papers the "

otice quite a story about a ainting called The Old Shawl?"

ad. He remembered some

len last week from Lady country house—I mean the not-unusual method of e first floor."

ryone was at dinner," I re-

unusual for them to take picture; there were plenty able ones. But it was the ."

Mirror worked it out at d pounds the square inch— nd pounds."

Daily Mirror," he said. at they had reproduced a f it, as also had the Times, Guardian, Daily Telegraph, s and nearly every other ountry.

not too easy for the people he commented.

aid, taking a deep breath, "is ief reasons why it is still in his car."

forward suddenly, as if to ween him and it.

e said, settling in the seat Old Woman in a Shawl."

Then he laughed, and I was suddenly tingling with the most remarkable subdued happiness of heart I had ever felt in my life. I knew then, in the sound of his laugh, that he had indeed told me the truth when he said he had not done a murder and that equally would he believe me when I told him, as soon I would, that I had not stolen the Rembrandt, even if I had climbed that ladder into Aunt Florence's gallery and taken it away—not stolen it, that is, in Father's view.

THE steel gray of our estuary was tinged with the first green of summer dawn when I reached my bedroom. It was good to get out of my clothes. The air was warm and still, like silk on my body.

From the open window I could see the masthead of the Peacock in the backwater beyond the elms two hundred yards away; I thought of my new responsibility, this man Jonathan Penrose, sleeping in the small cabin a few feet from where the butt of that mast passed through the main cabin.

I suppose the various good women, who had done their best to bring me up properly after my mother died, would have said that these new pleasurable feelings in me were not nice feelings. But somehow they gave me confidence. Even the inevitable interview with my father, the Commodore, when I would have to tell him how K. Zimmer had reacted, did not cause me the dread it should have.

I felt so good I took out my only new nightgown and let its satin slide down me deliciously. It was satisfactory to have put the car in the stable garage, Jonathan in the ketch, and myself in my room, all without waking Father, whose trick of sleeping like an underfed cat at a hole where a mouse may come makes nocturnal movement precarious.

How in the world I was going to play Jonathan into our domestic scene I had not as yet the ghost of an idea, but in this all-conquering mood, I was sure I would get one. In the meantime he was safe on the ketch, near at hand, but not too near. The house could not see the ship, except her masthead.

If I told Charlie, our man-of-all-responsibility, that I was keeping an eye on the boat, he would be grateful that that part of his routine was being taken care of. The sheets were cool. . . .

(To be continued next week)

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



makes productive use of each minute of the day. While you've een wasting time, he has already won two games of solitaire"

Help for helpmates

"The stem of hubby's pipe is split?"
Says Tex, "Don't be distraught—
Some Texcel Tape will hold it till
A new one can be bought.



"When wifey wants a picture hung,
Before you whack the tack,
Just place some Texcel on the spot—
The plaster will not crack.





"Yes, Texcel helps both man and wife
(It helps the kiddies, too)
For mending, sealing, fastening
Without the aid of glue.

25¢ size shown. Also comes in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes

"This wondrous tape is quick to stick
And you can see right through it;
It's neat, it's strong, it's firm because
The 'stickum's' bonded to it.





"So when you're shopping and you see
This Texcel Tape display,
Why, get a handy roll or two—
You'll use it ev'ry day!"

©I.T.C. 1947

Texcel Tape

"TEXCEL" REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.

New Tire!... 34%
AND AT NEW





Your choice of two famous treads:
The De Luxe Rib
The De Luxe All-Weather

NEW!...34% MORE MILEAGE—AND HERE'S THE PROOF!

In millions of miles of road tests, tires were driven until the treads wore smooth.

The *new* Goodyear De Luxe averaged 34% more mileage than the famous Goodyear tire it replaces. Yes, *34% more mileage!*

If the *new* Goodyear De Luxe can make a record like this under test conditions tougher on tires than ordinary driving, isn't it reasonable to believe that it will do at least as well on the wheels of your car?

NEW!...SHARP CUT IN PRICES!

This increased mileage actually costs you less. You not only get a new and better tire, you get it at a sharp cut in price!

THE NEW GOOD

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOO

All-Weather T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

ORE MILEAGE
OW PRICES!





NEW!...STRONGER CORD, STRONGER BODY!

The cord in the tough new De Luxe is stronger. This means a stronger body, means the tread can be made heavier for longer wear.

NEW!...BETTER TRACTION!

The sure-footed new De Luxe has a wider, flatter tread. This puts more rubber on the road. It gives you more traction when you need it most. It means quicker stops.



NEW!...IMPROVED SHOULDER DESIGN!

An improved shoulder design makes the shoulder huskier, yet more flexible. It makes the long-lived *new* Goodyear De Luxe wear more evenly. The more evenly a tire wears, the longer it lasts.

This *new* Goodyear De Luxe is typical of the year-in, year-out improvements that have kept Goodyear America's first-choice tire for 32 consecutive years.

TEST
ALUE
ERICA!

YEAR DE LUXE

HAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

New Kind of Furnace!

"Tends Itself" Without Ashes or Dirt and Gives WARM FLOORS!





Curtains stay clean, weeks longer! No fuel dust, ashes, soot, to mess up curtains, rugs, furniture, wallpaper, paint! Saves hours of work; save wearing out nice things. Be proud of your clean house, with a Coleman Floor Furnace.



Sit in your armchair and laugh at fire-tending chores! No fire-building, no fuel-carrying, no ashes to clean out! Light your Coleman Floor Furnace in the fall. No fire tending except turning a valve. No tending at all with a thermostat.

Order your Coleman Floor Furnace from your dealer now to be sure you have "warm-floors" comfort next winter. Ask him for free literature or mail coupon to The Coleman Co. Inc., Dept. CM-611, Wichita 1, Kansas; Philadelphia 8, Pa. (Terminal Commerce Bldg.); Los Angeles 54, Calif.

Coleman

Automatic Gas and Oil Floor Furnaces

The Coleman Company, Inc.,
Dept. CM-611, Wichita 1, Kans.

Without obligation please send me free illustrated literature on the Coleman Floor Furnace, for the fuel I have checked below.

☐ Gas ☐ Oil

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

THE WITCH

Continued from page 26

bag down by the bridge poking stuff out of the dump and at night going around picking things up out of ash barrels that she might get a few cents on from Red Cohen, the junkman. One time she used to go around to people's back doors looking for any trash they might have. But she was so ugly and hideous-looking that people were more or less afraid of her and they'd send her away with gruff words without giving her anything. They might mumble to themselves afterward that she was rich, and that she had a hoard buried in the Greek's cellar. But the truth was that they just couldn't bear looking at her. I guess she knew it, because after a while she gave it up.

I remember one time, I must have been about eleven, she came to our house. She stood out at the bottom of the back steps and my mother talked to her through the screen door. I was behind my mother peeking out, scared to death. She had on that same old long black dress that dragged along the ground behind her as she walked, and she was so old and ugly that I was afraid to keep looking at her. But, for some reason, I couldn't keep myself from looking at her either. It was part of that same double feeling I always had toward her. When I didn't see her, I'd think of her as a pathetic, even a tragic figure, and I'd feel full of pity for her. But when I saw her, something inside me would always choke and I'd feel afraid.

She just stood there at the bottom of the back steps with her head bent, mumbling something to herself. She didn't ask for anything. But there wasn't any need of her asking, since everybody knew who she was and what she was after.

My mother was a fine woman, one of those bighearted Irishwomen, as sympathetic almost as God Himself. She couldn't bear to see even a bird hurt without taking it in and caring for it until it was well again.

"Ah, the poor thing," she said. And she asked the Witch to come in.

I was terrified. I turned and ran through the kitchen and into the dining room. I closed the door halfway, and from behind it I watched what went on.

MY MOTHER had her sit down at the table and she made her a cup of tea. Then she sat down with her and talked to her in that hearty, good-natured way of hers, trying to make her feel at ease. The Witch didn't say anything. She just kept looking up at my mother as if she couldn't help being half afraid. When she had finished her tea, she put down her cup and stood up awkwardly.

"Now, now, don't be running off with you," my mother said, pushing back her chair. And before the Witch could go, she went to the cupboard and took her pocketbook down from the shelf. She gave her a quarter.

The Witch began to look around the kitchen with the quarter in her hand, mumbling confusedly to herself, and not knowing what to say.

"Aah!" my mother said with a snort, turning away from her. She was as embarrassed as the Witch was grateful.

It was then the Witch saw me! As she looked around the kitchen with the quarter in her hand, trying to find something to say, she caught me peeking out from behind the dining-room door. For half a minute I stood there looking at her, unable to move. I scarcely dared even to breathe. And then, before I could pull back behind the door in fright, she smiled at me. That was the only time I ever saw her smile. And it was an awful, toothless smile.

"That's a fine boy," she said to my mother in a cracked old voice. And you could tell that it was her way of thanking her for the cup of tea an
Her eyes were filled with gr

But it was too much for
that it was a shameful thi
suddenly I just couldn't he
turned and ran. My mothe
have a chance to call after n
door slammed behind me a

Afterward, I felt rotten
it. I'd imagine my mother s
embarrassed with the Witc
run and I'd fill with shame,
think of the poor old creat
she must have felt, it'd ma
bad inside that I'd have to
about something else. S
though my mother never
to me about it, I was alway
it before her.

But the Witch never came
again, and that was a lon
she stopped coming aroun
houses.

WE USED to plague
fully when we were g
Pat's. Running after her, m
making faces and calling
from a safe distance, throw
her even—not to hit her bu
her. I never really had muc
had a feeling of shame insi
ing it even while I did it. B
of the kids did it, so I did it

She never chased us. Sh
let on she even noticed us.
trudging along with her he
the rag bag she always ha
her shoulder to the Greek's
through a bulkhead in the

But she was afraid of u
tell from the way she'd k
down and try to slink alo
buildings when she'd see us
sensed that she was afraid
only made us plague her all

One day (this was duri
and we had just gotten out
the day) we spied her com
along Market Street with
over her shoulder as usual.
there was something differe
She had an overcoat on—a
most fantastic overcoat y
There she came, trudging
Street in an old Army ov
green with age, and so big
bulky that it was a wonder s
walk under the load.

"Hey, the Witch!" one
shouted in surprise as he sa
"Hey, look at the Witch!"

There she came, with her
her shoulder and in that big
coat that reached down
ground. In a way, she was
this was the first time that t
been anything different ab
she was such a fantastic
kids could hardly contai
with the cruel joy of a ne
plague her.

"Hey, the Witch!" the re
took up the shout. "Look
And then suddenly, one al
we began to run.

We circled around the p
creature, hooting and n
noises, with some of the k
and out by her, and all
"The Witch! The Witch!
rich! Hey, Witch! Where'
overcoat?"

She kept on her way, crin
the buildings and trying no
But she kept watching us
look out of the corners of
she tried to go a little fast

Then Joe Riley, to show
up behind her and made
rag bag. She shied away f
a sudden start of fright. Bu
her rag bag fell off her sh

op, a couple of the kids
ter. She gave a little cry and
t pick it up. She stood fac-
ghtened eyes, clutching it
e chest.
! What's in the bag?" the
t her. And, as she started
ain, with us still after her,
ome of the bolder kids be-
dden running darts by her,
it.
ley, still trying to show off,
g chunk of ice out of the
" he yelled and threw it.
t to scare her, but as it
he air my breath was held.
eningly, on the side of the
ked her down against the

ved. For a minute, I guess
she was dead. And then
to run at once.
up. She put her rag bag
oulder, sobbing. And she
ay, crying and rubbing the
ad.
turned inside me then.
hat we had done to the
terrible pity for the poor
so that I felt sick inside.
ause I wasn't able to face
was the guilt of my part
gs welled up suddenly into
er that I had to take out.
Joe Riley. The color had
e back into his face and he
to laugh in a shaky way.
when he saw me coming
went to put his arms up.
hed him in the face and
down. And I sat on him
s face in the snow.
an it! I didn't mean it!" he
But I didn't even hear
mad. I sat on him and
ad on the ice and I'd have
he rest of the kids hadn't

e alone afterward, I didn't
r for it. I was still sick in-
ne and in a rage with my-
ad done that to the Witch.
hadn't been what Joe Riley
icularly, it was the guilt of
—not just this once but all
s that I had been with the
. This time had just been
I had tried to take out the
ilt of my part in it on Joe.
ed home alone afterward
hadn't made it any better.
I cared so much about what
I had done to Joe Riley—he had it coming. But when I thought of the Witch and the thing we had done to her, I could feel the shame still deeper inside me.

Joe Riley didn't come back to school for a couple of days after that, and that night his father was over to my house raising hell. From upstairs in bed I could hear him.

"If you don't take care of him, I will!" he kept shouting at my father.

My father said he would, sure he would. He came upstairs after Mr. Riley had gone and came into my room. I lay in bed without moving, hoping he would think that I was asleep. But then when I thought he might go away he said, "Now, what was it all about?"

I didn't say anything. I didn't know how to explain it to him, and I felt guilty and confused, so I kept silent. But, finally, as he kept waiting there in the dark for me to answer, I said, "Joe Riley hit the Witch with a chunk of ice and I gave him a licking."

My father didn't say anything. I waited, but he just came over, patted me on the head a couple of times and went back downstairs.

I listened to his steps going down the stairs and it made me feel rotten the way he had patted me on the head, because what I had told him and what he thought wasn't the way it was at all.

THEY started to ride me in school after that, saying I was in cahoots with the Witch and that I went down the Greek's cellar with her nights and did things with her you couldn't repeat. I thrashed some of them, but they only thought up still worse things to say.

A gang of them would get together in the schoolyard at recess and point at me and whisper. When I'd come after them, they'd just laugh and start to scatter. Or, because they knew they could make me mad, they'd follow me home after school at night hooting at me and making fun of me all the way. And all I could do was fume and run around trying to catch them.

So that, finally, in a fury because I couldn't catch all of them at once and thrash them to make them see what was right, I turned and I began to run after the Witch again with the rest of the kids. And, in fact, I began to plague her worse than any of them. I knew it was wrong, but I was determined that if the rest of the kids wouldn't let me alone to do what was right, I would really show them how



es twelve poses. Now would you care to take one with the groom?"

JON CORNIN

Can You Stop in Time?



For Safety's Sake..

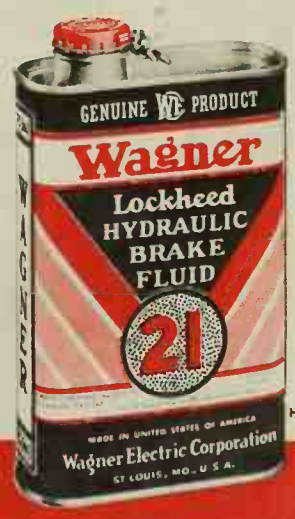
have your automobile brake system checked regularly - - and when service is required, insist upon

WAGNER LOCKHEED BRAKE PARTS and FLUID

Situations arise in everyday driving that leave no time to think about your brakes —they just have to "be there!" *Now* is the time to make sure that your brake system is ready for these emergencies.

The level of fluid in your brake system should be checked regularly—at least twice a year. If fluid is required to bring it up to the proper level—it pays to specify WAGNER LOCKHEED NO. 21 BRAKE FLUID. NO. 21 is an all-season fluid that functions perfectly under all driving temperatures. It is used by automobile manufacturers and recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes.

In addition to taking care of the fluid level, ask your serviceman to check your brake system. If any parts need replacement, specify genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS. Minor repairs today may save you a major service expense tomorrow. Wagner Electric Corporation, 6400 Plymouth Ave., St. Louis 14, Mo., U. S. A. In Canada: Wagner Brake Co. Limited, Toronto.



Brake Fluid Should be Checked Twice Each Year

EST 1891

H47-11

Wagner

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID . . . NoRol . . . CoMoX BRAKE LINING . . .
AIR BRAKES . . . TACHOGRAPHS . . . ELECTRIC MOTORS . . . TRANSFORMERS . . . INDUSTRIAL BRAKES

What's the lowdown on tall drinks?



Here are three right answers to that question . . . first and second, the popular twins: Tom Collins and Gin Buck; third, a new contender for the summer drink championship: the Singapore Sling.

Try all three, because no one drink can please all tastes. But *one gin* . . . Kinsey Gin . . . can and does give better taste to every summer cooler. Here's why:

Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth.
The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne.
And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming with flavor!

Make your tall drinks with Kinsey Gin . . . and you can look forward to pleasure all summer long!



TOM COLLINS
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
serve with ice, soda, decorate with lemon, orange, cherry.

KINSEY GIN

IT'S 94.4



SINGAPORE SLING
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
¾-oz. cherry liqueur
juice of lemon
serve in tall glass
with ice, soda, slice of orange, sprig of mint.

GIN BUC
2-oz. Ki
juice of
2 cubes
serve in
with gin

Distilled Dry Gin • is
100% Grain Neu
Kinsey Distilling Cor

s wrong. Little by little, I
r gleader, and in spite of the
e inside me, I was always
iore and meaner ways of

a bunch of us used to put
ether in a corner of the
d talk. Some of the kids
t she was rich and that she
nidden away in the cellar,
ould say that she carried it
rag bag with her. One day
-off of bravado, but with a
ie inside—I made up a plan
n the Greek's cellar some
:n the Witch was out and
down there once and for
of the kids listened and
glee.
any money, we'll steal it,"
a show of toughness that I

lay, actually, after school,
the fence behind the
ropped into his back yard.
oss the yard in silence with
ead and the rest of the kids
ut as we reached the bulk-
ie afraid and stopped. We
e kids behind me whisper-
to one another to go ahead,
y moving.
as the kids kept prodding
o ahead. I felt like a sneak
ut on a show of boldness.
coming with me?" I de-
hisper.
lunteered. The rest of the
ck, shuffling uncertainly.
ave felt as ashamed and
. "Come on," I said again,
"What are you afraid of?"
them my bravery, I started
r steps.
of the steps the door stood
put in my head cautiously,
rkness I couldn't see any-
there against the wall, al-
y feet, what looked like an
ene lamp. I put in my arm
y inch, not daring to move
n I had to, and grabbed.
ere was a commotion in the
me. With the lamp in my
ack up the bulkhead steps.
ood there at the corner of

oved. For a minute, no-
to know what to do and we
fe looking at her. We were
death. But she was more
n we were.
s she saw me with the lamp
her expression changed and
ok a step toward me. The
to be hers and she had that
her face as on the day the
guing her and trying to take
away from her. Like the
frightened little kid's face
er bully is trying to take
vay from him that belongs
he poor old creature's eyes
ad to look away in shame.
elp thinking of how little
I felt like a criminal caught
some particularly low, mis-
I just stood there with her
in my hands, not knowing
vith it, and I felt so rotten
I wished something could
could disappear.
nute her expression changed
e fell back a step in fright,
n having moved.
se came from the back room
The Greek came to a win-
ddenly, as if at a signal, we
ning, pushing one another
ay, and climbing back over
'e stopped for a minute on
ice to hoot at the Greek and
bravery. And then off we

were a safe distance away,
to laugh and talk about it.
kids took the lamp and pa-

raded up and down with it on top of their heads, making fun of the Witch. But somehow I didn't feel much like laughing and talking. And after a while I took the lamp away from them and went home by myself. I didn't know what to do with the lamp, but I couldn't throw it away or break it. I sat for a while on the back steps with it. And I hid it carefully under the steps before going into the house.

After that when we'd see the Witch coming along Market Street with her rag bag over her back and that same old long black dress dragging along the ground behind her, the shame would be like a stain inside me. The kids would run after her as always, yelling and taunting, and I'd run with them. "The Witch! The Witch! She's filthy rich!" we'd yell. "Hey, Witch! What have you got in the rag bag?" or, "Hey, Witch! What happened to your overcoat?" But I'd run on the outside edge of the crowd, and I could never bring myself to look up into the poor frightened old creature's eyes again. . . .

Then I moved away from Saint Pat's. My oldest brother got a job and we moved into a better neighborhood. I was going to a school uptown and I hardly ever went down around Market Street and Saint Pat's, so I began to lose track of the Witch. Except once in a while I'd happen to think of her. I'd think of the way that people treated her, walking on the outside edge of the sidewalk and turning their heads away with a look of distaste on their faces as they passed by her. And I'd think of the things I had done to her, alone and with the kids, and I'd begin to fill with shame so that I'd have to try to think about something different.

I'd remember some of the things I had heard the older people down around Market Street saying about her among themselves. And I'd wonder if she was one of those mysterious eccentric recluses like people said, and if she was rich and had her hoard buried in the Greek's cellar. Or if she was just some poor unfortunate creature who had been born to nothing, was nothing, and would soon return to that nothing. But, gradually—you know how kids are—I was beginning to forget her.

And then one night after supper I picked up the paper and there was a small piece on the back page about a nameless old woman being found dead in a cellar on Market Street. That was all it said. But my throat gave a leap. The Witch was dead. I knew right away it was her.

I stayed in the house for a while. And then I told my mother I was going out with the kids. But I took a walk down Market Street. The old neighborhood was pretty well run down. The houses were dirty and needed paint. The streets were dirty and they seemed narrower than I had thought they were. There were a lot of little kids around and they were ragged and had dirty faces. It smelled like a slum. I passed by the Greek's and he was closed for the night. But it looked to me almost like a different place. The lettering on the windows was faded and the paint that had seemed such bright grass green was chipped and peeling in places.

There was a drugstore on the corner of Hadley's block in where Malone's Market had been just a year before. I dropped in and ordered a soda. It was a dingy-looking little place with all second-hand fixtures. The clerk was alone and I tried to start up a conversation with him. But he was five or six years older than I was and he didn't seem to want to be bothered talking to a kid. Then I brought up about hearing something about the old woman being found dead in the cellar. I spoke in an offhand way, not wanting to seem too curious about it.

The clerk seemed half willing to talk about it. "Oh, it seems," he told me, "nobody noticed her around for a few days so they told the cop on the beat. He went down and he found the old woman dead."

The clerk stopped. He didn't want to talk to me, but you could tell that he liked to talk about it.

After a minute he said, "Nobody knew who she was. They used just to call her the Witch. And everybody used to talk about how rich she was.

"She was laying in a corner of the cellar on some piles of newspapers she used for a bed. She had been dead two days already and her body was all dried out and the rats had gotten at her—" The clerk was a skinny guy with big eyes and he described it to me with an awed and gory relish.

There was nothing in the cellar to tell who she was. All she had was a few old pieces of junk and some brass kerosene lamps that she had kept, for some pitiful reason, for herself out of her years of scavenging. That was all.

"Except for one thing," the clerk said. "They found a cigar box." The drug clerk stopped. He seemed a little puzzled, as if he didn't quite know how it should be regarded.

"She had it all covered over with pieces of fancy cloth, and she had some old yellowed lace sewed on around the edges to decorate it. On top there was a card tacked on. 'For my decent burial,' it had written on it in pencil.

"In the cigar box, there was a little better than fifty-six dollars in pennies, nickels, dimes and some quarters."

The pitifully decorated cigar box with its fifty-six dollars and the few brass kerosene lamps and pieces of junk. That was all.

The drug clerk didn't seem to know what to make of it and he stared at me with his big eyes for a minute. Then he snapped out of it, and giving me a look of contempt to make up for having been bothered to talk to me, he went back to wiping his glasses.

I sat there for a while without drinking my soda. It was quiet in the drugstore. All that could be heard were the movements of the clerk and the sound of some kids playing up the street. Then I got up and I walked home in the growing dark. I thought of the Witch and her cigar box. Her pitifully decorated cigar box with its fifty-six dollars, and the few old brass kerosene lamps and pieces of junk. That was all.

THEY had a Mass for her at Saint Patrick's. She used to go to the early Mass there. They bought her a cheap casket, and the priest said a Mass for her and they buried her in Saint Patrick's cemetery.

The Mass was upstairs in the big church, and there wasn't anybody at the Mass except a few old ladies down in front who go to every Mass they have.

I don't know why, but without telling anybody where I was going I sneaked in and sat in the last pew. It was an eerie feeling—the casket in the aisle and the priest standing on the altar saying Mass softly in Latin in the big, almost empty church.

I knelt and I thought of the Witch. The way she had lived and what she had lived for. There she was now in her little, cheap wood casket in the aisle of that big, empty, vaulted church with the priest saying her Mass—the Latin words echoing softly in the hush, and the few pious old ladies with their heads bowed down up in front.

I bowed my head and I said a prayer for her quickly. And then I slipped out before anybody would see me.

Coming out into the sunlight, it was different.

THE END



"Darling, I love you and can't live without you! You are everything in the world to me! Will you marry me? . . . There, that will give you some idea of how it works!"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS



Observation-lounge car on the fan
PANAMA LIMITED
This luxurious Illinois Central train is powered
Motors Diesel locomotive on its daily 16½-ho
miles each way between Chicago and New
powered by GM Diesels are the I.C.'s other fam
City of New Orleans, City of Miami, Green D
light, Night Diamond, Land O'Corn and Miss L

"Ninety-five? I thought we were doing about sixty"

Unless you count the mileposts as they flash by, you can hardly believe the distance the Panama Limited is covering with a General Motors Diesel locomotive up at the head of the train.

The flow of power is so smooth that you get from here to there almost before you know it, at a hundred miles an hour a lot of the time.

The Panama Limited is just one example of how GM Diesel locomotives have stepped up schedules on American railroads.

Throughout the country, there are at least 96 different runs made from start to stop at 60 miles or more — a total of more than 7,320 daily scheduled miles. There are more than 23 non-stop runs of 102 to 325 miles in length covered at averages of 60 to 80 miles an hour.

This stepping up of schedules is one of the benefits which GM Diesel locomotives have brought to more than 150 famous name trains on more than a score of railroads — and that is just about all of the Diesel-powered crack trains in the United States. And in addition, these GM locomotives are so reliable that so e roads report as high as 97% "o arrivals.

No wonder more and more of th trains of the nation are being pow these General Motors locomotives.

In the thirteen years since they fir their bow, they have helped the r reduce operating costs — and in e passenger traffic, because they ma travel such a pleasure.

"Better trains follow better locomotives"



ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS

LA GRANGE, ILL.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

THE LADY WAS A TRAMP

Continued from page 21

of a sale there, as Mother re- acidly to Father after our pro- purchaser had departed minus a

one else answered the ad.
next night a change in Father was t as soon as he came home. He viously made up his mind to ig- dogs. He did not mention them dinner nor afterward as he his cigar and read the paper. went into the study to pay the bills.
," he said, and suddenly bobbed doorway. "Didn't we pay Kin- delivering those mutts? He's us again."
er sighed. "I'm afraid that's a bill. That's for the distemper The dogs have to be inoculated, w. You wouldn't want them all distemper."
not?" Father said.
rooded on this possibility, then ared into the study. We heard his tching, then silence, followed by as though he were mortally d. He loomed up in front of us re, a sheet of paper in his hand. item?" he said to Mother.
that? That's for beef."
haven't had that much beef."
the puppies," Mother said. "I've m scraped beef."
r stared at her in horror. beef?" he said in a choked, ing voice. "Lady eats horse-

puppies wouldn't eat horsemeat."
e was a long silence while Father this. It seemed to leave him ess. "Mongrels," he muttered me. "Scraped beef."
just for a short time," Mother solingly. "They're puppies and s must be coddled. Puppies must t."
y're eating me right out of house me!" Father shouted. "Scraped t's nine o'clock. Maybe they're a little peckish right now, eh? I should run down cellar with a of ham sandwiches. When I had s a kid you know what they got? got what was left on the plates. e everything from chicken bones hetti and they thrived on it. They e biggest, healthiest dogs around. I had a dog who ate pancakes. o be fifteen."

"Times change," Mother said. "They were farm dogs getting lots of exercise All I can do is to go by the most modern medical advice. I bought a book on the care of puppies."

It rained hard that night and was still pouring in the morning. Mother went downstairs to feed the dogs and found that water was seeping in through one cellar wall. The floor was wet and the atmosphere damp.

"They'll get pneumonia," Mother said, and a little later the dogs were quartered in the kitchen. They were still there when Father came home that night, unsuspiciously opened the kitchen door and was swarmed over by a deluge of nine dogs. Lady, wanting Father's affection for herself, sent her pups flying with quick nips.

AFTER a certain amount of order had been restored, Father said, "The thing that is driving me insane is that Lady doesn't even like these dogs. They're her own flesh and blood and she doesn't even like them. She goes off on a tear and dumps the results in my lap."

"Dogs are that way," Mother said. "It says so in the book. A mother dog brings up the puppies to a certain point and then sends them out to fend for themselves."

Father stared across the table at Mother. "Sends who out to fend for themselves?" he demanded. "How much fending have you seen those puppies doing?" Father tapped himself on the chest. "I'm the guy that does all the fending around here. But I'm through. No one wants the dogs, we can't keep them. I called Kinsey today and the way he disposes of dogs now is quick and painless. Shoots an overdose of nembutal in a vein and in a matter of seconds the dog is chasing rabbits in the Happy Hunting Ground. They go over tonight."...

Dinner was a quiet affair, none of the children asked for seconds. Frances spilled her glass of milk and the fluid trickled across the table and some ran down onto Father's lap. He didn't say a word.

After dinner, Frances, being the youngest, went to bed first. Father went up, as was his custom, to tuck her in and kiss her good night.

"Don't wanna kiss Daddy," Frances said, when he bent over her bed.

"What's this?" said Father, trying to joke about it. "What's this?"



"Matter of fact, I know a little place around the corner here"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Blazing sun and soaking water leave hair parched and brittle



18 holes on a bright, summer day can be rough on a man's hair. Sun bakes scalp oils. Wind dries them. Your shower completes the damage. And you fall heir to hair that's dull, brittle, unmanageable. Unless you...

Use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"



At drug counters and barber shops everywhere.



1. 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Feel that stimulating tingle! Vitalis' pure vegetable oils go to work preventing dryness, helping natural scalp oils. You get hair that's *summerproofed*... safeguarded against summer sun, wind, water. And you get the most manageable hair you ever had!

2. 10 seconds to comb...and look at you! You've routed loose dandruff, helped check excessive falling hair. Now see that fresh, natural lustre your hair has taken on! No greasy look, either—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. 100% handsome, 100% sunworthy... that's you, brother.

Keep hair handsome with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

Product of Bristol-Myers

SECURITY

for your travel funds



AMERICAN EXPRESS

Travelers Cheques

- ✓ Safer than cash
- ✓ Promptly refunded if lost
- ✓ Spendable anywhere
- ✓ Good until used
- ✓ No identification needed except your signature
- ✓ Cost only 75¢ per $100.

SOLD AT BANKS, PRINCIPAL RAILWAY EXPRESS AND WESTERN UNION OFFICES

STOP Scratching



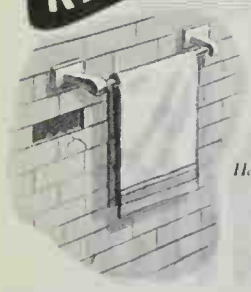
Mosquito-Other Insect Bites

Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**



T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RESET LOOSE OR BROKEN TILES



Do it yourself . . . easily and quickly. Dries hard and fast. Water resistant.

Hardware, Paint & 10¢ Stores



ADHERES TO METAL OR TILE

Plastic Wood Brand

WHITE TILE CEMENT

A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER

"Won't kiss Daddy," said Frances, and put her head under the blanket.

Father came heavily down the stairs. "This is not my fault," he said plaintively.

"The children will have to get used to the idea," Mother said. "It's hard for them. Fred, you go with your father and help him."

We rounded up the pups and carried them out to the car. Their bodies were not large, but they had long legs and tremendous feet. They took to the car like ducks to water. Father started out the driveway and the pups leaped back and forth, barking as they did so. One of them jumped on Father's head and shoulders, and I had a glimpse, as we passed beneath a street light, of Father's face set and stern, with a puppy draped over his head and neck, chewing his right ear.

We drove in silence to the vet's, Father driving the last mile at a cautious twelve miles an hour because one of the pups was entangled in the steering wheel.

Father stopped the car, brushed sundry dogs off his lap and lighted a cigar. "Say goodby to them if you like, son," he said, and stared out the window. We sat there and finally the door of the animal hospital opened and old Doc Kinsey came down the walk.

"Just closing up," he said, peering in the window. "You wanted me?"

Father stared at him. "Hell, no," he said finally, "just taking a ride, just getting the dogs accustomed to the car." And home we went with the pups barking and one of them eating Father's hat.

We went into the house and Mother and the other children who had been very low jumped up in amazement.

"He was closed up," Father said.

My younger brother let out a war whoop. We knew then that Father couldn't do it. That is, we all knew it but little Frances. She took him literally and thought the puppies only had a reprieve from death until the next day. But we didn't realize how she felt until the following afternoon.

WE WERE all upstairs except Frances when Mother said, "I haven't heard a peep from the dogs."

"Maybe they all dropped dead," Father said hopefully.

"John," Mother said, "run downstairs and see if they got out the kitchen door."

John clattered down the stairs, and then came flying back up shouting, "The dogs are gone!"

We chased downstairs after him. Lady was sleeping under the kitchen table, but the puppies had disappeared.

"Where's Frances?" Mother said suddenly, and we started on another hunt. Mother came in from the back hall. "Norman," she said, "the leash is gone."

Father had rigged up a complicated leash for the pups so he could take them all walking at once. It made quite a picture, Father holding a rope with eight dogs attached to separate strands leading off from it.

"She's gone off with the puppies," Mother said.

"Take it easy," Father shouted. "You take the car. John and Emily, go off on your bikes. Fred, come with me. She can't have gone far. My God, with eight dogs. They're bigger than she is."

We ran up the street. "I will personally kill those dogs," Father panted. "I will strangle them with my bare hands."

"Then Frances will never speak to you again, Father," I said helpfully.

Father groaned and we ran around the corner and over toward Main Street. We were passing Mr. App's hardware store when he called out the open door to us.

"Your wife just phoned. Asked me if I saw you over this way to tell you she found your little girl."

We hurried back. Frances was there—but no dogs.

"She was down near the railroad tracks," Mother said. "The most disreputable part of town."

"Who'd you give the dogs to, honey?" Father said.

"Men," she said. "Nice men."

All that week end she acted as though she had saved the dogs from a horrible fate, and Father was the villain she had foiled. He tried to explain things to her and got nowhere.

"She'll never like me again," Father said gloomily.

On Monday, Mother spoke to me. "I suppose it will blow over in time," she said, "but right now Frances just doesn't like her father. She's too young to understand his viewpoint. Your father is terribly upset about it. He tossed all last night."

We expected Father home at five thirty, his customary time. When he hadn't arrived by six o'clock, Mother telephoned the man he usually rode with.

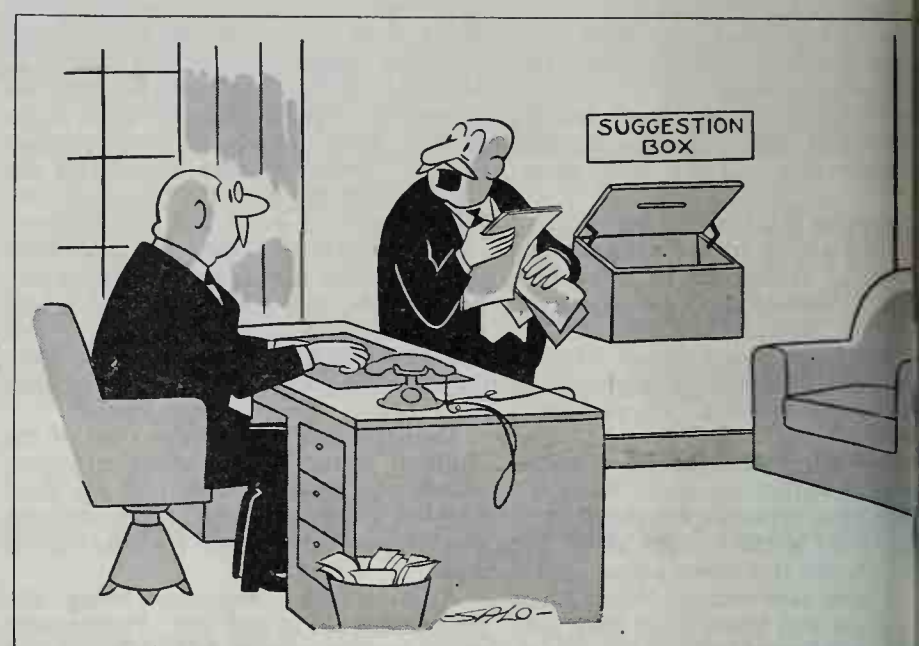
"Dan," she asked, "did Norman ride with you or is he working late?"

Dan was apparently hesitant over the phone, and Mother spoke sharply to him. "Don't act so mysterious," she said. "Where is he?"

"Well," Dan said reluctantly, "the truth of it is he asked me to let him off at the Eagle Bar and Grill."

Mother hung up and stared at us. "Your father," she said, "has never loitered in taverns on his way home."

Another ten minutes went by and



COLLIER'S "Say, morale must be pretty high in the office staff. There hasn't been a single 'drop dead' suggestion in weeks" SALO

Mother compressed her lips and went to the telephone again. When she got the Eagle Bar and Grill she could hear a juke box in the background.

"Is Mr. Norman Hooper there?" she said coldly.

"He was," said a cordial voice, "but he ain't any more. Said he was going to stop by the Palace."

Mother hung up with a crash. "I don't believe it," she said. The Eagle Bar and Grill at least was reasonably respectable. The Palace was not. There was usually a fight at the Palace on a Saturday night. Mother looked at us, then called the Palace. She hung up quickly and turned to me. "They said he went from there to Joe Mooney's. I never heard of that."

"Oh, sure," I said. "Everybody in town knows Mooney's. It's a bookie joint."

"A what?" Mother was mystified.

"It's a cigar store in front," I said, "but in the back room they make bets on horse races."

"We won't wait another minute," Mother said, and served up the dinner. She was shaken. After many years of being a faithful husband, Father had apparently run off the rails and become a drunkard and a gambler.

"It's Frances," Mother said. "Your father's heartbroken. She's made him a guzzler and a horse player."

We were solemnly eating dessert when suddenly the front door banged and we heard Father proclaiming if somewhat thickly that dog was best friend. "Damn' tootin'," he in a confidential tone as he strode along the hallway.

"You must act as though no wrong," Mother cautioned us and we sat there with set faces.

THEN Father burst in upon us. was on the back of his head. between his teeth, and his fa flushed. And under one arm was gling puppy.

"Norman Hooper," Mother sa should be ashamed of yourself."

"What for?" Father said. "I look after the dogs, the dear litt Had to stop in and see if they we mistreated. Can't have that, you Can't have anybody mistreat the valuable dogs."

Mother stared at him. "Yo Frances gave the dogs—" stopped, horrified by the thought

"Certainly," Father boomed. those dogs are owned by barroom a bottle of beer at each bar and after the health of the dog. I inve each dog personally. Can't hav valuable dogs brought up on pret cheap gin, you know. Not after been brought up on—*hic*—scrape

Nobody said anything. The wiggled and dropped to the flo Frances jumped down to hug it.

"My very own favorite pupp cried.

Father said, "The seventh d owned by the fire house, and the one by one Joseph Mooney, a maker and a scoundrel of the firs He left the dog locked in his n establishment for twelve hours. I ened to punch his nose and brou dog home. I guess we can mana puppy."

Father sat down in his chair, still on. Frances came over and up into his lap. She sat there lovingly up at him. "Want Daddy me," she said.

Father sat back and a big grin over his face. After a moment smiled too.

"Norman," she said, "I think th barroom pups will be all right. think you need stop and inquire them every night."

No one needed to worry abou dogs. They grew like weeds u summer sun and eventually a quite a reputation around town as dogs and pets. But Mother neve recovered from the fact that amo local saloon set they were kno Hooper hounds.

THE END



Yes! Your motor runs *Cleaner and Smoother*

on *NEW* Improved 100% Pennsylvania *Veedol* MOTOR OIL





THE FILM OF PROTECTION

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

NEW magic in Veedol minimizes oxidation . . . checks formation of harmful corrosive compounds . . . and so keeps your motor running *cleaner*.

When your motor runs cleaner, Mister, it's bound to run *smoother!* With less friction, less bearing and piston trouble. With fewer costly repair bills. With many, many more miles of economical, effortless, trouble-free power. So look for the Veedol sign at a good service station in your neighborhood.

Drive in and give your motor the Veedol "CLEAN-SMOOTH" treatment. It's new! It's wonderful!



Mr. Homes (right) exercises his tongue muscles in class at the District Speech Clinic, Washington, D. C., where he overcame a speech defect which had made his life miserable for more than twenty years. Now he speaks clearly

I STOPPED STAMMERING

Defective speech is a tragedy for more than a million Americans, most of whom don't realize what modern methods can do for them



Susan Hurley uses a mirror to watch her tongue action which gives strength and agility in conversation



Dr. Richard R. Hutcheson, director of the speech clinic, gives voice instruction to one of his pupils, R. Brewer

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

BY EUGENE HOMES

AS TOLD TO GREER WILLIA

THERE are about I stammerers in this and until a year ago I of them. I can remember ridi family car in Staunton, Virgi I was five and asking, "H how—?" My never-finished is beyond recall, but I have clear memories of how m grew into a misery of self-c ness in the ensuing twenty ye

I stammered so badly that avoided talking with anyon my family. Silence was th way out of my difficulty, a continually led to more diffic the time a high-school kid, bi I was, told me to get out of h couldn't talk fast enough with him, so I just hit hi pretty big myself and usually fights, but not that one.

In the last year, however, speaking up to everyone. Wi help, I found a new voice a much fun out of using it I c stop. And the thing I'm m to talk about is the knowl helped me—knowledge that put to work to help the wh of speech cripples known as ers or stutterers.

Speech is man's Num method of communication fellows. By our speech, peo their first impressions of ou gence, education, character, ity and even the state of our

Yet our parents and teach our ability to speak mainly t Children learn to talk nor most entirely by imitation. S it difficult. Others mimic th things. There's a good chan child's speech habits, whate are, will become fixed in twelve years. Speech author that eighty-five per cent of mering begins before the age and nearly all of it is estab the time of adolescence.

Because they don't have a help them find the key to the locks as children, a great ma merers wind up as maladjust and easy marks for exploit quacks. I know, because I di

Like most stammerers, I idea what started it. I was r my uncle's 200-acre farm nea ton, with my two older brot younger sister. My father, dean of the School of Eng University of South Caroli when I was two and a half y My mother went back to school. It was her wish that I to go to West Point and be neer like my father.

If his death or some othe shock was responsible for n mering, as is sometimes the have no memory of it. I had boyhood. I did my chores farm, had my fist fights and spankings like the rest. Whil that I was different from n talkative playmates, it didn't worry me or anyone else at t

An aunt taught me the fi at home, so I started to scho second. Naturally, my ina talk freely set me apart at couldn't recite Jack and Jill



***Behind* this bullet-shattered window moves a man, trapped with his conscience . . . waiting for the end of love . . . of hate . . . of life!**

ROBERT and RAYMOND HAKIM *present*

HENRY FONDA • BARBARA BEL GEDDES • VINCENT PRICE • ANN DVORAK

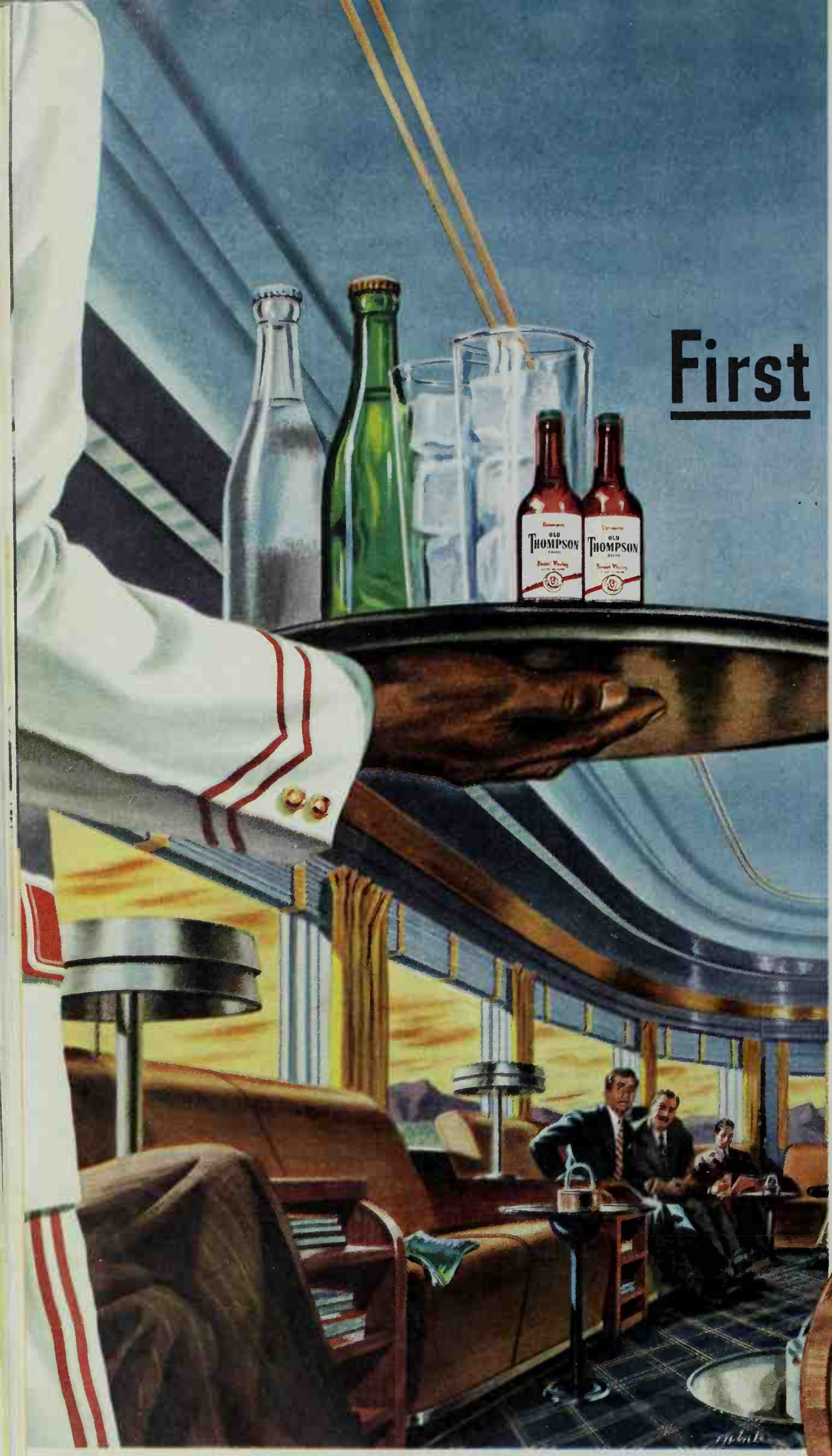
in **THE LONG NIGHT**

An **ANATOLE LITVAK** *Production*

Produced by ROBERT and RAYMOND HAKIM and ANATOLE LITVAK

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK • Screen Play by JOHN WEXLEY • Original Story by JACQUES VIOT

AN RKO RADIO RELEASE



You're on the right track
When the waiter brings bac
Old Thompson on his tray

It's a ticket to pleasure
In extra measure
For it's better in every way.

H. E. Kelley

First Call *before* dir

Experienced travelers know g
whiskey. They know that when t
call for Old Thompson they
get a smoother, tastier blend bec
it's WED · IN · THE · WOO
Fine old Glenmore whisk
are blended with the choi
grain neutral spirits and then
back into barrels to assure a pe
union of these famous distillati
This old-time method costs n
and takes longer, but the di
ence really tells in the taste.
try "Thompson" tonight!

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whisk
in this product are five years or more old. 32½
Straight Whiskies — 67½% Grain Neutral Spiri

Tastes better because it's . . .



OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY · LOUISVILLE, KENT

COPYRIGH

e around to check on our
h, I guess, started my career
llflower.
ld talk reasonably well with
riends, I always got all tied
attention of strangers was
e. In a store, I was afraid
t I wanted. I'd get a friend
for me, and he'd explain to
r that I stuttered.
was always sympathetic
e nor my aunt and uncle
anything about my putt-
most parents, they thought
. By the time I reached the
th grade, however, I was
t, as much as I'd like to be
ke other people, I'd never
help. But I didn't get any.
ystem didn't seem to be
t way and, so far as I know,

hat I was mentally back-
especially bright in arith-
t A's and B's in all subjects
rammar school. When I en-
hool at thirteen, though, I
as if an overwhelming load
on me. I became self-con-
ferior and didn't see how I
the situation any longer.

pped in Job-Hunting

d when I was seventeen.
p against it. I tried to get
was no use. My speech
aggressive action. I tried
l companies in the Shenan-
but I couldn't talk well
e telephone even to get an
lank sent to me. So I went
l for a postgraduate course
ng and typing, meanwhile
hool bus for my uncle.
I decided to enlist in the
cruiting station in Staunton
o its Richmond headquar-
hey wasted no time. The
d me in and handed me a
I was disqualified due to
nt of speech.
d blow for a physically fit
of nineteen who stood five
nd weighed 175. I returned
rassed. A friend of the fam-
Army officer, saved my face.
knew the colonel in Rich-
ould take me down to see
later he did, and this time I
as decided that my speech
t sufficient to disqualify me.
during the first ten months
meograph machine. During
as promoted to private first
my first advancement and,
ant more to me than when I
r sergeant in 1942. I was
ch the top in the enlisted
I considered myself a good
e clerk, I was never able to
duties satisfactorily when it
ressing others, whether of
wer rank. My stammering
a hard look from officers.
I began my correspond-
'school for stammerers" in a
city. I was still a private
its little magazine advertise-
red a free book on the cause
n of stammering. It was the
heard any such good news,
ld I lose by writing?
l sent me the book and a
er with a diagnosis blank.
n, of course. I filled it out
eek got back a typewritten
pages, single-spaced.
se No. 136,626 and, it said,
l type of combined stammer-
ttering with an intermittent-
ndency and a progressive
rest of the diagnosis was de-
ng me that for $300 (payable
lment) I could attend the
obtain freedom from stam-
ur to eight weeks. It was a
er, but I was in the Army.

It puzzled me a little that the school ignored this fact in the letters to follow. For three years, hardly a month passed without a beautifully written "Dear Eugene" letter from the school. One of them cautioned me:

"You should get plenty of exercise, sunshine and fresh air and, most important of all, do not allow yourself to come under any severe emotional strain, or excitement."

The school didn't seem to realize that the Army took good care of such things. Always it told me of the next vacancy in a class and held out such promises as "You can definitely acquire the gift of perfect speech." I was told that my fear of stammering would end the first day in the school. All I had to do was say to myself, "I'm going to the school now and not wait a single day longer."

Nor did I wait any longer than I had to, without going A.W.O.L. When I got out of the Army on points in October, 1945, my mind was filled with hope. Certainly, I left no room in it for doubt or distrust.

I was given a new diagnosis saying, "Yours is a case of genuine stammering" and repeating all the rest. I made a quick trip by auto to the school. The head was most cordial and said, "I'll make a new man out of you." He had an impressive office in a downtown building and I didn't think to ask to see the school. I agreed to start the course the next week.

When I got back to begin school, I made my own way to the office, registered and handed over $300 from my savings as a G.I. A big limousine took me to my hotel. The hotel had a four-day limit so I soon wound up in the school's boardinghouse. The place was ramshackle, and the food was pitiful.

The school was a disappointment, too. It turned out to be a gloomy old hall. There were thirty-five or forty in my class and we spent four hours a day there. The school's only teacher was a woman who was nice enough, but the training consisted of singing our words in syllables while swinging our hands in rhythm. Our main chore was to march back and forth on the dance floor in platoon front formation, swinging and singing.

We did have breathing exercises and lines to practice, such as "Great thoughts like great deeds need no trumpet." Then there was "Never be fearful but happy and cheerful," but it didn't keep most of us from being utterly discouraged.

Disillusioned Students Quit

I felt like going home the first day. All of us, however, found we had no choice but to stick it out. The students began dropping out fast, nevertheless, after three or four weeks. I didn't hear anyone say he had acquired perfect speech, but at least three out of four stammered bitter things about the school.

Where were all the happiness-ever-after testimonials, such as the facsimiles sent to us? In the boardinghouse we found names and addresses of former students scribbled on the wall. I wrote to three of them, and so did some of my roommates. The alumni replying to our letters were unanimous in condemning their alma mater.

After six weeks, without further encouragement from the school, I climbed on the train. I never felt lower or had less faith in my fellow men.

Of course, it was all my own fault for having failed to investigate the school in the first place. I have since learned that this school is not accepted by the American Speech Correction Association. The Department of Veterans Affairs has twice rejected the school for participation in the G.I. Bill of Rights.

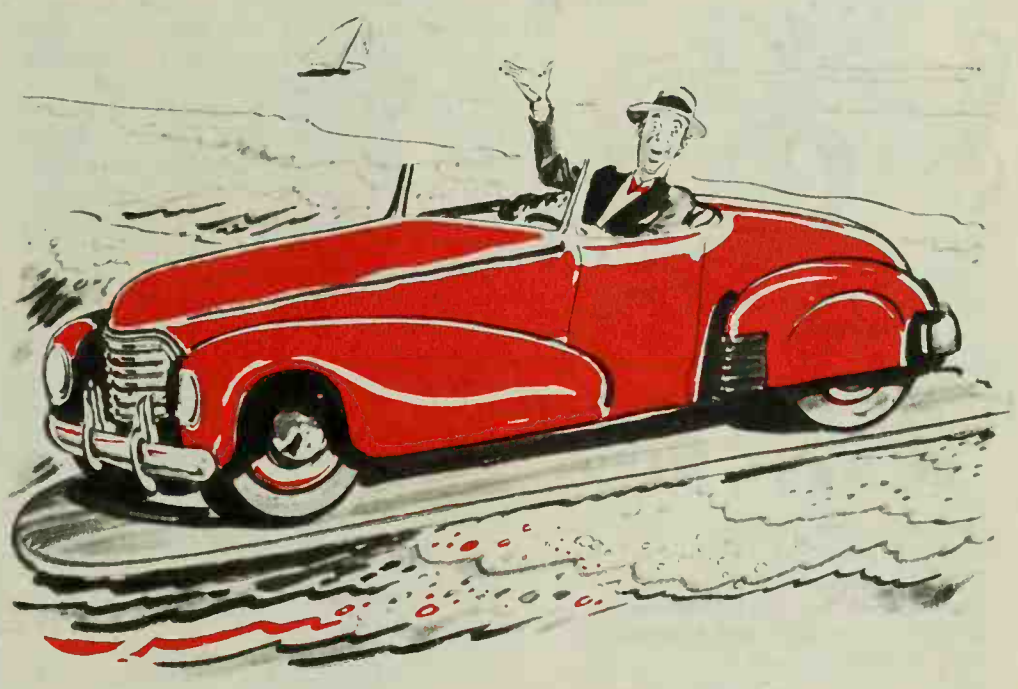
The next time I knew better. From a fellow stammerer, I had heard there was a speech clinic in Washington, D. C.—the District Speech Clinic.

I went there with little hope that any-



If your car feels like *this*...it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Ever get a "grease job" — and then a couple of hundred miles later find you need *another* one? No such disappointments with *Marfak* Chassis Lubrication! This tough, "stick-to-it" lubricant conquers wear and friction for 1,000 miles and more. You can tell *Marfak's* on the job by the "cushiony" driving that's yours from one lube job to the next!

Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" today.

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station



IT HELPS EVERY DAY IN MANY WAYS

Our soda, Arm & Hammer and Cow Brand Baking Soda, serves so many helpful purposes that it saves time and steps to keep *two* packages, one in the kitchen for cooking and cleaning, another in the bathroom.

This dependable product is not only the leavening which gives good cooks better results; as a cleansing agent, it makes refrigerators and other food receptacles *safely* clean. Pure bicarbonate of soda, it is professionally accepted as a dentifrice, and has many other hygienic uses. Keep *two* packages always in your home, it costs just a few cents a package.

ARM & HAMMER OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
10 Cedar Street, New York 5, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOK describing uses of Baking Soda; also a set of Colored Bird Cards.

This offer good only in the United States

Please print J-75

Name_____

Street Address_____

City or Town_____ State_____

thing would come of it. The director, Richard R. Hutcheson, asked me to talk to him without using my hand. I couldn't. He made a phonograph recording while I tensely labored through:

"M-m-my name is Eu-Eu-Eugene Crosby Homes. I a-a-a-m I am m-making this recording to hear m-myself talk and to uh-uh-uh-recognize what is needed for improvement of m-my voice."

Mr. Hutcheson played it back and I said, "Pretty buh-ad." He said yes. I asked if there were any chance for improvement and he said he wouldn't make any promises but there could be; it was all up to me. He suggested that before I decided about taking any training I take a look around the clinic.

I did, and saw various classes being conducted. I was impressed that everything was in the open.

The next day I returned to the clinic. I learned a three-month course would cost $187.50. To my surprise, I was told I could get it under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

I started at the District Speech Clinic in February, 1946. The course of thirty hours a week was not easy, but it made sense. The speech therapist to whom I was assigned said that I had to be re-educated in speech from the beginning, using normal voice training as the basic method. The trouble was that I had a voice with a stammering defect built in, so to speak, and the object was to rebuild one not associated with this defect.

Building Correct Speech Habits

The first thing the teacher did was put me on a sixteen-day "silent period." During this time I was not to say anything to anybody except as she directed. A lot happened during this period.

Over and over, she hammered me on two points. Slow down. Relax. Speak slowly. Take it easy. At the same time, she showed me the correct positions for sounding consonants. I discovered that it wasn't the vowels—*a, e, i, o, u*—but the consonants—like *p, b, m, y, ch*—that gave me trouble. The way to say a word, I learned, is not to concentrate on the consonant, as a stammerer frequently does, but on the vowel sound. All you do is assume the correct position for the consonant and get on with the vowel. Take *p*. It's simply an *e* said with the lips touching.

I was like a baby just learning to talk—one sound, one syllable, one word at a time. I exercised my tongue to give it strength and agility. Some in my class were actually required to wrap paper toweling around their tongue and haul it about by hand. I learned what to do with my breath while speaking. It's a matter of controlling and timing the output of air.

The teacher drilled me on one tip that seemed more important than anything else when I became tired and nervous. If I felt that impulse to stammer, I was not to try to force the sound, as stammerers habitually do. I was to stop and wait it out, then continue in an orderly fashion.

"I see what you mean now," I told the teacher when I came off "silence." For the first time in my life I understood what happened when I opened my mouth.

From then on, normal speech was simple enough. The class got lectures on fear of stammering. "What is there to be afraid of?" demanded the director. "Go ahead and stammer. You've done it all your life." When you do it on purpose, just to analyze it, you get a sense of mastery.

To overcome my fear of talking to strangers, the clinic sent me out to strike up conversations. Timidly, but with increasing confidence, I became garrulous with bus drivers, waiters, ticket agents and the cop on the corner. Some were surprised at my questions. Standing in front of the Earl Theater, which has a sign about fifty feet high, I asked the doorman, "Where is the Earl Theater?"

He probably thought I was crazy. I was—crazy with a feeling of pride and pleasure in my new-found voice. After eight weeks I was placed in a class for normal voice students. I noticed an amazing thing about the correction of my stammering. My voice seemed to have dropped from a rather tense second tenor to a good, resounding bass. I am convinced that, as the result of training, I have a better voice now than the average person who learned to speak normally, as it were, by ear.

As a result, my life suddenly became pretty full at the age of twenty-six. I continued at the clinic with a public-speaking course in the evening and began going to business college mornings. My administrative experience as a master sergeant began to pay off when the clinic hired me last summer to work afternoons as a sort of executive secretary. Virtually my whole job is talking. The telephone rings continually. It is a satisfying experience to pick it up and talk naturally to all comers.



"I think he loves me, but he never comes right out with anything I can put on my finger!"

COLLIER'S FRED BALK

When a friend suggested that I had a story to tell, I first thought that I might be accused of becoming a sort of crusader—perish the thought. It happens, however, that I don't believe the real salvation of 1,400,000 stammerers—one per cent of the population—lies in the District Speech Clinic or any of the many professionally qualified speech clinics elsewhere.

These clinics have done much for individual stammerers and other speech defectives—places like the Institute of Logopedics at the University of Wichita, Kansas, and the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York City. Anyone should be able to obtain the name of the one nearest him from the American Speech Correction Association. It has an office at the State University of Iowa, Iowa City, and another at the Indiana State Teachers College, Terre Haute. With greater teamwork, more trained personnel and some national support, these clinics could do much more.

But Dr. Loren D. Reid, director of the University of Missouri Speech and Hearing Clinic, has pointed out: "Few will agree upon any list of so-called facts."

Many authorities, for instance, consider stammering and stuttering to mean essentially the same thing. Others say stammering is a hesitation in making a sound and stuttering a repetition of a sound.

One of the mysterious facts about stammering is that it hits boy like six times more often than female speaks earlier, easier than the male," said Dr. Reid

Scientists have searched psychology, psychiatry, neu chemistry, language, heredi vironment for the causes of and have developed man "Yet," said Dr. Reid, "funda agreement still exists."

Stanley Ainsworth, sup Speech Correction at In Teachers College, found that ing speech clinicians used fou ent methods or combinations in correcting stuttering. T agreed that the patient should feel more secure, be persuade his attitude toward his speec how to rest and relax while s be given voice training to br habits of speech. There see great need for standardizatio known and what can be stammering.

But the real answer, it se lies in the early training of parent and teacher. Parent well to heed Dr. Wendell Joh of the Journal of Speech Dis professor in Iowa State's P and Speech Clinic.

In a study of stutterers a terers, Dr. Johnson found tha relatives frequently had st former as stutterers before t hesitations and repetitions erly be termed a speech defe of this came all manner of w disapprovals, serving to mak self-conscious and to fix the h

Dr. Johnson observed, f that parents of stammerers w be perfectionists in table man liness, toilet habits and obe other words, their children w to no great shocks, appa simply too much pressure adult standards as babies.

A Word of Advice to I

"The child," said Dr. Reid gling to learn a vocabulary quire skill in using it. While so, parents should be caref attentively, to participate in and in general to reassure hi a member of the family in ing. And this advice, coming clinicians, is worth its weigh

After the parents hand the to the teacher, Mr. Hutche sized, "the real responsibilit upon the public schools. rection teachers and supervis trained to help with the pre defects in our schoolrooms. way can these hundreds of t children with speech defects

"Speech defects can and corrected in the elementary is at this time that the child is being molded into a sembla it will be ten years hence. mentary teacher should have knowledge of voice produc rection of speech defects is child welfare that has neglected."

To that I can add, from my a profound amen. The edu partments of many states ar in the problem, it seems, but able to do anything about it where it is of greatest impo level of the lonely little guy defeat from his first social enc Jack and Jill. Why should a have to wait until he is a m try to find someone to tea ABC's of normal speech? Wh all children be taught how to out of their voices?

Talk is cheap. But I'm bia it's a precious skill.

THE END

many "men" know
phone number?...

You can't help feeling proud when your home turns out to be headquarters for a 'teen-age' crowd. You can pat yourselves on the back for being good parents and for having a grand youngster. And you can congratulate yourselves for having bought your Stromberg-Carlson. It does such a whale of a job for the youngsters, and for your friends, too. Each beautiful Stromberg-Carlson is built to a single ideal. It must neither add anything to nor subtract anything from music itself, whether you listen to records, FM, or standard broadcast radio. That is the most you can ask of any radio or radio phonograph . . . and it is the most difficult quality to find.

BELOW YOU SEE THE "NEW WORLD," A STROMBERG-CARLSON RADIO PHONOGRAPH OF QUALITY AND MODERN SIMPLICITY. MODEL 1121M2Y



e main radio in your home . . .

THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

© 1947, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, N.Y.—IN CANADA, STROMBERG-CARLSON CO., LTD., TORONTO



TINCTIVE "AUTOGRAPH"...



THE CHARMING "SALEM CHEST"...



THE GRACEFUL "EMPIRE"...



THE HANDY "VAGABOND"

ut a few of the new, exciting Stromberg-Carlsons! They are available in a broad range of prices, with a distinguished model for every room.

RLSON COMPANY • RADIOS, RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS, TELEVISION • SOUND EQUIPMENT & INDUSTRIAL SYSTEMS • TELEPHONES, SWITCHBOARDS & INTERCOMMUNICATION SYSTEMS



"New Freedom Gas Kitchen"* . . . Clean, cool and "shipshape" — with its space-saving fold-up seats and sliding panels in the breakfast nook. But even more important are the many ways it saves you work! Saves shopping because a new Servel Gas refrigerator stores enough food for a week. Saves dishpan drudgery because a new automatic Gas water-heater supplies enough *really* hot water for a do-everythi Saves cleaning — thanks to a special ventilating system that removes vapors at their source. As for the greatest work-saver of *all* . . . just lo automatic Gas range! Make it the start of your "New Freedom Gas Kit

10 reasons why it's America's easiest kitchen to cook in!

Here are just a few of the reasons why a new Gas range is the first thing to look for in this *or any* modern kitchen:

1. **It's Automatic** — Gas turns on and off by clock control. Cooks a complete oven meal when you're not even home!

2. **It's Faster** — high-boil heat available in a *second!*

3. **It's Flexible** — not just a few, but *hundreds* of top-burner heats!

4. **It's Cooler** — no long-lingering top-burner heat. Extra insulated *all over!*

5. **It's Cleaner** — burners are non-clog. Pan bottoms won't smudge!

6. **It Bakes Better** — ventilated oven browns "just right" all over!

7. **It Really Broils** — only the flame seals in juicy-rich flavor!



8. **It's Exact** — oven thermostat any heat from 250° to

9. **It's Economical** — buy and operate other new auton

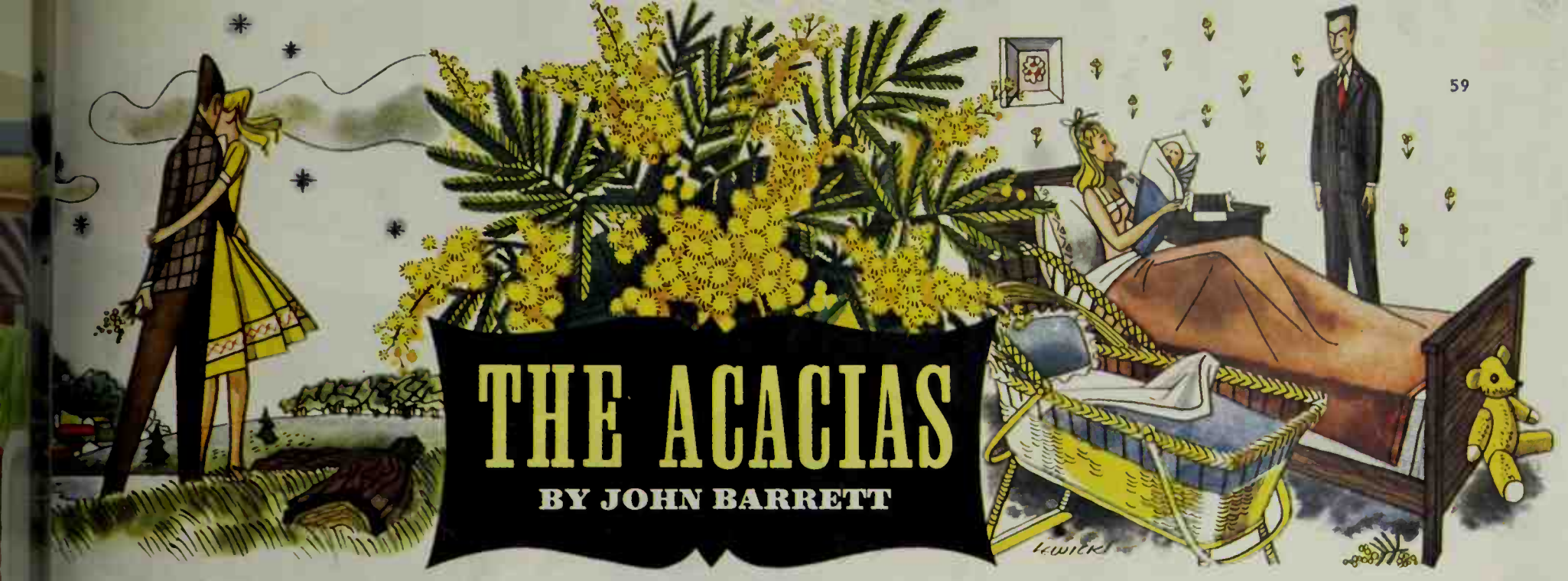
10. **It's "CP"** — Look for this s your buying guide to the be ern features in any Gas

GAS

The Wonder Fl Cools as well

Clip this out . . . and send with you and 10¢ in coin or stamps for your planning booklet "New Freedom AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, Dept. C, 420 Lexington A

Copyright 1947, American Gas Association
*American Gas Association Inc. Certification Mark



THE ACACIAS

BY JOHN BARRETT

IERE were two of them rowing by the crossroads. he headlights shimmered n in the distance, and then the closer and he saw the arching yellow blossom, and caught hiff of their perfume as they y. Acacias. Always it had nnected with acacias—the acacias drifting across the the night.

you going to get her at the " Joe asked him. Joe was orward on the seat, cleaning with a match.

home already," Steve said. t brought her and the baby noon."

's taking care of her?"

woman who lives on Frank- t. I forget her name."

Munsey," Joe said. "Yeah, right. Bea had her both times. nda old-fashioned, but she lot about babies."

's what Helen said." Steve the road.

the beginning the acacias had rt of it, from the night they really been alone. They had blaring music of the college d driven into the hills, and had shut off the motor, and stillness closed in, sealing in a private world, he had be- are of the faint scent of aca- ging in the air.

know, it's funny," Steve said. t's funny?" Joe was carefully up his pipe.

way the weather's changed in week. When I took her to the it was winter. And now look. ss is getting high, and pretty mustard will be blossoming." ushed tobacco off his paunch. h boy, don't I know it. Bea's unding me for days to pull the

nodded. There had been aca- , a year later, on their honey- when they had fled from the horns to the cabin in the . One night, as they had lain whispering, cut off from ev- by the darkness and the si- Helen had sat up suddenly him. "Steve," she said, "do ell them?" And he realized night wind, moving over the s bringing the scent of acacias me unseen grove below.

e three years that followed, it n like that each time the aca- bomed. They had taken long the hills at night, saying little, us of each other, of being nd the world remote.

"By the way," Joe said, "Bea was asking me what color hair he has."

Steve studied the road. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't even know whether he has any hair or not."

Joe took his pipe out of his mouth. "You saw him, didn't you?"

"Only once, right after he was born. I was worrying about Helen just then. She didn't have such an easy time of it, you know."

"But didn't Helen tell you when you visited at the hospital?"

"I guess I wasn't thinking about it much when I was at the hospital," Steve said. "I went to visit her, not the baby."

"Well, I'll be damned." Joe sucked on his pipe. "Come to think of it though, I was a little that way myself at first. They're not really yours till you get them home." He looked across. "Do you feel like a father?"

Steve shrugged. "How does a father feel? I passed out cigars; I got slapped on the back, and listened to a lot of cracks about walking the floor."

Joe leaned back in the seat. "I guess it takes time."

"Maybe. I'm beginning to think this being a father is a kind of make-believe state of mind that people think you should get into. It's like being 'the average taxpayer.' "



"Well, I don't know," Joe said. "I think it takes time."

Steve swung the car around the last curve, and saw the lights of the little town up ahead. "How long is it before they can get up and around and take drives and things?" he asked.

"Oh, a few days. It's not like an operation, or being sick."

A few days. Saturday night, then. They could drive up Canyon Road as they had done last spring after the noisy party at Bill Hannig's. The ranch above the lookout point had a grove of acacias. If only he could bring her a blossom tonight, on her first night home. They came into the business district, and he peered into the windows of the flower shop. Did they sell such things in stores?

"If you're thinking of buying flowers," Joe said, "I wouldn't do it. Everybody brings flowers. How about candy? Have you bought her any chocolates yet?"

"No."

"Buy her chocolates, then. Bea was crazy for 'em after being on a diet."

Chocolates, he thought, are public. It was just what he didn't want. But if he said no it would mean explanations.

"I guess I could get her some," he said.

They stopped at Arnold's and he bought a three-pound box.

At Myrtle and Bryant Street he let Joe out. He put the gearshift in low, but Joe kept standing there with one foot on the running board.

"You know," Joe said seriously, "I think the thing you've got to watch most with kids is not to spoil 'em. Now if he wakes up in the night, and it isn't time for his bottle, just let him cry. Of course you want to check first and see if his pants are wet, but if he's dry—"

He kept nodding. It had just occurred to him that there was an acacia in the hedge three blocks below the house. A sprig would be enough and it was almost dark. . . .

HE SWUNG into the gravel drive so fast that he almost hit the rear of Mrs. Munsey's car. Swearing quietly, he backed out and parked at the curb. As he hurried across the lawn, he hid the little sprig of acacia under the box of chocolates. Mrs. Munsey met him at the door with an upraised hand.

"He's asleep," she whispered. He saw she had her hat and coat on.

"You're leaving?"

"I was just waiting till you came. The bottles are in the refrigerator, and there's a bottle warmer on the kitchen table. All you have to do is put a little water in the bottom. . . ."

When she finally left he tiptoed to the bedroom door.

"Hi, Steve." Helen was sitting up in bed. Her blond hair, brushed and shiny, hung down to her shoulders. He slipped the acacia and the chocolates on the low bedside table, and came over and kissed her.

"Ten days." He sat down on the bed. "You know, I think I'd make a rotten bachelor." He drew her against him. Her comb and brush and powder were back on the dresser, and the room looked right once more. Of course the crib was there on the other side of the bed, but that had been there before, too. The only difference was that now there was something in it.

"I brought you something," he said. He leaned over to pick up the acacia and she saw the box.

"Candy! Steve, you're a mind



reader. I'm literally starving for chocolates."

He gave her the box and a peculiar coldness spread through him as he watched her eager fingers slip off the wrappings. "There's something else, too," he said.

She looked up at him, smiling quizzically.

"This." He held up the acacia. She started to take it and a sharp cry came from the crib.

"Oh." She turned quickly to the other side of the bed. "Oh, good heavens, it's after six. Imagine it. The first night home and I forget to feed him." She leaned down and picked up the bundle in the crib.

"Look at him, Steve. Look at his legs, how long they are. Don't you think he's going to be tall, Steve?"

He nodded, but he wasn't thinking about it. He was thinking about the way the acacia had crumpled under the twisting bedclothes and tumbled to the floor. He was thinking that even though there might be rides in the early spring nights again, they would never be the same. And as he looked down at the clenched fists of this creature who had come between them, he knew one part of his life was over.

"Don't you want to hold him?" she asked. "Steve. Steve, what's the matter?"

He reached out. Carefully, like a man undertaking a strange and difficult task, he picked up the baby.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

"Your kitchen has everything!"



When the party ends up in the kitchen with good friends around you and Schlitz on the table . . . that's the perfect end of a perfect evening. As you set out the Schlitz and slice up the ham, even the most modest kitchen becomes a place where guests like to linger . . . while the beer that made Milwaukee famous adds its own friendly flavor to the passing moments.

Just the KISS of the hops

Schlitz



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

Copyright 1947, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE A-BOMB'S INVISIBLE OFFSPRING

Continued from page 19

fe hard or even impossible t delivering a single bomb ory.

ot even impossible to im- effects of an atomic war greatly perfected weapons the survival of man."

endorsing that warning, members of the Federation Scientists go further to esti- 10,000 atomic bombs were six months' war, danger of delayed, destruction would 100,000 to a million bombs t surely make life, as we r and die, they say.

tists hold that explosion of nbs could start a kind of n of contamination that n all the earth's green belt. L. Warren, medical director iologist of Manhattan Dis- ni, inclines to this theory.

nd Its Supporting Facts

ent is that every time a ot" areas would be built up Plants, which withstand better than animals, would m the air, water and soil. ied they would return it to Succeeding generations of yield radioactive tomatoes us. Stock feed would be he same way and eventually ting radioactive steak and oactive milk.

nonsense? Query Dr. War- and he'll ask if you remem- gs were at Krakatao. This sland volcano blew up on 883, in a 36-hour paroxysm d a mass of rock material more than a cubic mile in height of 17 miles. Ashes, volcanic stones—and dust d over a great area, fogging Bandung, 150 miles away. rrents caught the finer parti- ied them completely around using brilliant sunrise and in widely scattered parts of months. The dust continued earth for years.

rakatao theory" is too far- at Test Baker in San Fran- uget Sound, the Mississippi, an or the East River and ou got? The prospect of a key American city in one t temporarily but for an in-

a day when a south wind u sneak in and lay a bomb ery in New York Harbor. n blows 10 million tons of mud and fragments of fish column 2,200 feet in diame- 0 feet into the air. From the olumn a tidal wave 100 feet ut onto the Brooklyn, Man- ersey shores, under a cloud nother cloud kites into the active rain falls from both, ushes them north, drenching ith powerful radiation from kinds of "hot" fission prod- ontaminated area might be s long.

after Test Baker, naval sur- tected weak radioactivity in from 60 to 200 miles away. adioactivity from Test Able in about seven days in the s.)

boils over rafts, tugboats, ehouses, the whole water ybe not a single skyscraper he lethal rain deposits frag- oftops, window sills, chim- the streets and sidewalks of Everybody on Manhattan Island not killed or maimed instantly by the blast would have to be evacuated in an estimated two hours to escape the radiation. People entered Hiroshima within a few minutes after the explosion, without suffering serious radiation sickness. Members of the Crossroads expedition bathed safely in the lagoon the day after Test Able.

But after Test Baker it was five days before some of the ships in the target array could be boarded. Why? An air burst shoves most of the fission products more than 40,000 feet into the sky; a water burst scatters them over the immediate area.

There would be panic. (At Hiroshima bridge railings were leveled, not by the blast but by fleeing citizens.) Nobody could tell exactly how much radiation he'd taken. Radioactivity can't be seen, smelled, felt, heard or tasted. Ticking boxes and hard rubber tubes like fat fountain pens—Geiger counters and ionization chambers—can detect charges in a given place but they'd be small help in the initial frenzy.

Manhattanites would suffer two kinds of radiation poisoning, direct and indirect. Those exposed to the explosion would be penetrated primarily by gamma rays, receiving what would amount to an intense X-ray burn. Other survivors, just by breathing the air, eating the food, drinking the water, touching the doorknobs in the area would absorb particles giving off alpha and beta rays. A man might pick up deadly poisonous plutonium fragments through a cut on his hand. (In present bombs only about 1/10 of the plutonium atoms explode; the other 9/10 are scattered around with the rest of the fission products.)

The odds would be fifty-fifty that victims receiving 400 roentgens of radioactivity would die within a month. (Nobody knows exactly what a 100 per cent lethal dose is, but it would probably be between 800-900 roentgens.) Death might come in a few days or not for weeks. There is no cure; no satisfactory way has been found to expel radioactive particles from the body once they get inside. Gradually the victims would develop headaches and mental depression. They would become fatigued, lose their appetites and begin to feel weak, as the radioactivity gave them anemia, destroying the blood-forming organs in their bone marrow, lymph nodes and spleen.

Survivors would of course get far better care than in unprepared Hiroshima, where penicillin and blood transfusions would have saved many who had sublethal doses of radiation but died of complications. The armed forces are training a select group of officers as "atomic firemen" so they'll know how to detect radioactivity, how to move through it with a minimum of danger, what sort of protective clothing is best, how to clean it or dispose of it and what first-aid measures are best. Several universities, including Rochester, Chicago, and UCLA, where Dr. Warren is now establishing a medical school, are planning similar training courses.

Trying to decontaminate Manhattan after a successful water blast would be as hopeless as attempting to sweep away the Sahara's dunes with an ostrich feather. Say they took a block at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue and tried to clean it. They might "cool" the street by washing debris into the gutters and then covering the pavement with a thick layer of wet dirt to keep radioactive dust down. But workmen entering the block would track in more radioactive particles. They might try to clean the Empire State Building by "skinning" it—chipping away a thickness of its outside surface. As they chipped they'd get active dust on themselves, on their tools, drive it on into the stone—and scatter it onto the street again.

Could it be that, ostrichlike, we've had our heads stuck in the sands of disbelief about the bomb and are just beginning to realize its potency? "Remember," one U.S. Atomic Energy Commission official said, "we exploded the bombs in Japan at a particular height to minimize aftereffects. Now we know what someone could do if he set out to maximize them." It took the brass hats at Bikini time to grasp that fact, and some haven't grasped it yet. Officers argued the point with scientists. "How can it be so bad," they wanted to know after Test Baker, "when a lot of the animals are still alive?"

"Follow them around," one scientist retorted, "and watch them drop."

One fine day before Hiroshima, a junior scientist walked into the office of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, then director of the Los Alamos laboratories of the Manhattan Project, and suggested the bomb be exploded near the ground so fission products would mix with the dust and debris, contaminate the city and kill more people. Oppenheimer threw him out.

The doctor's reaction betrayed an anachronistic American attachment to fair play, even in warfare. He was wrestling in deep torment with the excruciating problem of how we could employ the bomb with fullest effect without being accused by the world and ourselves of surpassing the Nazis and the Japs in barbarism. Before President Roosevelt died, he stressed again and again that bizarre aftereffects of the bomb must not be exploited but shunned and that, if and when the bomb were used, it must be made to behave as much as possible like any other bomb, only with more wallop.

Test Reveals Public Opinion

We've found out since that it has a behavior all its own, but we haven't convinced ourselves that it's true, and as a result Americans as a whole are floundering in a mixture of complacency and confusion. Recently the Social Science Research Council released the results of a nation-wide poll it conducted under the sponsorship of Cornell University on public reaction to the atomic bomb.

One question asked, "Do you think the U.S. will be able to work out an effective defense against the atomic bomb before other nations can use it against us?" Dated shortly after the Bikini tests, 56 per cent of the answers said yes. Twenty-five per cent said, "Don't know," and only 19 per cent said no. Another question was, "How worried are you about the atomic bomb?" Fifty per cent replied, "Not at all," and only one eighth confessed they were decidedly worried.

When London was being mercilessly punished by Nazi V-1 rocket bombs, a favorite story making the rounds concerned a man from Limehouse named Jenks, who was asked, a little petulantly, how he managed to remain so calm under the raids. "It's quite simple," he replied. "There's always the chawnce the thing won't get launched properly. If it does, there's a good chawnce the R.A.F. or the Royal Artillery or the barrage balloons will knock it down. And even so, it might not 'it London at all. If it does, it still might not find my street. And even if it does that, it remains for it to find my 'ouse. And of course, if the bloody thing should by chawnce 'it my 'ouse, I shall be down at the pub, 'aving a pint of bitters."

A stouthearted stoic, Jenks, but that won't keep his beer from becoming radioactive next time.

THE END



More Fun ... Less Cost

IN THE COOL LAND OF THE SKY



THE most magnificent scenery in Eastern America. Cool mountains and lakes. Huge National forests. The Great Smoky Mountain National Park . . . this is the LAND OF THE SKY . . . the most extensive and most popular mountain playground in the East . . . more to do, more to see, and your vacation dollar goes further. Lower rates at most mountain resorts after Labor Day.

A motor trip through the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridges over the BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY, soaring more than 6000 feet, is an experience out of this world.

Fish and boat on the mighty TVA lakes. Golf on championship courses. Ride, hike and picnic to your heart's content. Sun-drenched days are crisp and invigorating. Nights are fireside cool in comfortable, mountain hotels, inns, lodges and dude ranches with rates to fit every purse.

IT'S EASY TO TRAVEL NORTH CAROLINA. A new, colorful map tells you where to go, what to see, how far it is, and what you will find when you get there. SENT FREE. Mail the coupon today.



North Carolina

3850 Dept. of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, N.C.
Please send illustrated booklet, "North Carolina Variety Vacationland" and Travel Map.
I prefer: ☐ Mountains ☐ Seashore
Name_____
Address_____



Red drew her back and kissed her. Even to Millicent, greatly unknowing, it was not a young kiss

THE THI

KISS

BY MARLISE JOHN

This is the story of the evening Millicent came

MILLICENT sat before ing table, brushing slowly, rhythmically her windows the silver light of du the small new leaves of the apple had always loved these trees. comforting when she was alone spacious, too-quiet room.

All that life in this room had over now. In four days she wou toring school and then to c would never come back here ag for long. Today had been gradu and she had gone to high school time. Tonight she was going to the-year party at Dodie Willia with Buff.

Buff was tall and thin and ni in a way you never noticed. he had come here to live with parents, two years ago, they ha erywhere together.

"The Salter grandson is a boy." That was what everyone s dependable." Yes, Buff was d Her family approved of him a her friends, which was more She wondered, in a mood tha the color of the dusk outside, if marry him when she grew up. they would have a life of digni curity together.

I do not want security, sh fiercely, brushing her hair v whacks; I know security too we

The chapel chimes began to the chimes from the grandfath downstairs repeated the melody. sounded every fifteen minutes, roofs of the small town and nea They were like voices admon sisting, saying that life was bein fifteen-minute bites.

Millicent stood up, and the h long, black net dress rested on t the daring, low-cut dress her Cou had sent her. Dark red sequins light as she moved across the ro

There was a knock on the doo but demanding as always, and riet came in. She had run this ho years, yet she always seemed l truder. "Buff is downstairs," she sure to thank Mrs. Williams gr

Millicent picked up her ever and ran down the deep wide st was in the hall.

Millicent's father, an aloof loved stranger, stopped playing came out and shook hands with looks very pretty in that dress, d

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDEL

He always called Buff by his
in a teasing way.
, sir," said Buff, crimson with
nent. Millicent smiled at him
embering the kisses he had
He had kissed her twice—once
e arbor on the night of the fall-
nd once on the top porch step
sses that her father could have
ndismayed. Still, the memory
as pleasing.
Harriet doesn't like this dress at
ent said, laughing. "But I just
's so startling. Do you really
?"
er," he said hesitantly. "But I
gess." He would never like any-
nventional, untried.
her brought her short white
er small new fitted suitcase—a
present—and kissed her

N they were on the dark porch,
said apologetically, "At the
e Grandmother and Grand-
e scared about my driving the
old had to come." Harold was
eur, an old man who had ac-
l them on every drive they had
together. The car was digni-
dark, a perfect car for old
Millicent hated it. She spoke to
ourteously, hating him, too.
ed into silence.
slid slowly through the after-
lness of the streets. The well-
ndmarks of the town looked
us to Millicent, as if she were
n through someone else's eyes.
the corner where, when she
e, she had fallen from her
d had lain in the street, her
eningly twisted and hurting
The other children had parked
s and come up slowly, help-
ut Red had thrown his bike
gely, the new bike he loved so,
run to her. And afterward,
couldn't walk for so long, it
Red who sat beside her during
ecesses—Red, the best baseball
Elm Street School, whistling
e whistle for her, singing the
new songs.
always known all the songs. He
the harmonica and the piano
else could. He made music
real and meaningful; not like
She had to practice: To A Wild
antella.
ng was it since she had seen
ad stood behind her this after-
n they had all graduated. She
d at him and spoken, but the
been empty. He had become
. He was no longer the boy
walked home with her, the boy
ent her the biggest valentine in
ine box at school.
nade her remember all these
hadn't thought about for so
as it that tonight was an end
ing, a time of saying goodbys?
you drive down Oak Street,
Buff said to Harold. She knew
t want to go through town and
le see him with Harold at the
Well, she thought, why doesn't
himself? Well, why don't you
r *own* self? she asked fairly.
ked over at Buff. He smiled
d said, "It's a nice evening."
said anything meaningful or im-
t was as if he were ashamed of

s the new moon," Buff said,
back beyond a haze of dark-
.
er my left shoulder," Millicent
"Right for wishing." She
r eyes and wished. "I wish
ays been here, Buff," she said.
e were younger, we had fun."
I'd been here, too," he said. "I
known you always."
the nicest thing Buff has ever
, she thought. It made her feel
sad in a wonderful way. Maybe he did think things, but just couldn't say them.

She said quickly, "Our house was full of people then, all kinds of people. In the winter, after we'd been sliding, I could bring as many children back with me for cocoa and cookies as I wanted to." She was bragging now. "I used to know lots more people than I know now."

"What happened to them? Did they move away?"

"No, they're still here. I don't know what happened. I just don't see them."

Like Agnes and Rose and Nancy. She hadn't really been close to Nancy for years. When she was young, she and Nancy played dolls under the apple trees and made doll clothes up in the attic. Nancy made the most beautiful clothes—muffs, coats; and underclothes with lace, even buttonholes. She had given Millicent a whole set one Christmas for Virginia, her best doll. Nancy had stopped school last year to study dress design at the Industrial Arts. Millicent saw her now and then, but when they met they spoke across a continent of differentness.

The car passed the entrance to the street where Nancy lived—and where Red lived. It was a zigzag street, a place of many children. It was really not a street at all, but a crooked, hedge-bordered lane. The houses were tidy and incredibly small and wedged tightly close upon each other. They had tiny front porches, all with swings, and tiny front yards, two of them bare as a playground, the others lavish in spring with red and yellow flowers. She had loved that street so, as a child. She would often ride her bike down there at twilight, and walk slowly through the lane to hear the friendly shouting, the rich warmth of living. It was a gay street.

In Millicent's house, doors were shut softly; quietness was more natural than noise. In the zigzag street, neighbors yelled back and forth, women sang. And there were always voices talking as you went to sleep—not just the sound of chimes to accompany your thoughts.

HAROLD drove soberly through the town at twenty miles an hour. As they reached the town limits, he accelerated to twenty-five, as he always did. Buff looked over at Millicent and winked and whispered, "Speed demon." It was an old joke. They laughed companionably, and then sighed. They both wanted a low-slung convertible with the top down, which they would take turns driving as fast as it would go.

They passed the picnic grounds that had seemed so far from town when she was young. Those wonderful picnics . . . Even then, though, she had felt the lack of freedom and adventure. Most of the other children could eat all the hot dogs they wanted; they had pop instead of cocoa. They didn't have to wear rubbers, even when the ground was squishy. They could go wading even in March. No heavy sweaters for them; no carrying a blanket, in case the ground was cold.

"You'll be going away in two days," Buff said.

"Yes. It's like going away to summer camp, only I'll be studying all the time."

"Will you write to me, Millicent? I'd like to hear from you."

"Why, yes, Buff, but you'll have to write first."

"Of course, but I'm not very good at letters."

No, he wouldn't be, Millicent thought; he could never be easygoing and free about anything.

"Maybe I'll see you in the fall," he said. "My college is very near yours, you know."

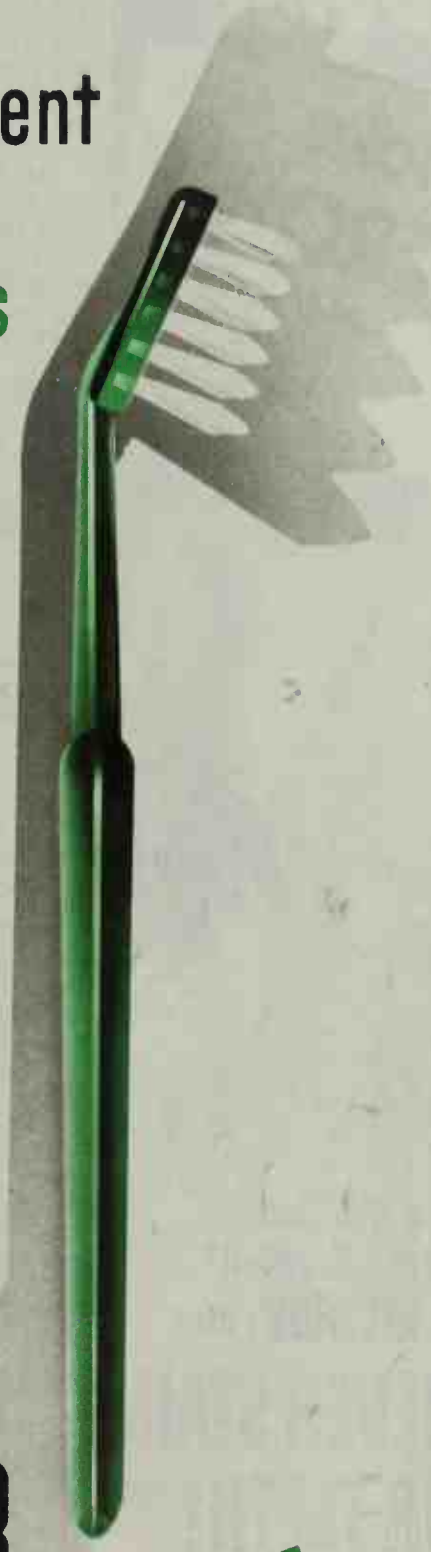
Oh, no, Millicent thought. When I am away, it will be different. Then I will have adventurous things happen, and life will be dynamic; and Buff wouldn't know what to do. Maybe he wouldn't even like me, then. Maybe I'll be a night-club

why use

a toothbrush

less efficient

than this



SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror
to reach more places



19,293 DENTISTS ADVISE

Smoke VICEROYS!



The Nicotine and Tars Trapped* by The VICEROY Filter

CAN NEVER STAIN YOUR TEETH!

"YES!" advise 19,293 dentists, "Smoke Viceroys!" The nicotine and tars trapped by the Viceroy Filter *can never stain your teeth.* No unsightly bits of tobacco can lodge between your teeth, cause more stain.

Smoke Viceroys! No other cigarette gives you such a blend of rich, mild, *luxurious* tobaccos. No other gives you this *exclusive* Viceroy Filter.



Only Viceroy... no other cigarette... has this exclusive Viceroy Filter!

*No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.

singer and know gamblers and people like that.

"Maybe," she said aloud. A hurt look went across his face, absorbed by his pride almost before it was born. In that second, he seemed more alive than ever before, and very dear. She almost loved him, then.

The car drew up a small hill, and there was Lake Erie in the distance. This view over the meadows and beyond the woods was as well known to her as the look of her own hands. There was a freighter going by, far out on the lake—just as she always hoped there would be, and as there always was. She drew her breath in sharply, as if against all disappointments everywhere, and gave herself over to her inner happiness.

"Dodie is sure excited about her party," Buff said, making an effort at light talk.

"Yes, I know." She knew every detail of Dodie's party. They had planned it together and it had seemed important then. But it didn't seem important now.

THEY swung into the lake road. Now the cottages began, the lights, the resorts. Five miles up the road past all the garish lights and cabins, was the secluded place in the forest where the Williamses had their camp. Not for them Inlet Harbor, with the gambling house down by the shore. Not for them Camelot Beach, with its cottages set so close together, its pop stands, its noisy paths, its dance hall—forever forbidden, even for one dance. The dance hall was an open-sided pavilion with soft, many-colored lights and gay music—happy music, music that reminded you of old things and promised you new things, music you heard as you went by. For you had to go by; you could never stay.

The lights of Camelot Beach came near.

"Buff," Millicent said, seeking his hand, holding it, not as one holds a boy's hand, but as one holds a talisman, a lucky stone, "do you suppose we could stop at Camelot Beach for one dance? I've always wanted to so, and I'm going away in four days. Would Harold tell?"

"No, Harold won't tell. I guess we can. Harold, pull up here, will you, please? We're going to dance a dance." Harold smiled, as if he enjoyed being in a plot for joy. The car slowed, drew in, found a space beneath a willow tree. Millicent shrugged aside her coat and delved into her purse for powder and comb.

They went up the few steps, and Buff bought tickets. The lights of Camelot Beach Pavilion dimmed; there were just soft blurs of blue and rose and yellow now. Buff put his arm around her, and they skimmed out onto the floor.

Buff was a conscientious dancer. He did all the things at just the right times—the twirls, the dips, the regular waltz—but with no joy. It was correct, but not as dancing should be. She looked up at him and said, "You were nice to bring me in here. I've wanted to come for three years." Around them were the grown-up people from Cleveland, the girls in black dresses from the girls' college, the tall, wonderfully evil-looking boys from the men's school.

"That's my cousin Patsy over there," Buff said. "The girl in the blue dress. She's afraid I'm going to tell she was here." He laughed. The cousin and her date, a man in a tuxedo, came close. There were exclamations. A little knot formed around Millicent and Buff and the cousin and the boy named Mack.

"Come on back and meet the crowd," Patsy said.

Then the lights changed, blue-violet all over. The orchestra began to play Coax Me a Little Bit, quietly, persuadingly. Millicent looked across at the small, brightly lighted throne where they played. And there was Red—a different Red—at the piano. She looked at him; he saw her, and waved, and went on playing. Patsy and Buff and the crowd began to edge over to a corner. Red stood up at the end of the number and said something to the man playing the drums. He seemed much more grown up than Buff, confident and competent. Then he came over to Millicent and said, as if it were just this afternoon he had double whistled for her, "May I have this dance?"

The lights changed, and disappeared except for the small spotlights that played around the room. Millicent and Red began to dance.

Millicent was not Millicent now. She was just part of the ever-changing lights, the breeze blowing in, the music and the dancing. She remembered suddenly, as one remembers summer is near at hand with all its old delights, that she had never danced with Red before. She had skated with him, long ago, on ice skates; she had played with him, back in the fourth grade.

Red edged up to the orchestra. "Play It Might as Well be Spring," he said. He was showing off now. She knew it and placed her arm more possessively on his back. They went round and round, not speaking. Millicent tossed back her hair at the pauses; Red hummed with the music, but they did not talk.

"The half-hour intermission is coming soon," he said, finally. "Why don't you come over to the cabin with me and say hello to everyone? We've rented a cottage out here for the week."

"All right," she said, "I will."

"I'm being tried out tonight on piano," he added, looking toward the orchestra. "I have pieces now and then, but I want to show you the cabin. We're having a house party."

Out of a dream, she said, "I must go tell Buff." They danced up to the steps where Buff and his cousin and the others were standing, and Millicent said, "They're having a house party, Buff. I want to go over for a while. I'll meet you and Harold under the willow in a little while." Buff started to follow, but a dark-haired girl caught him by the sleeve. Millicent and Red were walking away, down through the grove that was overgrown with cottages and filled with the yelps of children and dogs, the high voices of people strolling on the beach. There were the friendly far-off sounds of guitars being plucked, the throaty, meaningless, but suddenly meaningful voices of women talking softly to men.

They went up steps toward a brightly shining doorway. Red drew her back, out of the revelry, under a quiet, new moon—and kissed her. Even to her, greatly unknowing, it was not a young kiss. There was something of the night, of the dancing, in the kiss. S back against the porch and leaned up against him, and he again. They did not speak, bu lence was not like Buff's silen were silent because there was to say.

Red reached up to a low br tightened his fingers around it. H tall and lean and free.

"It's good to see you, Millice good night for me. I think I'm get the job. It's a damned too." He was talking to her talks to a woman. The way and looked, the way he was, w excitement. He lighted a cig stood there looking at her. I the look he had had when she c valentine. This was adult—a praising a woman and finding able.

Someone came out on the p them and called to him. He lea shadowing Millicent, and kisse more, lightly, before they went

They were all there in that noise and music—all the girls from the zigzag street. Nancy playing Sioux City Sue over an

"Hello, Nancy," Millicent



"What do you mean I can't play ingenue parts? I've been playing them for thirty years"

COLLIER'S MISCHA

"Hello, Millicent," she answ pausing in her playing. But ferentness was gone; they we again under the apple trees. Th of one of the girls was there, with them, enjoying everything was there—Eleanor, who had in the country with her when nine; and Bub, who had been t skater in the sixth grade; and who had told her that babies di out of suitcases; and Ned and

"Why don't you stay here Millicent?" Nancy said. "Th extra bed. Mrs. Prentiss ca and say you're staying." The mother leaned forward and sai Aunt Harriet thought Millicent at Dodie's for two days. Mrs wouldn't even have to telepho

THREE of the girls came and arms around her. "Sing f way you used to, Mill," they s to Nancy's soft playing she beg her favorite, Blues in the Ni looked around at them as wanting to be allied with them part of their magical group.

"We're going to swim out to tonight," one of them said, "it's silk."

"Some of us take off our s other one whispered, "the w wonderful that way. Stay with

Red was beside her, tall and unknown—unknown, yet famil

Sweet music for Home-Loving Ears

The New "Dutch Boy" Paint is Blended

In Colors or White ...It's Blended just right... to stay Sparkling Bright



...something to sing about...
...the new "Dutch Boy" *Blended* Paint!

From the dazzling Bright White... to the fresh, crisp Tints... to the gay, glossy Trim Colors... it's an exciting new kind of "Dutch Boy" paint for your home. In colors and white...it's blended just right to stay beauty-bright. Blended by the master hand of the "Dutch Boy" with all his years of experience in brush-ing away the years from American Homes.

Blends for 3-Way Beauty Protection

House paint is required to do three different jobs. And blending brings you three different kinds of paint... (1) Bright White; (2) Sparkling Tints; (3) Gay Trim Colors... each designed to do its job right.

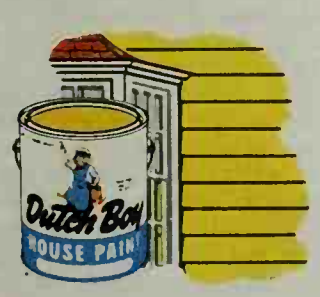
No wonder the new "Dutch Boy" Blended paint stands out just as it stands *out*.

No higher quality paint has ever carried the "Dutch Boy" label. It's backed up by over 30 years of continuous outdoor paint tests... the longest research project of its kind.

So remember... when it's time to paint... your home's best friend is the "Dutch Boy" blend.



Blended to Stay White. "Dutch Boy" Bright White is *self-cleaning*... the surface continually re-... permits rain to wash Covers exceptionally well; dazzling white exterior finish.



2. Tints Blended to Stay Right. Crisp and lively are these "Dutch Boy" Tints... specially blended to assure lasting, uniform colors and keep their sparkling good looks.



3. Trim Colors Blended to Stay Bright. "Dutch Boy" Sash and Trim Colors add the finishing touch to your home's protection. They're blended to hold their gloss and stay bright. Ideal for garden furniture, too.

Special "Dutch Boy" Blended Primer: An undercoat of great sealing and hiding power, that holds fast. When used under a topcoat of "Dutch Boy" Bright White or Tints you get a superior two-coat paint job, even on unpainted wood.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "DUTCH BOY" WHITE LEAD

Harmonize Your Home at Your "Dutch Boy" Dealer's...

Picture your home in the "Dutch Boy's" beautiful new blended paints. Preview your color scheme from this handy, miniature-house display at your "Dutch Boy" Dealer's. Choose from distinctive combinations of brilliant White, lovely Tints, smart Sash and Trim Colors.





FREE Color-Scheme Booklet! Over 40 full-color illustrations show you how to style your home for lasting beauty with the new "Dutch Boy" Blended Paint. For your free copy, address Dept. 17, care of the nearest office listed below.

..... *Mail Coupon Today* .....

National Lead Company, Dept. 17 (Address nearest branch)

New York 6; Buffalo 3; Chicago 8; Cincinnati 3; Cleveland 13; St. Louis 1; San Francisco 10; Boston 6 (National Lead Co. of Mass.); Philadelphia 7 (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.); Pittsburgh 30 (National Lead Co. of Pa.).

Please send me a free copy of your new color-illustrated booklet: "Blended" Beauty For Your Home.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

BILL STERN

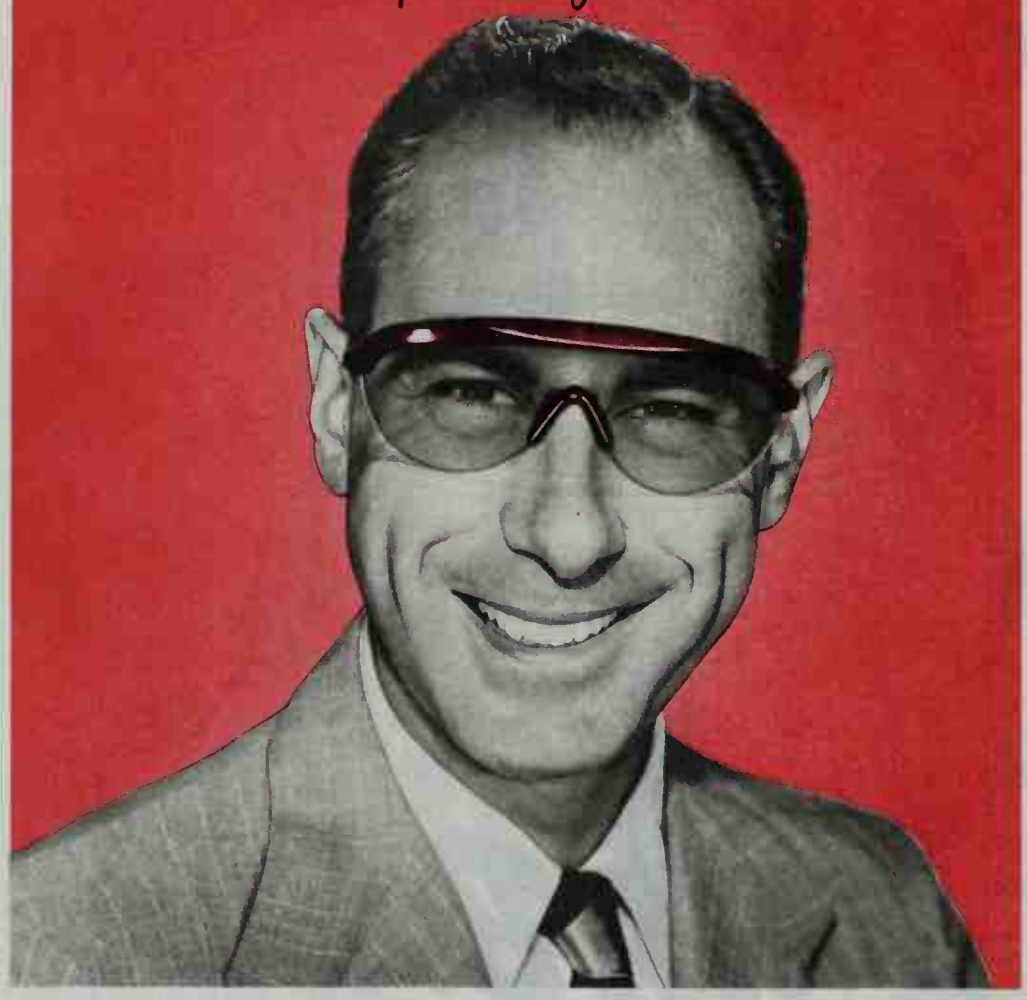
Famous Sports Commentator

CHOOSES

AO POLAROID

Sportglas

DAY GLASSES



"Give me AO POLAROID* Sportglas for driving, fishing, sailing, skiing! These sun glasses cut out dangerous, confusing glare reflected from roads, water, snow and ice. I also like the way they let you see things in their true colors. Wear AO Polaroid Sportglas and you won't be missing a trick!"

Bill Stern



MARGARET YOUNG
Glamorous Powers Model

SMART NEW STYLING . . . Ful-Vue (high) temples and curved frames to give more "eye-coverage"! High-polish laminated plastic lenses! Demi-amber frame for men and women; Resort Red, Seashore Blue, Mint Green, and Ivory Sand for women.

$1.69 with case

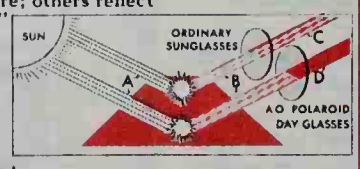
How AO Polaroid Day Glasses Filter Reflected Glare!

A Bright light from the sun strikes a surface.

B Some rays bounce off as glare; others reflect to the eye as useful "seeing" rays, show color and detail.

C Ordinary sun glasses dim both glare-light and useful light. Glare remains to hide detail, to dilute true colors.

D AO Polaroid Day Glasses reduce annoying glare, reveal detail, transmit undiluted color rays.



American Optical COMPANY

IF IT'S MARKED *IT'S SMARTLY STYLED, OPTICALLY CORRECT*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Polaroid Corp.

multiplication tables they had learned from the same blackboard when they were young.

She thought, and knew the thought as another excitement because all that was happening to her was exciting. I could even marry him. I'm old enough. And we would go away and he would play in a band and I would come in and maybe sing all the songs, the way I've always wanted to. And we would dance and then I'd go back and just wait and wait for him. And he'd come home to me, to a cottage like this.

He drew her out onto the porch. The others went back to the piano and began to sing another song. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her again, a man's kiss, a knowing kiss. All memories, all loves, all little joys were there. There was bitterness, too, and yearning.

He could ask her to marry him now, and she would say yes. And they would live in a zigzag street someplace and wash clothes in hot soapsuds and hang them out to dry under a bright, hot sky of fat clouds.

BUT he didn't ask her. He just held her so close she could feel his heart beating. He took her face between his hands and looked at her again. "Millicent, Millicent," he said, as one learning a rhyme. "Millicent Hathaway Andrews." And then he smiled and kissed her once more.

She heard Buff's voice coming nearer, up the little stretch between the cottages, saying over and over, asking of the darkness, "Millicent? Millicent?"

A moth skittered across her cheek. Somewhere, out of the night, she heard a woman's low laugh—intimate, revealing. A man's voice answered, sensual as satin.

As if from a magnet that held her, she turned and walked slowly to the steps, saying, "Here I am, Buff." She could not leave him there in the dark, saying her name.

He came up the steps quietly, a set smile on his face, his hands at his sides.

"Hi, Buff," Red said. There was impatience, almost condescension, in his voice.

"Hello, Red," Buff answered. "How goes it?" And then, turning to Millicent, he said, "We have to go, Millicent. It's awfully late."

"Millicent's going to spend the week end with us, kid," Red said; and Millicent looked quickly at Buff to see if he would object to being called "kid." She saw the muscles of his jaw tighten just a little in the shadowy light, and saw his arms straighten just a little at his sides.

"Dodie's family would be worried," he answered quietly. "They're expecting us."

"Why don't you sort of run along and tell them she's not coming?" Red said.

"That wouldn't be very nice, Red," Millicent said. "I couldn't do that."

"You could if you wanted to," Red said slowly, waiting for her to answer. "Buff here," he went on, nodding at Buff and smiling in a way that suddenly annoyed her, "Buff here could tell them not to expect you—tell them you couldn't make it, or you changed your mind, or something. It's up to you."

"Yes, I guess it is up to you, Millicent," Buff said in a voice quieter than the skittering moth.

How Buff must hate this, Millicent thought. It's like a scene in a cheap movie. Buff stood perfectly still, isolated in quietness, waiting. Then he turned and started down the steps. "I'm going back to the car. I'll be there if you decide to come along," he said, simply. "So long, Red."

Red was swaggering a little, very sure of himself. Suddenly she felt very proud of Buff, marveling that she had not felt this pride before. He was alone among them—Red and Nancy and the others—but he asked no quarter in his loneness. Why, Buff was more her
than Red would ever be.
never known it before?
against the porch railing
whistled a bar of Blues in
her. She stood for a mom
thinking of the small sa
gaiety, the joy.

Then she walked acros
the steps. This, too, is lov
this feeling I have for Bu
more important than the o

"Say goodby to every
Red," she said slowly. "It's
ful." She ran down the
"Wait, Buff," she called.

She did not look back
silent Buff through the
gathered the hem of her d
dusty path. The sequin
now, less sparkling. She
back fiercely, as if she
against a thousand things.
way to the car, under the w

The dance pavilion wa
shape now, its lights ex
heart unstirring. She drew
for comfort against the
night. He paused under a
came up to her. She said t
explain to you about ton
couldn't make you unders

"Shut up," he answered,
You've done enough for o

He put his hands on her
shook her. A teacher ha
like this once in the fourt
had deserved it then and s
now. Buff was impersonal
It was as if the last persor
had left her.

She gathered her long sk
tectingly around her and
tightly folded hands, as sh
a child, noiselessly: I will
laugh instead. . . . But the la
of her, an embarrassing wl

Buff put her hands into
in a tight voice, "Look, I
sorry about everything.
through school and have m
you a phonograph and a h
you can stay out at this dar
Beach all the time if you v
laughed a laugh as stra
whimper had been.

He guided her gently to
He woke Harold, who had
behind the wheel, and sa
tively, "Please get in back,
going to drive. Millicent
front with me."

BUFF started the car, dri
fully, surely, swiftly. E
the night were the ever-my
of a freighter on the lake.
the shore were the sounds
of voices, sweet, sweet. E
going by, being left behin

Buff slowed the car and l
a searching look. There w
look, and understanding.
know, darling." He said
brokenly, but it was there.
cent knew that he did truly l
he was shut into the tight-
his own silent loneliness.
over and touched his cheek
are all kinds of love, she
this is a good love. Buff
I need him, and we will
gether. And maybe I can
him so our life can be like a
life and yet be our own, to

They flew on past the sl
the little farms, the restless
Beach was far behind then

Buff stopped the car.
sleeping, too. They were
gathered her into his arms a
awkwardly—the third kiss.
all meaning—all words that

"Thank you, Buff," she

He looked so happy. Sh
how she would always love
of happiness on his face.

THE END

THE BALKAN FOLLIES

Continued from page 22

d "Danubia" would domi- Sea, Aegean, Dardanelles, e eastern half of the Med- approach to Near East oil. elish international oil poli- u want to run your cars, aces, trains, the Middle ssary to America today as nsylvania. Unification of the hard, essential core of erating march west.

supercolossal plot of the :

ubia" is being courted by g ranch of the Baltic Sea e partnership of Czecho- d. If Danubia and Baltica ong hearts of all Central eat as one. Both are tem- t an aid to wedding—lent ghbor, and known in the tates as a "shotgun"—adds nces. The fence of the Big dy extends from the Baltic Sea. Success of the match a complete double fence, ezed at in these days of The courtship is frowned illain, a distant Uncle who ood and business relatives here also are three obsta- come before the wedding.

haracters in the Cast

'dem bums" of the Balkan e and Turkey, who have eigners—meaning us. The le is a pair of pain-in-the- ds, Austria and Hungary, betwixt ranches that still and Baltica apart. Aus- s the European gateway to iver; Hungary's Budapest, rt. Neither of these is, or Balkan. Or, rather, *wanted* overwhelming choice of r cent of her people, Hun- d up. A Hungarian official, d, told me this was because bor was there with troops, nks, while Uncle was there name only.

however, Uncle has guns, why top military and diplo- know that Austria has a of picking up her skirts and d-Atlantic than she has of e treaty at the forthcoming eting of the Big Four Min- y you read that agreement hed for an Austrian treaty is the day you will know the Big Neighbor feels ready to prove his immense kindness for the Austrian people by moving his Danube door farther westward and Europeanward, from Budapest to Vienna. But the dimming eyes of these two old ladies continue to peer anxiously out the back window of the Balkan Follies—still preferring cowboys to commissars.

And that introduces the third, or lalapalooza, obstacle. The Yanks—or nephews, whom the villainous Uncle sent over here to watch his affairs. Thereby, he unwittingly furnished the Master Director with the wow comic hit of the show.

Like most successful impresarios, those of the Balkan Follies are jealous of their stagecraft tricks and secrets. Our description of the action, thus, is necessarily based upon personal familiarity with the Balkans, firsthand observations of players and spectators, interviews with both, and official documents and records. The performance is continuous, varied, and dispersed according to sectional tastes. Something going on in each ring all the time. Purely for their own amusement the Yanks have named certain acts.

This one, for example, which takes place in Austria, they call The Galloping Poll! It is played by the Russians throughout their zone of occupation, with a male and female chorus that, faces washed and hair combed by executive order, every morning dances off from local headquarters like a merry flock of brush salesmen, humming, "Capitalism, Here We Come!" Each is armed with American Lend-Lease pencils and pocketfuls of questionnaires. Every Austrian family is questionnaired once a month. The Russian writes the answers. He never lets the questionnaire out of his grip.

The questions show the paternal interest of the Soviet Union in all good Austrians, like "Has your uncle in Linz an umbrella?" If some yokel wise guy remarks that nothing ever comes of these questions—except the uncle in Linz had his umbrella stolen a week after the questioner's last visit—he is laughingly told how the Russians do their best to make life easier for the Austrians, but the Yanks won't co-operate. Besides, haven't the Russians, on their own, restored local war-damaged monuments and works of art and culture? There is nothing like the sight of a reconstructed opera house to cheer and gladden families who live in brick-heap caves in what



"Gee whiz! I wish you had made the aces wild"

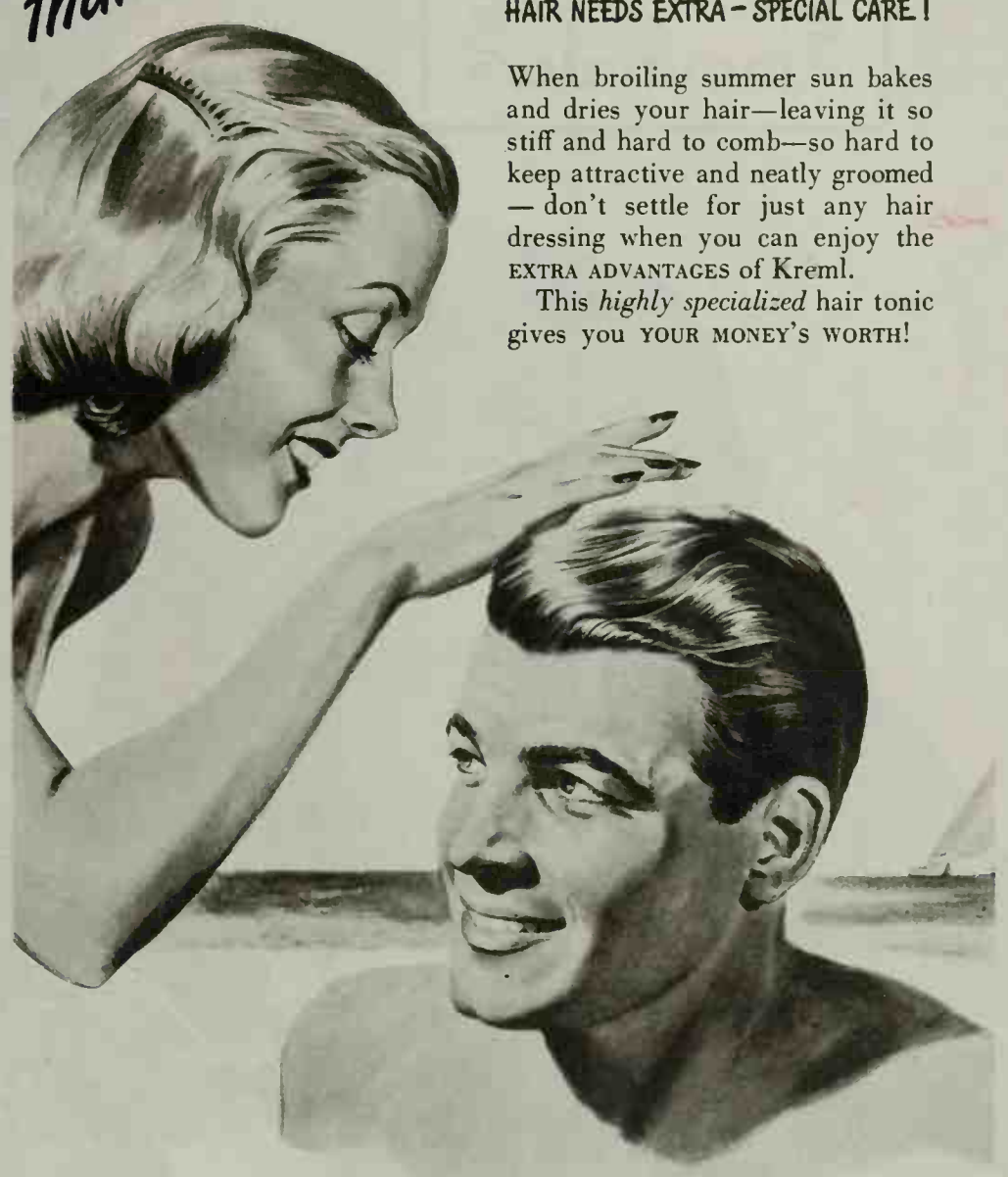
HERB WILLIAMS

KREML does lots more than keep hair looking handsome!

ON HOT STICKY SUMMER DAYS...YOUR HAIR NEEDS EXTRA-SPECIAL CARE!

When broiling summer sun bakes and dries your hair—leaving it so stiff and hard to comb—so hard to keep attractive and neatly groomed—don't settle for just any hair dressing when you can enjoy the EXTRA ADVANTAGES of Kreml.

This *highly specialized* hair tonic gives you YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!



KREML NEVER SMOTHERS HAIR DOWN WITH DUST-CATCHING GREASE

Kreml contains a special combination of hair-grooming ingredients, which is found in NO OTHER hair tonic.

That's why Kreml keeps hair handsomely groomed *longer* throughout the hottest, stickiest summer day without ever looking or feeling greasy.





WHEN HAIR IS SO DRY IT BREAKS AND FALLS!

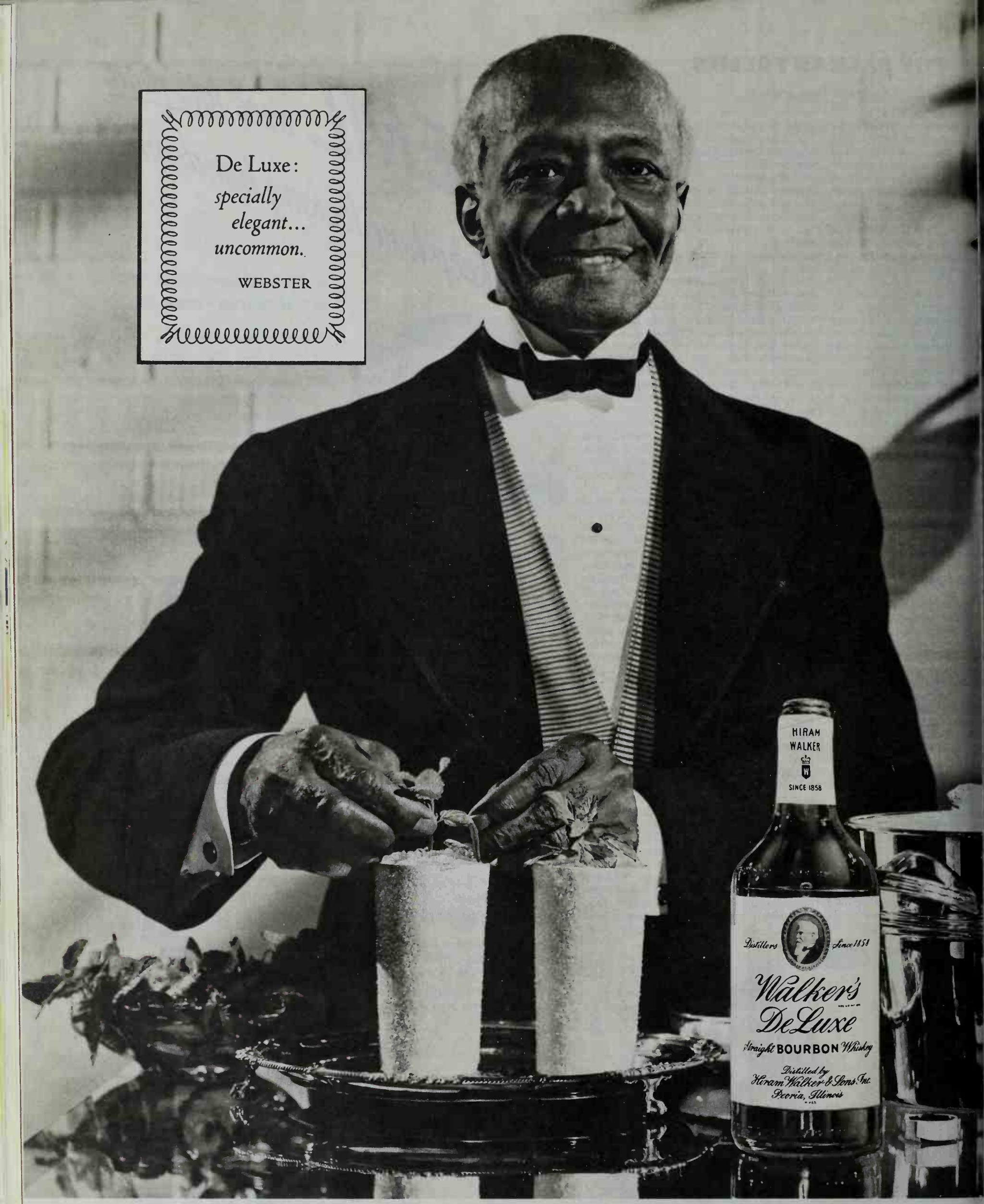
Kreml is simply great to lubricate a dry scalp. And if the sun dries and scorches your hair so that it breaks and falls when you comb it—Kreml helps 'condition' the hair in that it leaves it feeling so much softer, more pliable.

At the same time Kreml removes itchy loose dandruff and leaves scalp feeling so *cool, refreshed* and *alive!* Make Kreml a daily 'must' this summer for that handsome, clean-cut look from morn till night—for a more 'hygienic' scalp.

KREML Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

For Better-Groomed Hair—A More 'Hygienic' Scalp



WALKER'S DE LUXE *is a straight Bourbon whiskey, 6 years elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.*

© 1947, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

the cellar of the home they
rials to rebuild.
third or fourth question the
nks his pencil. "Ach, those
erican pencils they sold to
night," he says, half under his
owing the pencil over his
to the street. He takes an-
erican, too, but repainted red.
much better," he mutters,
gth his work. When finished
he questionnaire with both
the wall or table and says,
a your name"—meanwhile
ant funny story about the
. He then puts the signed
ew in his brief case, presents
il to the Austrian as a part-
kes the children—the wife,
alone—and leaves.
he recovers the first pencil
utter, resharpens it, and re-
me business at the next stop.

ly Under the Thumb

Austrians are not supposed
that the last paragraph on each
ere, just above the household-
re, and usually covered by
humb during the signing, is a
ame." A typical one: "I swear
mage to my property, or any-
g from it, was by other than
ps. I have been treated with
spect, kindness, consideration
ship by the members of the
Army. Signed—"
ering how many things the
d to be absolved from. It is
ing how many of these elabo-
ed questionnaires have found
into American Intelligence
's most amazing how many
of Austrians have come to
it's all about and enter into
illegibly signing "A. Hitler."
bowling favorite, also ex-
mum-played, is a sleight-of-
called Soldier into Settler. It
actors as much as the outlook-
y have difficulty keeping their
xpressions. In Austria when
not let it be known they were
ir occupation force to 60,000
,000—you saw the Vienna
ts, among other centers, full
ny uniforms one night, and
ht 90 per cent civilian. They
very same people.
ia more than 100,000 Red
ers have taken off everything
lap drawers and become old
in Rumania, more than 200,-
dy yet knows precisely how
eds of thousands of Red vet-
en salted into Austria, Hun-
p of territory Czechoslovakia
Hungary along the Danube's
nk, or across Greece's wild
borders. It isn't possible to
fast.
a rollicking monologue given
by each member of the Rus-
k, usually in bars or cafes.
ty information at the rate of
sentence. Telling how Russia
e jeep and the C-47 plane and
ed her production of same with
Allies. How the Brothers
d Orvitch Vritsky invented,
ew the first airplane at Ka-
k, a lonely beach near a
ery on the Crimean shore of
Sea.
ch the American Army had
German professors to teach
literate G.I.s. They've got a
ular quips, and a knack for
current events in the drollest
, allowing the methods of gag
the United States the Russian
s call the American press for
. They swiftly picked up one
a Negro in Louisiana had
ecuted twice because the first
ilers had more "juice" than
The Russians know the guf-

faw value of mixing truth with fantasy.

There is a skit the Yanks call Who's Human Now—and How. The scenes are impromptu; not the kind in which the leading actor could bear the strain of more than one performance. For instance, an episode one Yank air crew got involved with at Matyasfold Field in Budapest. These Yanks customarily greeted the Red sergeant in charge of ground control there in a pally way, and gave him cigarettes. The sarge never melted, but the Yanks remained amiable, knowing how dignified top kicks become in such jobs. One stormy day the Yanks were late in arriving; by the time they were cleared for take-off it was dark, and the weather vicious and wholly unflyable.

The pilot knew the Soviet rules. American planes not permitted to stay overnight at Budapest, or any other Russian or satellite Balkan field. But this was a dire emergency. He put it up to the Russian sergeant. The sergeant said no. For one solid hour he said no, while the pilot argued, yelled, gestured that he wasn't going to break his blank neck or the blank necks of his crew for any blank Russians. The sergeant had a face from which a magpie couldn't peck a smile. He wasn't a bad egg, though; in the end he agreed to let the Yanks stay.



"Perhaps I made a hole-in-one"

The next two or three times this crew flew into Budapest the sergeant was not to be seen. The worried pilot finally went to the Soviet commandant; said he was responsible for the incident, extolled the sergeant's good judgment and courtesy, and expressed thanks from one air force to that of an ally for a decision that conceivably had saved a plane and several lives. The commandant jovially promised that everything the pilot said would be favorably entered upon the sergeant's record.

"But the sergeant!" asked the pilot. "Where—"

"Oh, him," said the commandant, "we shot him, as soon as you took off."

Quite a few such reports, turned in by Americans, are in the official records. Yanks read them carefully, in search of the universality of what they understand by "human nature."

The Unmasking of Superman feature is better understood by the Yanks, who know their comic strips. It suggestively demonstrates to the Balkanese that the self-fabled American supermen are in reality plain old-shoe. "Inquisitive Ivan" opens it every morning, bright and early, rain or shine, when he comes in a recon plane—Piper Cub type—over Tulln Field, our base near Vienna. Let surely be put-puts back and forth, flying so low that his face is as well-known at Tulln as the mess bartender's. He sticks his head out of the window as he counts planes, looks into hangars, examines the control tower. All the Yanks wave to Ivan; some empty their pockets and hold up the contents for him to see.

The jest, as both audience and cast well know, is that if any Yank plane went socially over any Red field it would be shot down. If a Yank plane, lost or weathered, makes a forced landing within the Russian zone it is impounded, with crew, passengers and cargo, and there is a long rigmarole before they can be pried back to their own roost. Several hilarious experiences of this have improved the quality of Yank navigation. Contrawise, if Russian fliers, lost or just snooping, force-land in our zone we give them gas, service, food, hard likker and liberty to go whenever they please. Their reluctance to leave our tables and bars and return to the perfection of Soviet life is notable.

In Yugoslavia no civilian member of the United States Legation is permitted in excess of three miles from Belgrade; no Yank military attaché is allowed to leave the city at all. Yet in Washington there are no restrictions on the staff of the Yugoslav Legation. In the United States, Yugoslav officials, like those of all nations, friendly or otherwise, with whom we maintain diplomatic relations, receive the courtesy of "diplomatic immunity" long established among civilized nations. In a later act you will see what happens to our diplomats in Yugoslavia.

American diplomatic and other missions scattered through the Balkans depend for their very lives upon our airmen. With the end of the war such missions became essential to restore and protect United States properties and rights, and to furnish bases for Graves Registration details in their task of locating bodies of thousands of Yanks who died to free the Balkanese. Native transportation was, and is, virtually nonexistent. Army planes offer the sole feasible method of sustaining our missions in food, supplies, personnel and contact with the outside world.

The Yanks planned to set up regular schedules, in accordance with American practice, for these courier flights. But "regularity" and "efficiency" are the last things the Russian stage managers want Yank aviation to portray over the Balkans. They have far more convulsive ideas for us. *Red* "red tape" They give no long-term blanket authorizations for schedules. Individual permits, instead, for each flight from American Occupation Headquarters at Vienna to separate Balkan capitals and, in addition, distinct permits for the plane itself, each item of cargo, each crew member and passenger.

Permits may come through in six days, thirty, or not at all. One for a Monday afternoon flight may arrive Tuesday morning. Or, for the plane but not the crew; for the passengers, but not the cargo; for the plane to Bucharest, its motors to Budapest. Or, upon arrival in Belgrade, if one passenger is shy a brief case listed for him, the whole flight may be shooed back to Vienna to get it—and then have no permit to return to Belgrade. Horseplay—at both ends. Once, more than 50,000 pounds of vital supplies for our Bucharest mission backlogged at Vienna because no permits came through for a couple of weeks.

Once aloft, the Yank courier planes must fly along back alleys, or corridors, eight to ten miles wide, a tightrope feat in soupy weather over terrain that hasn't had a path cut or a hut built since long before Columbus sailed. By unusual coincidence the tightropes are dog-legged to go over as many ridges and peaks, as few clear valleys, as possible. However, the Russians provide ground aids to Yank navigation, flak, from antiaircraft batteries that line each alley. "Live" flak, too; none of that humorless warning charge that we shoot at Red airmen who accidentally fly over Alaska to photograph our installations there.

Nor is it without lurks for Yank pilots up the middle of the alleys—chummy Russian fighters making paint-scraping passes at them as a matter of routine. A while back—as you perhaps read—some Russians found this so diverting they chased Yanks right down to the landing strips on Tulln, shooting.

When the Spitfires Challenged

There are British occupation forces and missions, too, leading some Balkanese to question why they have no roles in the Follies. Truth is—one hates to repeat this about such agreeable people—the British don't make good clowns. As illustration, the day news was flashed of the shooting down of an unarmed Yank transport and the killing of its crew by Jug fighters, the young squadron leader on the nearest field in the British sector of Austria immediately took off with 20 of his Spits, flew into Yugoslavia, cruised and buzzed the murder area, ready for action if Jug planes came up. None did.

Recently an R.A.F. transport was flanked by Jug fighters and compelled to land. The Yugoslav field commandant almost had a stroke when he was confronted by a British pilot, who started to rip his ears off. But that Jug was nimble-brained. "We thought you were Americans," he stuttered. All hydrants present shouted and clapped with delight, and the situation was saved.

Americans train-bound to or from their Occupation Force Headquarters in Vienna must pass through the Russian zone, and the entry points are magnets for natives as depots used to be for small-town folk in Kansas. Something always going on—or coming off. Yanks. Outing does not depend so much upon whether papers are in order as upon how playful the Russian guards feel.

Street-corner or roadside bus stops, and road blocks where vehicles must stop for checking are excellent sport, also. Yank cars are turned back; Yank bus riders hauled off and made to wait gleefully on the curb. In the early days there were more Yank combat veterans about, who liked skirmishes and shooting better than amateur theatricals—until they learned those tommy guns were loaded.

The Jeep Treatment is another wow-

SCIENCE BEATS WEATHER INSIDE WATCH CASES

Amazing new mainspring completely overcomes rust danger

When watches keep erratic time or suddenly stop and can't be wound, the cause often is *mainspring failure.* Steel mainsprings frequently lose power. Or, weakened by rust, they break.

Yes, mainsprings in closed watch cases can and do rust. High humidity weather with a sudden drop in temperature sets up a miniature rainstorm . . . forms a tiny pin point of rust. And *there* is where the spring breaks.

But now Elgin Watch Company scientists have developed "Elgiloy" metal and from it a miracle mainspring: Durapower*. The DuraPower Mainspring *eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* It *will not rust!* And it retains its resiliency indefinitely, gives a steady flow of power for greater accuracy through the years. Only Elgin watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have the DuraPower Mainspring and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also at repair shops for replacement in many previous Elgin models.

*Patent Pending



"Who'd guess when I took this picture she'd be a famous opera star some day! Thanks to NuAce Snapshot Mounting Corners, *I've kept this memory safe all these years."*

NuAce Corners are quick, easy to use, and attractively embossed. They stay glued, but permit instant removal of the snapshot. Ask for NuAce, the better Mounting Corners, at 5c and 10c stores or at your favorite film counter. Available in 12 colors for only 10c per package of 100: 60 for 10c in gold or silver.

ACE ART CO., READING, MASS.



BEFORE IT'S LOST OR DAMAGED..

MOUNT IT WITH NUACE Snapshot Mounting Corners

woo. It is staged whenever a Yank turns up the wrong garden path in pursuit of a whistle-fräulein, or jumps the wrong fence to swipe cherries—for, except at road blocks, zonal boundaries are not well marked.

The Russians don't toss a wandering Yank back over the line, though it may be only six inches away.

Instead, a Russian MP jeep is summoned to take him home in style—and time. He is given the conspicuous seat of honor. Sirens roaring, six or eight Russian MPs hanging on, he is given a jolly ride—not inhospitably direct to a Russian control station, but round and round the whole town or area, up and down the busiest streets—real interesting ones, half a dozen times—and through all the crowded market places. He sees all; is seen by all. The ceaseless siren makes sure that people on back streets come running.

Some observant Yanks noticed that many Russian sentries examine the "gray tickets"—the pass for the Red zone—upside down; evidently, being unable to read does not bar a man from guard duty in the Soviet army. Only color blindness does. So numerous Yanks who itch to go a-rovin' cut themselves a gray ticket, any old cardboard will do, write tributes to their Red buddies on it, sign their Social Security number—and set forth to see if something jolly will happen.

Records of Yugoslav Inhumanity

Probably the gayest time of all is had when our courier planes land in Bucharest, Sofia, Budapest or Belgrade Of these, Zeman Airport at Belgrade takes first critical honors. Incidentally, Yugoslavs are the only ones, enemies or Allies, who since the war's end have with official deliberation murdered in cold blood Yank airmen in unarmed transports and Yank G.I.s in ambushes near Trieste; also there is abundant Intelligence testimony that more Yugoslavs have been killed or sent to lingering death in concentration camps by fellow Yugoslavs since the war than by Germans during it.

Yugoslavia: Lend-Lease aid received from the United States, over $32,000,000; reverse L-L from Yugoslavia to the United States, 0. UNRRA aid received by Yugoslavia, $400,000,000; about 75 per cent from the United States. Yugoslavia is a word meaning "country of the south Slavs." But to anyone who has slept both in its best hotels and on the floors of its village huts, as I have, Yugoslavia is the lower Slobovia of the Li'l Abner cartoons.

Zemen Airport is known to Yanks as "Hotfoot Field." For it is at Zemen the Yanks revel in the Balkan Follies equivalent of an old-time Minsky and Sliding Billy Watson, lathering with stable brooms, shaving with buzz saws, manicuring with chisels, shampooing with mucilage; while native railbirds line every vantage spot.

When and as the American plane arrives, it is surrounded immediately by heavily armed soldiers. Its door cannot be opened until the Yugoslav and Soviet High Inquisitors make their dramatic approach. This may not be more than an hour, unless they are having tea with girl friends, or unless it is one of those days of extreme temperature which the climate of Belgrade can produce. Once a crowded plane was kept sitting on the apron 4 hours and 20 minutes, with an inside temperature of 125 degrees Fahrenheit. The guards saw to it that no one opened the door for a breath of air, or that no mush-heart from the airport brought out cold drinks for the bakees.

After the Inquisitors have boarded the plane and minutely scrutinized all credentials while the Americans remain respectfully seated, action starts a-popping. Like the dangerous characters they are supposed to be, the Yank passengers are driven out and lined up in one column, the crew in another. Each column is headed, flanked, tailed by tommy guns and bayonets. The sergeants yell, "Hep!" and off they march the crew to a control room, where they are fed an excellent lunch of U.S. Army or Lend-Lease rations—and kept under lock, key and gun until departure time. The passengers are marched into the Presence.

The Presence holds court in the custom shed and is usually a Yugoslav captain, who is changed from time to time—only partly to prevent his murder, mostly to reward aptitude or punish lack of it. One Presence who, on the coldest day Belgrade has known in recent years, kept a planeload waiting only 35 minutes, is learning a new trade in Rumania—how to dig salt from mines—by hand.

While the truly gifted Presence who thought up that four-hour scorching (a Captain Baum, who ignored with monumental good nature every crude Yank invitation to "step out from behind that counter and take off those seven tommy guns, you so-and-so!" and who once ran bawling to his office when a lad from Brooklyn reached over and socked him anyhow), is now an important minister of the government.

When the passengers are herded into the shed, and enough guards set in all doorways, the Presence strolls in to see if any of the arrivals merit his personal touch. Ransacking of pockets, papers and baggage of ordinary Yanks he leaves to apprentice Presences. Should there be a ranking member of the American Legation in Belgrade, or a big shot from Washington, the Presence does his star turn.

There is no such thing as "diplomatic courtesy" at Zemen—for Yanks. Diplomats' belongings are dumped upon the counter for a microscopic grubbing. Employees hurry from all over the building to witness the proceedings, because it is by his twitterings and chaffings over each item as he turns it inside out the insulting slyness of his of American VIPs, that a Pre utation hinges.

Most Yanks concede th marks the smash-hit climax lies. Still, it must come as American faith in our nationa learn that a few of them do n ate its monkeyshines. Like tha who, in a secret report to W stated: "In no other country ness, anarchy, and the subjec people to a regime of terror force so clearly evident as in Y No self-respecting nation sho submit to humiliation of its c its prestige like that imposed in Yugoslavia."

A far more engaging revi Balkan Follies was voiced by chief of staff in Hungary, duri view with ex-Prime Minister I United States had petitione for landing rights for our c aircraft in Budapest. Hungar ious to grant them. Lesser o ting nowhere, the Prime Mi directly to the Red chief. It interview. The marshal, dep Hungarian's lack of a sense simply pointed out the pay-o him:

"It is utterly impossible for Union to permit the use c within five hours' flying time and two hours' flying time o your main ones in Hungary a *hostile nation!"*

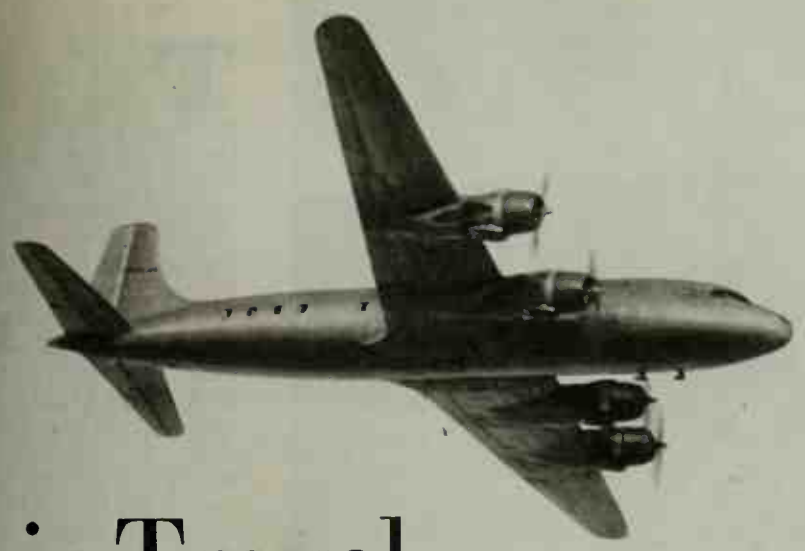
Mr. Ferenc Nagy is in Amer

But the Follies go on. For know their comic operas they hint, a sort of sneak preview, and better Follies to follow—a Director would like to do 'em. ing in the biggest of all. Its world. Its theme—the future. —Freedom: You've Had It!

THE END

A British noncom outlines the route each MP patrol must follo guarding Vienna's four sectors, Russian, British, American and Fr



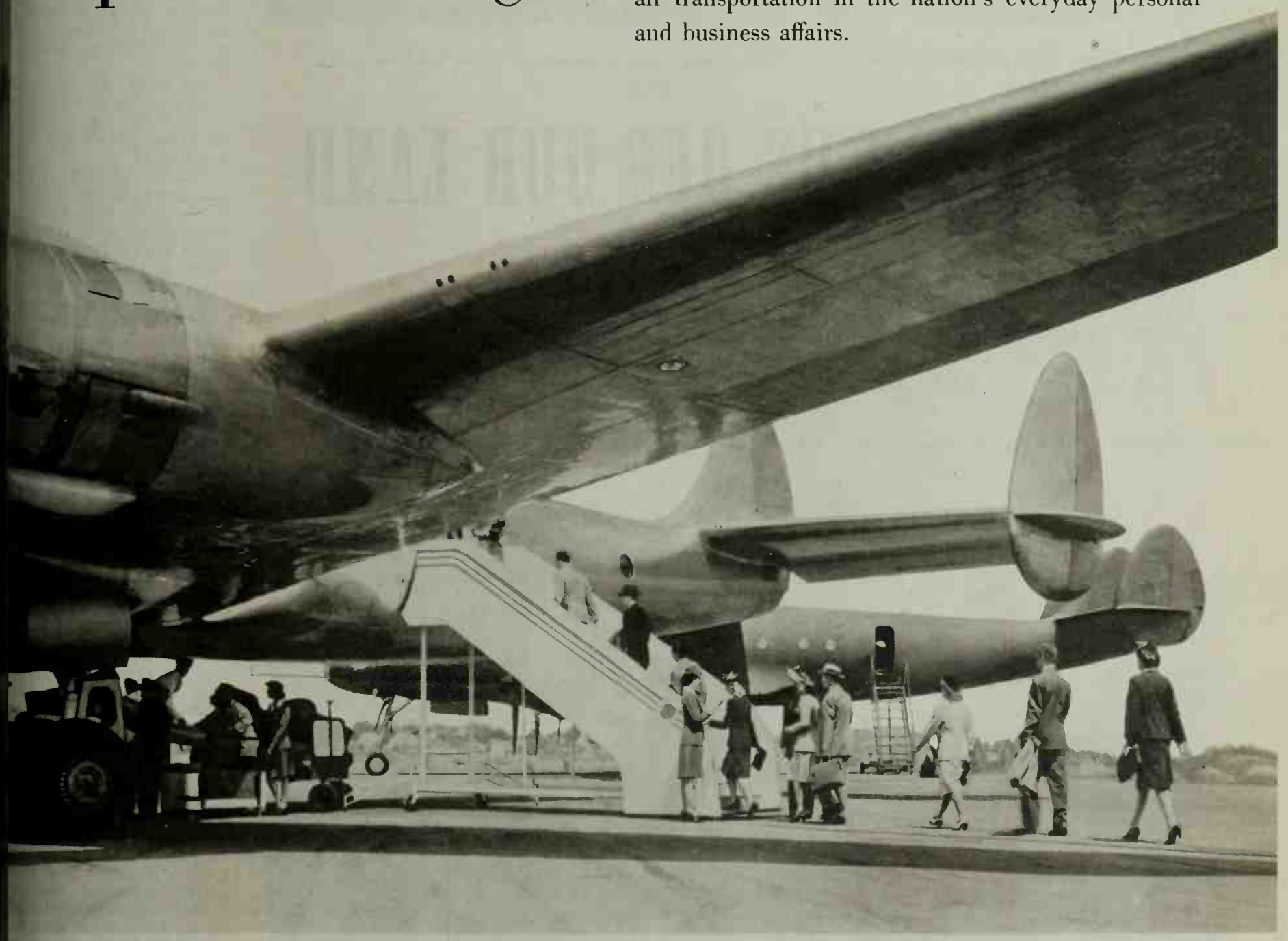


Air Travel Buys You Two Important Things

Air travel gets you to where you're going in the least possible time—comfortably and economically.

But there is a vastly important by-product of traveling and shipping and sending mail by air: the enlargement and maintenance of one of our strongest guarantees of peace—the nation's air transportation system, the greatest in the world.

The cost of maintaining such a system solely for readiness in a national emergency would be tremendous. Yet there *must be one*. That the cost is not on your tax bill is due to typical American enterprise and self-sufficiency—and the fundamental place of air transportation in the nation's everyday personal and business affairs.



THE SCHEDULED AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

Air Travel Strengthens America

You get there quickly, comfortably and economically when you go by *scheduled* Airline. Fares as well as express and freight tariffs are now lower than before the war. Air Mail is only 5¢. So, travel, mail and ship—by air! Call the nearest Airlines office or your travel agent for reservations. This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's *scheduled* Airlines and leading aviation manufacturers.



E. V. SANDIG

This gully, endangering the ranch buildings, illustrates what happens when a watershed fails to hold the rainfall

THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND

BY LESTER VELIE

Overgrazing by cattle and sheep on the high range land has so choked the rivers and reservoirs with good soil that the West's lifeblood, its water supply, is imperiled. It is, a world authority says, "a race between education and catastrophe"

Contrast the above picture with this excellent range land on which proper care has maintained the high, thick grass

E. V. SANDIG



TO THE West's big
cattle men, all publi
forest, all national
just so much forage for thei
Out to get such grazing on
terms, the American Nati
stock Association and the
Wool Growers Association
ing to reduce to impotenc
Forest Service, which polic
000 acres of strategic wate
grazing lands. If they succe
duplicate their feat of br
back of the Department of
or's Grazing Service (policed
other 145,000,000 acres
lands) and further hasten th
tion of the West's two basic
soil and its water.

The stockmen's weapo
the Forest Service are th
proved so successful against
ing Service: intimidation, a
Washington lobby and the
sional Cow Bloc.

When Lee Kirby, superin
the Tonto Forest in Ariz
some 500 service-club office
presidents and others throu
est to show them why the
livestock on the deplete
should be reduced, Arizona
demanded his scalp in W
The big associations tried t
Spencer, district forester a
fired when he spoke out ag
public-lands drive. Neither
the sack.

But while the big stock
fered these local reverses b
the Cow Bloc has trained it
the Forest Service in a majo
Washington.

Senator Pat McCarran o
is in there pitching with a
the American National Live
sociation has been trying t
seven years. Here's the s
Forest Service already adm
range lands with the advice
tary boards of stockmen.
seeks to legalize these boa
they are legalized their "adv
as happened with the Depa
the Interior's Grazing Servic
orders. That would mean t
an effective Forest Service,
meant the end of an effectiv
Service.

What Senator McCarran
"advice" is indicated in anot
the Grazing Service. It wou
Department of the Interior
ing present bargain-price gr
on the public lands unless th
boards (of stockmen) conse
Senator McCarran's Fores
bill packs another wallop:
freeze permits in the hands
holders, many of them big
thus setting up a monopoly
of forest ranges.

Meanwhile, as this is w
House Appropriations Com
lopped $1,500,000 from the
Forest field budget. Unless
restores these funds the ag
have to fire forest rangers
when it is battling to reduce
ber of livestock on overgraz
If it loses its battle the d
speed a process which is lir
life expectancy of America

We are running through a
the good American earth.

"Already, more than half
and farm land has been se
jured . . . and 280,000,000
crop and grazing lands h
either ruined or damaged,"
of Agriculture Anderson s
Secretary gave this picture: "
dred million acres of former
are no longer suitable for c

00,000 acres are in seri-
. And finally, still an-
000 acres are subject to
me degree." Secretary
ve his point home an-
America's topsoil, when
d Miles Standish came
s, averaged about nine
h. Today, topsoil aver-
inches for the nation as
result of land abuse."
might have added that
e 300 to 1,000 years to
h of topsoil.
sort town of Colorado
rado, Dr. William Mc-
e Forest Service plays
mes with pocket-sized
loping grasslands and
ws graze the grass down
r 2 inches or whatever
Ginnies chooses. Some
ot grazed at all. Then
s are placed at the bot-
pes, and Dr. McGinnies
ait for rain.
ctually see in miniature
er sort of grazing shov-
to the rivers," Dr. Mc-

eserts Are Made

boy country too many
spoiled the sod, dumped
th into the rivers and
servoirs on which many
that W. C. Lowdermilk
nservation Service calls
ween education and ca-
world authority on how
serts, he can tell you in
yria, once the bread-
me, and northwestern
ripped of their soil and
nto wastelands.
years in China, Dr.
found that overgrazing
tion had destroyed the
earth of China so com-
s now too late for flood-
, and reservoirs. Mud
n the bare slopes would
them.
400 millions now has no
land than we have for
ns.
n man, Dr. Lowdermilk
nuous leg work, and in
he gullied and destroyed
nsi Province he found
forests, "green emer-
he yellow wasteland.
ks, requiring restful sur-
r their contemplative
rrounded their monas-
rest preserves and kept
rmer and cattleman out.
ese temple forests, vege-
reproducing naturally
g planted or irrigated,"
nilk said. "Forest litter
surfaces. Rains were be-
as they fell, for there was
f runoff and soil erosion
ounding farm lands were
reat labyrinths and gul-

Vest can offer such con-
n the mountains above
lorado, lies Dory Hill
andoned resting place of
Here among the weath-
nes you stand knee-high
nch grass—bunch grass
een extinct in surround-
r decades. Beyond the
sty iron fence, stretching
pes as far as the eye can
nd, its thin green cover
weeds and bare reddish
posed soil.
had preserved the grass
ing had destroyed.

In the vast spaces of God's country you can see other pieces of the "race with catastrophe" in action. At the corner of Fourth and Central in the heart of the Albuquerque, New Mexico, business section, for instance, you can look *up* at a river bed. The river bed *above* you is that of the sometimes mighty Rio Grande, and it tops the town's business section by four feet. In the spring some 300,000 gallons of silt-laden waters churn over the river bed each minute, and as the district engineer, Hubert Hall, puts it, "If the water ever gets through the levees, it will go right down through the town."

The river is lifting itself by its own silt so fast—more than a foot a decade—that Albuquerque and the valley are beginning to wonder whether their Rio Grande is becoming another Yellow River. The white man's treatment of the Rio Grande Valley is "a more complete example of regional suicide than most people ever imagined," J. Russell Smith, the geographer, observed.

The race with catastrophe is sensed also by New Mexico's neighbor, Utah. So washed and blown away has that state's limited usable soil become, so widely have "gangster grasses"—poisonous and other weeds—moved in on the nutritious grasses of former years, that scientists of the University of Utah this spring raised the question: "Is Utah Sahara-bound?"

In Los Angeles, in Phoenix, Arizona, and in the many Western towns and valleys nurtured by the river lifelines that stretch from the mountains, alarmed men raise another version of the race-with-catastrophe question. In the semiarid West, water is a resource more precious than the gold for which men crossed the mountains in the first place. Someday the last newcomer will cross the Rockies to make a home in the West, because there won't be enough water to support more people, more factories and more irrigated farms.

Take the case of Los Angeles. When the town had a scant 50,000 population around 1900, it got along nicely on water from the Los Angeles River. Today 2,000,000 Angelenos must look 200 miles for water, to the Colorado River, impounded at Lake Mead behind the Hoover Dam. Los Angeles spent $240,000,000 to tap the water (and power) of Lake Mead, and the federal government spent about $165,000,000 more.

Silt Is a Major Problem

Future generations will marvel at this monument to the energy of our times, but unless some changes are made they won't derive water or power from it. For lying behind concrete that will outlast the Pyramids, Lake Mead is living on borrowed time. Inexorably, day after day, the Colorado River deposits some 14,000 carloads of silt on the floor of Lake Mead. Each year the man-made lake is filled with enough Colorado River silt to cover 137,000 acres a foot deep. At this rate the Lake Mead reservoir will be so filled in 100 years that Los Angeles and other towns will have to look to other reservoirs for water and power.

The lesson of the choking reservoirs, of the eroding grasslands and increasing floods is plain: If education is going to win that race with catastrophe, education had better get going.

But the Westerner who should be the star pupil—the stockman whose

(Continued on page 80)



U.S. FOREST SERVICE

Poor range produces poor cattle, as demonstrated by this photo of stringy cattle on an overgrazed cheatgrass range. Some stockmen have still to learn this primary lesson of their industry. Overgrazing also threatens the West's water supply



U.S. FOREST SERVICE

Photos above and below are a lesson in cause and effect. Above is an overgrazed range during a rainstorm. It shows how nibbled-off grass allows topsoil to wash away. Below is Mt. Pleasant, Utah, after a flood of mud and rock, washed down from eroding uplands, had moved down Main Street instead of a scheduled parade



THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

of Magnússon, the scholar, and Thorvaldsen, the sculptor. His parents lived here for three years before returning to Greenland and Iceland together with 160 other Norse colonists.

MYRTLE LOVELL GILLIS, Watertown, N. Y.

SOUNDING BRASS

DEAR EDITOR: Re Buttering the Navy Brass (June 21st): As an ex-Navy officer, I wonder who died and left Lewis H. Conarroe his commission.

To defend the few (?) as nice as our author, it may surprise him that there was an ordinary boot (Gene Henry) at Pearl Harbor, who, upon being appointed for Annapolis, became the academy's first six-striper. He didn't get there because of whom he knew, but what he knew.

LORRAINE J. SALVATORE, Bronx, N. Y.

. . . "Fearless" Lt. Conarroe! You can have him! And I don't think there are 12,000,000 or even 100 others who would stoop to writing such trash.

Now I am an ex-Army sergeant and, of course, I "hate the Navy" (like hell, I do). They took us there and they brought us back. They did a swell job. And the "brass" helped plenty. Or did fearless lieutenants do it all? R. M. BAILEY, Dallas, Tex.

. . . I have been a member of the naval reserve for over thirty years and have been through every rank and rate from a second-class petty officer to my present rank of captain. I served two years in World War I and five years in World War II, and most of this service was anything but "swivel chair" within the continental limits of the United States.

Mr. Conarroe would have us believe that all the so-called "Trade School boys" are indeed a special breed of cats, that they are overpompous, overbearing, overproud snobs, and that they spend most of their waking hours, when not libating, in devising ways and means of (a) humbling junior officers and enlisted men, and (b) crucifying all reserve officers who have not had the Congress-given privilege of graduating from Annapolis.

While the article is intended to be a bit of humor, I am sure it will impress the average civilian with the conviction that our Navy is in very bad hands indeed with such "characters" abroad and with such "goings on." No wonder Congress is today chopping off needed funds from naval appropriations at a time when there was never a greater need for the public to have confidence in our Navy and its officers.

PIERRE BOUCHERON (Captain, U.S.N.R.), Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

DEAR EDITOR: Nina Wilcox Putnam's Unmasking the Mosquito (July 5th) says that mosquitoes carry on their courtship in much the same way as some people: That is, the males hang around on the *Cilicidae* equivalent of street corners, whistling at trim-ankled females as they flutter past.

I seem to hear a mother mosquito's maternal advice to her daughter, setting her straight on the facts of life before daughter sets out on her first solo flight past the neighborhood bog:

"Now, daughter, if those loafers whistle at you, just keep right on going. Say to them, 'DDT and Flit may give me a fit, but whistles'll never hurt me.' But don't go running off with any of those males. What? How can you tell if a friendly mosquito is a male? Just invite her to share a lifeguard with you. If she says, 'No, thanks, never touch the stuff,' get on your way. She's a he. All males are vegetarians. Remember, daughter, before you have anything to do with any male, first make sure he's got a good-sized account in the blood bank!" Must buzz off now,

BOB HAWK, New York

LARD HE/

DEAR SIR: The article, H... rope, in which W. B. Co... tells of Europe's money... quite revolting and th... considering the plight o... makes one wonder if Am... supporting those parasit... be slighted, some publicit... to the Fat Heads of An...

EARL EUGENE KILM...

. . . I read it three time... amused at the clever word... ney—the second time, I... sick at the pictures he p... time, I became obsessed w... hate and anger that such... lowed to live. Compassio... nal gratitude for being... horrors of war—none of t... greed, gloating, snobbery...

MARGI...
South Gla...

. . . Yes, long before Wor... seen misery and hunger... alas, I have also seen hu... enced it right here in the...

ED LAMBER...

. . . I served in "England"... in the "Army," of course,... man at "Colonel Kilian's... "Replacement Depot," I... see "Brass Fat Heads," g... uniform and great respect...

WARREN LISK, ...

HANSEN'S DIS...

GENTLEMEN: I wish to ex... ciation of the patients at... Elsie McCormick's artic... Again (June 7th). Too o... public is inclined to reg... with Hansen's disease as... some creature who thro... heavenly curse for his chos... has forfeited all claim to... Miss McCormick sought... tient from the standpoi... average citizen. But it is... of normalcy that the pat... have created out of their li... them off from their fello... much more than the ave... achieve normalcy in the fa... prejudice, ostracism and i...

HARRY RIC...
Patients' Federatio...

GREEN ON GR...

DEAR EDITOR: John Ja... knows very little about g... on page 78 of the May 31... "golfer" about to make a... a green. The ball cannot... green but must be picked... from the fairway near the...

VIRGINIA L. SHERMA...



"Too bad you w... shooting for this...

Cartoonist Jarvis' knowled... is limited to the five days he... before he was relieved of h... duties by a female kangaro...

WE KNOW SOMETHING THE OTHERS DON'T

Continued from page 17

bout going up to Maine." eyes. "About leaving

hard suddenly. she said. "What has done for me?" ever done for anybody? tried, for a year. I'd have . But nobody even gave Her mouth twisted. ou don't have to worry . I'm through." was in her voice, too. all right. It had taken me orce, and a stretch in the a had done it in one. Just ing pushed around had answers. d, "we'll get along." ftly, "We'll show them. m, Pete!" it, I was finished. There'd- Waring kicking around, parties, making with the be finished. l. "We'll show them." ut in—Harry Wynne, it minute I stood there in the swarm and I was up tching the big snowflakes oftly, slowly, in a thick ning to the silence. lvia and I had stayed up ave been different. It had the last, that we never saw pt at other people's cock- faybe up there we could . .

of it and looked around. as on the trail of a new ake was chucking the yel- r the chin. And over close

my neck prickled. She'd coat and she was standing n a white dress that went in one sleek line from the top to the bottom, and her hair black and cloudy and a little frown between her eyes.

My hand touched the square box in my pocket. Here it was. The kiss-off.

I walked toward her, and when she saw me she smiled.

"Pete," she said.

I said, "Sylvia." I didn't smile back.

It was the little smile she gave me, the one that said: You and I, Pete, we know something the others don't.

The others were lucky—or maybe smart.

"Old Sylvia," I said. "What's a party without Sylvia?"

She said, "At first I thought I wouldn't come. But I had to." Her eyes were steady and dark and serious. "I—hope you'll be very happy, Pete."

There was just a hint of hesitation in it, a kind of quiver. That girl wasn't an actress for nothing. Be brave, Sylvia. Smile with an aching heart. She was hitting it for all it was worth.

FOR a minute she almost had me. I remembered how it had been with us, right after we were married. I remembered that night in Ricardo's, with the red tablecloth and the platters of spaghetti and the red wine, and Sylvia in white then, too, and her eyes dark and shining. And I could hear her saying, "We won't be like the others, will we, Pete? We won't let it get away from us."

We were in love then and we were happy and maybe a little bit crazy, and I said, "No. We won't let it go." And her eyes were dark and happy over the spaghetti, and she was wearing a thing that I'd given her at her throat, a kind of locket we'd got out of a popcorn box.

I thought about that night, and for a minute she almost had me.

Then I thought about later. Champagne instead of red wine. Diamonds—

by LARRY REYNOLDS



right, listen a while, but don't get any ideas about joinin' them"

When you're lying two on the "dog leg" —



And a clean shot over the trees would put you on the green —



Boy, oh boy! - how an Acushnet Titleist helps!



ACUSHNET PROCESS SALES COMPANY, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

This is an unusual Advertisement

FREE REPAIR SERVICE

We are not asking you to buy a ZIPPO Lighter

If you own a Zippo lighter which is not in perfect operating condition, Zippo will consider it a favor if you return it direct to us for our free repair service, as we have never charged for the repair of a Zippo regardless of its age or condition.

We guarantee quicker service than you have ever received on anything returned for repair, regardless of what it is or what it cost.

We are the originators of this free service on lighters and we are always anxious that any Zippo we have ever manufactured gives its owner good service.

There is absolutely no handling charge. We prepay return postage.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., 5 Barbour St., Bradford, Pa.





It's new-it's safe! It sure kills fleas!

"We're in harmony, all right—'specially with our master! We had the flea market cornered, but he saved us!

"He knocked out the fleas with Sergeant's ONE-TWO—scrubbed us with SKIP-FLEA Soap and followed it with regular SKIP-FLEA Powder dustings. They bring fast relief every time!"

SKIP-FLEA Soap and Powder are only two of Sergeant's 19 reliable dog care products. Each one is the result of over 73 years of thorough research and practical testing. Ask for the new 50c economy size of SKIP-FLEA Powder.



• Is your dog getting the attention he needs? Sergeant's new FREE Dog Book is full of interesting, helpful advice on dog care. Ask for it at drug and pet stores, or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Virginia.

Sergeant's

DOG CARE PRODUCTS

and even the diamonds not enough—she'd look at them and say, "They're nice, Pete," and that would be all.

I thought about Sylvia, the party girl, and I was okay again.

She said, "Do you remember Ricardo's, Pete?"

"Sure," I said. "How could I forget that wine? Like he'd drained it out of somebody's radiator."

Her lips got tight and I thought maybe she was going to slap me. I grinned at her.

THEN somebody grabbed my arm and it was Sam Lake. "Pete, my boy." He winked at Sylvia. "Run along and play, Sylvia," he said. "I want to talk to this boy."

I wanted to talk to him, too. I raised an eyebrow at Sylvia.

"I'll see you later," I said.

She said, "Yes. I want to talk to you."

The way she said it, it wasn't going to be a love scene.

I turned to Sam. "Well, Sam, what's on your mind?"

He moved closer and got confidential. "How you fixed for dough, Pete?"

In a mind-reading act he'd've been sensational.

"About four hundred, maybe, when everything's cleaned up."

"Pete," he said, "you are a careless feller. What do you do with it?"

"You know how it is, Sam. The money comes and the money goes."

There was this thing and that thing—and Nora's ring hadn't come in a box of popcorn.

Sam shook his head.

"You have not got sense about dough, Pete. You have got four hundred smackers. You are getting married. And you are quitting show business—"

Where did he get that idea? I said, "I'm going to write a play. Remember?"

He shuffled his feet and the cigar went over to the other corner of his mouth. He didn't look at me.

"You have told me about this play. On four hundred smackers you are going to be profound. Significance you have got to have. So how long will it take?"

I nodded at him and grinned. Old Sam. He was practical. He went to the heart of the matter.

"That's what I wanted to see you about," I said. "Four hundred isn't so much. I thought, maybe, a little advance—"

Sam looked hurt.

"Now, Pete. Could I take such a chance? For O'Neill, maybe, yes. But you are not O'Neill, Pete."

I stared at him. He was a practical guy, all right.

"No," I said. "That's what they tell me. I'm Pete Waring. I'm brilliant. I glitter so I keep myself awake nights."

"Sure. Every time you get up from your typewriter you have got a smash. You are a genius, Pete."

Anybody who made money for Sam was a genius.

He went on: "You see how it is, Pete. You must forget this nonsense. If you want to go to this—this bear place, I will advance you, say a couple of grand, and you can have a nice little vacation. Then you come back and do me a play."

He meant it. My hands were cold again, and there was a tight knot inside me. I thought about the play. I thought about the years I'd wasted already. If I didn't go this time I'd never do it.

I said, "You mean I've got to play it your way. You won't let me have anything."

Sam spread out his hands. "No dice, Pete. Such a chance I couldn't take."

The friends I had at that party I could count on one finger, with plenty of room to spare in case I met a new one.

"Skip it," I said. "I can get along."

Sam patted my shoulder.

"Don't be rash, Pete. You think it over. You do me another one like Laddies by Request and we will both make plenty of tomatoes."

I felt myself trembling a little inside and my hands opening and closing.

"Skip it," I said, and walked away.

I saw Sylvia on the other side of the room and I started toward her. They were dropping away one by one, and the hell with them. I still had Nora, and I had the play. And whether it was four hundred dollars or a bag of peanuts didn't make any difference. I had to do it.

The party was cooling off. People I didn't know were leaving, drifting out in couples. A fluffy little babe in pink bumped into me, heading for the door.

"Leaving?" I said. After all, it was my party.

She gave me a look. She had clear baby-blue eyes and looked about nineteen.

"Who the hell is this guy O'Neill, anyway?" she said. "He sure gives lousy parties. This one stinks."

She went out with the curly-haired Joe

"Rumors?" I repeated.

"About you writing a one."

"Well?" I said.

"Well, what?"

"The cracks, baby, the "Where's your sense of you see how comical it tired and I was mad and it. "Ask anybody. Ask Get Sam to tell you."

Sylvia was frowning. Sam?"

I told her. She looked "Sam Lake said that? S

I shrugged. "Sam's a She thought about it fo "Well," she said, "may

I looked at her. But s wasn't she? She was play character. What did I ex cry?

"Maybe he is," I said.

Something was thumpi mering inside me, trying t



"I have good news for you, Frederic—your grand father cut you off without a cent, so you can stop worrying about what you'd have to pay in inheritance taxes

COLLIER'S

and I stood there looking after them. They were the lucky ones. They could leave.

Then I went to where Sylvia was standing. There was one more loose end to cut. Then it would be over.

I said, "How do you like the party?"

She made a smile you could have poisoned the soup with. "Oh, it's a lovely party, darling."

And for a while we didn't say anything. I wasn't thinking about the party, and I guess she wasn't either.

It was different now, and yet everything was still there between us. We'd been married and we'd been divorced. But no matter how final the decree was, there was something left.

And I kept remembering things. Like the time Sylvia'd gone away from the cabin and got lost and I tracked her in the snow. On our honeymoon that was, and after it was all over and we were sitting by the fire, she'd cried and I'd held her, with her hair soft and sweet-smelling against my face.

It was going to be funny, to be up there with Nora.

I looked down at Sylvia. "What's on your mind, baby?"

She said, "I've been hearing rumors. So I wanted to find out."

there was no point in talkin shoved my hands into my leaned against the wall and party cool. I saw Ed Hanso and coat on and a blonde What he wanted with the sp know.

He saw me and waved.

"So long, pal," he called. me to the bears."

Witty to the end.

THERE were others goi then I saw Nora coming other room with Sam La Sam and came toward us, her hair bobbing up and eyes were happy.

She stood there in front o was bubbling.

"Oh, Pete!" she said. "D *happy!*"

"Fine," I said. "What

"Well, it's—" She stopp had to be flustered, I didn started again:

"It's Mr. Lake. He's just part in Mr. Wynne's new small part, of course. But chance I've been waiting fo

Sylvia made a sound, but at her. I looked at Nora, a



ZACHARY SCOTT, starring in
"THE UNFAITHFUL"
A Warner Bros. Production
Makes magic with Bugs Bunny.

KE
MAGIC

Premium Sinclair Oil Gives Your Car More Power!

A rabbit out of a hat is standard magic, even when the rabbit is famous Bugs Bunny. More power out of your car is something you get with the magic performance of *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil.

Tests prove Opaline Motor Oil gives your car more power because it contains special chemicals developed by Sinclair to clean carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from the motor.

Premium Sinclair Opaline cleans as it lubricates. It gives your car more power—saves on gasoline and oil. Ask for *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

1947, PREMIUM

SINCLAIR OPALINE

Reg U S Pat Off

MOTOR OIL

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle

PROVED!



Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of every 4

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
LESS RAZOR PULL—Said 75%
CLOSER SHAVES —Said 69%
SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN—Said 82%



Only Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Offers You This Proof!

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—*no matter how they shaved before*—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves!

Here's All You Do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. *This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave —and discover the smoothest, most comfortable shaves you've ever had!

Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

NOW TRY Dustless SWEEPING



Reduce Germ Laden Dust!

Eliminate Sweeping Compound!

Dustless brushes used with Arbitrin sweeping fluid eliminate up to 97% of germ laden dust and reduce sweeping costs 20%. Arbitrin fluid, poured into a metal reservoir in the brush back, filters through the tufts and keeps dust down as you sweep. Dustless brushes are used in thousands of schools, factories, offices, stores, and institutions. There is a Dustless brush to fit your needs. Write for sizes, styles and prices today.

MD

Milwaukee Dustless Brush Co.
530 N. 22nd St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.
Please send facts about Dustless brushes.
Name .....
Street Address .....
City, State .....

PULVEX "DDT" FLEA POWDER



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Kills the fleas *Quickly!* Keeps others off *for Days.*

Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.

Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢

INCREASE your income in spare time taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for this magazine and all popular publications. *Write to—*
Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How to give TIRED EYES a quick rest

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



Eyes tired? You can rest them quickly. Put two drops of safe, gentle Murine in each eye. Instantly your eyes will feel soothed, refreshed.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a safe, scientific blend of 7 important ingredients. It relieves discomfort of eye-fatigue immediately—makes you feel ready for work or play in just a few seconds. Gentle, soothing Murine helps thousands. Let it help you, too!

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

minute I didn't get it. I was tired, I guess. A little slow on the uptake.

I said, "But we're getting married tomorrow. We're going to Maine."

She was shaking her head.

"Of course we're getting married, darling. But I can't pass up a chance like this, can I?"

I'd been in a fog, but it was beginning to break up. I looked around and saw Sam. He wasn't watching us. The cigar was cocked high and he had a pleased little grin and he just stood there alone being satisfied with himself.

A practical guy. He went right to the heart of the matter.

Nora said, "Anyway, I don't think I'd like it in Maine. With the wolves and all—"

I looked at her. "Bears," I said.

"Well, bears, then." She was looking at me without seeing me. She said, "I have my career to think of—"

Now she had a career. I glanced at Sylvia. I was a lucky guy with women.

"Hell, baby," I said. "You said you were through." I could hear my voice, thick and scratchy, with dust in it.

NORA was impatient. "That was different. Nobody ever even gave me a tryout before. But now—you see how it is, don't you, darling?"

I saw how it was. She made it plain enough. Something inside me kept getting tighter and tighter. I held it down.

"Sure," I said. "I get it."

"And it will be even better this way. We can have a nice apartment, with a study for you, and you can see all your friends—"

She was serious about it. It was all settled. I stared at her.

"Baby," I said, "you're a little confused. I'm going to Maine if I have to go on a bicycle."

I let a little of it out into my voice: "And if you're smart you'll go with me."

"What do you mean?"

I told her what I meant.

"You can't act, and Sam knows it. He just wants me to stay in town and do another play for him."

Nora's cheeks got pink. Her eyes had sparks in them.

"Well!" she said. "Of all the conceited—! Let me tell you one thing, Mr. Pete Waring. You think you're such a—such an O'Neill, but that precious play of yours will never see Broadway. And I wouldn't marry you if you were the last—"

"Skip it," I said. I shoved my hands down hard inside my pockets. "Just skip it."

She looked at me for a minute, very haughty. Then she sniffed, once. Then she went away.

I wished I could hear [illegible] going to say to her.

But the party was over [illegible] going now. They'd taken [illegible] could, and now they were [illegible]

Sylvia, beside me, said, [illegible]

I shook my head. I [illegible] door and made like a host [illegible] was a little crooked, th[illegible]

"'By, Pete, old man,"

"Good luck, kid."

"Send us a bearskin [illegible]

Goodby, all you [illegible] Goodby and the hell w[illegible] Wynne, smooth and eleg[illegible] her nose in the air. Sam [illegible]

Sam stopped in the d[illegible]

"Pete, my boy, you sh[illegible] stubborn."

He was the last one. I [illegible] and shut the door after h[illegible]

Then for a couple of [illegible] stood there, leaning ba[illegible] door with my eyes closed, [illegible] see the cabin, with the hil[illegible] it and the woods stretch[illegible] for miles.

It was going to be funn[illegible] alone.

After a while I opened [illegible] It wasn't over yet. There [illegible] She was standing in the [illegible] room, watching me, fro[illegible] hair was a black cloud ar[illegible]

I went across and swit[illegible] dio. I turned off all the [illegible] Then I was ready. I went [illegible] in front of her.

"Okay," I said. "It's [illegible] wasn't even trying to kee[illegible]

She gave me a cool lit[illegible] all of a flutter, darling."

"Come on," I said. "Le[illegible]

She raised an eyebrow [illegible] line, isn't it? I'm still wait[illegible]

"Waiting for what?"

"To see what you're [illegible] Her voice was as cool as [illegible] were her eyes. She was a [illegible] in a lovely smooth cool [illegible] wasn't a crack anywhere.

"I'm going to Maine," [illegible] going up to the cabin, an[illegible] write a play." I gave her a [illegible] gag, isn't it?"

"It could be. But you w[illegible] Pete Waring—not on four [illegible] lars." She laughed a lit[illegible] Four hundred dollars."

My jaw muscles were [illegible] ache. I said, "That'll buy a[illegible]

Sylvia looked at me. [illegible] was thinking didn't show [illegible]

"You know," she said, [illegible] almost believe you really n[illegible]

I put my hands on my [illegible] ning I'd been getting madd[illegible] and holding it in. Now I c[illegible]



DO YOU WA[illegible]
THIS PICTU[illegible]

This week's cov[illegible] called Child at Wi[illegible] by James Chapi[illegible] print of this painti[illegible] full color and wi[illegible] any lettering, 10¼ [illegible] inches, suitable for [illegible] ing, will be sent t[illegible] of our readers on r[illegible] of 10 cents in st[illegible] Please send reque[illegible] Crowell-Collier Pu[illegible] ing Co., Springfield,

REPRINT DE[illegible]



ks much better today, doctor. Now make sure he keeps his feet
d, gets plenty of sleep, and we'll have him out of here in no time"

HANK KETCHAM

I could feel it starting and
othing I could do to stop it.
es, I mean it. Though I can
'd have trouble understand-

e eyebrow went up again.
ecause it isn't going to be a
lliant Pete Waring show. It's
real."
think you can do it?"
step closer to her, looking

n't married you," I said; "if
n for the parties and the glit-
swank apartments we had to
d have done it a long time

e." She was still wearing the
as my fault." She was wear-
ell and somehow I had to

y voice a little.
u'd have trouble understand-
, the party girl. Sylvia, the
y babe of Broadway." I
r hard. "Maybe you can un-
s, then: I'm through. To hell
tter. To hell with Broadway.
with you."
I cracked then. Broadway.
fires burning in her eyes, and
me up and smacked against

he said, "I'll tell you some-
voice had cracked, too. It
little. "I'll tell you the real
me tonight. I thought maybe
ged. Waked up."
my face where she'd slapped
ghed.
d! You're as blind—and self-
nd stupid, as you ever were.
ur life! *I* got glitter-happy!"
d again. It didn't sound like
t it was funny.
ame because I thought—well,
g. So goodby, Pete, and the
ou, too."
d up her wrap and started for
Her hand was on the knob
e out of it. Something was
nd hammering inside me, try-
out, and I knew now what it

ll there. All I had to do was
nd put it together.
I said. "Wait, Sylvia." She
th her hand on the door, and I
ox out of my pocket and went
put it in her hand. "From me
said.
inute she looked as if she were
row it at me.
t," I said.

She hesitated. Then she opened it. The tissue paper floated down to the floor and she opened the box and stood there looking down into it, and something happened to her face.

"Pete," she said. "Pete." Her face sort of dissolved and ran together.

I said, "Wait. I guess I've known for a long time. But tonight it got clearer and clearer. Even when I was mad, even when I was chewing you out. And now I know."

It was all there: the first year, the hard year, the good year. And then, Ladies by Request. Champagne. Diamonds.

And who'd bought them? Who'd been the monkey on a stick?

Me.

"Sylvia," I said. She was still looking into the box. "Listen to me. All the time I kept trying to tell myself it was you, something inside me knew different. Champagne. Diamonds. I was the one who went crazy, Sylvia."

SHE looked up then and she was smiling that little smile, the one that said: You and I, Pete, we know something others don't. And the others I could only be sorry for.

"I never wanted diamonds," she said.

I nodded. "I know. But I thought they weren't good enough. So I kept buying bigger ones and more of them—"

She put a hand on my arm, lightly.

"All I ever wanted, Pete, was—well, what we used to find in a box of popcorn."

She stopped smiling. She was serious all over.

"I'm coming with you," she said.

"Wait, Sylvia." There was something else I had to say. "Listen. About Nora. It was different, it wasn't like at Ricardo's. Nothing was ever like that. It wasn't—"

"Hush," she said. "I'm coming with you."

"But I'm broke. I've only got four hundred—"

She put her hand over my mouth, and she was wearing white again and her eyes dark and shining, like that night at Ricardo's.

"I've always liked beans," she said. She added, "Besides, I still have your damn' diamonds—"

And that's about all. Except that, before I kissed her, I took the locket out of the box and hung it around her neck. I'd had to buy fourteen boxes of popcorn before I found what I wanted. But I'd finally found it.

Exactly what I wanted.

THE END

"Glad to see you aboard!"



Smooth flying ahead



Both 86.8 Proof

ANY FLIGHT with Johnnie Walker aboard is certain to be a pleasurable one. For this prize scotch . . . so genially smooth . . . so agreeably mellow . . . makes memorable every fleeting moment.

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.



JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, New York • *Sole Importer*

Come to
St. Louis
IT'S COOL
at Hotel Lennox. Every room is air conditioned.
IT'S COMFORTABLE
at Hotel Lennox. Good beds. Luxurious baths. Courteous service. Fine foods. Radio in every room at no extra cost.
Rooms from $3.50 (a few at $3.25)
Be in the Center of Things At
AIR-CONDITIONED
HOTEL
Lennox

"UNBLOCK" your
DIGESTIVE TRACT
And Get Genuine Relief That Makes You Feel Really Good Again
Don't expect to get relief from headache, sour stomach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalizers if the cause of your trouble is constipation.
In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when the lower part gets blocked food may fail to digest properly.
What you want for real relief is something to "unblock" your lower intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively—help Nature get back on her feet.
Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as directed. They gently and effectively "unblock" your digestive tract. This permits all 5 of Nature's own digestive juices to mix better with your food.
You get genuine relief from indigestion so you can feel *really* good again.
Get Carter's Pills at any drugstore today. "Unblock" your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.

New Sulfa Drug Formula For Athlete's Foot
New Powder Preparation Highly Effective
At first sign of Athlete's Foot—itching, cracked or raw skin between toes or on the feet—use Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex. It contains the miracle drug, Sulfathiazole. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing of red, raw, cracked skin between toes and on feet. Only 50¢ everywhere. Use exactly as directed.

Dr. Scholl's
SULFA SOLVEX

INCREASE your income in spare time as a Community Representative for this magazine. *Write to*—
Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood.
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND

Continued from page 73

livelihood is threatened by deteriorating grasslands—is hard to teach.

When the son of a stockman brought home some of the lessons in range conservation that Colorado A & M was teaching him his father rose at a meeting of the West Divide Cattle Growers Association at Collbran, Colorado, to protest indignantly that the boy had come home with a "notebook full of radical ideas and figures on range management."

"We stockmen are free lancers, the lords of creation. We've done things as we pleased so long, it's hard to get out of old habits," a Grand County, Colorado, stockman told me.

In their drive to force the sale of 145,000,000 range-land acres to a closed shop of ranchers at 9 cents and up an acre, other stockmen insist that self-interest will prevent ranchers from harming their own land.

"True conservation comes from the individual, not from a government bureau," Bill Wright, president of the American National Livestock Association, said. "Self-interest will see that the land is taken care of."

This "self-interest" line had whiskers back in 1879, when cattlemen tried to stop Congress from establishing a cattle-inspection agency to protect the public against diseased meat. They argued that pleuropneumonia, then rampant among Texas steers, didn't exist except in the minds of horse doctors. And anyway, enlightened self-interest could do what bureaucrats could never hope to accomplish by regulation. (P.S. Congress disagreed, set up the Bureau of Animal Industry.)

Bill Wright runs some 9,000 cattle at Deeth, Nevada, and is a clean-cut, out-of-doors figure who talks with the straightforward, earnest air of a man laboring under a great wrong.

"Sure the lands are being depleted under the present setup (cheap grazing under Taylor Grazing Act permits)," he said. "But if a man owns land he'll preserve it. A man who'll spit in the gutter won't spit in his own living room."

Farmers Acted to Check Floods

Spit is an ugly word, but uglier still are some of the facts. So badly did ranchers misuse their own lands, their literal "living room," on the Wasatch Mountains in Davis County, Utah, that farmers in the valley bought out the lands and turned them over to government rehabilitation experts to prevent further devastating floods.

In Weber County, Utah, farmers have incorporated to buy out upland ranchers to protect their irrigation water supply, and many other towns, among them Salt Lake City, have taken similar steps to protect their watersheds. Should grazing lands now policed by the government be sold to private owners, dozens of towns would be forced to buy them back to protect their water supply, Governor Lee Knous of Colorado said. "It would be an impossible task," he added.

Many Western stockmen are conscientious about keeping up their ranges. Conditions on some private ranges in the northern Great Plains (eastern Montana, the Dakotas, northern Nebraska) are reportedly several hundred per cent better than they were in 1936 and, according to one government expert, are "probably better than at any time since the nineties."

In two outstanding instances, ranchers have pooled their resources to restore sick lands. In Fremont County, Idaho, woolgrowers joined hands to put their grazing lands on a sustained-yield (restore what is grazed) basis. At Miles City, Montana, the Pumpkin-Mizpah (co-operative) Association of ranchers pooled 100,000 acres, took an inventory of forage resources and now administers the lands as a community range. And there are other heartening instances.

Under the soil-conservation program launched in 1935, farmers and ranchers can organize conservation districts and get government technicians to help preserve their land. Such districts have already been formed in three fourths of the total farm area. This, however, is only a beginning, since conservation performance varies widely from district to district.

But Americans are relatively late starters in applying conservation lessons that other nations learned long ago. When American soil experts raised the alarm several decades ago that our Western range lands were being destroyed by overgrazing, their warnings made a greater impression in Argentina than they did in America. Argentina sent for American experts to organize a rigorous system of government range control. Argentina wants no dust bowl on the Pampas.

But here in the U.S.A., we have much to do to save this richest of all continents for our children.

Most sorely needed is a unified government command in the fight against the forces of soil destruction. What we have now is a bureaucratic patchwork of seven major agencies and dozens of smaller units, often working at cross purposes. There are the U.S. Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Land Management of the Department of the Interior, both administering grazing lands. There are the Soil Conservation Service, the Bureau of Reclamation, the National Park Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service, and the Office of Indian Affairs.

In this setup, jurisdictional rows are a natural. Intent on intragovernment politics, the individual agencies sometimes are easy prey for minority pressure groups. For instance, so busy was Harold Ickes in trying to take over the Forest Service when he was Secretary of the Interior, that the big stockmen had no trouble in taking Ickes and his Grazing Service over via the advisory-board route.

Government reorganization looking toward a unified conservation command will take time. In the meanwhile, funds slashed from conservati should be restored. We n does no good to create con reaus with one hand and tal ing money away with th Taylor Grazing Act, which Grazing Service to conser lands, has been practically slashes in the Service's budg est Service, one of the old effective of the conservation also taken a body blow with of $11,800,000. Congress huge sums for the Reclam to cope with the effects of tion—floods. What about

An Unwise Congressio

Eastern and Middle West men have permitted the committees in the Senate a go by default to Westerner two things. It opens up gressmen to the toughest so —that of their own constitu creates the illusion that o has an interest in public lan concern the whole nation. is not a Western interest, n interest, nor a New Deal int

"We are tired of being b by a bunch of Communist reaucrats. We don't want slice of Russia," J. Elmer president of the American N stock Association, protested

A list of some of these "Communists" might sur Presidents Calvin Coolidge Hoover did the preliminary within which led to the pa Taylor Grazing Act. Presid the groundwork for the N Service which was created i row Wilson Administratio everybody knows. Presid Roosevelt was the "Karl M whole conservation idea.

But some big stockmen h in a few years conservation decades to enact. On the public lands at least, they beat the grasslands into dus

If, as the stockmen say, it can to conserve our forest lands, in a very few generati un-American to eat.

THE END



"Do you suppose, in a couple of years, I could ask him to fix this do

COLLIER'S



President Truman doesn't sit around in his socks. General MacArthur doesn't sit around in his socks. Professor Einstein, Chief Justice Vinson, Clark Gable . . ." GARDNER REA

HE KIDS GET A NIGHT CLUB

Continued from page 14

project was completed, parking field and all. The f is an adaptation of the nset hut. It is 56 feet wide long, with a 20-foot wing. e of concrete and glass ttractive awnings gives the appearance of having cost more than the $30,000 it and furnish. The hut it- y about $5,000. The rest rovements.

ng is insulated and air-con- side, the Barn carries out tif of its name. Electrified ps furnish dim lighting. The at one end under the hay- oft-drink and sandwich bar other.

floor, larger than in most is circled with a low rustic Tables for four surround or.

e Board of Governors

ique feature of the Barn is entirely by the youngsters A board of governors, com- presidents of the student each high school in the ull control. These fourteen s meet regularly to establish ake the rules. They plan the e the dance bands, deter- ission charge (which is now ce) and supervise selling the r responsibility also includes he rules are followed.

man of the committee is en-year-old Beverly Corbett, rshall High School in Ro-

is open Wednesday, Friday y evenings as a night club ble for other social functions he week. On a typical Sat- ng, the youngsters start com- 9 o'clock and within a half ce is usually filled to capac-

of the youth committee are on hand to greet the couples as they enter, show them to their tables and generally to make everyone feel at home. Arthur Shaheen, eighteen, president of the senior class at Aquinas Institute, Rochester, explained some of the rules: "We don't allow stags or cutting in on the floor. Some of the fellows object to this but the way we figure it is that everyone will have a better time if he knows he can bring his best girl and not have to worry about any roughhouse stuff."

After each dance set the boys crowd around the self-service food and soft-drink bar, which is operated by a concessionaire. He keeps a crew of six jumping, stoking the furnaces that supply the energy for dancing. The kids consume prodigious quantities of French frieds, popcorn and sandwiches. On an average night they drink 150 milk shakes, 60 bottles of chocolate milk, 480 bottles of soda and consume vast amounts of ice cream and sundaes.

Although plenty of free professional talent has been supplied, the mainstay of the entertainment is the kids themselves. Dave Lisk is in charge and he arranges for one high school a week to put on a show of specialty numbers. "The stuff is pretty amateurish," he says, "but they seem to like it."

All in all, the youth committee is getting excellent business experience running the night club. They are very anxious to get it on a paying basis as quickly as possible. The newspapers are underwriting the cost for the time being, but the committee is getting a percentage of the gross from the concessionaire. This is being set aside weekly and the committee hopes the fund will be large enough within a year to provide the working capital needed.

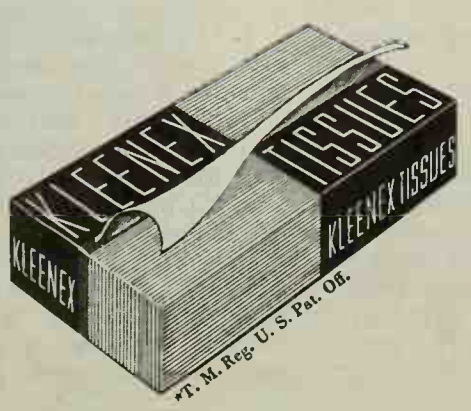
What Rochester has done any other community in America can do. For a trifling cost, as such things go, teen-age youngsters can be taken off street corners and out of undesirable surroundings where they are now forced to go for entertainment.

THE END



Your eyes tell you... what your skin has always known

There is only one Kleenex



Hold a Kleenex* Tissue up to a light! You won't find lumps, or weak spots. You'll see Kleenex *quality* come smiling through! Each tissue always the same . . . with that special quality of softness . . . strength . . . you *depend* on in Kleenex, your favorite of all tissues.

And only Kleenex gives you the Serv-a-Tissue Box. You pull a *Kleenex* Tissue, and up pops another!

America's Favorite Tissue

Liked best in a nation-wide survey by 7 out of 10 tissue users.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher WALTER DAVENPORT Editor JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing E



THE TRAIL'S BLAZED, MR. TRUM

IF THE so-called Truman Doctrine is to be more than a collection of big, bold words, it cannot stop at merely wishful preventive measures in Greece and Turkey. The whole of Europe must be taken into consideration, not piecemeal, but as a *unit* no less compact and economically integrated than the United States. Only through some program of federation that will permit collective effort, and do away with trade barriers, blocs, spheres of influence and competitive armament, can the Continent be restored to health. Secretary Marshall knows this and says it clearly and honestly.

The one alternative is progressive pauperism and a steady increase in the mean, narrow nationalism that makes for hate and war.

The criminal stupidity of present-day Europe may be measured by imagining the existence of a similar situation on this side of the Atlantic. What if each of our forty-eight states maintained its own army and navy, its own currency, its own foreign policy, and had frontier regulations that barred the free movement of people and goods? What if this or that state claimed authority over the Mississippi, the Ohio or any other river that flowed along its borders? And yet New York, Pennsylvania and California, to mention only three, are larger, richer and infinitely more self-contained than many European states.

The idea is not a new one; European union has long been the goal of the more unselfish Continental statesmen. The movement had great impetus after the first World War, but it was shattered by the opposition of Britain and France who figured mistakenly that a weak, disunited Europe would be a peaceful Europe. Had federation been achieved, 70,000,000 Germans could not possibly have imposed their unilateral will on 270,000,000 non-Germanic Europeans, and the German state would have taken its proper place in the Continental order as a partner, not a master.

The Charter of the United Nations recognizes the principle of nationalism. The Western Hemisphere and the British Commonwealth are organized in accordance with that recognition. With the creation of a United States of Europe, what might well follow would be a United States of Russia and a United States of Asia, all welded into a harmonious whole through the United Nations.

Under the eloquence of Winston Churchill, the Pan-Europe movement was near to being galvanized into new life. A few months ago the far-visioned Englishman said: "What is Europe now? It is a rubble heap, a charnel house, a breeding ground of pestilence and ha nationalistic feuds and modern ideo tions distract and infuriate the unha populations. Evil teachers urge the p old scores with mathematical precisio guides point to unsparing retribution way to prosperity. . . . Without a Un there is no prospect of world governm urgent and indispensable step toward tion of that ideal."

Following Mr. Churchill, Prime Mi reiterated his statement that "Europe m or perish." In France, Blum, Herriot, other leaders have taken strong position of the plan, and Count Richard C Kalergi, head of the Pan-Europe moven favorable majorities in the parliaments France, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium Ireland, Switzerland, Norway and Swe

President Truman, therefore, is not blaze new trails. A beaten road stret him. Not to take it means a continuanc floundering with its ill effect on public taking it he faces forward to three grea the initiation of a *real* American foreig curb on Russia's expansion, and an end in America's economy. GE

ollier's

AUGUST 16, 1947

TEN CENTS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



RELAX!

YOU MAY NOT BE NUTS

By Albert Q. Maisel

CHARM SCI

By Carl Fren

More miles with
B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER







w at less than prewar prices—the ire that outwears prewar tires

ch Silvertowns in all popular sizes than before the war. And yet they ar tires. For several months, issues ne have shown, on this same page, ar owners who have kept actual mileages. Others are shown above.

mple No. 74: 42,375 miles in taxi A. Howell, manager of the City Cab , Fla., writes:

irty cabs in operation and several sets ich Silvertowns in service. To date we single tire failure. The mileage record s 42,375 miles, and we believe this set 50,000 before recapping. No other tire in our experience has given us better service."

Typical example No. 69: 23,304 miles in hospital service—tires still look new! Orrie Ewart, of Port Huron, Mich., is employed by St. Clair County, and his duties consist of transporting hospital patients. He says: "B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns don't skid on wet roads like others. I've driven the set you see in the picture 23,304 miles since last December, and they appear as if they were newly purchased."

Typical example No. 57: Best tires she ever had in thirty-three years! Says Mrs. Eugene Guest of Lithonia, Georgia: "I purchased three B. F. Goodrich tires last year. When these tires were put on, the speedometer reading was 21,246. It is now 51,636, and there is a lot of good wear left in them. They are the best tires I have ever had, and I have been driving thirty-three years."

Not only do these tires cost less than before the war, but your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you a good allowance on your old tires if they're still good enough to be used or recapped. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

NOW!

They Live Again... The Fearless Men and Women Whose Daring Drew the Map of America Across the Wilderness... In Lines of Their Own Blood!

Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard in Cecil B. DeMille's "Unconquered" In Technicolor With a Cast Of Thousands



COLLIER'S

August 16, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managin*

KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGH	

THIS WEEK

FICTION

PEACE AND QUIET — By FRANK O'ROURKE — 14
Never insult a lady. Not a Swede. Not with eleven brothers!

STRONG BOY — By D. D. BEAUCHAMP — 20
Lute was strong enough to carry almost anything—except a tune.

MAN RUNNING — By SELWYN JEPSON — 24
The Serial Story. The second of six parts.

SIGNED BY JOE CRADLE — By ROBERT RICHARDS — 26
Joe got the chance to phone in one more news beat—his last.

NO SUM TOO SMALL — By MURRAY HOYT — 66
If you ever wanted your own horse, you'll like this tale.

THE LONG, HARD GRIND — By DALE CLARK — 74
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

THE NATION'S BRAIN — By STANLEY FRANK — 11
How the Library of Congress serves the lawmakers and the public.

THE COAST DEMANDS LONG PANTS — By KYLE CRICHTON — 16
But wise observers wonder if its baseball league can wear 'em.

RELAX! YOU MAY NOT BE NUTS — By ALBERT Q. MAISEL — 18
Best prescription for your mental health: Don't worry about it.

SCHOOL FOR CHARM — By CARL FRENCH — 22
A Florida cultural center that turns beauty into pulchritude.

LIFE WITH MR. POWELL — By JIM MARSHALL — 38
The Thin Man plays "Father" in the movie from the famous play.

AT HOME WITH THE JUNGLE GIANTS — By SASHA SIEMEL as told to GORDON SCHENDEL — 40
A visit to Brazil's Bororo Indians in their native village.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

WING TALK: PROGRESS REPORT — By FREDERICK R. NEELY — 64

EDITORIALS: *Better Heed Mr. Hoover* • *A Monument to the Babe* • *Gloom Merchants, Please Note* — 82

COVER — By *DAVID PESKIN*

THE WEEK'S M

GRAND STORY

GENTLEMEN, AND LADIES, TOO: I
erage reader, The Grand Mar
United States, by Dana Burnet
is just another wishful story, but
thousands who read between th
is an expression of a heartfelt ho
can find music that will explai
selves to people abroad, and t
finding, they will cease to fear
with us in the rebuilding of a
world, physically and mentally.
urges the singing and playing of
Hymn of the Republic on the g
radio programs. That music is
understood by all nations.
R. C. BUCHANAN, St. L

. . . As Chairman of the Con
Racial Democracy in the Nati
my gratitude to you and Author
The Grand March of the Unite
America. Greatest contributio
peace and racial understanding
ATTORNEY LEON
Washing

ERROR

DEAR SIRS: In Double Trouble
you neglected to mention th
White Sox. Of course, I'm a
fan, but the White Sox *do* hav
best double-play combination
league. Up to and including Ju
White Sox had made 62 doul
52 games. The closest to the
Yankees with 51 in 50 game
where was Cleveland? Way d
list with 38 tagging along with
had 48. You publish this or I'l
VIRGINIA PARSONS. Dave

Yes, but will they make them i
as they did in May?

SPARKY

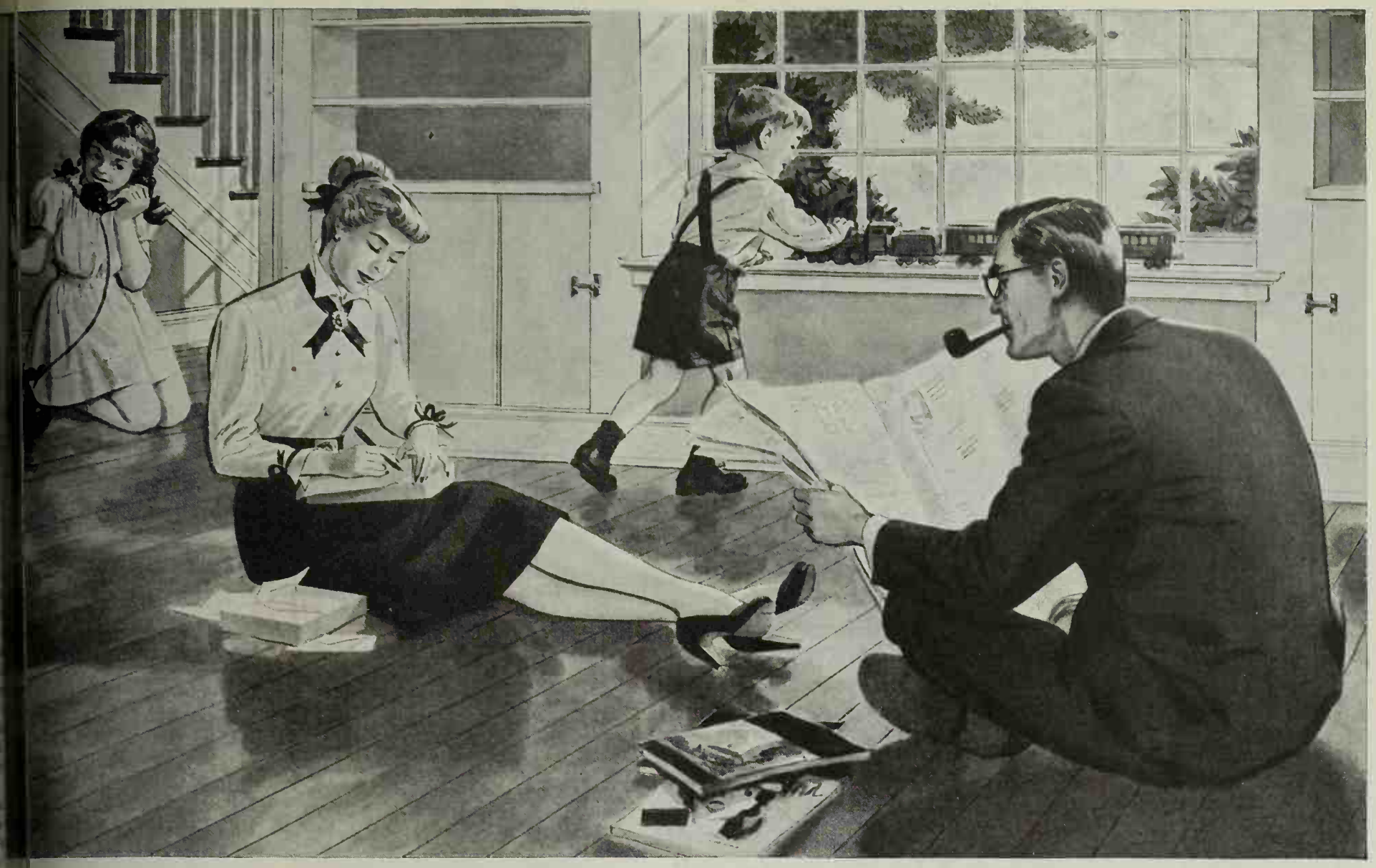
DEAR SIR: The Icebergs Bear
14th) is a grand article which
with my other treasures of m
trip. I was a radar operator
Mount Olympus. Every mom
perils will live vividly in my
ever. I was on the TBS copyin
for the records at the time
stuck. This is the first article
read in which Admiral Cruz
given credit. Our entire succe
making.
FRANKLIN V. KERR.

YOUNG IDEAS

DEAR SIRS: In reply to differ
as to what to do (The Week
(Continued on page 2)

Vol. 120, No. 7. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Demerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States: one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co. Changes in address should reach us f of the next issue date. Give both t dresses. Entered as second-class m Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act and at the Post Office, Toronto, C or art submitted to Collier's, The should be accompanied by addresse turn postage. The Publisher assum for return of unsolicited manuscript

COPYRIGHT, 1947 BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion



They forgot one thing...

In planning their fire insurance, they forgot how large a part of their home investment was in the *furnishings.*

So after they had a fire, insurance rebuilt their *house.* But inadequate coverage on the *contents* of the house left them a long way from having a livable *home.*

Don't make this costly mistake! Check up on *your* household goods and personal effects *now.* Hartford's Inventory Booklet makes this easy—write for a free copy.

Then ask your Hartford agent or broker about Hartford's broadened policies that give maximum protection to your furnishings as well as your house...against fire, windstorm and many other hazards.



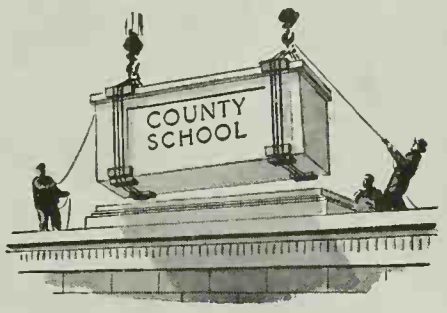
luck can be bad luck

is made ill by food served in e, you'll want to pay medical Hartford's low-cost Compre- ersonal Liability insurance can sed to take care of that in vari- nts. Covers damage claims too.



Who'll pay for all this?

If your home is damaged, your expenses while in temporary quarters may run far above normal. Hartford Additional Living Expense insurance pays these extra costs!



Education guaranteed

This school will be completed because a Hartford Contract Bond guarantees it. Contract Bonds have assured performance of contracts for almost every type of construction—private projects, public buildings, even the Hoover Dam!

ARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • Hartford 15, Connecticut

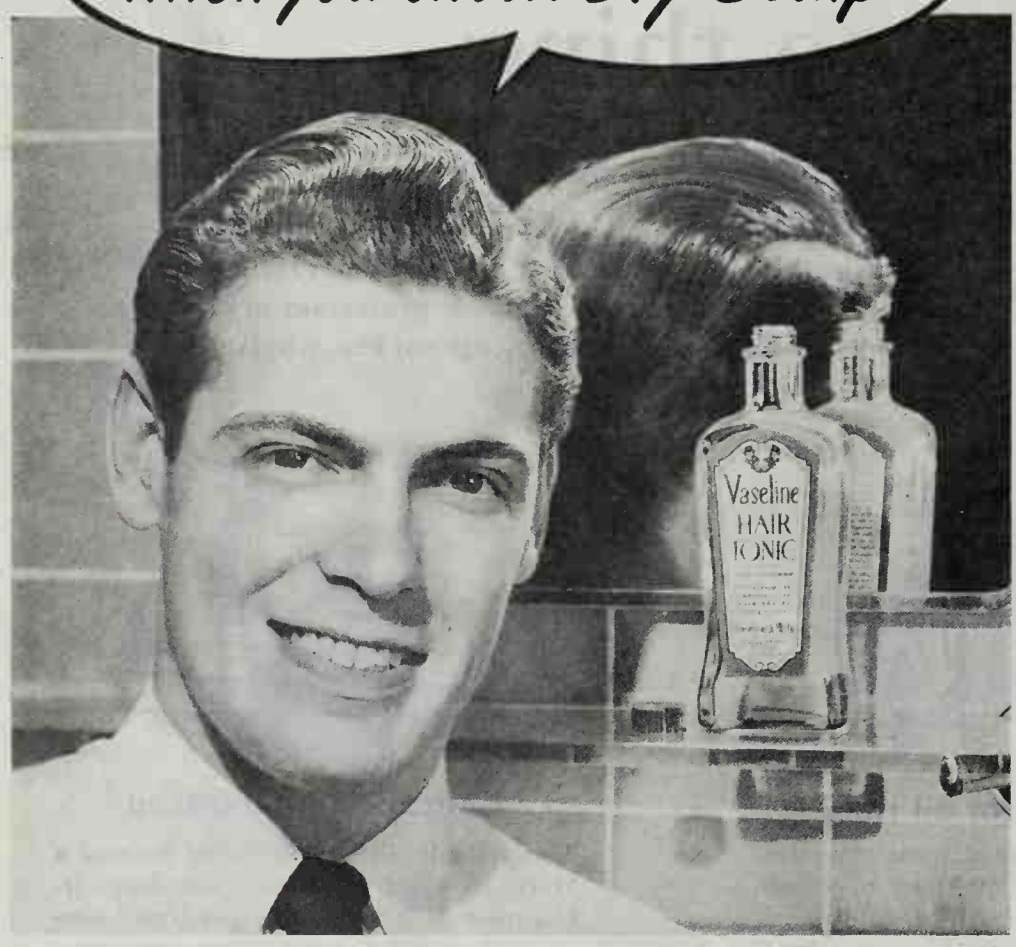


oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... IF HE PLAYED his cards right, I'd be more than interested. But that hair! Looks uncombed, dried out, and—sure enough, loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd be a dummy not to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



SAME MAN . . . BUT what a difference! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just use a few drops every day. Your scalp feels better . . . your hair looks better . . . stays neatly in place all day long. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is fine with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair . . . and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

BY FRELING FOSTER

America's oldest legend, still widely believed, is that the Pilgrims aboard the Mayflower made their first landing in this country on December 21, 1620, on a rock in what is now Plymouth, Massachusetts. Actually, they first came ashore on Cape Cod the previous November 11th. The rock story is not substantiated by any historical records and did not start until 121 years later.

A new system of odor analysis enables chemists to give any odor a fundamental formula number as identifying as a personal name. The testing kit has 32 vials, four rows of the basic odors—(A) fragrant, (B) acid, (C) burnt and (D) caprylic—in eight graduated strengths. Thus, an odor having the number 8-7-5-5 is a mixture of the 8th vial in Row A, the 7th in Row B and the 5th in Rows C and D.

Since first produced in 1919, Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick has been the most popular play among America's small-town dramatic clubs. Although few professional performers have ever heard of this amateur comedy, it has been staged in about 25,000 communities and seen by some 10,000,000 people.

The possible severity of hiccups is shown by a recent case in which an attack caused the death of a man in four days and twelve hours. In another case, a woman has had three attacks since 1941, each of which, after a duration of six weeks, had to be stopped by a phrenic nerve operation in order to save her life.

A comparison of the suicides committed in this country during 1921 and 1946 shows two important changes in the relative frequency of the methods employed. Of every 1,000 men and 1,000 women, the number who took poison decreased from 144 to 70 among males and from 325 to 204 among females, while the number who chose hanging increased from 171 to 276 among males and from 94 to 246 among females.

One of the incredible cust… ticed by some of the Ila-spea… ples of central Africa is … which obligates a woman, if … to become the wife of the … husband of a deceased ol… even when it means that s… leave her own husband an…

For more than a year, a … pany allowed to operate in … Russian zone has devoted … weekly newsreel to picture… scriptions of war-lost chil… 100 of the 350 shown so … been recognized and claim… tives.

Blood spots left at the … crime are sometimes diffic… cover when they have falle… paper or colored textiles … cases, the blood may so … dye in them that the stains … same color and, therefore, … ally invisible.

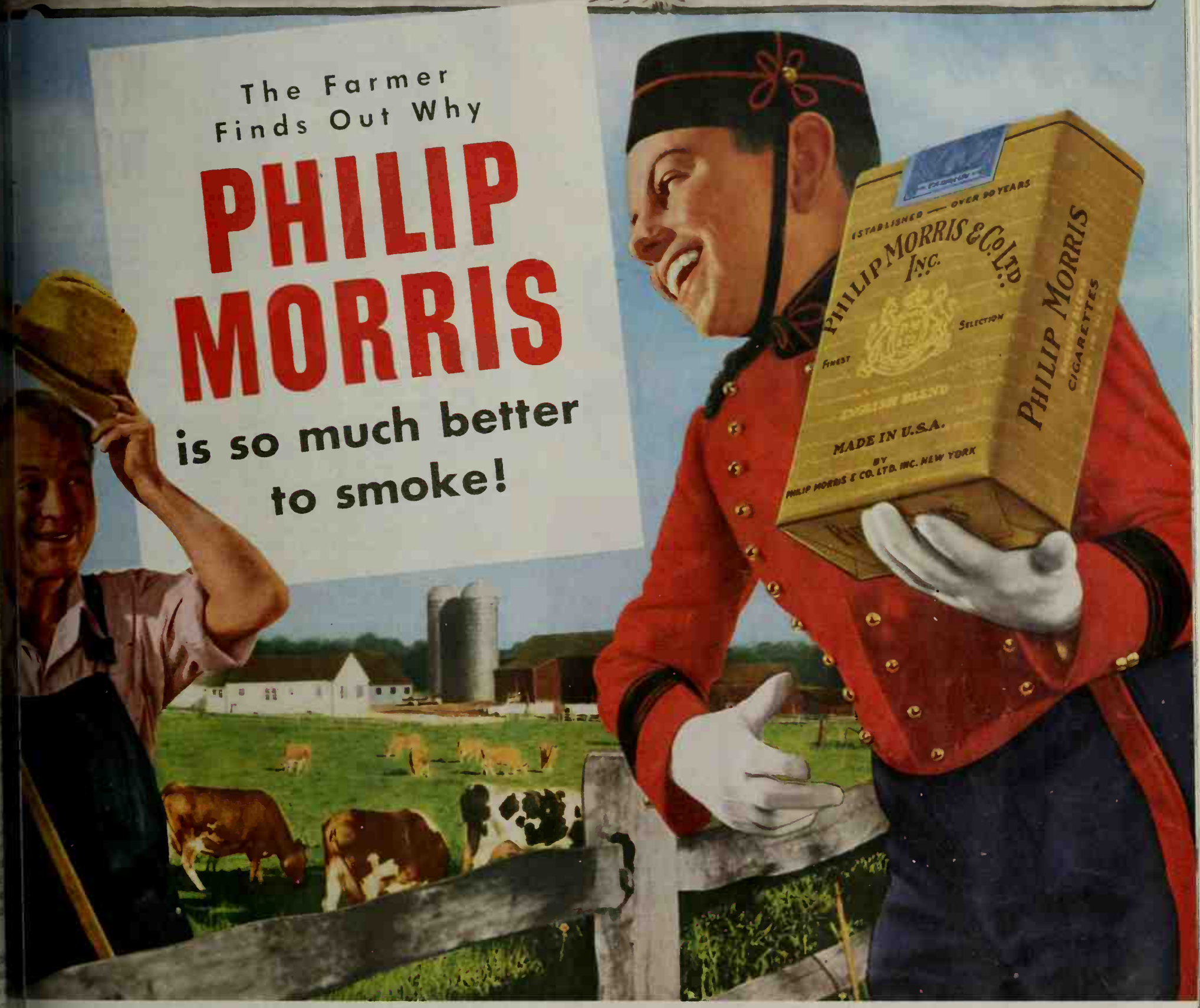
Among the nine planets … the only one that rotates f… west, and the only one … covery in 1781 is recorded … having been known since … ning of history.

When losing a daught… marriage, native families … not only require compensa… loss of her services, but al… mand a service payment fr… band for each child she pr…

The 88 chief ruling pri… dia, or those who rate salu… more guns, use a total of … tive titles, one of the favor… by many of them being Ki… Other modest titles are S… Emperor of the Earth, N… Nobles, Wisest Man of … and Greatest Conqueror o…

Ten dollars will be paid for … cepted for this column. Cont… be accompanied by their sour… tion. Address Keep Up Wit… Collier's, 250 Park Ave., Ne… N. Y. This column is copyr… items may be reproduced with…

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



The Farmer thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is PHILIP MORRIS so much better to smoke?"

"Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. **"Less irritation means more enjoyment.** That's why the PHILIP MORRIS smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.

TRY A PACK TODAY!

ALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

How to Purr-r-r LIKE A KITTEN Come Fall



You'll be mighty happy this coming fall if you buy your South Wind Car Heater this summer. You'll purr like a satisfied kitten, knowing you're ready for cold weather. Remember—last winter 400,000 motorists wanted South Winds and couldn't get them. This winter it looks like demand will again exceed supply. So, be smart! Get your South Wind, now!

Here's why:

- Right now, South Winds are available with or without defroster. Mechanics are also available to install them.
- You need not wait until you get your new car. Install a South Wind in your present car. It's easy to transfer later.
- A South Wind is ideal to take the chill off nippy summer and fall night drives. It's always connected—ready for use.

Hot Heat in 90 Seconds

makes South Wind the World's Largest Selling Car Heater!



CREATES ITS OWN HEAT...
NO WAIT FOR ENGINE WARM-UP
...FITS ANY CAR

ONLY $29.75

Plus small installation charge

2 MILLION USERS SAY... "90-Second Heat! That's up to 7 times as fast as ordinary heaters! It means quick comfort even on shortest trips—to work, to store, school, movies!"

NO OTHER CAR HEATER can use the exclusive South Wind "sealed flame" principle. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented, sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out the exhaust. Its safety has won the seal of Underwriters' Laboratories. Easy to install...no hose to cut...no extra thermostats to buy. Get your South Wind now! On sale at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages and service stations coast to coast. SOUTH WIND DIVISION, STEWART-WARNER CORP., INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA.

Its safety has won for it the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Proved on millions of cars and trucks!

South Wind

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

90-SECOND CAR HEATER

STEWART-WARNER

COMING! The New South Wind "Custombuilt"—a Luxury Heating and Ventilating System for Motor Cars and Motor Transports—$99.50 Plus Installation.



THE WEEK'S WORK

Miss St. Petersburg, Miss Florida—Miss America? Eula Ann (Mickey) McGehee

MR. DALE CLARK—who is really Ronal Kayser, of La Jolla, California—thinks the important things in a writer's life are those that never happen. "So the fellow is inspired to make them happen on paper," he claims.

It is hard to believe Mr. Dale's life is as prosaic as he insists. Born in a small Middle Western town in '05, he was a spindly nonbaseball kid, and soon turned to the printed page. Then he turned to the farm, to earn the money to turn to the city. In time he dabbled in teaching, lumber-yarding, reporting, special investigating, house-to-house peddling, with a side line of photography, gun lore, hunting, the Civil War, and the assassination of Lincoln.

"I seem to hang onto anything just long enough to dig a fiction piece from its background," he admits.

Mr. Clark illustrates with The Long, Hard Grind, p. 74: "I'm strictly a dub player, and also an official of a club that sponsors an annual West Coast tennis tournament. By neglecting my official duties entirely, I found enough in my chitchat with the various personalities of the game to root a story."

Mr. Clark believes an author's sufferings are in direct proportion to the noise his typewriter isn't making. Mr. Clark's machine, equipped with shock absorbers and blood catchers, is hardly rust-covered. Many short and long bloodletters, and a new novel, The Red Rods, have oozed from it and curdled human blood by the bucket.

To prove Mr. Clark's life is not entirely vicarious, a couple of years ago the San Diego, California, homicide bureau credited him with investigating and solving a real-life murder case: The Canyon Skeleton Case, as the papers named it. "It is perhaps something of a novelty for a detective writer to crack one in which he didn't make up the clues," he opines.

FRESH back from Hollywood trips, both the Messrs. Kyle Crichton (The Coast Demands Long Pants, p. 16) and Corey Ford report a serious threat to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's title as Chief of Aberrations. The challenger is Bunny McLeod, attractive wife of Director Norman McLeod.

The best Mr. Goldwyn has been able to do recently was his gracious presentation of $10,000 to Danny Kaye to start a bird's nest for Danny, Jr.; and his racing out on his tennis court crying: "Let's throw up to see who plays who!"

These malaprops pale in the dazzling confusion of Mrs. M... bunnyisms. "I may be wro... cried not long ago, "but I'm ... from it!" At a prize fight she ... out—"that fighter there—tha... looking fellow!"—then when ... knocked out, she mourned: "T... ble with him is he was muscle ... While present at what she des... a "Wonderful party! Every... the room was there!" durin... freshments, she was heard ... "This is the best salad I ever a... whole mouth!"

It was only natural for M... ton to receive a post card fro... cently, saying: "Miss you as ... if you were here!"

MURRAY HOYT (No S... Small, p. 66) hung ar... home town of Worcester, M... setts, from 1904 to 1922, the... to give the place a chance ... and prosper. After graduat... Middlebury in '29, he mar... coached basketball and ba... Waterville, New York.

"That took me nicely int... pression," he recalls. "With ... logic, my wife and I gave ... paying jobs for most uncert... ing careers. We went in for a ... great suffering. In place ... apartment, we had to accept ... on a Gulf beach of Florida ... and on Lake Champlain in ... had to be satisfied with swi... blue waters, sunning, fishi... and golf—instead of night ...

Recalling everyone has t... troubles, Hoyt bravely pret... as he lead it was okay, and ... up from juveniles, through ... the fortune-founding magaz... Hoyts have built a perso... since on Lake Champlain, ... Middlebury as a permanent ... to show it pays to suffer.

This week's cover: Char... In his endless quest for bea... camera aesthete David Pe... pened on hundreds of lov... with their personal paintbo... Petersburg's Tides Beach ... (School for Charm, p. 22) ... excessive make-up gave h... look belying her nineteen ... Peskin sent Eula Ann (Mi... Gehee, left front of cover, a... crowned Miss St. Petersbur... her face before snapping t... Three weeks later, Eula ... Florida, and will try for ... America crown at Atlantic ... kin's Advice to Would-Be ... icas: Meet me! ... TE...



There's a spot in the hills where the big bass bite and the air is cool with pine.

Get in a new Nash "600" and you'll be there tonight. Just snuggle down in the big soft seat and watch the road start flying backwards.

ook—!

The curves straighten out and the bumps un-vrinkle up ahead. The hills lie down and the uffy day turns sparkling fresh.

ok—your speedometer shows you're get- an incredible 25 to 30 miles on a gallon s at moderate highway speed!

what's happened anyway?

s the dust and the noise? The swaying he wheel tugging?

happened—since you last bought an automobile. And it's all happened here in the Nash "600."

This car is built a new way. *Welded* (not bolted together)—a single unit body and frame, free of dead weight and noise-making joints.

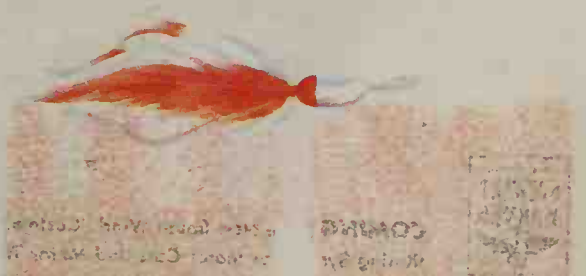
New, easier steering is here . . . and coil springing on all four wheels . . . new sound-proofing . . . and the famous Nash Weather-Eye automatic "Conditioned Air" System! And a Nash can even sleep you tonight with Convertible Bed equipment. Just yawn . . . and so-o to bed!

Is it any wonder the swing today is to Nash? Smart people *like* this new kind of car—and the new kind of solid, friendly dealer who sells it. See him today about the brilliant new Nash "600" and the Nash Ambassador.

You'll be ahead with

Nash

NASH MOTORS DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT





Home Town Folks

Wherever there is a Bell telephone office, you will find it operated and managed mostly by home town people.

For the Bell System is made up of many hundreds of local units, each serving its own community. So the telephone company isn't something big and far away but close to your home and your interests.

This means compact, efficient operation and it also helps to keep a friendliness and a neighborliness in the conduct of the telephone business.

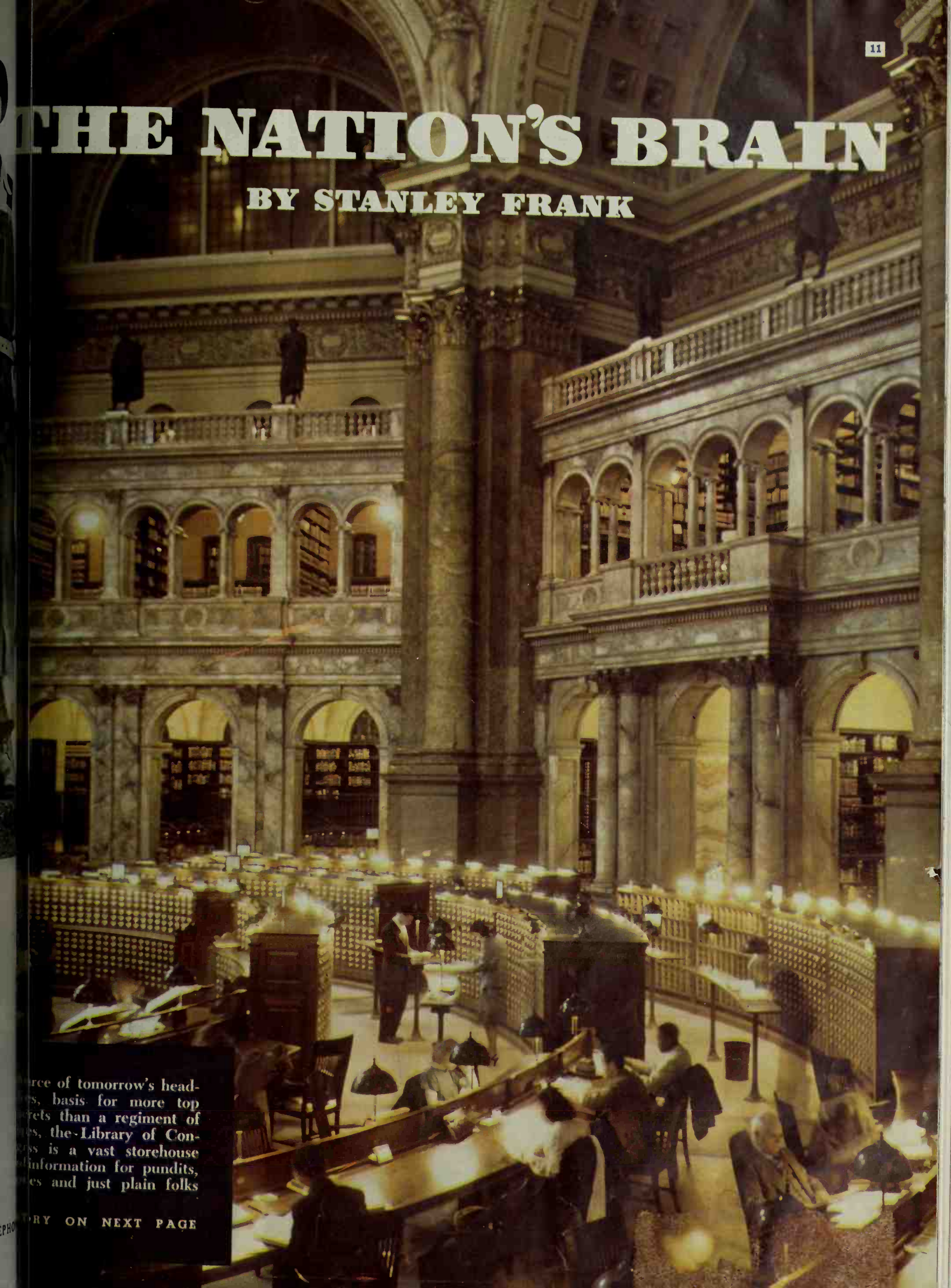
The Bell telephone people in your community aim to be good citizens in all things, in addition to giving you good and economical telephone service.



BELL TELEPHONE

THE NATION'S BRAIN

BY STANLEY FRANK



rce of tomorrow's head-
s, basis for more top
ets than a regiment of
es, the Library of Con-
ss is a vast storehouse
information for pundits,
es and just plain folks

RY ON NEXT PAGE



Chief Bear-on-the-Water, of North Dakota, records a Mandan tribal song for Dr. Duncan Emrich, head of the Library's Archive of American Folk Songs. Files hold over 30,000 blues, ballads, spirituals, etc.



"I feel I live here," says Pearl Kinghum … doing research on history of Scotland a…

THE sheer weight of erudition turned loose upon the public daily from Washington is calculated to make the earnest citizen feel like a dreadful dope. Country lawyers whose contributions to the common good were once confined to diatribes against sin and the rascals of the opposition are elected to Congress and suddenly sound off with easy authority on cartels, atomic fission and the social implications of proletarian art.

Overeducated mental cases, unsuspected of having a thought in their addled heads, break out in a rash of scholarship that actually adds to the world's wisdom. Such performances make brooders wonder whether they are descended from a long line of lightweights. But despair not. You, too, can be omniscient as all get out if you use the free, rich resources of the Library of Congress, the nation's brain and the most fascinating building in Washington.

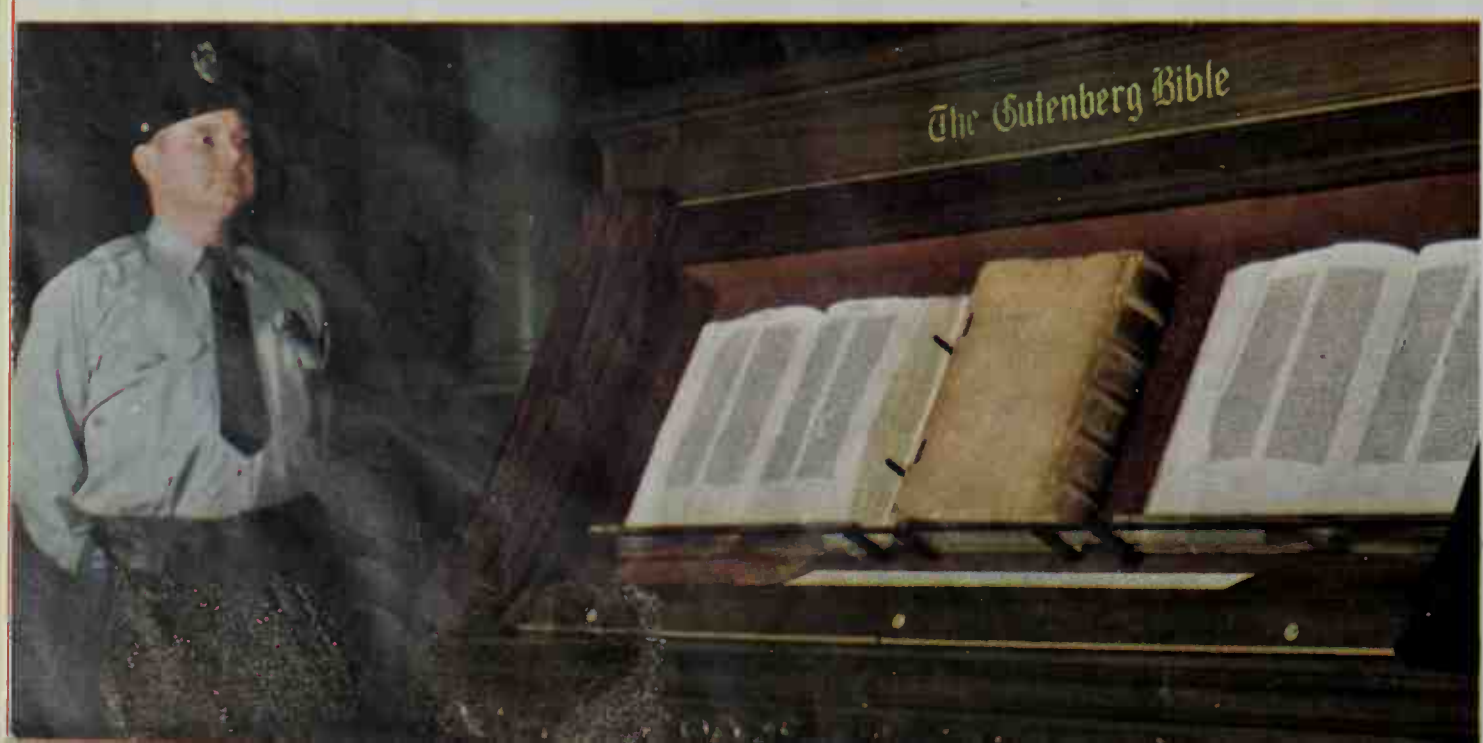
Don't go away. This Library is not a bleak, austere monument to musty books. It is a lively squirrel cage that exerts a profound influence on next month's news. A prize crop of crackpot customers gives it a whimsical air, which is nurtured by a stream of crazy questions only Americans, in their infinite ingenuity, can dream up. The Rare Books Division counts among its treasures not only the Gutenberg Bible but also a complete collection of Horatio Alger and dime novels. The latest Betty Grable movie is an acquisition considered as significant culturally as a first-edition Beowulf, and even low, low-down blues are recorded and kept on file.

More war secrets were discovered in the Library than a regiment of intrepid spies ever uncovered in the field. Here, too, baffling mysteries await solution. There is, for instance, the strange case of Gennadius Yudin and his incredible library. When Lenin was exiled to Siberia by the Czar in the 1890s, he wrote his epic, The Development of Capitalism in Russia, at Krasnoyarsk, an isolated village. Lenin's only reference sources were the books owned by Yudin, an obscure merchant. Nobody yet knows how Yudin, who was neither wealthy nor a man of letters, managed to acquire the 80,000 volumes the Library bought in 1907 as the basis for its extensive Slavic collection.

Before getting hopele… among 26,636,804 items, 40… bookshelves and 15,000,000 … cards, it would be well to ex… Library's origin and chief f… the Legislative Reference … Founded in 1800 to gather … material for Congress, th… went along in pedestrian fa… more than a century, satisfie… as a repository for books … ments. Little effort was mad… ate or interpret the holdings …

All that was changed, suc… dramatically, in 1914, whe… brary became a forceful, h… scenes adjunct of the goverr… Legislative Reference Servi… tablished to keep Congress … the score in domestic an… tional affairs, which were …

The Gutenberg Bible is always guarded by a policeman. Other rarities include a complete set of Horatio Alger novels. Nucleus of the present Library was Thomas Jefferson's collection of six thousand volumes



Leslie Dunlap, Assistant Chief of Gen… ence in the Bibliography Division, answ…



that no man could possibly touch with them. In effect, was saddled with Congress' rk.

right idea—the inspiration of n's "Old Bob" La Follette—d magically the ponderous f government. The L.R.S. is ndispensable to senators and atives that they forgot partiics last year and joined to the core of the La Follette-y Reorganization Bill, called n observers on Capitol Hill important piece of legislated during that session.

ts of government had been g for years that Congress was down by the archaic, uncommittee system. The Reion Bill reduced the 81 es to 15 in the Senate and House. This was done by more responsibility and k to the expanded L.R.S., the nan's best friend.

Senator in a Quandary

e Senator Klaxon is up to hips in work as a hypomember of the Senate Judiciittee, when he gets a hurry some fence-mending in his ncy. A campaign manager a little personal-appearance that calls for the senator a speech at the opening of factory in the morning, a hour-long discourse on nal affairs at a chamber of luncheon and an Onward-rd-with-Knowledge address iversity in the evening, the tomorrow.

ator's first impulse is to say ith it and take to the hills. looked at a book since he's ashington. The trip home im away from his commitfor two days and while his rned a zillion federal and will be passed. What does bout new trends in canning n? And as to international Russians holler blue murppens to make a crack that eir sensitivities. May even h international incident.

great white light hits him. oked cry of relief, he lurches ne and calls L.R.S. He exproblem. He turns away, vered brow and mixes himk.

he senator boards his plane ng evening, three complete tailed notes—one for each e delivered to him. From enator will be able to comic tributes to the Good uss the World Crisis and Challenge to Education.

e is happy, the senator's rs and when he returns to n he is caught up with his e abstracts of new federal laws L.R.S. periodically all congressmen and the Court. An obscure reL.R.S., having completed ssignment for the senator, the next job.

reflects more accurately xity of our laws and the of scholarship going into the annual calls Congress n L.R.S. In 1925 there quests for information and A decade later the count 2,000, and last year there than 20,000. Senator nguished scream for help that could be tossed off by a grossly underpaid staff worker. The government's study on cartels, a field demanding exhaustive knowledge, was done by a girl staffer earning the munificent sum of $2,000 a year.

The best legal minds in the government, considering new legislation, get an analysis of the law from L.R.S., which investigates its constitutionality and ultimate effect. It may be added, parenthetically, that the opinion handed down is seldom disputed by the courts or the public. When the Reorganization Bill was submitted for appraisal, four researchers examined hundreds of clauses in 48 hours and came up with every objection—and a lot more—subsequently offered on the floor of Congress.

A typical long-range study made recently by L.R.S. was the effect of the atomic bomb on navies, with Professor Bernard Brodie of Yale, an outstanding authority on armaments, a special consultant.

If the White House should call tomorrow asking for a comprehensive survey of the Palestinian question, L.R.S. within 24 hours would have on the President's desk a digest of Jewish and Arab historical claims to the Holy Land, going back to the Old Testament and the Koran. It would discuss the political aspects of the problem, the economic and cultural benefits brought by the Jews, the psychological impact of DP (Displaced Persons) camps and a confidential file on the Grand Mufti, the traffic in illegal immigration and the present military situation. It would be material for an authentic book.

Secrets Don't Leak Out

"We know what the news will be a month ahead by the nature of the requests we get from Congress and other agencies," Dr. Ernest S. Griffith, director of the Service, says. "A good many politicians, lobbyists and reporters would give their eyeteeth to get a line on what we're working on, but there never has been a leak in this department."

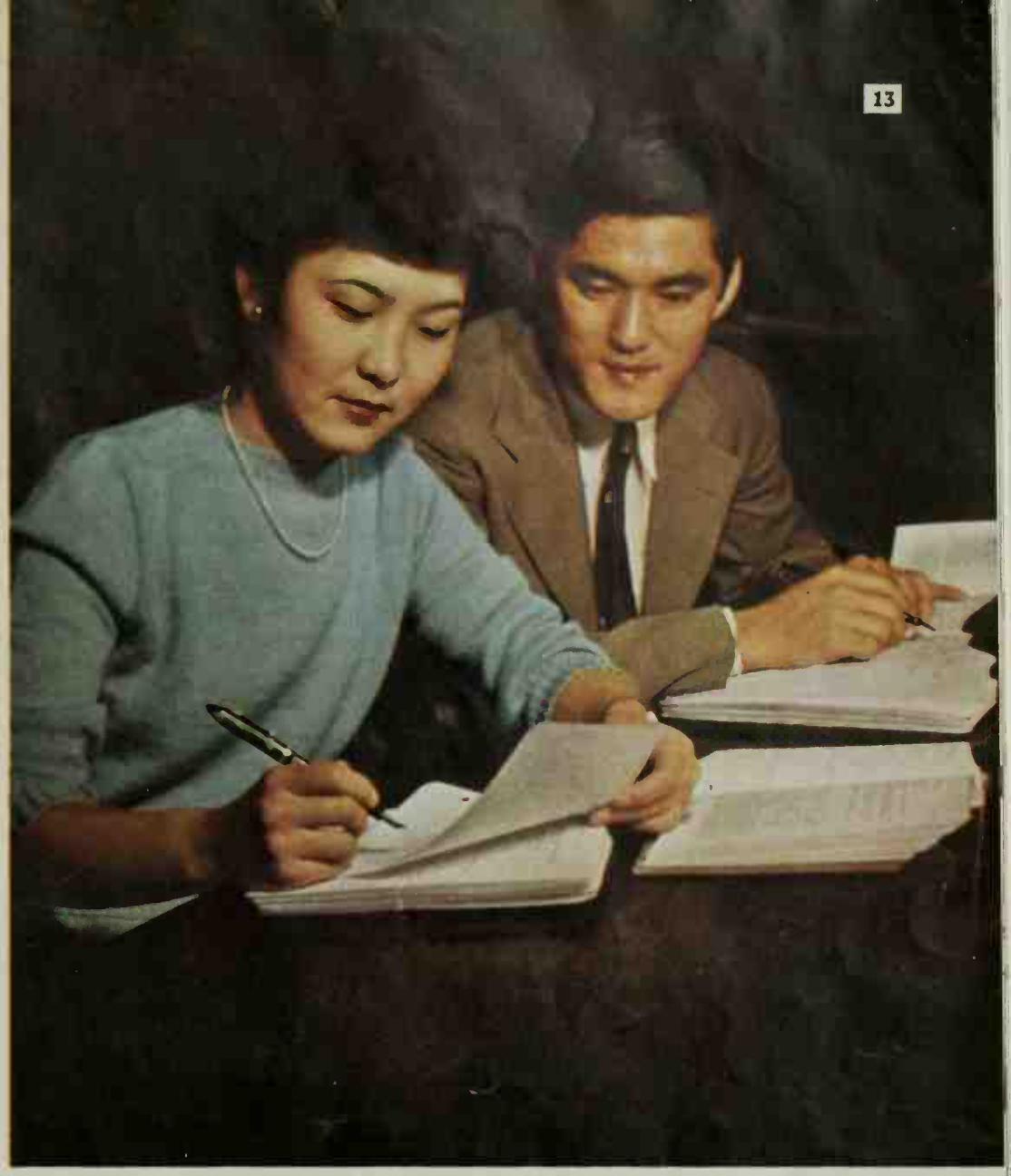
Some clients, like Senator Forrest C. Donnell of Missouri, prefer to do all their own research, but the majority of the People's Choices rarely see the special reading rooms reserved for their use, depending on the staff to do all their digging. It is just as well, perhaps, that the august congressmen do not appear in person. There might be some embarrassing cases of mistaken identity. For every library draws droves of odd characters laboring under the delusion that they are unappreciated geniuses, and since the Library of Congress is the largest in the world, it is a haven for queer ducks beyond compare.

A familiar figure to employees is an old man, well past 80, who is conspicuous for a flowing white beard, a gaudy bandanna around his head, pockets crammed with junk and a bulging knapsack. He comes every night and fills out interminable reference slips for a bibliography. The slips are then stuffed into the knapsack. The bibliography never will be published, of course. Then there is the Negro who claims direct descent from Hugh Capet and studies the genealogy of the French royal family for hours on end, against the day he will succeed to the throne.

The staff quickly learns how to handle readers who obviously are demented. There was a young man who appeared every day without fail and handed Lucian Herndon, an attendant

(Continued on page 79)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



Most visitors are engaged in serious research, like Mr. and Mrs. Richard Yamamoto, of Hawaii. He is a premedical student, while she is studying English history. They are shown here in the Main Reading Room. Since anyone over 16 may use the Library, however, it has its share of crackpots and unsung geniuses

Many congressmen do their own research. Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona, for instance, has used the Library ever since his first term in 1912. Other solons prefer to let the Legislative Reference Service do the digging. This branch of the Library provides anything from notes for a speech to the history of cartels



PEACE AND QUIET

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

Rogers didn't know what he was getting into when he tried to buy the Svenson place—and he didn't know what was getting into him

JOE ROGERS dragged himself from bed at high noon, sloshed indolently through his ablutions, and after cooking and eating a lumberjack breakfast in the green-and-white-tiled kitchen and doing setting-up exercises consisting of scratching his ribs, he strode from his newly acquired cabin to the shore of Lake Lutefisk, prepared for sun, swim and swooning with delight over the magnificent peace and quiet of this Minnesota lake region. He gave the lake and surrounding woods a sweeping, panoramic look and thought warmly of yesterday's conversation with the real-estate agent in Brainerd.

"Mr. Rogers," the agent had said, "welcome to the lake region."

"Mr. Nordstrum," Joe said, "how come you haven't bought that last piece of property for me?"

"Now don't worry," the agent said placatingly. "It belongs to the Svenson family and I haven't had time to approach them yet. But I fixed that. We prepared the Sorenson cabin for your own use, and it's right next to Svensons'. You can get acquainted with them and buy it yourself."

"Everything else taken care of?" Rogers asked.

"Yes, sir," the agent said. "We have rented all the other cabins for the summer, up to September first."

"Right," Rogers said. "Now look, I want peace and quiet this summer. Nobody knows about this deal, do they?"

"Not a soul," the agent said. "Your lawyers bought all the land, as planned, without suspicion."

"Quiet up there?" Rogers asked.

"Quiet!" the agent said eloquently. "You'll go mad with quiet. You'll drive into Waniss just to hear people talk."

"Okay," Rogers said. "I'll get settled and close the Svenson deal. Then I don't want to be disturbed for the summer. Understand?"

"Perfectly," the agent said, regarding Rogers with admiration. "If you'll pardon me for saying so, Mr. Rogers, you are certainly a young man to be so brilliant in business and—to put it bluntly—have so much money. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven," Rogers said. "To put it bluntly, I'm not brilliant. My father left me the dough. I'm trying to spend it before I get married and have a brat and have to leave it to him to waste. Our family blood is getting thin."

"Oh," the agent said. "I take it you don't like marriage. Why, I've been married—"

"You take it! Let's head north!" . . .

Rogers grinned happily at Lake Lutefisk and the land around it. It was all his but one hundred feet and one cabin. His plan was nearly completed and needed only a few days' acquaintance with this Svenson family, a little talk, the mention of hard cash, and then he would buy the Svenson land and own *all* the land around the lake. Then he would build his de luxe resort on the north side, and his twin camps for underprivileged boys and girls on the south side. Everything was working out beautifully. Rogers flexed his arm muscles and grinned at the blue water.

Then came the shots.

Rogers made a clean dive behind the nearest pine tree, and sat up owlishly a moment later. I've got no enemies, he thought. Nobody's potting at me.

He got up and peeked around the tree. He heard another burst of five or six shots, evenly spaced. A jay flew past, swearing fluently, and a squirrel ran up a near-by tree and sat on a limb, washing its front paws and cussing with the rapidity of a machine gun. Rogers lost his smile and most of his good humor. He said, "Peace and quiet!" and headed toward the sound of the gun.

He walked about fifty feet through the trees and saw the cabin loom up; and behind the cabin in a clearing he saw a girl aiming a long-barreled .22 revolver at a target. She was just reloading and facing the target—a cutout silhouette of a jackass propped against the overturned bole of a sawed tree.

She raised the revolver deliberately, assumed an excellent target position, squinted professionally at the silhouette, and squeezed off another string. Rogers was losing his temper but he watched the bullet holes appear in a nice shot group on the nether hip region of the jackass. Then he thought of his peace and quiet, and came from the pines and stopped three feet behind the girl.

"Target practice?"

She whirled, holding the revolver up, and glared at him. Rogers reached out and gently pushed the muzzle toward the North Pole. "Please, some other way," he said. "Target practice?"

She looked at Rogers slowly. She said politely, "Yes, target practice. Why?"

"I'm just north of you," Rogers said, equally polite. "I heard you shooting."

"Good ears," she said tersely. "Glad you dropped over to tell me. Come again sometime—next year."

She turned away. Exercising great self-control, Rogers said, through his teeth, "I heard you shooting. It makes a loud noise, your shooting. I'm up here for a rest. Peace and quiet, you know. Do you always shoot in the morning?"

She turned and faced Rogers again. She shook her head. "Yes, it does make a loud noise. I usually shoot much earlier—about seven."

Rogers frowned. She frowned right back. Rogers said, "I'm sleeping late, until noon. Couldn't you shoot in the afternoon?"

"I could," she said. "But I won't."

"You won't," Rogers said. "You couldn't shoot in the morning on some other lake, could you? Say, about a hundred miles from here?"

"No," she said. "I couldn't, say, shoot on another lake. Do you own this lake?"

Rogers said, "Well—no."

"Or this land and cabin?"

"No," Rogers said. "I wish I did. Then I'd—"

She was glaring at him now. She was a small girl with chestnut-colored hair that was tangled all over her head. She was stocky and square-shouldered—but that could easily be the camouflage effect of her coveralls which were five sizes too big. She was barefoot and her toenails were painted green; her feet were very dirty. She glared and then lost her politeness and said loudly: "Then you would do what?"

Rogers said, equally loud, "I would kick you fifty feet per jump. I would kick you clean to hell-and-gone off this lake."

"Why don't you just kick yourself the devil right off my land?" she said. "A
north where you came from, and s
there about fifty years. I'm shooti
ing at seven. Maybe earlier. W
to that?"

"I say," Rogers said bitterly, "
bought a lot of things. I wish I'd
this stinking lake and all the stin
quiet they don't have on it, in it,

"Get going," she said ominous

"You wouldn't dare—"

She raised the revolver, consi
the cold appraisal of a meat hun

"Well," she said. "Well."

"I'll go," Rogers said. "But I'll

"Lot of skunks around here,"
"Just raise your tail and I'll recog

"One question," Rogers said
"Just where are you from?"

"From right here," she said.
isfy you?"

"It does," Rogers said. "You m
Nobody else could be so stubbo
so ill-natured."

"You covered a lot of ground,"
managed to insult me, my paren
and my brothers. My brothers w
happy to discuss Swedes with yo
date. Let us say very soon."

"Your brothers," Rogers sai
course?"

"Bigger'n you," she said prou
grow 'em midget size up here."

"You scare me to death," Rog
day."

"It was," she said. "Don't wal
run."

TURNING, Rogers walked st
trees, his back goose-pimpled
own land when the horrible re
him. He cupped his hands an

She was silent, and then said,

"Would your name be Svens

"It is," she answered. "An
What else?"

"Nothing," he said weakly. "

Rogers walked to his newly p
He said, "Will I ever keep my
Svenson, last piece of land, m
it! She's a Svenson, she's got
hates me, she might never sell!"

He called the real-estate ag
sons next door to me—"

"Yes, sir," the agent said hap
yourself? Quiet enough?"

"You didn't say one was a g

"Too many to enumerate," th
"That's Hulda. Did you meet
nicest girl around here. Shoot
most men."

"Got some brothers, hasn't s

"Eleven," the agent said. "
like puppies."

"All of 'em big?" Rogers as
my size?"

"Well, no," the agent said.
about six-six and weigh two-fo

"Nice quiet boys?" Rogers
fight?"

"Why, no," the agent said
somebody gets fresh *(Contin*

Rogers watched the girl raise the revolver and squeeze off another string. He began to lose his temper and started toward h

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ


Carl Bobertz



THE COAST DEMAND LONG PANTS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Everybody agrees that baseball on the Coast is too big for its minor pants. But a lively debate rages on how to fit it into the major-league

At a game in Wrigley Field, between Los Angeles and Sacramento, baseball fan Eddie Bracken gives a bit of advice to Broadway Bill Schuster of th

WHEN Mr. Clarence (Pants) Rowland, president of the Pacific Coast Baseball League, first demanded that his circuit become a third major league, it was held in some quarters that Mr. Rowland symbolized a type who would insist that Terre Haute was necessarily larger than Indianapolis because it lay farther to the west.

It was felt, in short, that California had gone to Mr. Rowland's head. Few would deny that Los Angeles and San Francisco were amply large enough to be considered major-league cities but there was great doubt that such excellent communities as San Diego and Sacramento were capable of upholding such a reputation. Not to mention Portland, Seattle, Oakland and Hollywood.

But the first hoots of derision soon gave way to a conviction that Mr. Rowland might very well get his wish. The National Association of Minor Leagues gave its blessing; the directors of the Pacific Coast teams ranged themselves solidly behind the good man from Dubuque, and a committee of the majors was appointed to ponder the question. Just when it seemed the honeymoon was to be inaugurated with orange blossoms and organized shouts of delight, a shower of rocks, old shoes and insults fell on M. Rowland right in his own back yard.

"Thank you for this great load of nothing," yowled indignant voices from Los Angeles. "It is decent of you to place us permanently in the company of Long Beach, Tacoma and Palo Alto but we should much prefer to do mortal combat with somebody our own size such as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. We want to be either in the National or the American League and to hell with our dear friends in Portland and Seattle."

For years back there have been rumors that various major-league clubs were going to move to Los Angeles or San Francisco. Donald Barnes, when owner of the St. Louis Browns, stated publicly that it was his intention to shift his franchise to Los Angeles just as soon as the war was over and transportation by plane was feasible. Every month or two it is reported that Sam Breadon has intentions either of disposing of his St. Louis Cardinals to West Coast interests or of sneaking the club away under cover of night with the purpose of landing on the western shore himself.

That would be swell for St. Louis but if you took either L.A. or San Francisco out of the Coast League you might as well kick it into the Pacific Ocean; it would be killed.

It has been stated that when Mr. Rowland first came west to take over the Los Angeles Club for Philip Wrigley, he got himself immediately suspect in other Coast League cities by observing that Los Angeles deserved big-league ball. He has now reported that he was grievously misquoted in the matter and what he had intended saying was that Los Angeles was *now* in a big league, meaning the Coast League.

"Major league, our eye," say his detractors. "Take away Frisco and L.A. and what have you got—Joplin."

Look at the Statistics

This is the sort of talk that got men filled with daylight in an earlier era and it is refuted in detail by Mr. Rowland and his defenders. The Rowland thesis runs in this fashion: In the strip from San Diego to Seattle live 13,000,000 people. In ten years it will be 25,000,000 (says Rowland!). In 1945 the Coast League drew more attendance than the American Association and International leagues combined. In 1946 the Coast League drew 3,718,653, with four teams (San Francisco, Oakland, Hollywood and Los Angeles) each drawing over 500,000.

Here are the population figures in the Coast League (estimated):

Los Angeles (including Hollywood and surrounding area) 3,675,000. San Francisco (including Oakland and surrounding area) 2,385,779. Portland 650,000. Seattle 631,000. San Diego 481,000. Sacramento

"We're a major league ri
says Mr. Rowland. "There
in this league that have a sa
$150,000 a year. The big le
been trying for years to
O'Doul but he's making m
out here than the majors
him. [It is reported that w
bonuses and stock deals O'
ages around $40,000 a yea
Francisco.] The major-lea
mum salary is $5,000.
makes that out here. As s
get major status and can
good players, attendances
and salaries will grow. W
to offer two hundred m
jobs that aren't available n

"In 1900 when this co
75,000,000 people, there we
jor-league jobs; now with
000,000 population the job
risen to 400. That means
ambitious young fellows p
into professional football
ball because they feel the
men before they get a
chance."

The anti-Rowland facti
this with an elongated sn

"It's dandy that everyb
ting a nice minimum,
doubt," they say sardon
why doesn't he also say th
on the New York Yankees
more than the entire team

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

city? And what's this about
e growing and salaries grow-
ey had a crucial San Fran-
Angeles series in May this
Los Angeles that broke all
Do you know what it was?—
r an eight-game affair played
s. Wrigley Field was jammed
Sunday double-header with
all over the place and they
35. What's big league about

uldn't that also blow up the
hat Los Angeles and San
are ready to play with the
York and Chicago boys?
ll, cry the anti-Rowlandites.
eles is the horse-racing and
center of the world because
bout it in a big way. Get
-league park in L.A., grab a
or American League fran-
watch the mobs march in.
ow a movement on foot to
oliseum, which seats 105,000
all), but most disinterested
feel the fanatics have gone a
with that suggestion. They
that the Coliseum was not
aseball.
d and his followers insist
Coast is important enough
nd on its own feet but what
hind the fight is the baseball
As it stands now the major
ve the right to draft one
m each team in AAA classi-
r a price of $10,000. This
forces the minor-league
ll their best players. They
them or take the chance
natched in the draft for the
ed $10,000 price.
ancisco was particularly
year when they lost Ferris
Philadelphia Athletics for
rice, and San Diego was not
when the New York Giants
ck Lohrke. Fain was con-
least a $50,000 property by
and San Diego felt that if
have kept Lohrke another year he would have been in the same class. San Francisco is worried now about losing Bob Chesnes, their sensational right hander, and Sacramento has similar thoughts about FitzGerald, their hard-hitting catcher.

"How can you build up the loyalty of the fans when you're always losing your best men?" demands Rowland. "If we had the forty men who were either drafted or we were forced to sell last season, we'd have the nucleus of a good major league. Look at the players who have gone up in recent years—the DiMaggios (Joe and Dom), Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Johnny Pesky, Joe Gordon, Vern Stephens and many other fine players."

This is a strong point and seems to place Mr. Rowland on firm ground but his opponents will have none of it.

"When the Coast League is on its own, how is it to get all these great players?" they ask. "It will no longer have a tie-up with the National or American League and accordingly will have to develop its own farm system. What prospect with any sense is going to fall for Pacific Coast allurements when he can get that big sugar in the present majors? It would take years before salaries on the Coast would permit anybody getting DiMaggio, Feller or Newhouser dough."

The Right to Invade

There is great public confusion on the right of the present majors to invade the territory of other leagues. Mr. Rowland states that the majors have an agreement that no team in the majors can leave the league without the unanimous consent of all the other clubs. That provision was put in at the time of the agreement between the National and American leagues after the bitter fight of Ban Johnson and the American leaguers to get recognition. Just to make things doubly sure, the Coast League now has a similar agreement by which unanimous consent of all clubs is required before a Coast League team can consent to make a deal with a major-league club on territorial rights.

"That's a lot of phooey," say the anti-Rowlandites. "They can agree till they're blue in the face but it makes no difference. There is a cardinal law of baseball which gives the two present major leagues the right to draft *territory* anywhere in the limits of continental United States. If one of the majors wants to put a club in Los Angeles or San Francisco all it has to do is pay a 'reasonable' price for the local territory and move in.

"Donald Barnes wasn't just talking for effect when he planned to move the St. Louis Browns to Los Angeles. He knew what he could do. And did you notice that crack by Bill Veeck when he had the row with the municipal authorities about the Cleveland Stadium? He said he'd take his club somewhere else. Well, he knew what he was talking about, too."

Prior to 1946 a major league could enter minor territory by paying the minor league $5,000 and paying the minor-league club "reasonable compensation for damage." The rule adopted last winter dropped the $5,000 provision and established that both the minor league (all the clubs) and the minor-league club shall be paid. A seven-member board of arbitration was to set the damages and its decision was to be final. That might cost the invader a bundle of money but it will be noted that it doesn't prevent him from invading.

Old-timers recall that there was a revolt back in the twentics against major-league domination and for a period of about five years the draft law was not operating. Mr. Rowland refers to it as "one of the most prosperous periods the Coast League ever had," but others are not so certain. The minor leagues were finally starved out for lack of playing material.

However, this would have little bearing in any case on the present problem because conditions are now much different. With the far-flung farm systems of the majors there is little material lying around loose in the minors. The Pacific Coast League, as a third major unit, would have tough sledding in the beginning.

"You have to crawl before you start walking," says Mr. Rowland. "We're not worried about the future. We're a minor league now because they drain away all our talent."

Five Years of Growing Pains

In line with this view Mr. Rowland admits that a period of five years or so will be needed before his circuit can get full major stature. There would be a marked reluctance on the part of the present majors to any proposition which allowed the Coast League to begin drafting players from the International and American Association leagues. With the partial exception of the Milwaukee club, the American Association franchises are owned outright by the majors.

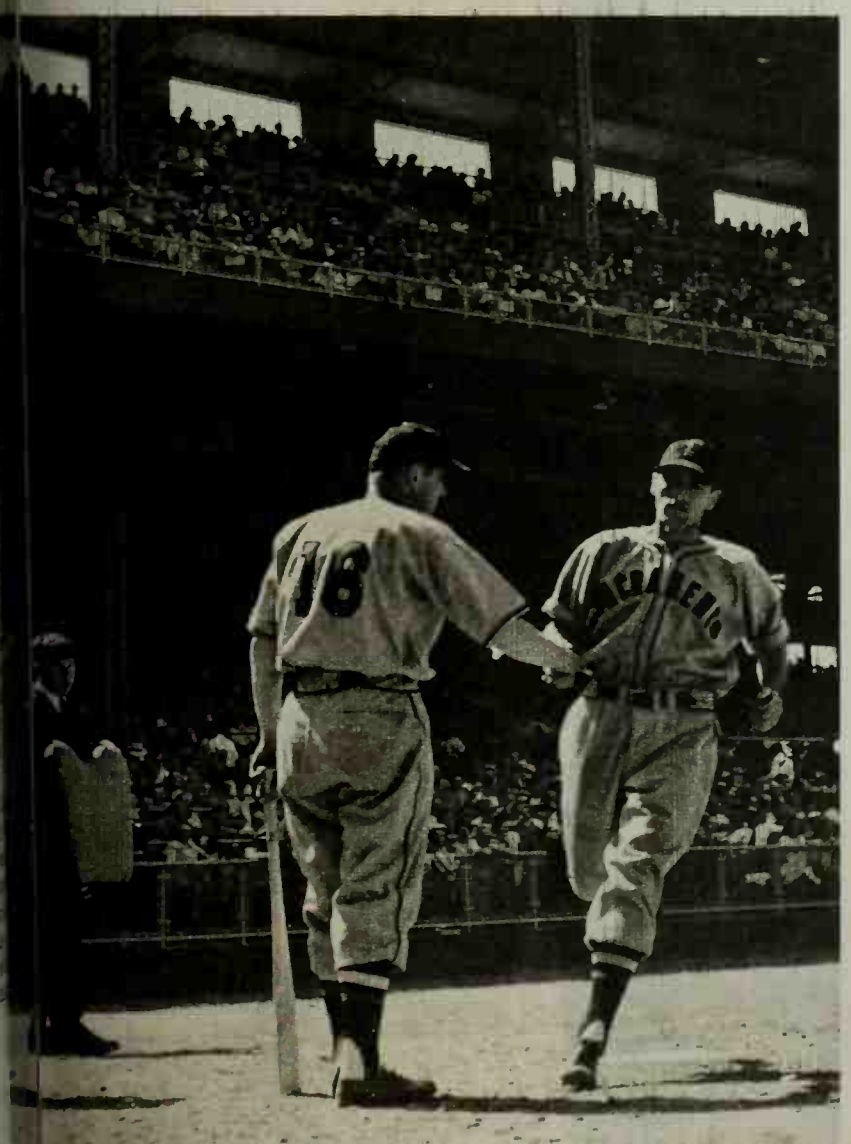
"This would be a pretty picture," say the cynics. "The Coast League want to become the third major circuit so they can avoid the snatch of the National and American leagues and then they turn around and begin grabbing players from the AAA affiliates of the majors."

But Rowland is on very solid terrain when he endeavors to beat the major-league invaders to the draw before they can ruin the Coast League. Portland and Seattle can certainly not look upon any change with pleasure. The more hopeful Angelenos who yell loudest for competition with the present majors speak blithely of a new Coast circuit. However, if Los Angeles were taken out, it would seem to mean the end of Hollywood as well.

In the first place Wrigley's Los Angeles club is merely permitting the

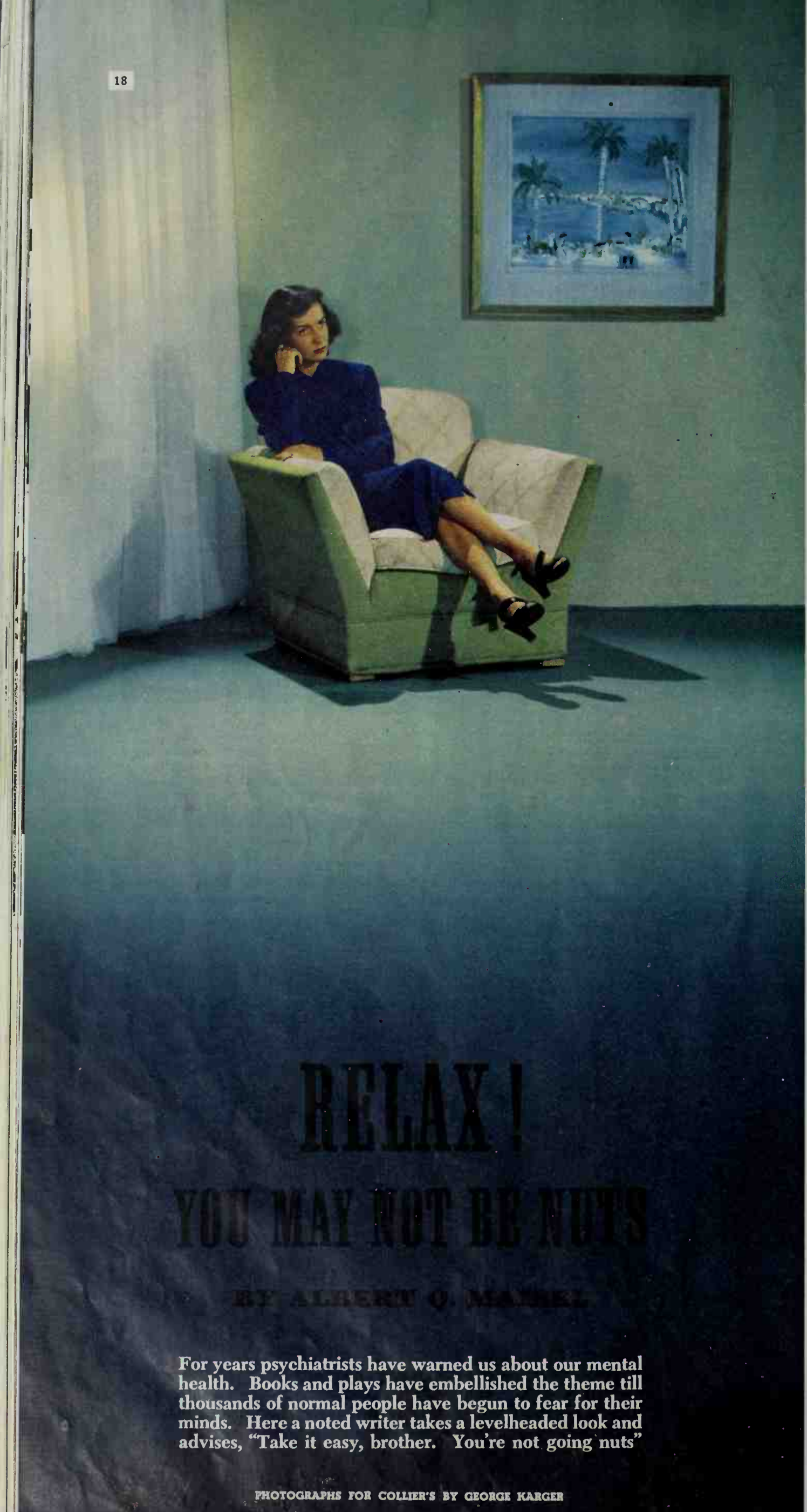
(Continued on page 81)

Zipay of Sacramento greets his teammate Averett Thompson as he
e plate for a homer. Zipay then duplicated Thompson's feat



Clarence Rowland, president of the Pacific Coast League, scans the crowded stands of Los Angeles' Wrigley Field. It's a major-league crowd, he says





RELAX!

YOU MAY NOT BE NUTS

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

For years psychiatrists have warned us about our mental health. Books and plays have embellished the theme till thousands of normal people have begun to fear for their minds. Here a noted writer takes a levelheaded look and advises, "Take it easy, brother. You're not going nuts"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

SAY . . . you look worried. Been miss sleep lately? Biting your nails? Ho your drinking? Had three beers la didn't you? Tsk . . . tsk! You're in a b brother. You'd better see a psychiatrist be blow your top.

"What's that? Psychiatrists give you a hu Whee-e-e! You've really got it bad. D know that's just your unconscious fear found out? Quit fighting it, man . . . you c what your parents did to you in your cra

"By the way . . . those headaches? You often? No? Uh-huh . . . that's your versio you will . . . you certainly will . . . the wo going.

"How do I know? Sa-a-y, I can read y book. I can spot a psychoneurotic a mile the way I see your case is like this. He libido, all repressed. And here's your crawling with frustrations. No wonder life is all out of whack. . . ."

Silly talk? Sure, it's silly.

But an awful lot of people are indulgin listening to it with the utmost seriousness. that a number of leading psychiatrists are b to worry about this genie they have let o bottle.

They have been warning us for years a sad state of our mental health. They have ing us what marvels psychiatry can work t breakdowns and crack-ups—or to cure th they occur.

Now they are waking up to the fact th of people have taken their words only toc They find that a powerful lot of us have s queer ideas about mental illness and abou try—ideas that drive some of us to seek don't need while making others desperate of the psychiatric treatment they very def quire.

A few psychiatrists have, in fact, com to the view that, far from curing us of ou and anxieties, they have actually created a of emotional disorder—a neurosis *about* an anxiety *about* anxiety. One of ther Charles Burlingame, chief psychiatrist of Hartford Retreat, recently braved the ligh broached the subject publicly.

"Throughout the country," he warn dreds of thousands of persons, satiated wi ficial knowledge of the psychological in of life and literally preoccupied with p terminology, are beginning to interpret ev thought and feeling in psychological terr

"The result is inevitable," Dr. Burlin tinued. "There are only 4,000 psychiatr country. The vast majority of those se chiatric advice will never have the oppo get within speaking distance of a psychi to receive the assurance that no profoun is budding within their personalities, w doubtedly all that most of them need."

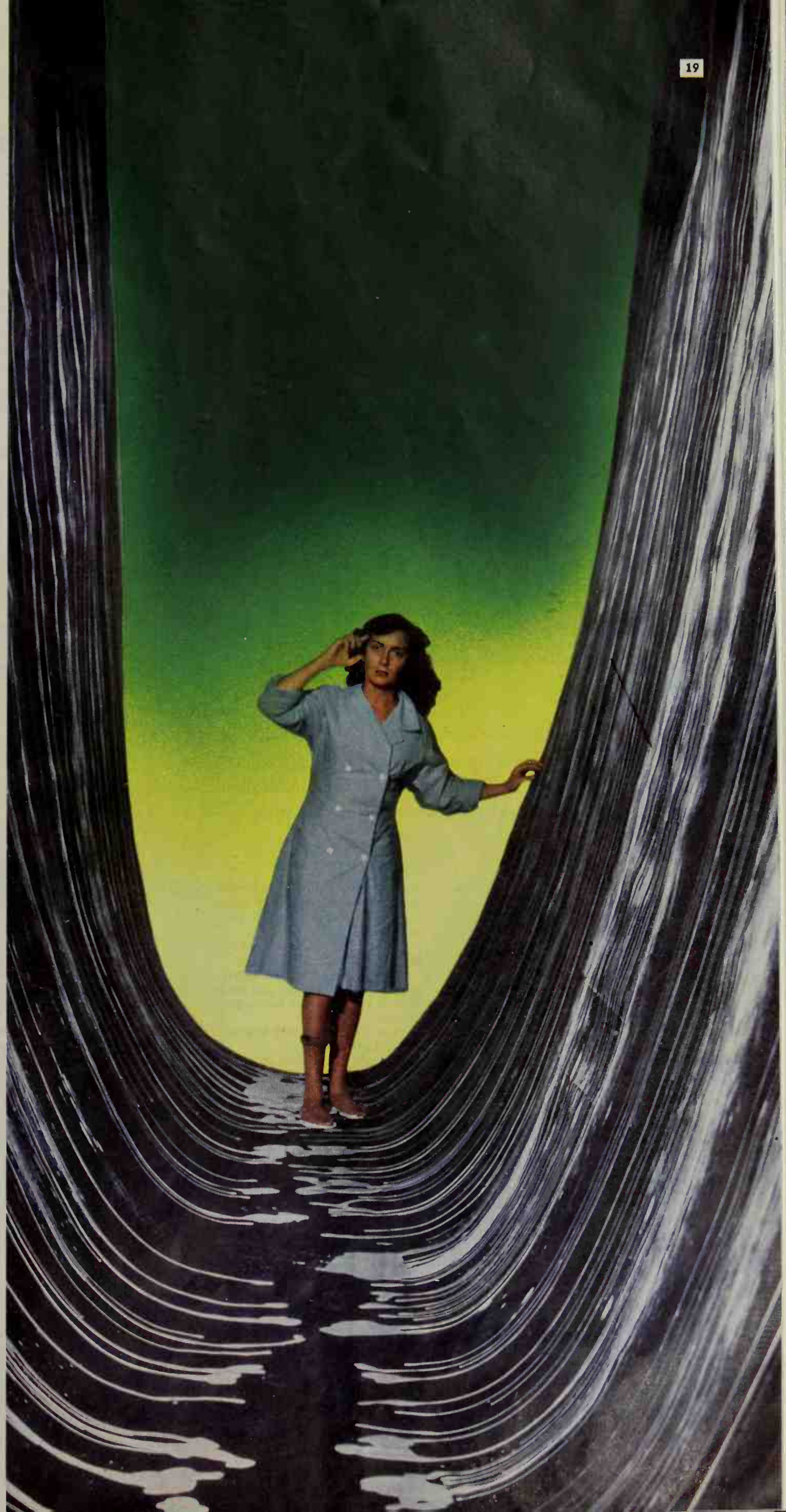
There are other psychiatrists—many who "pooh-pooh" this theory. They say a distorted smattering of psychiatry n anyone sick; that you've got to have an emotional disturbance to cause a breako

Still others—off the record—echo an beyond Dr. Burlingame's position. O Park Avenue practitioner puts it in th

"The trouble is we've scared the livin out of people. The cancer people keep eryone to 'thump that lump' . . . to su swelling or irritation and thus insure e tion of cancer, while it is still curable. thump a lump and find it's cancer, tha you've got something to work on. A thump a lump and it turns out not to be amount of thumping will make it cance

"But when we go around encouragin take their psychiatric pulses . . . that's ferent story. Yelling 'thump that lump' woman with a perfectly normal set of simply telling him to worry *about* his w are the only branch of medicine that car diseases we are supposed to fight. And doing it . . . with the aid of a lot of am write books, produce movies and scre radio."

There are times when everyone feels de worried—but this is only normal hum



orried doctors are correct. At least five ng books of the last two years have been to "educating" the layman to the wonders iatry—and, incidentally, to teaching the im- able how to be tenth-rate amateur psychia-

dio, too, has been running over with high- psychiatry. Besides the frankly psychiatric s and the only slightly disguised "advice" nseling" hours, psychiatry and psychiatrists many a mystery or drama script. As for the ras, how they do love to explain the hero- bles in terms of hysteria, neurasthenia, deep- elings of guilt and compulsion neuroses! apers and magazines have done a lot of g" too. The old Advice-to-the-Lovelorn have changed their patter. No longer do "Worried" to "marry the brute and give d a name." Nowadays, as likely as not, lain a lack of boy friends as an "Electra or a "fixation upon the father ideal."

ovies have really gone to town, with even operas garnished with a sprinkling of five- mbols straight out of Freud, Jung and e've had Lady in the Dark, with the lady a st's patient. We've had Spellbound, where *was* a psychiatrist. Then came Shock, psychiatrist was a nasty old villain who over up his murder of his wife by labeling witness as insane.

trists, naturally, deplore such extrava- Through their professional associations National Committee for Mental Hygiene bombarded the movie moguls with their s.

ch of the psychiatric scare-mongering that upon the public has come from psychia- selves. Many of the books and articles are being condemned by *some* psychia- ound to bear the by-lines of *other* mem- e psychiatric brotherhood. The movies o great trouble in digging up psychiatrists as "technical advisers." And within the r two the radio has blossomed forth with nd of program, featuring highly drama- e prepared by or even delivered by rec- ychiatrists.

Much for the Sponsor's Stomach

ch "mental hygiene" program (fortu- led by its sponsor before it hit the air rted with a solemn, two-minute build-up portance and authority of its psychiatric . Then came twenty-four minutes of ion in which the principal character be a young man who went around kill-

r hero had disposed of two maidens and t in the act of axing a third, there came fade-out. Then, rising with the notes, the voice of the psychiatrist, who glibly that the reason our hero wanted to kill at he had once, as a child, been tied in a a young girl—a barn which had been

erican Psychiatric Association, when pprove this mess of dangerous balder- nantly refused—and with good reason. programs, hardly less misleading, *have* he air.

se mind-doctors who have never par- these "educational endeavors" seem to usual knack of saying things that land, g, in the newspapers, usually under headlines as "MENTAL ILLS SKY- NG, WARNS NOTED PSYCHIA- n the face of their gloomy statistics and redictions, it is small wonder that some ared silly.

can you tell whether or not you're a breakdown? How can you be sure that in the "zone of normal"? One way is to at everyone is a little bit neurotic. Ev- etimes feels depressed, fights with his at the kids, worries and has strange e difference between the "normal" and te for a crack-up is a matter of de- to judge this *(Continued on page 42)*

orrying about your worries is likely to to an endless tunnel of neurotic fears

STRONG BOY

BY D. D. BEAUCHAMP



The dog listened through two choruses of Lute's song and then bit him

Every time Miss Seymour came in sight Lute would be lifting something—maybe picking up an end of the bunkhouse, or sauntering across the yard with a bridge timber on his shoulder. But he wasn't much when it came to lifting his voice in song

MY UNCLE LUTE was the strongest man in Clearwater County, and when I was twelve years old I wanted to be like him.

I asked my father how to go about it and he told me. He told me to go out in the corral and pick out a calf that was little enough so I could lift it, and that every day I was to go out and lift it, and the bigger the calf got the stronger I would get, and by the time it grew up to be a beef steer I would still be able to lift it, and I would be as strong as my Uncle Lute.

That sounded logical to me, so I tried it. I picked out a calf I could handle easy to start with, and every morning for six weeks I would go out and lift it. Then I would come in the house and double up my arms and look at myself in the mirror. I could see I was getting strong all right. The only trouble was the calf seemed to be gaining weight faster than I was getting stronger, and the way things were progressing it began to look like by the time he grew up to be a beef steer I wasn't going to be able to budge him.

It was discouraging. I told my father about it, and he didn't have anything further to offer, so I finally took the matter direct to Uncle Lute.

He was working at the forge down in his blacksmith shop when I talked to him.

I told him what my problem was, and the trouble I was having picking up that calf. My Uncle Lute was a very understanding man.

"Any reason you want to get strong so quick, Bub?"

"I want to pick up a beef steer for Mary Louise Stacy," I said.

Mary Louise Stacy was in my grade at school. She was my girl except she did not know it. She had pigtails and freckles.

"You figure that will impress her?" Uncle Lute said.

"I expect if I picked up a beef steer for her she'd let me carry her books home from school."

"And I expect you'd be pretty proud of yourself, showing off for her like that," Uncle Lute said.

"I expect I would," I said.

"Bub," my Uncle Lute said, "right there you have touched on a very vulnerable spot, so to speak."

He picked up a horseshoe off the anvil, bent it out straight with his bare hands and tossed it into a corner. Then he spit on the floor. He was the strongest man I ever saw.

"Pride," my Uncle Lute said, "goeth before a fall."

Then he told me the story of himself, and Mr. Sheridan Corby, and Miss Corrinne Seymour. . . .

At the time, Uncle Lute was working as foreman on the Emory Stevens ranch over near Moose Creek. It was a cattle ranch. It was also a dude ranch; and besides the dudes Mr. Stevens had a string of bucking horses and Brahman steers that he rented out to rodeos. Uncle Lute earned sixty dollars a month and found. He was happy until the first time he laid eyes on Miss Corrinne Seymour.

Or maybe he was happy until the first time Miss Corrinne Seymour laid eyes on him, because Miss Corrinne Seymour saw my Uncle Lute before he saw her. She saw him the first day she got to the ranch. Mr. Stevens had brought her out from the train in the station wagon, and when they drove in the yard Uncle Lute was holding up the front end of a Model-T truck while somebody put a jack under it. It made his muscles stand out, and he was something to see. He was six feet one. He had shoulders on him as broad as the back end of a brewery horse, and he was holding up the front end of that car like it was made of cardboard. Miss Corrinne Seymour let out a squeal like she had sat on a tack.

"Who is that gorgeous creature?" Miss Seymour said.

Mr. Stevens looked around. He thought she was referring to a horse, or maybe one of the dogs.

"What creature?"

"The one who is holding up the automobile," Miss Seymour said.

"Oh," Mr. Stevens said, "you mean Lute Harkness. I have heard him called a lot of things," Mr. Stevens said, "but this is the first time I have ever heard anybody call him gorgeous."

"I think he is simply magnificent."

"He is as strong as a bull, if that's what you mean," Mr. Stevens said. "And I have even heard some people say that he is almost as smart."

"He is simply the most marvelous thing I have ever laid eyes on," Miss Seymour said. "I can hardly wait to meet him."

So Mr. Stevens drove over there and Miss Seymour met my Uncle Lute, and vice versa.

It sort of caught my Uncle Lute off base, so to speak. He shifted the Model-T to one hand and tipped his hat. Miss Seymour said she guessed my Uncle Lute was probably the strongest man in the world and she was simply thrilled speechless. My Uncle Lute was speechless too. He did not say anything. He just stood there holding up the front end of the Model-T and looking at Miss Seymour with his mouth open. He was still standing there after Mr. Stevens drove her on up to the ranch house, and his mouth was still open. He was sunk.

THE way it turned out he was not the only one that was sunk. Mr. Stevens had had lady dudes on the ranch before, but he had never had one like Miss Corrinne Seymour, and she almost disrupted the organization. She had big blue eyes and honey-blond hair, and she did not measure six ax handles across the beam when she was dressed in pants. There were sixteen men working on the ranch and Miss Seymour met them all, and after she met them they were all sunk. They took to wearing white shirts to work, and shaving during the week, and they hung around the house so much Mr. Stevens said the place looked more like a country club than it did [illegible]. Send a man out to mend a f[illegible] he'd forget his hammer and [illegible] ters and have to ride back. Se[illegible] out to move a herd of cattle [illegible] forget his saddle blanket. It [illegible] ful.

This state of affairs conti[illegible] about two weeks, and Mr. Ste[illegible] going crazy, and then the f[illegible] rowed down to two people. [illegible] them was my Uncle Lute. T[illegible] one was Mr. Sheridan Corby[illegible]

My Uncle Lute did not [illegible] Sheridan Corby. He did not [illegible] before Miss Seymour came, [illegible] she came he did not like h[illegible] than he had before. Mr. Co[illegible] dude wrangler. A mail-order [illegible] He wore embroidered shirts [illegible] pants, and he did not do [illegible] around the ranch except lo[illegible] sitting on a horse when he w[illegible] with the lady dudes. At night [illegible] play on the guitar and sin[illegible] songs. He was not strong [illegible] Uncle Lute.

ON THE other hand U[illegible] could not play a guita[illegible] only song he knew was on[illegible] learned in a saloon down in [illegible] which he did not consider t[illegible] a song you would sing to [illegible] Miss Corrinne Seymour.

My Uncle Lute thought a [illegible] seemed to him that maybe [illegible] carry the battle into the enem[illegible] so to speak. Miss Seymour [illegible] him that she liked moonligh[illegible] sic, and Uncle Lute figured [illegible] nothing that Mr. Sherida[illegible] could do that he could not [illegible] He paid five dollars for a m[illegible] a pawnshop in Moose C[illegible] took three lessons from the [illegible] down in McKelvey's Salo[illegible] he went to work on it.

He did his practicing awa[illegible] ranch, figuring to keep h[illegible] ability as sort of an ace in[illegible] Every night he would sadd[illegible] ride two or three miles ou[illegible] sagebrush and sit down wit[illegible] against a rock to play an[illegible] seemed to him he was maki[illegible] erable progress until one ni[illegible] the ranch dogs followed hi[illegible] sat with him. The dog liste[illegible] cle Lute go through two c[illegible] The Cowboy's Lament an[illegible] him.

It was sort of dishearte[illegible] the day Uncle Lute was w[illegible] the tack room and saw M[illegible] Corby working out with a [illegible] dian clubs and a bar bell. [illegible] likely that Miss Seymour [illegible] Mr. Sheridan Corby that s[illegible] strong men, and Uncle Lu[illegible] that maybe the best thing h[illegible] would be to sort of stick [illegible] last, so to speak, and utilize[illegible] had given him. He decided [illegible] his music and in the future [illegible] himself to picking up heav[illegible] show how strong he was.

He took to staying aroun[illegible] house most of the time [illegible] time Miss Seymour came [illegible] Uncle Lute would be lif[illegible] thing. Every day he woul[illegible] picking up a corner of the [illegible]

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

house, or sauntering casually
e yard with a bridge timber
shoulder.
vs getting sort of hard pressed
iew things to lift when one
moved the blacksmith shop,
d my Uncle Lute to move the
was walking up through the
h it when Miss Seymour
him and engaged him in a
ion. Uncle Lute was carrying that anvil under one arm like a loaf of bread, and while he was talking he kept sort of tossing it back and forth from one hand to the other.

"Isn't that anvil terribly heavy?" Miss Seymour said.

My Uncle Lute looked down at it as though he was surprised to see he was carrying it.

"I had completely forgot about it, ma'am," Uncle Lute said.

Miss Seymour squealed and batted her blue eyes at him.

After that Uncle Lute carried that anvil around until he almost wore it out. Mr. Sheridan Corby was still working out with his Indian clubs and his bar bells and one day he was out walking with Miss Seymour, and they met Uncle Lute carrying the anvil. My Uncle Lute could recognize an opportunity when he saw one.

"I would like to roll a cigarette," Uncle Lute said. "Would you mind holding this?" and he held the anvil out to Mr. Sheridan Corby.

Mr. Sheridan Corby was anxious to show Miss Seymour how strong he was getting and he grabbed hold of the anvil. It took him right down to his knees. After that Mr. Sheridan Corby gave up his bar bells.

(Continued on page 75)

ou mind holding this while I
arette?" Uncle Lute said. Mr.
rabbed the anvil, eager to
iss Seymour how strong he
took him down to his knees

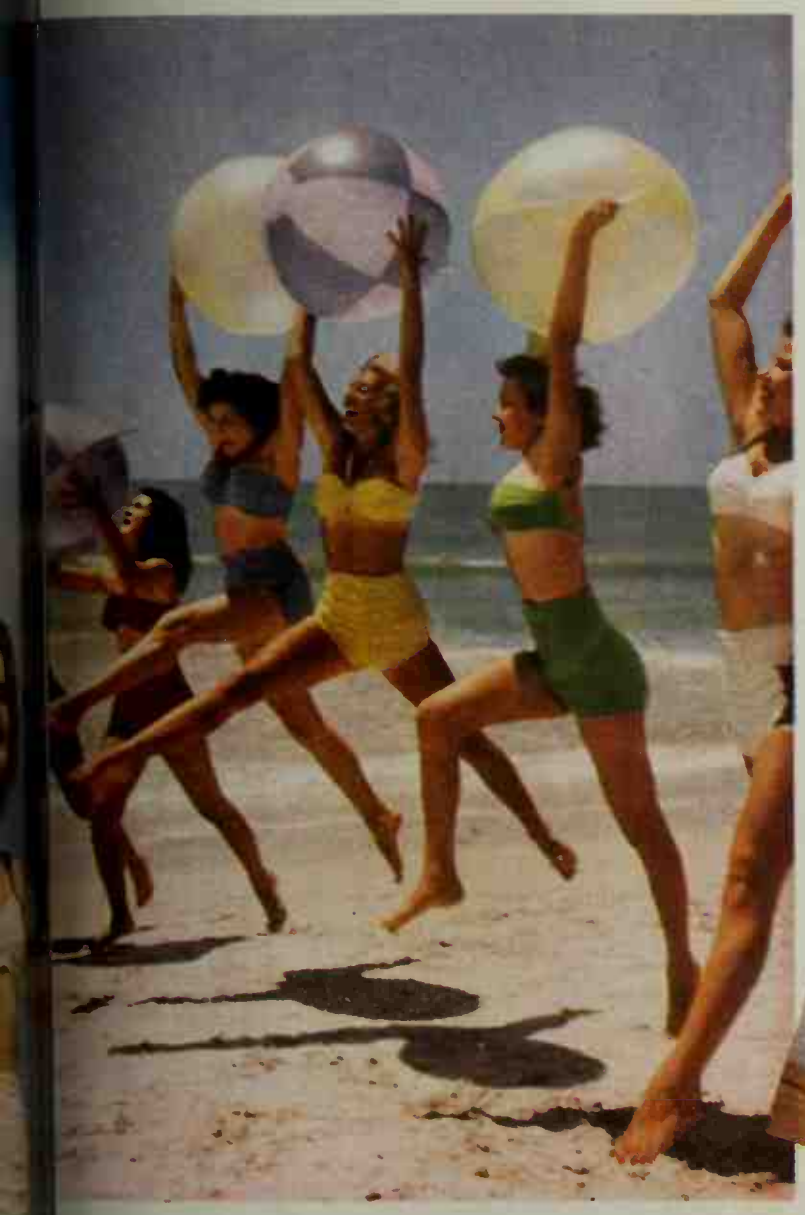


SCHOOL FOR CHARM

BY CARL FRENCH



The traditional book-on-the-head method of teaching graceful walking is abandoned at the Charm School, and the girls balance Florida grapefruit instead





's work out on the sands with multicolored plastic beach balls. These s, resembling free ballet, get the kinks out of the body muscles. , graduates show the results of weeks of hard work at the school, as se in evening dress, which they carry with ease, grace and loveliness

ALL came about because · into a stiff grimace and how to dress
lovely girl who posed for a to hide bowlegs and to get more beau-
orida publicity stunt didn't tiful chest contours. And how to
hat to do with her hands. walk without bobbing about like a
flutter and she placed them Mexican jumping bean.
re, everywhere, as the cam- In the latter the publicity-minded
ked. The director decided director demonstrated true genius.
g must be done about it. The Some schools teach the sinuous glide
as the St. Petersburg Charm by having the student balance a book
dedicated to teaching the sun- on her head. Too much bobbing, and
beauties the principles of the book falls. That, reasoned the
oise and pose, and to easing director, was out of character for
lations of the school's spon- Florida, which has gained little re-
rt A. Ady, who is St. Peters- nown in book publishing. So the St.
rector of public relations. For Petersburg girls walk about balancing
for training, the gals agreed home-grown Florida grapefruit pre-
or Ady's publicity stunts and cariously on their heads. It taught
them how to walk and it advertised
such sponsorship, naturally, Florida's great citrus industry. Double
l opened with a scream, amid play for publicity.
us twittering of 420 charm- The hair-do and make-up experts
girls, aged seventeen to found their greatest problem in
vo, from 42 states and five eradicating teen-age affectations and
countries. All attended in mannerisms. And the director of pho-
uits, and the classes met on tographic posing had to teach his
s of Tampa Bay for ten suc- students all the little tricks of display-
eek ends. ing their best to the lens. Now, when
directors, three chaperons, a a cameraman poses one of these
on clerk and a personnel di- Charm School graduates, she instinc-
k charge. They divided the tively clicks her heel to opposite in-
three groups according to step, bends the knee slightly, squares
the school launched its shapely hips and tosses a shoulder-
culcating curriculum. This back torso into position. Just like a
ed into three parts—poise professional.
ure, hair-do and make-up, At the end of the first course, every-
graphic posing. one was happy. The girls, always
nd posture included ballet beautiful, were now glamorous. Mr.
ce, and an unorthodox bit of Ady, once a nervous wreck, was calm
ditioning exercises. The and complacent. And cheesecake
led under a maze of wire, devotees were thrilled.
to under a lusty order to So the Charm School will open its
" and took the low hurdles, doors again this fall, and a new class
hem with grace. They were of awkward lovelies will learn how to
w to smile without freezing be charming. ★★★



The obstacle course, lifted from Army conditioning exercises, puts the students through a maze of chicken wire on hands and knees. At a fast pace, too

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

MAN RUNNING

BY SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM THE NOOSE

The Story:

One night beautiful CHARLOTTE INWOOD, wife of wealthy Architect JOSEPH INWOOD, rushes to the London apartment of her new lover, JONATHAN PENROSE. Charlotte's evening gown is streaked with blood. Frantically she tells Jonathan that her husband has found out about their affair, and that she has just murdered him.

Jonathan, desperately in love with the woman, walks the short distance to the Inwood mansion. Breaking in, he obliterates possible fingerprints and takes money and jewels from the safe in the library where the murdered man is lying. Then, further to throw suspicion away from Charlotte and onto anonymous housebreakers, he races out of the house, throwing the murder weapon, a candlestick, into the gutter.

Rounding a corner near the house, Jonathan is recognized by a man, a wine clerk. Now he knows he will have to disappear, but his resolution to protect Charlotte is strengthened. Bringing her a fresh gown, he drives her to the apartment of a man named FREDDY WILLIAMS, who, she says, will take her to a night club, thus providing an alibi.

The police have discovered the murder and are looking for Jonathan; in the meantime, he checks a bag containing the bloodstained gown in a tube station. Meanwhile, in a night club, unbeknown to Jonathan, Freddy Williams, Charlotte's real lover, is registering amusement at Jonathan's noble action. "That's the first time," he tells her, "I've ever murdered a man with a candlestick."

Pursued by the police, Jonathan races down an alley and almost into the arms of EVE GILL, the "I" of the story. Eve is in London attempting to sell a valuable Rembrandt painting which her crusty old father, COMMODORE GILL, talked her into stealing from his wealthy sister-in-law.

Eve feels sorry for her fellow outlaw and decides to drive Jonathan to the Gill country house in Kessingland. When they arrive early the next morning, she hides him in the Commodore's boat, the Peacock, which is moored near the house. Eve goes wearily to bed.

II

THE bright sun of morning on my eyes awoke me. In his distant workshop Charlie, our man-of-all-responsibility, was banging a heavy piece of metal against another heavy piece of metal, but the clangor was muted into a musical sound by a quarter of a mile of marsh, trees and hedged gardens.

The noise which moved me, however, was the three knocks of Father's stick on the floor of his room. They meant he was ready for his breakfast; this was the first signal of his day, and there was always a briskness in it which sometimes meant merely that he was hungry, other times that he was going to attack the day with more vigor than usual.

Even on quiet days I do not spend a lot of time getting up, but this morning eight minutes covered brushing my teeth, tidying my hair, putting on a bathing suit and sandals, and picking up a short towel coat from the cupboard as I made for the stairs.

I beat the Commodore's breakfast tray by several seconds. It had barely reached the first baize door from the kitchen in the hands of the newest of Mary's tryouts from Kessingland village when I reached the Long Room on the ground floor whence Father conducts the affairs of household and estate.

The Long Room was shining with sun, its ancient oak glimmering warmly. And the Commodore, sitting up in his bunk, along the panels of the east wall, eyed me sharply.

"Ah!" he said. Usually it was "Well?" or "Go away" or "Where the hell's my leg?" The "ah" showed me—I admit to my satisfaction—that he had been worrying a little about me.

"When did *you* get home?" he inquired.

"Rather late."

"I didn't hear you."

"I didn't want to wake you."

"Very thoughtful. I wasn't asleep. You know perfectly well I—" He stopped. Not for anything would he confess that he cared what happened to me. "—perfectly well I wanted to know what he paid for it."

He knew I had failed, of course. If I had succeeded, if K. Zimmer had turned out to be all that his friends had promised, I would have waked him up to tell him so, whatever hour of the night I had come home.

His breakfast tray arrived. I took it from the girl and put it on his bed table.

"You didn't leave it with him?" he asked.

"I did not. If I had left the picture with him you wouldn't have seen it again, or any money either."

"What did he offer?"

"Nothing. He said he never pays a penny for anything before he has a market for it."

"Nonsense!" He brought down his spoon with an angry crack on the first of his four eggs. "You mishandled it! I should have gone myself. Women!"

"I can see you climbing that ladder into Aunt Harvey Gill's gallery with one leg," I said.

"I'm not talking about ladders! You went to see this brute with a straightforward proposition and foozled it!"

Straightforward was not the word I would have chosen.

"Listen," I said. "He wasn't an art dealer at all. He's a cheap crook with ideas above his station. He wanted to get hold of it without paying for it. He wanted to know all about me, and who was I 'fronting' for, and who did the 'job,' and so on—"

"I hope to God you didn't tell him."

"I did not," I said. "I told him to mind his own business. He *might* deal, he said, if things were put on a 'proper basis.' Must know who the principals were. Must have the 'goods' handy, so if a buyer came along he could show them. Mustn't be rushed—wanted a day or two to think it over. Come back at the end of the week and bring the 'goods,' to deposit with him."

"Hum," said Father. "You should have walked out on him."

"That's exactly what I did. But I'm worried. I think there is going to be an unpleasantness. Zimmer looked at me in a very funny way. He said he was of the opinion that the police were wrong in believing it was an outside job! They might be fooled by that ladder at the gallery window but he wasn't."

FATHER growled in his throat. He wished to wash out the false start with K. Zimmer and plan a new attack on the problem. "Rot. What does it matter what he thinks? The police are right. The ladder *was* the way it was done, wasn't it?"

"Yes. But it was used to make an inside job—in the sense it was family robbing family—look like an outside one. I think you had that idea."

"Don't quibble. I'll do without this Zimmer and think of some other way. Your Uncle Harvey meant me to have that picture when he died. It was a way of leaving me a bit of capital, and I shan't rest until I've fulfilled his wishes. Just because that bloody second wife of his tore up his will—"

I was sick of the story. "Father, will you please listen to me! K. Zimmer only has to ask anyone in the village at Pakenhurst a few questions about who was staying in the neighborhood that week end to spot me as having been there. It wouldn't take him more than a quarter of an hour to find where I came from."

"You mean—hum—that he would then be in a position to—ah—"

"Yes," I said, "to blackmail the picture out of us—out of you rather—and then where would you be? I've never seen a meaner-looking man."

"If he comes anywhere near here, I'll shoot him."

"Maybe. And—maybe you won't. For one thing your policeman friend Billy Bull wouldn't like it."

"Sink the rotter in the marsh mud—five minutes, and not a sign of him."

"All right, but don't forget his hat—it always floats." I made for the door and was outside before he realized it.

"You come back here!" he bawled in his quarter-deck voice. I know when to go back, even though I was in a lather to get to the Peacock and Jonathan.

"You know," he said energetically, "the insurance company might be persuaded into the market. With that woman's claim against them they'll want to recoup as much as they can. For instance, if they pay her twenty

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



"Drive over to Lowestoft and fix up a crew!" Father said from his bath chair. My first instinct was to argue with him but I had a second thought

thousand. Now suppose they could buy the picture at fifteen they could resell at twenty-five—they could go to a legitimate market with it—they'd only be ten thousand out of pocket. That's good business. At least it might be worse—"

I cried out in alarm that I refused to walk into any insurance company with that thing under my arm and nothing to save me from instant arrest but my parent's instructions to outsmart the managing director.

He stared at me without seeing me, and in the grip of another bright idea said with great conviction:

"We're fools. The place to sell it is abroad. France—Belgium. Or Holland. Why not Holland? That's where the fellow came from who painted it, wasn't it? Holland—"

I escaped finally from the room with the word "Holland" in my ears and with my heart in my mouth because one of the inevitable sequences in *that* plan would be to sail across the Channel in the Peacock. And it would not be easy to argue him out of it; in fact I wouldn't try, for it was the best he'd had yet. If there was one place where he had more "friends" than another, it was Amsterdam—the black-market people, in fact, who played when he felt like a little smuggling.

I went via the kitchen. Mary was making bread. I told her I was going to swim and would make my own breakfast in the Peacock afterward. For once she let me through into the larder without an argument. I began stocking the basket with a dozen eggs and a large chunk of butter. I could raid the chicken houses for more eggs later on. There was the tail end of an excellent ham; last week's bread would have to do. I nearly filled the basket and left the house by way of the dairy, scooping a pint jugful of cream off the top of one of the setting pans as I passed.

I HURRIED circumspectly through the kitchen gardens, detoured by the hothouse for a mixed picking of peaches and nectarines and made for the estuary beach along the wood path south of the house. The water blazed silvery gold through the trees and at last I came in full sight of the ketch. The Peacock sat there in the shimmering backwater, white and still like a bird resting.

I took the sculls from under the bank where I had hidden them last night, floated the praam dinghy and pulled out to the ketch. When I climbed the ladder and stood on deck listening, my heart's beating seemed audible outside me. The little ship was silent except for an occasional grumbling creak from the rigging.

Perhaps he wasn't in the cabin. Perhaps he had taken flight and fled, had swum the seventy yards to the bank and was now shivering in a ditch somewhere in the blue haze of Kessingland Marsh while he waited for the short darkness to come again to shelter his aimless flight.

No, dear God! Please let him be down there—I know so certainly that I can help him that it is like a thing already past and done, when he won't be running away because there is no need any more. . . .

(Continued on page 49)



They watched as I dialed the number. Hurry, I thought. It's getting warmer in here. The door will break soon

SIGNED BY JOE CRADL

BY ROBERT RICHARDS

It was the best story he would ever write—and the last

MARY is a wonderful girl. They don't make many like her any more. "Call me up, Joe," she said. "Tell me about it, as soon as you know. It'll be a fine job. I'm sure of it."

If I had known what was going to happen that night, I would have. I would have called her in a hurry.

But of course I didn't suspect anything. I just closed the door, pulled off my shoes and flopped across the bed. The telephone was there, close to my ear, but I didn't touch it.

It was a fine job. It was swell—probably the best I had ever had. It paid good money, and there was a future to it. "You're all right, Joe," the sales manager told me. "We won't worry. You'll be one of our top men before the year is out."

I stared at the ceiling, rubbing both fists into my eyes. I was going to sell refrigerators. Okay. What was wrong with that? It was good dough. Plenty.

They were good refrigerators, too. None of this cheap stuff. The ice trays didn't stick; the cubes popped out.

There was something else even more important. I could jump Al Spade now. I could tell him to go bump his head on a rock.

Someone knocked on my door. I knew from the steady pounding that it had to be answered. "It's unlocked," I called. "Walk in."

It was Jerry Lawrence, the bell captain, and he was grinning. I had lived in this narrow room for almost seven years, and we were old friends. Jerry had never put the squeeze on me, even during the times when stranded strangers were hitting his hand with twenty-dollar bills.

It was the last night that either one of us would spend inside the Grafton Hotel, but we suspected nothing.

"How about the new job, Joe?"

"In the bag. I'll start on Monday."

"A good job?"

"One of the best," I said.

"There was a girl here," Jerry said. "A nice babe, Joe. She wants you to call her. She said, 'Tell him to ring me just as soon as he comes in.' "

"Did she have black hair and blue eyes?" I asked. "And a way of lifting her chin when she talked?"

"She had a way of lifting a man's blood pressure," Jerry said. "When she left, it was all that I could do to keep from running out the door."

"That's Mary," I told him. "That's Mary all over."

"Well, better give her a call, or I might beat you to it."

"I will," I answered. "Just give me time. Lots of time. I've got problems to think over."

That Al Spade. I wanted to decide just what I would say to him. It would be something mean, something that got under the skin.

Jerry Lawrence saw that I wanted to be alone and that he wouldn't be invited to taste my bourbon, no matter how long he waited. He slipped quietly outside, and closed the door.

I stared over at the telephone again. Mary was waiting on the other end of the line. Mary was sitting there, with a smile in her voice, ready to tell me that I had done the right thing. All I had to do was to pick up that pipe and get a shot in the arm. Her voice was like warm water, or Moselle wine. It steadied my nerves. After talking to Mary, I would be able t

I looked at my watch. Al Spade had gone on th been working more th now, bent over his d World Press. He was with his stylus, I knew it tight and terse.

I'll call Al first, I tol then I'll call Mary. Af the guy that fired me. I and say, "Okay, are yo I'm in another racket."

I wanted to irritate laugh in his face. I ha the telephone, but I wouldn't do it. I didn't

Al Spade was a qu with straggly black hai glare in his eyes behi rimmed glasses. He World's night news m was tough.

I had gone to see Al after my trouble. I th that I could straighter should have known b have turned around

(Continued on

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

AVE FUN IN GET-TOGETHERS!

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!





OME OR AWAY . . .
"FRESH UP" FAMILY!

ee "fresh up" families everywhere this
r—enjoying a day of play in the fresh air
nshine. Naturally, crystal-clear 7-Up goes
em because, at home or away, it's their
family favorite . . . the friendly, whole-
resh up" drink.
"fresh up" family. Let clean-tasting 7-Up
your family pleasures. The bright 7-Up signs
everywhere are reminders to order your supply.



COPYRIGHT 1947 BY THE SEVEN UP COMPANY

YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!

PEACE AND QUIET

Continued from page 14

with Hulda. Seems like I remember once last summer when some city guy—"

"Listen!" Rogers said. "Are you in cahoots with the Svensons?"

"Me," the agent gasped. "Not me!"

"Didn't have time to close the deal!" Rogers said. "Didn't have time, my hind foot. You knew they wouldn't sell, so you left the dirty work to me."

"But—" the agent said.

"I just wanted to tell you I'm wise," Rogers said. "And what's more, I'll buy their land if it takes all summer. And if you open your big, fat trap to them or anybody else, I'll come to town and beat out your brains with a ball bat. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," the agent said meekly. "Maybe I didn't explain all the details."

"Goodby," Rogers said. "Go shoot yourself."

A CAR drove into the yard and large feet stomped on the grass—soul-shattering and immense in their weight. Rogers went to the porch and waited. A young towheaded giant was purposefully rounding the cabin. He possessed shoulders of unbelievable width perched on a barrel of a body, with legs like oak trees. Topping this display of the body beautiful was a round, moonlike face with a crooked nose, huge ears and blue eyes.

"Hello," the giant said. "I'm Lars Svenson. You the guy botherin' my sister?"

"I'm the guy," Rogers said.

This bland confession of guilt confused Lars Svenson. He said, "What's your name?"

"Joe Rogers. Speak your piece."

Lars noted that Rogers was only five and a half feet up but almost that wide, not in the Svenson class, but pretty well put together. Rogers' nose was crookeder than Lars'.

"Your nose," Lars said. "How'd you bust it?"

"Fight," Rogers said. "With fifteen big Swedes, all of them meaner and nastier than you, all of them former Minnesota tackles."

"Ya?" Lars said. "What happened?"

"I killed thirteen," Rogers said evenly. "Ate the last two."

"Aw," Lars grinned suddenly. "You're all right, Joe. Hulda said to whack you but I think better I apologize for her bothering you."

"Well," Rogers said. "Well! Lars, come in and have a drink."

Over two beers in the kitchen, Rogers said, "I was a little nasty myself, Lars. I'm sort of nervous and when she started shooting, I lost my temper. Then I found she had a temper of her own."

"Bad one," Lars said mildly. "Against eleven boys the only girl has to have a temper to get along. Joe, I think if you came over and apologized, she would apologize and we could be good neighbors."

"I'll do that," Rogers said. "Uh—your other brothers around here?"

"We work in this area," Lars said. "I run a resort on Gull Lake across the highway. Come over any time."

"I will," Rogers said. "I sure will."

"You bought a nice place," Lars said. "I hope you have a nice summer."

"I will," Rogers said. "But I like lots of room, Lars, and trees. Have you ever considered selling your place?"

"Yes," Lars said thoughtfully. "The only trouble is, all of us own it and have to agree before we can sell. That was in Dad's will."

"Oh," Rogers said. "Well, we can talk about it later on."

Lars finished his beer and said, "Got to go," and Rogers went outside and said, "I'm glad we didn't act like a couple of fools, Lars."

Lars grinned. "Hulda likes to dance, Joe."

"Thanks for the idea," Rogers said solemnly. "I'll look into it.". . .

When Lars drove away, Rogers made swift and cunning changes of plan, thought unhappily of Hulda Svenson, short and stocky in those dirty coveralls, and decided it was worth the time and trouble. He cut through the woods and knocked on the back door of the Svenson cabin. The door opened and Hulda looked at him and tried to frown, and Rogers grinned and then she had to grin.

"All right, Mr. Rogers. I apologize."

"It was my fault," Rogers said. "Let me apologize."

"Lars saw you, didn't he?"

"He sure did," Rogers said. "I was scared to death."

"He is big," Hulda said. "Come in, Mr. Rogers. We'd better start from scratch. My name is Hulda."

Rogers said, "Call me Joe."

Hulda brought beer and glasses and they sat in the kitchen and said, "Skoal!" and grinned at each other. Hulda wore the same coveralls and her feet were just as dirty.

"Lars said you bought the Sorenson place," she said, "and you needed rest. I'm sorry about the shooting."

"You go ahead," Rogers said warmly. "I'll send for my guns and we can practice together."

"That would be nice," Hulda said warmly. "You'll be a good neighbor, after all."

"Uh," Rogers said. "Lars told me you enjoyed dancing."

"I do," Hulda said.

"Would you—?" Rogers began.

"I would," Hulda said.

One thing about Hulda, Rogers thought, she wasn't coy. She was studying him frankly and making up her mind; and he decided the scales were tipping his way. It was probably because he was a half pint like herself, lost in the midst of the towering Swedes.

"I like you, Joe," Hulda said. "I didn't think I would, but I do."

"I like you, too." Rogers smiled. "I know we'll get along fine."

What limits a man will drive himself to, he thought darkly, to buy a hunk of ground. Hulda was the most unappetizing female he'd seen in months. He hoped she would fix her hair and try to impersonate a woman when he took her out. Those coveralls could hide a multitude of faults in addition to the ones he could see.

"I'd better push off," Rogers said. "See you about eight tonight?"

"I'll be ready," Hulda said. "And I won't shoot this afternoon. You get some sleep.". . .

Rogers was pleasantly surprised that night, and the next five nights. Hulda in coveralls, with floppy hair and dirty feet, was one thing. Hulda dressed for dancing was another. Hulda had her hair combed and brushed in thick, shining waves around her face, which was clean and pink with natural color and only a suggestion of lipstick. And Hulda in a dress was different. The coveralls were traitors, Rogers thought, when he saw her that first night. Hulda was short, that was true, but she was slender and legs were not oak trees like Lars', but rather on the order of saplings, and her feet were really small and neat in slippers.

Rogers said, "Well!"

"Let's go," Hulda said, taking his arm and going down the steps to his car. "I haven't been out for a week."

"What's the matter with the guys up here?" Rogers said. "Are they blind?"

Hulda smiled. "The coveralls fool a man, don't they?"

Rogers swallowed a grunt and nodded. "They sure do."

"Let's stop at the Rainbow first," Hulda said. "Then I'll show you around. We can drop by Lars' and meet some more of my brothers if you'd like."

"I would," Rogers said. "By all means."

Doing dirty work was so much nicer when a man had something presentable to dance with; and most of all, talk with through the long night hours. Hulda was a fine dancer and spoke authoritatively on an amazing variety of subjects. Rogers found himself enjoying the process more than was necessary, and by the fourth night was hating himself for his ulterior motives. But he didn't weaken. He would get that land and keep Hulda's friendship, he decided, if he was smart enough to pull the right strings.

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S

"No, no, Slug—allow me"

By the fifth night Rogers [illegible] scessor of pertinent inform[illegible] owned a big resort on Gu[illegible] needed more help when the s[illegible] began, but the other broth[illegible] tremely busy and Hulda seem[illegible] it her duty to act as wate[illegible] family cabin. Lars wanted H[illegible] him at the resort and Roge[illegible] lently that Hulda owed Lars [illegible] and could repay it in no othe[illegible] these facts in hand, Rogers p[illegible] and spun his web with care[illegible]

On the sixth night Roger[illegible] family party at Lars' and [illegible] cases of beer Rogers got La[illegible] the beginning of his spadew[illegible] said, "Hulda's a nice girl, La[illegible] a lot."

Lars grinned happily. '[illegible] you, Joe. You make a nice [illegible]

Rogers changed the subj[illegible] with finesse. "I hate to see [illegible] herself in that cabin. You [illegible] her over here, don't you?"

Lars nodded. "The gue[illegible] comin' next week, Joe. [illegible] Hulda." Lars sighed and dr[illegible]

"Well, shucks," Rogers [illegible] "I've got plenty of money, l[illegible] I bought the cabin for a fai[illegible] Hulda would more or less [illegible] over and help you, wouldn'[illegible]

"Ya," Lars said, brigh[illegible] golly, she would, Joe." L[illegible] "But maybe she wouldn't a[illegible]

"Eleven of you," Roge[illegible] "One of her. Can't you in[illegible]

"That's right," Lars sai[illegible] Joe. Would you do that?"

"Name your price," Ro[illegible] can always rent your cabi[illegible] people."

"Shucks," Lars said, equ[illegible] "You name a price."

Rogers reflected on price[illegible] properties around the lak[illegible] cording to my cabin, I'd [illegible] sand, Lars. Is that fair?"

"Fair?" Lars said. "Tha[illegible] fair, Joe. Do you mean it?"

"I sure do," Rogers said[illegible] agree and I'll make out th[illegible] thing to help a friend, Lar[illegible]

ROGERS walked to the b[illegible] Hulda and looked at h[illegible] moonlight. "Three," Roge[illegible] flies with you, Hulda."

"It does," Hulda agre[illegible] fun tonight, Joe."

Rogers felt strange qual[illegible] Hulda looked beautiful in [illegible] He said, "Tomorrow nigh[illegible]

Hulda nodded dreamil[illegible] you wanted peace and qui[illegible] you'd better rest one nig[illegible]

He was suddenly awa[illegible] that he had not kissed H[illegible] was the sixth night. Roge[illegible] if you don't want to—"

"I didn't say that." Hu[illegible] was thinking about yo[illegible] quiet."

Rogers had her hand, [illegible] know, and then he was [illegible] thusiastically and Hulda [illegible] in kind; and after a defi[illegible] of the moon across th[illegible] stepped back and said, [illegible] good night, Hulda."

Hulda murmured, "Go[illegible]

Rogers hit all the trees [illegible] Dancing with Hulda an[illegible] Hulda were definite t[illegible] Hulda was something el[illegible] into a forest fire and a sl[illegible] Once more, Rogers tho[illegible] refuse to buy the cabin [illegible] cluded Hulda in the sale[illegible]

"No. Absolutely not," [illegible] self. And then the humor[illegible] hit him, and he sat in [illegible]

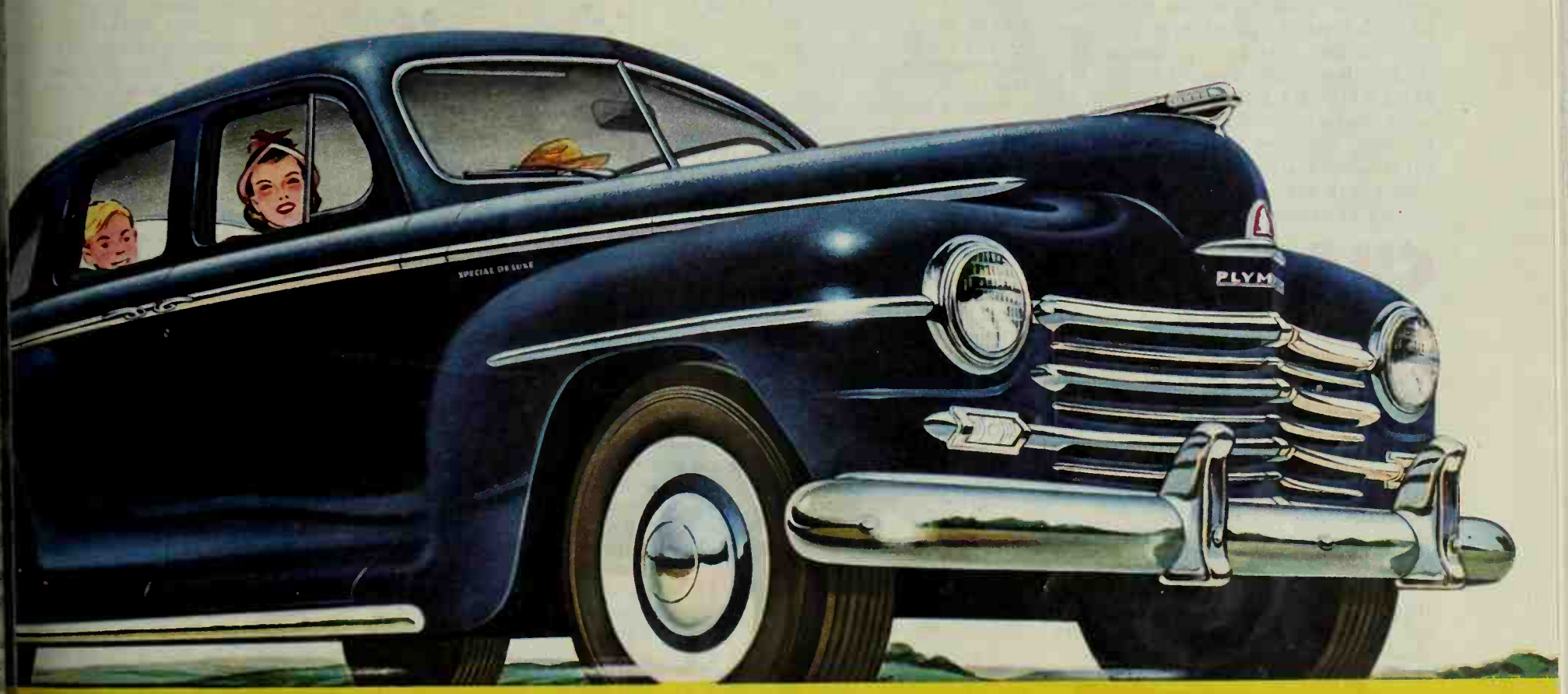
re the cars in number of

UALITY FEATURES

-PRICED CARS HAVE	21
PLYMOUTH HAS	20
CAR #2 HAS	9
CAR #3 HAS	8

IF IT'S **VALUE** YOU WANT

it's Plymouth you want



Y PLYMOUTH DEALER WILL
ORDER. AND HE'LL TAKE
F YOUR PRESENT CAR WHILE
G FOR YOUR NEW PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Looking for Top Value in new cars? Then how about a car in the lowest price field that gives you 20 of 21 quality features found in cars costing hundreds of dollars more?

That's what the newest, finest Plymouth has for you.

No other car gives you all of these quality features at Plymouth's low price. Of all three leading low-priced cars, neither of the others gives you *half* as many as Plymouth! Check the facts in the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. You'll see why Plymouth is so far ahead of its field in relaxed riding comfort, wide-range performance, safety and lasting economy.

Any way you look at it, Plymouth is the low-priced fine car most like high-priced cars.

PLYMOUTH Division of **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**



Compare the widely spaced openings of the standard oil filter cartridge with the modern MULTI-SCREEN principle. The multiple, precision perforations of MULTI-SCREEN expose 20 times more filtrant surface to the oil immediately.

Here's the Champion Oil Filter Cartridge that puts the whole surface of its high capacity, depth-type packing immediately to work, grabbing the sludge that causes motor trouble. It's MULTI-SCREEN—the cartridge with the faster flow and extra quality filtering medium that means more oil cleaned faster and better for you. You get this sludge-stopping, motor-saving efficiency in . . .

CHAMPLAB
OIL FILTERS

Regardless of the type of oil filter on your car, you can put a swift action, long serving Champion Cartridge to work for you, and keep your motor free of the dangerous sludge that attacks rings, cylinder walls and bearings. There's a size and style in these precision perforated MULTI-SCREEN Cartridges for EVERY oil filter. Insist on one with your next oil change and get the improved clean oil mileage that keeps old motors healthy and new motors young.



ASK YOUR DEALER

If your car does not have the protection of a motor oil filter, ask your serviceman about a Champion. There's one for your car, complete with bracket, fittings and oil lines for a swift, economical installation.

CHAMPION LABORATORIES, INC.
MERIDEN, CONN.

chuckled. The trapper had fallen into his own trap. He wondered if he ought to tell Hulda a few things the next day. And then he thought, better wait. She might think, when she learns everything first, that I was kidding her just to buy the property. And besides, think of those brothers. . . .

Rogers was awakened much too early and far too abruptly by shots that seemed to come from his front door. He leaped from bed, stumbled over the nearest chair and cussed groggily, threw on his bathrobe and paddled unsteadily through the cabin and opened the door.

"What the—?" Rogers roared. "Why, Hulda. *Now, Hulda!*"

HULDA was standing spraddle-legged on his veranda with the long-barreled .22 revolver waving carelessly before her stomach. Hulda had no moonlight in her eyes, no softness in her mouth. She wore her dirty coveralls, her hair was floppy, and she was mad.

"You!" Hulda said. "You rat!"

"Hulda," Rogers said. "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" Hulda said. "You ask me what's the matter, you—making me fall—" Hulda sniffed and stiffened her voice: "Listen, Joe Rogers, a certain real-estate agent from Brainerd came by Lars' place after we left last night. He was a little tight. Lars mentioned something about selling you our cabin because"—Hulda laughed scornfully—"you wanted to help us out. The real-estate agent was a little mixed up, I guess, because he told us all about you, Joe Rogers."

"Hulda," Rogers said feebly, "don't jump to conclusions. Don't—"

"Why, you—" Hulda said. "I actually believe you would have married me to get our land."

"Why not?" Rogers said. "I was going to—"

"You would!" Hulda cried. "And all the time I thought you cared a little bit—and all you wanted was my cabin."

"Let me straighten this out," Rogers said desperately. "You've got it wrong, Hulda."

"No, I haven't," Hulda said thickly. "And let me tell you this, Joe Rogers. Don't ever come on my land again, and I wouldn't sell you a square foot of it for a million dollars if I was starving."

Hulda was close to tears. She stamped one foot on the porch and shot five times into the air. Rogers leaped two feet and came down digging for cover. "I hate you," said Hulda as she ran through the woods toward her cabin.

Rogers was awake now, wide awake. He was also mad. He went to the phone and called Brainerd, and when the real-estate agent's secretary said, "Hello," Rogers snarled, "Where's your boss?"

The secretary said nervously, "He—he had to go to Minneapolis on business this morning."

"He did, huh?" Rogers said. "All right, baby. When he gets back, tell him he could go to Australia and I'd still find him. Get your pencil ready. I want you to send some stuff out here. And I don't mean this afternoon, or tomorrow. I mean this morning. You ready?"

"Yes, sir," the secretary said.

Rogers muttered, "Turn me down, will she? One way to answer that. Only way. Fight fire with fire."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the secretary said timidly. "Five bundles of fire?"

"No!" Rogers roared, and started dictating. . . .

Rogers counted six carpenters and two big trucks filled with creosoted posts, the twenty-foot kind, spool after spool of barbed wire, kegs of staples, posthole diggers, and sacks of cement and plenty of sand and gravel. The carpenters placed a dozen smoke pots on the porch, and the foreman handed Rogers a shiny new shotgun and said, "Here's your gun, mister. Jim is bringing the shells."

"Fine," Rogers said. "Fine. Now, boys, I've got a little job. Where's that surveyor? You the one? Okay, now look, this is what I want you to do—"

At five that afternoon Rogers walked quietly through the trees and looked at a newly added piece of scenery. "Very nice," Rogers said. "Very, very nice."

The scenery was a fifteen-foot barbed-wire fence which not only ran from the water's edge to the road along the Svensons' line, but invisible to Rogers from where he stood, ran also on the south side of their property from the lake to the road. The Svenson land was cut off from the remainder of the lake with effective completeness.

Rogers tested the wind with his forefinger, estimated location and velocity, and placing a smoke pot on the ground, canted it toward the Svensons; then he pulled the tape and watched with great satisfaction as yellowish-white smoke poured from the pot and began creeping to the south. The smoke cloud spread and hung low, passed the fence and crawled sinuously toward the Svenson cabin. The cabin disappeared and Rogers heard a shriek of surprise, followed by loud cries of anger, followed by a car-



"And this is our summer cottage in Bayside"

COLLIER'S SUSI STEINITZ

load of husky coughs. Smoke-pot smoke was nasty smelling and eye-irritating and made everybody want to get about fifty miles away from any breath of it.

"Won't sell," Rogers said smugly. "We'll see."

Rogers returned to his cabin and waited half an hour. Then he carried another smoke pot close to the fence and got it fuming nicely. The sun was low and Rogers rummaged around his cabin and found the sawed-off thick end of an old pool cue which he hefted thoughtfully. He went to the front porch and waited He didn't wait too long; the steps pattered down his driveway and rounded the corner.

She was coughing and her face was dirty, and her breath, plus the remnants of smoke, was coming in large, greedy gulps. She planted her hands on her hips and glared at Rogers.

"Hello," Rogers said politely. "Doing road work?"

"You skunk!" she said thickly. "That smoke! What's the idea? Stop it right now. Who do you think you are? I'll—"

"Hulda," Rogers said. "Whose land are you on?"

That stopped her for a moment, but only a moment. She said, "And that fence. I can't walk along the lakeshore any more. And building another fence on our south line on the Wait till I tell them. You smart—"

"Tut, tut," Rogers said r and quiet, Hulda. Remem and shoot your revolver a Let me play my little game

"Listen, Rogers," Huld ingly. "For the last time, if can come up here and tell and start this sort of thi brothers—"

"Better get 'em all," Ro fully. "Lars was here. haven't you?"

"I'll get 'em all," she sa better have those fences this smoke in about twe

"Or you'll do what?"

"I'll—" Hulda said. "I'l

"Exactly," Rogers said do nothing and like it, ba my fence and I'll have yo the smoke, I'll play wit please. Show me a law sa a retarded pyromaniac, d that? Hit the road," Rog "Remember you started t

"And I'll finish it," Hu wait."

Rogers gave Hulda eno home Then he checked gun, opened a box of she smoke pot, and went outs falling. He started the s stood behind a large pine the shotgun at thirty-se straight into the air. H porch until eight o'clock another twenty-five shot fresh smoke pot.

LIGHTS gleamed in the Cars filled the yard. I lowed, surmounted by a voice from which w drifted to Rogers' ear. higher voice's plea seem him up and throw him to ers found himself rathe tenacity and spirit. At m another twenty-five shot rest before making a f one a knock sounded. R the yard light, loaded th limit, and opened the doo

They were grouped ar a chummy semicircle, ele of them were bigger tha all of them were scowlin the shotgun and said, "W

Lars said, "Now look

Rogers told a small lie called the sheriff. A ma castle. Something you w

"Hulda told us to tell and then bogged dow said—"

"Lars," Rogers said we can strike an agreen I are not compatible, I f be compatible. There i edy. Sell me your cabin Then you can take Hul woods and buy her anot her shoot herself into ol

"Nope," Lars said won't sell."

"Very well, boys," grandly. "Back to you The war goes on until me and apologizes."

"Now you look here—

"Goodby," Rogers sa

Lars looked at his fists balled up, then o order won the night. L you guys."

They crashed away Rogers said, "Lars, wa got me wrong."

Lars hesitated.

"Look," Rogers said I'm kinda stupid, Lar land around the lake, a dating Hulda, I was a to engineer the deal. B wrong, Lars. I fell in



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—
At a Southern beach or a Northern bar,
here's a sight to fill the heart with instant sunshine!
Here comes PM, the whiskey that puts delight in "De Luxe"—
Here comes PM, the whiskey that puts magic into a highball—
Here comes PM, the whiskey that fits right into a smile—
Serve with gardenias, tall glasses and laughter!



IF IT ISN'T **PM** IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.

All the way from "sweet and low" to "extra loud"!



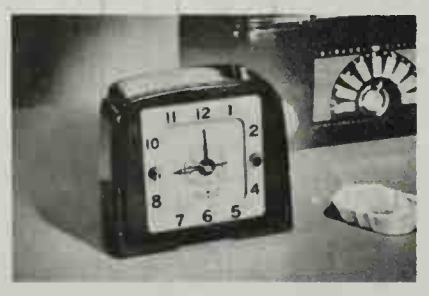
Meet the handsome new General Electric Alarm Clock that has "Select-A-Larm" . . . the *personally selected* "wake-up"!

Select-A-Larm is an *exclusive* General Electric feature that permits you to control your alarm volume. Sleep light? Set the volume control to "whisper." Sleep heavy? Set the volume control to "shout." Sleep normally? Pick *any volume* of "wake-up" between these extremes!

Every Man's Alarm Clock!

The HERALDER is truly "Every Man's Alarm Clock!" Split-second accurate, always awakens you on time! And, like other General Electric Alarm Clocks, the HERALDER is quiet, accurate, and the *last word* in dependability. You just plug it in and let it go. $4.95, plus tax. Also available with luminous hands and hour dots. $5.95, plus tax.

For "Grouchy Getter-Uppers!"



The "Tune-Alarm!" Now, thanks to General Electric, you can awake to sweet strains of music! (It also has an alarm.)

Simply plug your radio into the back of "Tune-Alarm," set radio dial to desired station and turn clock button to "automatic." The new "Tune-Alarm" banishes those early morning blues . . . replaces them with cheery radio music. $7.95, plus tax. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

General Electric Clocks

The Clocks Most People Want Most

GENERAL ELECTRIC

and then I was afraid if I told her and we made plans, and then she found out, she'd think I was doing it just to get the land. You see?"

"Honest?" Lars said.

"Honest," Rogers said humbly.

Lars was silent, and then he said, "We should kinda watch our tempers, Joe. We're both a couple of dopes. But what can you do now?"

"I'd like to tell Hulda," Rogers said. "You don't have to sell me the land, Lars. Just go over and hide her gun, so I can tell her without getting shot."

Lars said, "All right, Joe. But I don't think it'll do much good."

"Thanks, Lars," Rogers said.

"You got any ideas?" Lars said. "Anything nice and soothing to tell her?"

"Well," Rogers said, "maybe I can drum up something. Thanks for the tip, Lars. Now get over and hide that gat. I'll give you ten minutes."

ROGERS hesitated at the corner of the Svensons' front porch for a cautious peek, and drew back in alarm. Hulda was perched on the top step, armed with a five-foot club. She was snuffling to herself, "Hide my gun, will they? I'll get him with my bare hands—if it takes all summer."

Rogers swallowed hard. "Hulda?"

Hulda bounded from the porch and came running, flailing the tree limb like a hatpin, taking a wild swipe at Rogers' head. Rogers ducked and made the best tackle of his career, catching Hulda at the ankles and upending her, then twisting around and grabbing the club and throwing it far away as Hulda crashed on top of him with shrieks and a great deal of sudden fingernail work on his neck. Rogers got a hammer lock and turned her until she lay immobile.

"Hulda," Rogers said, "I want to tell you something."

Hulda stopped screaming and went limp. Rogers was not taken in by this. He said, "I know that one, Hulda. I'm holding you just as tight."

"Go away," Hulda said. "I hate you."

"I only wanted your cabin and land," Rogers said, "so I could own all the land around this lake. I own every inch now but your property."

Hulda said, "You can't hold me all night, you—you monopolist."

"I want to build a super resort," Rogers said. "On the north end. I'm going to build camps for underprivileged boys and girls on the south end. I've got too much money, Hulda, and no way to spend it. I didn't mean t
was going to tell you."

"Bah," Hulda said. "B

Recognized movemen
were useless. Rogers
thought. He held Hulda
timidly, "Mother."

Hulda started telling R
origin of his species.

Rogers sighed and said

Hulda gasped, "It's f
legged—"

"Cellophane," Rogers
"Bellboy, melancholy, b

"Are you nuts?" Huld
a little.

"Ah," Rogers said. '
derness."

"You *are* nuts," Hulda

"Tambourine," Roge
ingly. "Lavender."

Hulda relaxed in his
her head. She said, "A
the language in terms c
thought?"

"You cooled off a little

"In the face of su
speechmaking," Hulda s
damned good hammer
otherwise?"

"They do work, don't

"What works?"

"Those ten words I ju
Rogers said happily. "
to be the most beautiful
in the English langua
someplace—and when
them, you're supposed t
act like a lamb instead
Do you feel like listenir

"I'll be a—" Huld
thrown everything at
more Memorial. I can't
der why. What was
something. I liked that.

"Oh," Rogers said,
breech. "That was the

"Love," Hulda said.
say it?"

"If you'll get up a
Rogers said, "and pou
you how I meant it."

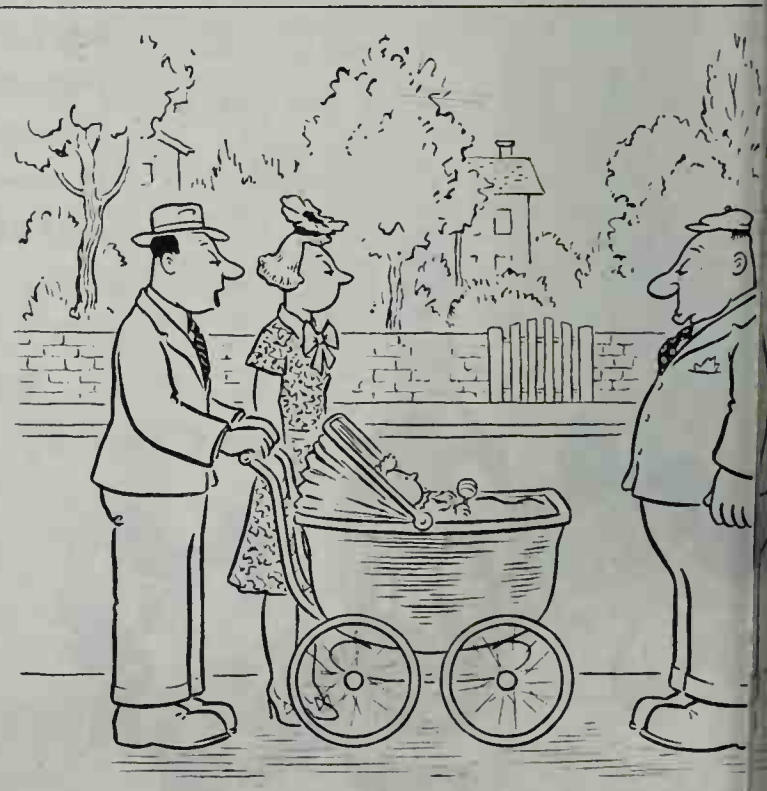
Hulda said, "Did yo
about those camps for
thing?"

Rogers said, "Of cou
sometimes you are st
position, or place, to te
Let's go inside, please."

Hulda smiled, a smal
ment of her mouth.
mind the beer."

THE E

ALFRED **by FOSTER**



"Well, I'm sure you will think of something nice to say, Alfred, and you can tell us next

COLLIER'S

"Nice idea!"



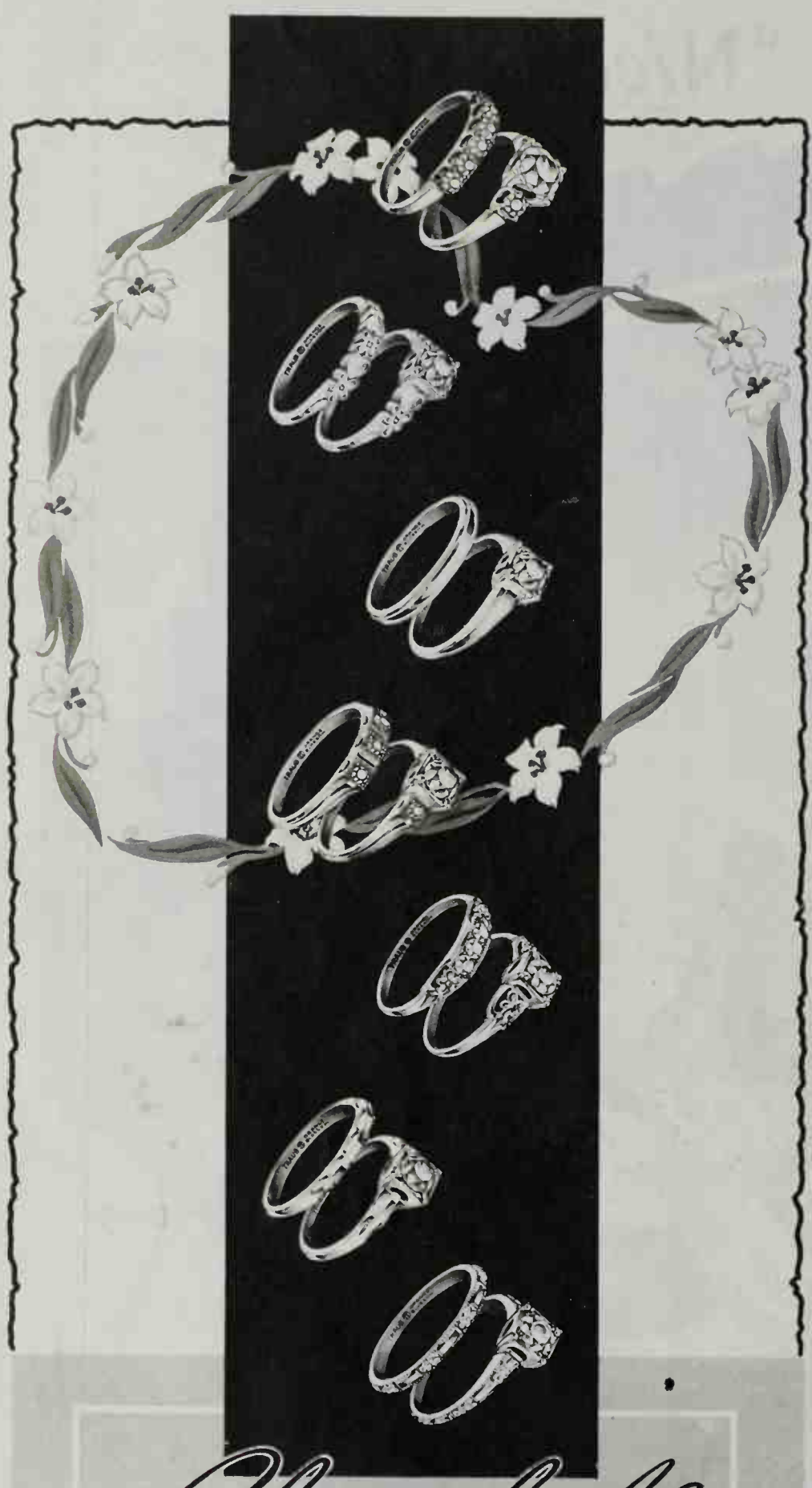
Pabst Blue Ribbon

"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

r. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company,
aukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS
BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER



Cherishable

Rings as breathlessly beautiful as the bride herself. Styled for endless admiration. Skillfully hand-wrought in precious gold and platinum in the true Traub tradition of superiority.

Write for "Orange Blossom Tradition" folder.
Engagement rings $50 to $5000.
Wedding rings $9 to $1000.

Genuine Orange Blossom
Engagement & Wedding Rings

anufacturing Co. 1942 McGraw Ave. Detroit 8, Mich.

SIGNED BY JOE CRADLE

Continued from page 26

front of a taxi, or walked across to Holland's Bar for a quick one.

I'll go up and explain it to Al, I said. That's all I need to do. What else? I'm a man, and he's a man. He won't club me. I'll just walk in and say, "All right, Al, I missed the boat last night. I was drunk. I'm sorry."

It was a foolish thing, a hopeless plan, but I did it.

I had walked into the high white building, with its smooth floors and bronze-plated walls. The elevator man stared at me. It was almost midnight and the corridors were deserted.

"Do you work here?" he asked.

"I did," I told him, my heart was doing push-ups. "It's all right. I'm going to see a friend."

That was a lie; a laugh. Al Spade was no friend of mine. I was a nobody to Al. I didn't matter. I was less than an apple core shoved under a rug.

The elevator man punched the correct button, but he scowled.

"We ain't supposed to do it," he said. "The sign says if you come up nights, you gotta work here."

"They know me upstairs," I said. "You've got nothing to worry about."

IT WAS true. I had worked for Trans-World Press just the day before. I was one of their newsmen for almost ten years. Not in this great building. Not with a desk man's stylus in my hand, or seated close to the constant noise of the teleprinters. I had covered City Hall, and sometimes the police run.

I had walked inside only on Fridays, to pick up my check, but I was part of Trans-World just the same. You remember the Higgins snatch job? Well, I got a seven-minute beat on that. If anyone but Al Spade had been on the desk, I would have been signed to the story. Al gave it to his rewrite man. To Spade, all leg men were dirt. They were just nothing.

I stepped off the elevator and looked through the open doors into the big newsroom. It was almost empty. One rewrite man sat lazily scanning the early edition of a morning tabloid. A teleprinter operator slumped against his idle machine, his head pillowed on his arms, snoring.

Al Spade was seated in the slot, editing a book of copy. He never looked up, but he knew I was coming. Don't ask me how. Maybe he's equipped with personal radar, like a bat.

I didn't get to say, "Hello, Al." My mouth was open, the words were formed, but he beat me to it.

"What d'you want me to tell you, Joe?"

"Nothing," I said, sitting against the edge of his desk. "Nothing that you don't want to tell me."

The rewrite man put aside his tabloid and stared at me. The teleprinter operator quit snoring, but kept his head on his arms. The newsroom was almost silent. I had never known it to be so quiet.

Al Spade frowned and rocked back in his chair.

"You do," he said. "You damned well do. You want me to tell you that you're sick, Joe. That you need a rest. That's what you want. That's why you came up here. Well, I won't do it."

"I'm not sick," I answered. "I've never claimed it."

"And you weren't sick last night," Al said. "You were drunk, Joe. You were in somebody's bar, under the table."

"I was," I admitted. "I don't know why. It's the first time it ever happened, Al. The cork just flew up and hit me."

"It hit us, too," Al Spade said glumly. "It bounced so hard that we were unconscious for about thirty minutes. The mayor was shot, wounded in the shoulder. So what? So I didn't know anything about it until I read the news[paper] was on the wires, of course. T[he] the AP—someone else's wir[e] World didn't know anything

"It was bad," I told him. "[I] claiming that it wasn't bad, [a]

Al Spade slapped the des[k] side of his hand. "It was worse[,] he said. "As far as you're [a] Joe, it was fatal."

The rewrite man had prete[nded] turn to his newspaper. An off[ice] nervously fumbled a wasteba[sket] were both embarrassed, but [I] had expected this.

Then Al Spade got dirty. [He] tossing them in, low and ha[rd] out to hurt me. "I'm not s[ur]e Joe," he said.

"No? And why not?"

Then Al let go. He had b[een] for this, I guess. He had [been] there, with his eyes on the flo[or] it all stowed away, hoarded [in]

"I'll tell you why," he sai[d] you for your own good, Joe. [I'm] not a press-association man. [I've] known it. I've tried to tell th[em] they're hardheaded. That's wh[y] signed you to a story. It's no[t] Joe. You just haven't got it."

"I've been at it for ten y[ears]," him. "That's a long time."

"It's too long," Al answer[ed] for your good, Joe, like I [said] You ought to be happy that [I] this way. Get yourself anoth[er] out of this business."

"You're telling me all this [to] me happy?" I asked. "Is t[hat] Al? You want me to smile?"

"I want you to use you[r] Spade said. "You're smart [a] I know that. You just got [the] wrong snowball. Get anoth[er] something else."

I WANTED to hit him. I [had] done it too, I would have [hit] and clipped him, but then I [knew] that he had ulcers. You can[not] with ulcers. I turned and w[alked]

"How was your friend?" [the] elevator man.

"Lovely," I said. "I'm [going] tomorrow and push splinte[rs] nails."

I was headed for Hollan[d's] Mary was waiting outside [for] me.

"What's the matter, Jo[e]? other jobs in the world," sh[e]

I guess women never unde[r]stand man feels about a job after t[en] like a leg, or an arm, or the [use] back. It isn't easy to let it g[o]

"I'm washed up," I told [her] to my ears, baby. Down th[e]

"That's not the way it [is] here," she said. "From h[ere] look just like the man that [I] marry."

Mary reached up and ki[ssed] We were standing in the [re]sidewalk, outside the Trans[-W]ing, with people pushing [by] side. It was dark, but I sho[uld] embarrassed. I should ha[ve] red, or ducked behind my t[ie] but I didn't. I wanted to [be]

"Not now," Mary said, a[nd] away. "We've got to finc[h] job."

Then the next day we he[ard] refrigerator man. Mary is [a] lumber company executiv[e] her about it. She bought [him] and took my old hat to [be] That's the kind of a girl n[ame] went over to see the refr[ig] I liked him, and he liked [me] job.

"Call me as soon as you [get]

...OW PACKAGED!

...our convenience
...protection . . .



Swift's Premium tender Franks



...w!
...ash!
...nitary!
...vorful!
...lusively Swifts!

And another famous favorite

Swift's Brookfield
Pure Pork **Sausage**

Noted for its tasty lean links and wholesome freshness. Perfect for breakfast. Ideal for a main meal dish in a jiffy!



...E WITH THE **Just-right Seasoning!**

And **Swift's Premium** *Table-Ready* **Meats**
LIKE TASTY PICKLE AND PIMIENTO LOAF



The frankfurt that's all "Dinner-Quality" Meat

♫ TENDER BEEF . . . JUICY PORK ♫
♫ KNOWN FROM THE WEST COAST TO NEW YORK ♫

THERE'S taste delight in every succulent bite of these plump, juicy frankfurts. And to bring them to you at peak flavor and make identification easy —they're now packed in cellophane —sealed and branded with the name Swift's Premium. Highlight your dinner menu with these luscious links tonight! They're so easy to prepare, you can serve 'em at a moment's notice. Get Swift's Premium Franks *protected* in the *new* flavor-saver cellophane package!



FORD-TRAINED MECHANICS...

"M'For-r-rd's engine needs toonin', Laddie," Mr. MacDonald told the Ford Man, "but the job must be worth m'while!"

"Then you've come to the right place!" said the Ford Man. "We have Ford-Trained Mechanics who know your Ford like a book. The job'll be done *right*—so you should have no additional expenses later on!"

FACTORY-APPROVED METHODS...



"But the job must be done fast," said Mr. MacDonald. "Labor's dear these days, y'know!"

"You'll get speed, too!" promised the Ford Man. "Factory-Approved Methods take care of that! Our men know the best and fastest ways to go about the job. Now, that's a real saving, isn't it, sir? Time means money, y'know!"

SPECIAL FORD EQUIPMENT...

"Aye, you're makin' sense!" replied the Scotsman. "But how can ye be cer-r-rtain the work will hold up?"

"Ah! Step right this way, sir," said the Ford Man. "Here's some of our Special Ford Equipment—designed especially for Fords. We use it to check that the work is done completely, and right! In the long run that saves you money!"



GENUINE FORD PARTS...



"Now, before I buy, I'll have ye know I want the best parts put in m'Bonny Ford!" warned Mr. MacDonald.

"Oh, come now!" laughed the Ford Man. "Certainly you've heard of Genuine Ford Parts! They're what *we* use. They save you money three ways: They're *made right* . . . *fit* right . . . and last *longer*. That's money in your pocket for a long time to come! Do we get the job now?"

"Hoot, Mon!" cried Mr. MacDonald. "It's a bar-r-rgain! I'm ready to agree wi 'ye . . ."

Moral



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

had said. "No matter how late it is, Joe, be sure to call."

I looked at the telephone and then back at the ceiling. I didn't call her, but I didn't call Al Spade either.

I wanted more time; I had things to think over.

The telephone rang, but I didn't pick it up. I jumped away, as if it had fingers and could touch me. It was Mary. I knew it was Mary, but I couldn't talk to her. I didn't want to talk to anyone. I would wait until morning.

I walked into the bathroom and closed the door. The telephone kept ringing, as if determined to bring me back, but I refused to go. I would talk to Mary tomorrow. I pulled off my clothes and twisted the hot-water tap of the shower.

I stood beneath the needle spray, and the heat felt good. It almost relaxed me. After a few minutes, the telephone stopped ringing. Mary had given up.

I returned to bed then. I slipped into a pair of pajamas and crawled beneath the covers. Normally, I'm an uneasy sleeper. I lie in bed with one eye open. But that night I felt as if my head were tied to the pillow. I fell asleep as if I had been drugged.

EVEN now I don't know what it was awakened me. It wasn't a scream, I'm certain of that. It wasn't any noise at all. It was just a feeling. I opened my eyes and stared around. Something was wrong. I knew it.

I climbed out of bed and switched on the light. Then I smelled smoke, and sensed the heat. I heard a woman suddenly sobbing.

"She went to sleep with a cigarette," I told myself.

It was nothing too serious. Nothing to get all worked up about.

Then someone in the corridor, almost outside my door, screamed: "Fire! The whole hotel is afire."

It was a soprano voice, thin and frantic.

The voice was wrong. It had to be. This was the Grafton. A modern hotel in a modern city. It was fireproof. There was a sign, with neon letters at least ten feet high, that said so. I knew, because I used to read it when I was walking home from work. On a clear night, it was legible from five blocks away. The sign said: ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

I ran to the door and pressed my hand against it. The wood was still cool to my touch. It meant that I could open the door in safety. I pushed it away from me several inches, and stared through the crack. Smoke was curling up the stair well, near the elevators. A corridor door had been left ajar, and I could see the orange flames, silently and patiently forcing their way out. In another moment they would be feeding on the bright rug that ran the length of the hall.

A woman stood beside the elevators, watching the flames. She kept pushing at the down button, as if she fully expected the cars to come. There was a small, curly-haired boy in her arms. He looked at me with his great, dark eyes but he wasn't crying. He was too stunned to cry.

An old woman and man leaned against the elevators' iron grilling. They apparently had run down from the floor above, and both were gasping.

"We can't make it," the old man said, but he wasn't excited. He just sounded exhausted. "We're trapped, Laura. There's no fire escape."

"Come with me," I called.

Even now, I don't know why. There was no reason. There was very little that I could offer. I had no idea of what might be done to save them. I think that I spoke because of the look in their eyes; I couldn't bear it.

"Come on in here!"

The old couple turned, like sheep in a pasture, as if they had been trained for this moment, and hurried inside my door. Perhaps they believed, alt... must have known that it was... that I had discovered a fire e...

The curly-haired child ... then, but his mother did not ... would not even look at me. ... stood there, pushing at the d...

"They'll come," she tol... "They must come."

I walked over and gripped ... stepped quickly because the ... ready working its way up ... floor. "Are you mad?" I ask... elevators aren't running. T... You've got to come with me!

"And be trapped?" He ... were wild, like a rabbit's c... middle of a country road, a... unsteady. It's odd, but I ca... face now. I can't see her fe... I see only her eyes. They qu... spoke.

"No," she said. "I won't ...

"You'll suffocate within a ... if you stay here," I told her. ... will die."

She reached past me, p... down button again. I took ... forced her around. I starte... ward my door. She came ... testing. The boy began ope... He pushed his face deep into ... neck. The shock had worn ... was afraid.

When they were inside, ... door and hurriedly ripped th... my bed. There was no esta... I worked almost without ... wanted to keep out the flam... possible.

The old man had recaptu... "May I help?" he asked.

Together, we tore the she... uneven strips. I soaked thes... tub, while the frightened wo... The boy had stopped cry... cross-legged on the floor.

"It's simple," I told the... keep my voice calm. "I'm ... these rags into the cracks ...

I opened the door long e... it tight with the sodden clot... no transom to worry abou... thick wood with my hand. ... warm. The fire was gainin...

THEN I crossed the roor... the two windows that lo... the street. Down below, a c... beginning to gather. S... watchers waved and shout... me feel better just to know t... there, although it was obv... couldn't help us.

"Lie down on the floo... those in the room. "We're c... up, and they may get a la... think they will. Lie face do... your nerve. It'll be a lon... the flames break into us. ... hope."

The blue-eyed woman b... She stretched out on the f... shoulders shaking. She wa... couldn't have been past th... pretty too, in a quiet kind o...

I touched her softly on t... ahead and cry," I said. "... us."

The boy refused to l... mother, but remained on ... his thin legs crossed. H... solemnly at the thick-skin...

The old woman was toug... her wits about her. She ... husband. "We'll be all ... she said. "Don't you wor...

"Lie quietly," I told t... move around."

Then I saw the telepho... table beside the bed. Al Sp... I must call Spade. He ... about this.

It wasn't my worry now ... It would be better to rem... with my nose in the rug. L... consumed that way.

But I couldn't do it; I co...

e. Ten years is too long. I crawled over, while the l me. Even the blue-eyed up to see what I would do. e receiver, placing it to my still alive, there was the

utside line and didn't go tel's switchboard. Because d always paid extra for an

ans-World's number. I inging. Hurry, I thought. rmer in here. The door few minutes. It'll split up od! Hurry up!

answered. A cool, imper- was Spade. "All right,"

lle," I told him. "I'm back Al. I live here. It's burn- e hotel is in flames."

ng it again, Joe," Al Spade ght, and I'm busy. Bother . Go call up your girl. ireproof, and both of us uldn't burn if you used a the house detective."

" I told him. "The whole g up, Al!"



he said. "Get away from

g up then. He banged er and the noise of it r. I should have known

him," I said. I crawled t near the window and . The crackling noises der outside in the corri-

longer?" the blue-eyed

" I told her, "but it'll be think. We've still got

ine logs in a grate," the

out Mary, and I was ed now that I had called gone to bed. She would to hear about the job. ing now, when they told think of Mary crying. es started. They were fire. They were little but they grew louder. und us. The sounds of

ite flashed past our

rtain, I barely had time ut it looked as if it were

t?" asked the boy. time that he had spoken d up and watched the

old him. "Nothing at

ce down into the thin musty, but cool. Then g.

"It's Mary," I told myself. "What'll I do? What'll I say?"

I crawled back beside the bed and reached for the telephone.

It was Al Spade. His voice trembled. "Are you in there, Joe?"

"If I wasn't," I said, "could I answer this phone?"

"We just heard about it," Al said. "The alarm was late. I'm sorry about what I said. I was a fool, boy."

"Never mind," I told him. "Give me dictation."

"Don't be an idiot," Al said. "You scram out of there, but fast."

"Sure," I said. "I'm a bird, Al. Or a helicopter. I'll jump from the window and float."

"You mean you're trapped? You can't get out?"

"Would I be here if I could run?" I snapped back.

"But you still want to give us some notes?"

It was a good story; a big story. Stunned though he was, Al Spade would never pass it up.

"No notes," I told him. "This is my baby, Al, all the way. I'll dictate."

"All right," Al said. "I'll put a man on."

I was scared, I was all weak inside, but I did it just the same. I lay there on the floor, with the rough carpet scratching my chest, with my mouth drying up by the minute, but I described what was happening inside the Grafton Hotel. I told them how five of us were crouched in one tiny room, just waiting to die. And I told about the other things, the sounds, the heat and our reactions to them.

Al Spade was listening on an extension.

"It's great, Joe," he kept mumbling. "Lord, what a job! It'll be the best thing that Trans-World ever moved on its wires."

WHEN it was over, I was tired. I wanted to close my eyes. "You get out of there," Al said. "There must be some way, Joe."

There wasn't, not unless the ladders came, and both of us knew it.

"You signing me to that story?" I asked.

"I am," he answered. "I'm reading the lead now. By Joe Cradle, it says."

I hung up then. I didn't want to talk any longer. The boy was sobbing again; his mother couldn't keep him quiet. . . .

We were luckier than some of the others. They finally got a ladder up, and the firemen pulled us out.

I knew most of the firemen, and they were good to me. They patted me on the back. "You're all right, Joe," they said. "You're about the only guy in there who used his head."

The mayor, wounded shoulder and all, was watching the fire. He walked over and shook hands. He said, "We're proud of you, Joe."

I was proud of myself. I felt all swelled up and light inside. I ran to a public telephone booth and dialed Mary's number. I had to tell her about it.

But when she got on the line, I forgot everything else.

"I did a good job, Mary," I told her. "What d'you know? Al Spade just told me I did a good job—he's giving me a by-line."

Mary's voice was glum for a moment. "Now you'll never want to sell refrigerators," she said.

But Mary was wrong, and Al Spade was right. I always knew that Al was right when he said that I wasn't cut out to be a newsman. One scoop wasn't enough to turn the trick. . . .

Mary and I have been married more than a year now. When they mark up those refrigerator sales, I'm always near the top.

You probably think that I'm bragging. Well, it's like my new boss says. I guess I've got something to brag about.

THE END

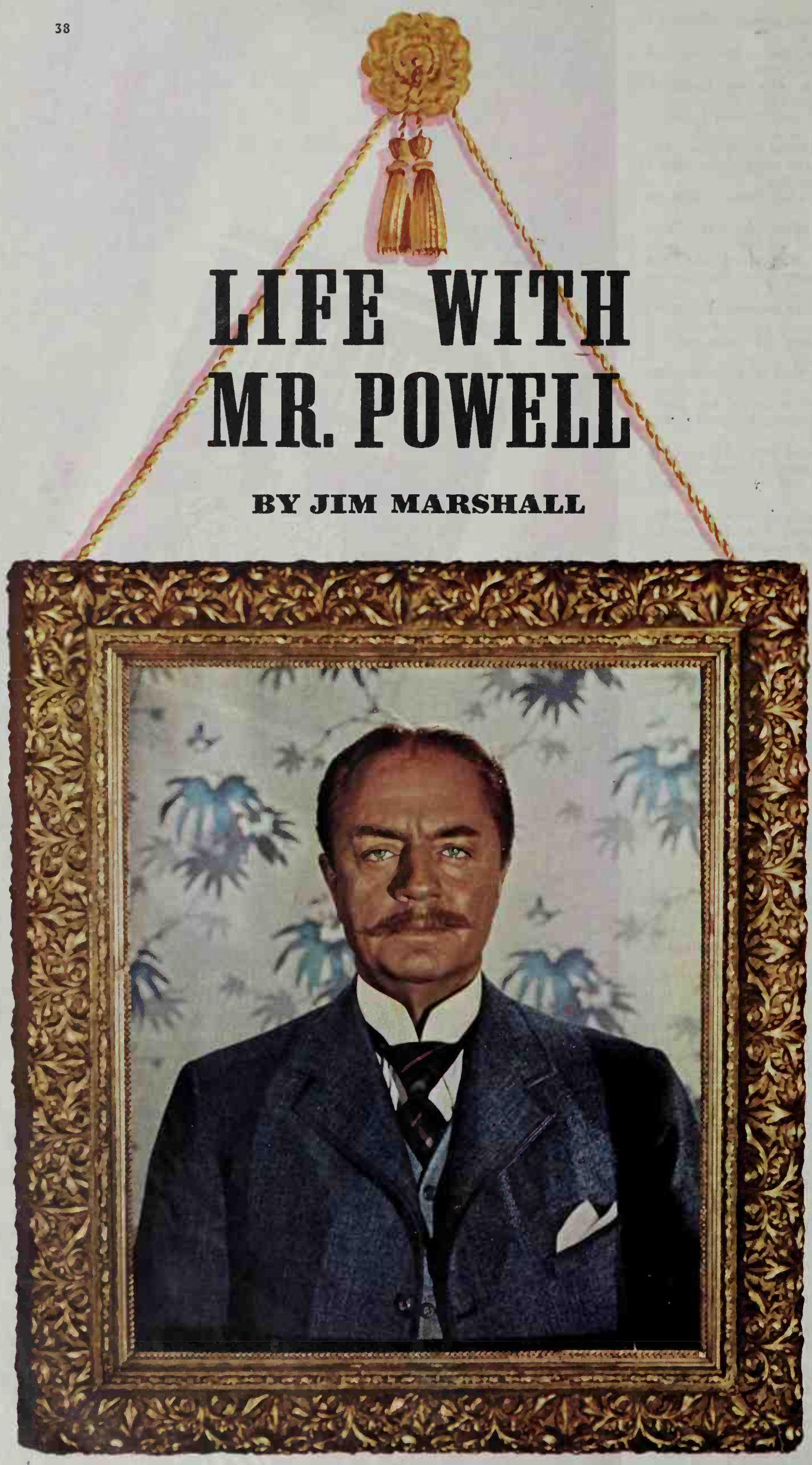
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL

Of America's leading cigarettes, PALL MALL—and only PALL MALL—is "Outstanding"!... For PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke . . . filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos . . . gives you outstanding smoothness . . . mellowness . . . mildness.

OUTSTANDING
-and they are mild!

LIFE WITH MR. POWELL

BY JIM MARSHALL



This is Father to the life, as portrayed by William Powell in the movie version of Broadway's stage hit

At age fifty-five the well-groo screen smoothie departs from play the lead role in Life wit

ALTHOUGH the Oscars for the t and so forth of 1946 have bar to gather dust on their winn the wise boys and girls in Hollywood a pieked a winner or two for 1947. One say, will be Life with Father—and a most sure to be William Powell, who sta picture was made last year on the Wa Mr. Powell is now back on his home Metro.

Also he has his hair back to normal a redhead for several months while th being filmed. Mrs. Powell campaigne weeks to have her husband retain his manently. He refused, on the ground it him look like Van Johnson.

Powell raeked along for years at M about fifty pictures and becoming kn Thin Man. Five years ago he asked M Life with Father for him, and was t Then Warners paid half a million fo plus a pereentage of the box office. Po be lent to Warners, and was.

Powell is the son of Horatio W. and ell, both Pennsylvanians. His father eountant and Bill was born July Pittsburgh. He first saw the light o years later, when his parents moved to

His first contaets with the stage were old Bijou Theater in Pittsburgh. The haunted the gallery and fell in love w sion of musieal-eomedy stars. It had understood at home that he was to beec and he almost got a split personality try whether to become an actor or an atto

In 1907 the family moved to Kansa young Bill started in high school, wo chief love interest in a school play, fel his leading lady and told the family, he could become a lawyer. His father th ently, and he was kept at his studies, h University of Kansas and condemned of college, plus three years of law eou

Contemplating this appalling futu love again and decided to revolt. He g the Kansas City telephone company a and started saving for an aeting co York. He needed $700 for this, and t to wait a few months. After five mon the boy discovered he not only had n owed his old man $50.

A long but suecessful letter to a finally won him a $700 eheck, and h the aeting eourse in New York, his easting that no good would come of months of training—during whieh he sas City sweetheart forgot each other part in Rex Beach's The Ne'er Do V salary was $18 a week, and when the shortly after, he was getting $40 and w you-so, Dear Parents" letters home.

Throughout his early stage career h hard way—which was the only way.

"I remember one eompany I play said, "that possessed only one silk ha eral members in the cast appeared in t

"As the hero of the piece, I always off at the left stage, stuck the silk hat sion of the audienee and stood ther time. In the meantime, the hat had out of my hidden hand by a stage ha baekstage to the opposite side just in it into the villain's hand. The villai into the seene in the same silk hat minute before.

"Also, we had a 'crossover beard.' plays where it was impossible for a around backstage to reaeh the oppos other entranee. We usually had to pl ferent roles. I had to play the juveni juvenile's father. I would make my side of the stage. I had to get over t immediately, to enter as the father, y have time to run around the seenes b

"Out of the audienee's sight, on th a raek of all sorts of beards that eou on by wire hooks over the *(Continu*

YOU press the button —IT does the rest



"Shooting some snaps" is as carefree as the occasion—when your camera is loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. That's because Kodak Research has put all the thinking, planning, and experimenting into the film itself . . .

So with Verichrome you get clear, sparkling snapshots—snapshots you're proud to show, and keep to remember "that day." Why wait?—when it's all so easy! *Be sure to get Verichrome*—you press the button, it does the rest.

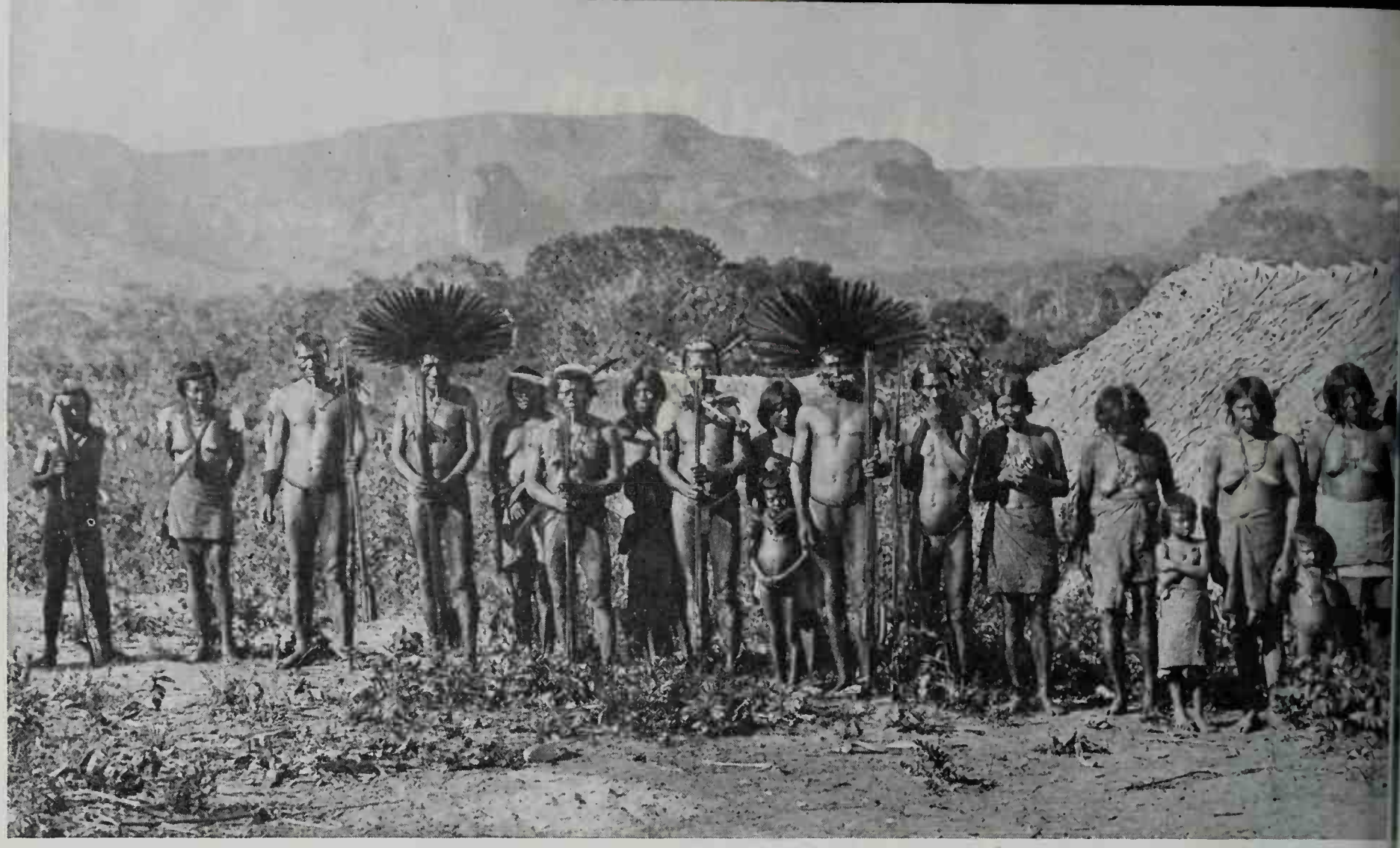
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

Eastman makes

dak Film

he film in the familiar yellow box

Kodak



Unlike some of the neighboring Indian tribes, the Bororos are friendly to visitors from outside and, though usually shy, willingly pose for the photo

AT HOME WITH THE JUNGLE GIANTS

A veteran explorer calls on the primitive Indians of Brazil's Mato Grosso and witnesses their weird tribal customs. It's a trip through a land of nightmares

BY SASHA SIEMEL

AS TOLD TO GORDON SCHENDEL



Make-up time for two Bororo belles, who paint themselves with daubs of yellow and black for a tribal ceremony. Fish oil and charcoal are the cosmetics

AMONG the Bororo Indians of Brazil's Mato Grosso it is the man, not the woman, who suffers the pains of childbirth!

I witnessed this biological impossibility while visiting the tribe several years ago with my wife and a native helper, Rosando. The Bororo village —a collection of single-family conical straw huts grouped about the large community hall, which also serves as a dormitory for bachelor youths—was hidden in deep jungle on the bank of the San Lorenzo River. We were welcomed by its dignified, if naked, chief—clad only in his headdress of red, blue and yellow macaw feathers, a necklace of gleaming tiger teeth, and a head-to-toe red paint job—and as we dismounted from our horses we heard agonized moans and shrieks coming from a dilapidated straw hut. Indians rimmed the doorway, staring inside.

Noticing our immediate interest, the chief led us to the hut.

Just inside lay a male Indian in a hammock, writhing and jerking convulsively, and screaming at intervals; he was obviously in almost unbearable pain. The Indians standing about stared at him dolefully, murmuring and shaking their heads in sympathy. I could see no wound on the naked man. I asked the chief, employing a groping phrase or two of my limited Bororo, what was wrong. He replied in Bororo, and Rosando, at my side, interpreted:

"The chief says, 'The man is having a baby.' "

At that moment there was a slight commotion behind us. Three women had just come out of the thick jungle, one carrying a baby. The
Indians instantly broke int
and a hubbub of obviously
latory expressions, all direct
man in the hammock, th
father. In the meantime th
timidly approached her
silently exhibited the naked
boy, then disappeared into
interior of the hut. There w
cited babble of laughter, a
pressed gifts on the new fat
accepting them as his due, la
his hammock, now quiet,
hausted and pale from the o

No one had paid the sli
tention to the baby's mothe

A half hour later I saw he
newborn infant tied to
silently serving supper to he
who lay in his hammock, l
convalescing.

I later learned that when
woman feels childbirth ne
forms her husband, then sli
out of the village to have he
attended, in the underbru
a couple of village women
and the baby back.

In justice to Bororo ma
add the reason for their b
They believe they are ma
birth easier for their wiv
bearing the pains for them.

The Bororos are giant
them over six feet tall. Th
frequently are beautiful.
a high level of primitive c
ethnologically they are a c
cause—unlike the score
other Mato Grosso tr
Bororos have jealously ke
ancient culture and their

(Continued on page

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Dependable

CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG



Farming is America's greatest single enterprise. The welfare of the nation depends upon it. More people are engaged in it than in any single industrial classification. While farm workers are fewer than pre-war, farm production is at an all-time high. Mechanized or power farming has made this possible; has revolutionized modern farming; has increased and diversified the average farm's output, many fold. Here is where spark plugs play an exceptionally important part in the daily lives of the users. Particularly noteworthy is the fact that Champion Spark Plugs are the overwhelming favorites in cars, trucks, tractors, stationary engines and other power farming equipment, because they're dependable.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND NEW DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

CHAMPION ROLL CALL . . . Harry Wismer's fast sportscast every Friday night, over the ABC network . . . CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



Phoenix famous Ev-R-Up and regular length socks in Avenue Knits . . . skillfully knit and distinctively styled in a range of patterns, colors, and textures that have already won the acclaim of well-dressed men across the nation.

PHOENIX SOCKS

65¢ • 75¢ • $1.00 • $1 35 • $1 50 • $1.65

PHOENIX HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



Come to Québec

WHEN THE AUTUMN LEAVES ARE FALLING

Enjoy the golden days of Québec's Indian Summer—an ideal season to hunt, to fish or to wander through the beauties of Québec's hills and valleys. Comfortable, modern inns and hotels in picturesque locations, welcome you with traditional French-Canadian hospitality. For maps and booklets, write PROVINCE OF QUEBEC TOURIST BUREAU, QUEBEC CITY, CANADA.

WRITE THE PROVINCIAL PUBLICITY BUREAU, PARLIAMENT BLDGS., QUEBEC CITY, FOR INFORMATION CONCERNING THE UNSURPASSED INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITIES IN OUR PROVINCE.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

RELAX! YOU MAY NOT BE NUTS

Continued from page 19

degree, there are several good rules of thumb.

If your worries and fits of temper and spells of depression come occasionally and then disappear, you probably have not too much to worry about. Especially is this true if you know why you hit these low spots; if there's a good reason behind them. After all, a guy whose girl has just jilted him or whose business has just failed has plenty of cause to feel down in the dumps.

But suppose you get these "spells" more and more frequently? Suppose you find yourself flying off the handle at little things, and then can't understand why you blew your top, once it is all over? Suppose you catch yourself taking offense needlessly or staying away from people or kicking your wife in the shins because she trumped your ace? If you're going that way, brother, then maybe you ought to see a doctor.

Imaginary Symptoms of Neuroses

Not necessarily a psychiatrist, however. In the first place, there aren't enough to go around. And in the second place, their labors have been complicated by the enormous number of perfectly normal people who think they recognize the symptoms of neuroses in themselves.

Sometimes the results are just plain silly . . . as when scores of two-beer-limit drinkers saw The Lost Weekend and came tearing into hospitals, calling themselves full-fledged alcoholics and begging for the cure.

Sometimes it is much more serious. In a Middle Western high school within the last year, it was found that an entire clique of young girls had been indulging in sexual adventures. Shocked parents demanded the prosecution of the young men who had led their daughters astray. But when school officials investigated, they found that it was the girls who had been the aggressors. One young lady suavely explained she had heard that psychiatrists advised that "a little sex is the best cure for your repressions."

Reputable psychiatrists, it should be quickly stated, don't give such advice. Yet this is one of the commoner public misconceptions that the good doctors have done all too little to disprove.

A rather beautiful young lady recently pitched herself into oblivion from one of our taller buildings. She left a note saying, "I'm too much like my mother to make a fit wife for any man."

Without question, she *was* a case for a psychiatrist. Normal people, by definition, don't commit suicide. But instead of getting guidance and insight from a competent professional, she picked up a whale of a lot of misinformation and brooded upon it.

Between such extremes lies a host of people who have been encouraged to complicate every simple problem of life by attacking it with psychiatric weapons. (These people differ vastly from those whose problems are deep and basic—such as those described in Collier's recent article on the Southard School, Spare the Child, August 2, 1947.) There is, for example, the mother of fresh little Johnny, aged six and about as naughty as any healthy six-year-old is capable of being. What Johnny probably needs is an occasional light spanking and a lot of loving and attention.

But Mama, whose name is legion, is too busy watching Johnny's reflexes to supply either need. Half the time she has her nose buried in tomes on child guidance. The rest of the time, when her energetic offspring finally manages to get her attention by slinging the Sunday china through the windows, she is desperately wondering whether to apply the methods described in Chapter Six or to follow the outline of Chapter Eight. After a few years of "psychoanalyzing" both herself and her little incubus, Johnny's Mama realizes that she has a full-fledged "problem child" on her hands.

When Mama doesn't haul Johnny off to a psychiatrist, she often goes herself. The head of one expensive private mental hospital has developed a neat formula for handling such cases. As soon as he can determine that they suffer from no deep-seated mental or physical complaint, he accepts them for treatment on the theory that the best thing for both mother and child is a short period of separation. Mama is then given an intensive course in how to handle her little darling. As soon as she has unlearned her collection of fancy and conflicting theories and learned what nature is reputed to teach most mothers via instinct, she is discharged and returned to her family.

For every amateur psychiatrist who "analyzes" himself into a breakdown, there is another who goes around seeking others as victims. These carriers, the Typhoid Marys of amateur psychiatry, are even more dangerous.

Consider, for example, the young lady psychologist (not a psychiatrist, mind you, but a psychologist) in a New York school. When an eight-year-old boy was reported by his aging and overworked teacher as "unmanageable" and "maladjusted," his case was sent to the psychologist. This young lady, steeped in her reading of Freud, proceeded to search for the cause of the lad's trouble. When she found that the kid cut the heads off paper dolls, she thought she had something. When, under her constant prodding, the obliging youngster confessed that his grandfather had cut the heads off several people, she *knew* she had something. "Obviously," she concluded, "the lad was burdened with guilt."

The kid's parents were called in and told that they had a "problem child." They immediately started running their vastly amused little brat around a course of psychiatric clinics. At the three-quarter-mile post, a sensible psychiatrist finally broke through the parents' anxieties to reveal that there was nothing very much wrong with their child except a perfectly normal impulse to tell a good story, and even stretch the truth a bit if it pleased his audience.

Dangers in Psychiatric Jargon

Almost every physician can certify to the dangers, the far from imaginary dangers, that arise when patients have swallowed a mess of psychiatric jargon they cannot digest. Many severe diseases first show themselves through symptoms such as headaches, stomach pains, nervousness, dizziness, nausea or insomnia. The normal patient avoids rushing to the doctor every time he notes a symptom. But continued attacks usually bring him around for a checkup.

Increasingly, however, physicians are coming across cases which have ignored these clear danger signs despite long persistence, simply because they have heard that they are the common physical complaints of neurotics who really have nothing "organically" wrong with them. When such people finally discover that *their* troubles are very real indeed, their disease may have advanced far enough to require prolonged treatment or an otherwise unnecessary operation.

At the opposite pole are the patients who have been so thoroughly sold on the deep significance of their slightest neurotic traits that they refuse to believe that they are only slightly off the beam. Such



Your car is sure to ne
New Piston Rings

Be sure they're
LEAK-PROO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PISTON RIN

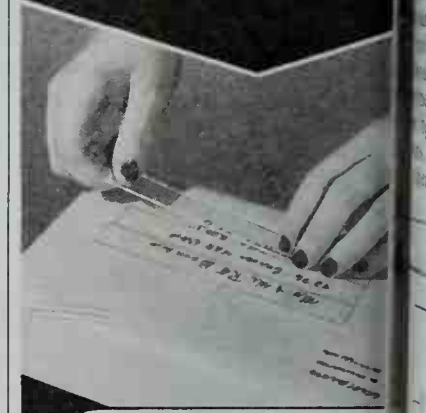
Every car someday is sure to
new piston rings. When yours
ask your repairman for Leak-

Guaranteed to do all 4
1. Keep oil do
2. Keep power
3. Give smooth motor opera
4. Give longer

This means when your repairman installs t
he is backed up by a guarantee of satisfact
ring performance for 10,000 miles or one ye
ever occurs first, under the terms and con
the McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring
ment and Labor Guarantee available upo

McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO., S

SLICK TRIC
with
"SCOTCH" TA



KEEP addresses on packa
from getting blurred
smeared by covering them with transparent "Scotch" Tape.



SCOTCH Cellulose TA
BRAND

SEALS WITHOUT MOISTENIN
TRANSPARENT AS GLASS
25¢ at all drug, department, variety, stationery and hardware store

Scads of "Scotch" Tape ideas
the new free "Slick Tricks" bo
let. Send for yours today . . .
if you have some clever hunc
on how *you* use "Scotch" Ta
let us hear from you! Minnes
Mining & Mfg. Co., 954 Fauq
Ave., St. Paul 6, Minn.

© 1947 3M

nder from doctor to doctor, ttention. Unable to get to a st, many of them end up in the quacks—unscrupulous faith dvocates of strange semireli- and all that host of others, on border line of medicine, who ore interested in probing the ocketbook than his mind.

he psychiatric scare-campaign orm of astronomical statistics. al Health Bulletin, for exam- ly warns us that "13 per cent dren between five and fifteen p behavior difficulties requir- ional assistance.

ne third of all children under of age," it tells us, "are pre- havior problems which, if not corrected, will lead to personal ilemmas."

earch Council on Problems informs us that "2,250,000 drink to excess. Seven hun- ifty thousand," it adds, "are ddicts."

el Blain, chief of the Neuro- Division of the Veterans Ad- , recently stated in Mental at "8,000,000 Americans are m some form of mental dis- sonality disorder."

we really riding to bedlam on vave of neuroses? Are we all or heading for a crack-up at ed rate?

other . . . there is good reason

what lurks behind some of tistics that are being fed to chiatric fraternity, which sel- on anything, has been almost n playing up the mental dis- iscovered through the draft hich occurred among soldiers during the war. Dr. William er, for example, recently ad- American College of Physi- menting on the Army's he said: "It surely reflects . . . of living had not prepared ican youths for such de- robably indicates a *critical* rs of the American family. It *ajor challenge* to American "

—and under the headline Seen in Neurotic Ills"—Dr. words seemed shocking in- same Dr. Menninger, three testifying before a Senate bout the psychiatric dis- the Army, was careful to se figures in infinitely more rms. "Many of these indi- then said, "are in better health than when they entered the Army, a great majority are symptom-free, and few have required further hospital care. It is safe to assume that a high percentage of the individuals discharged from the Army for neuropsychiatric causes are working in civilian life and that, individually and collectively, they are essentially no different from other members of community life."

Psychiatrists shout about the 1,750,000 men rejected for service on psychiatric grounds—a figure six times higher in World War II than in the first World War. But they seldom add an explanation that the draft cut far deeper in this war than in the last, affecting older age groups and tearing husbands from families. Nor do they seem to make much allowance for the fact that most of the men drafted in the first war never were screened by psychiatrists at all.

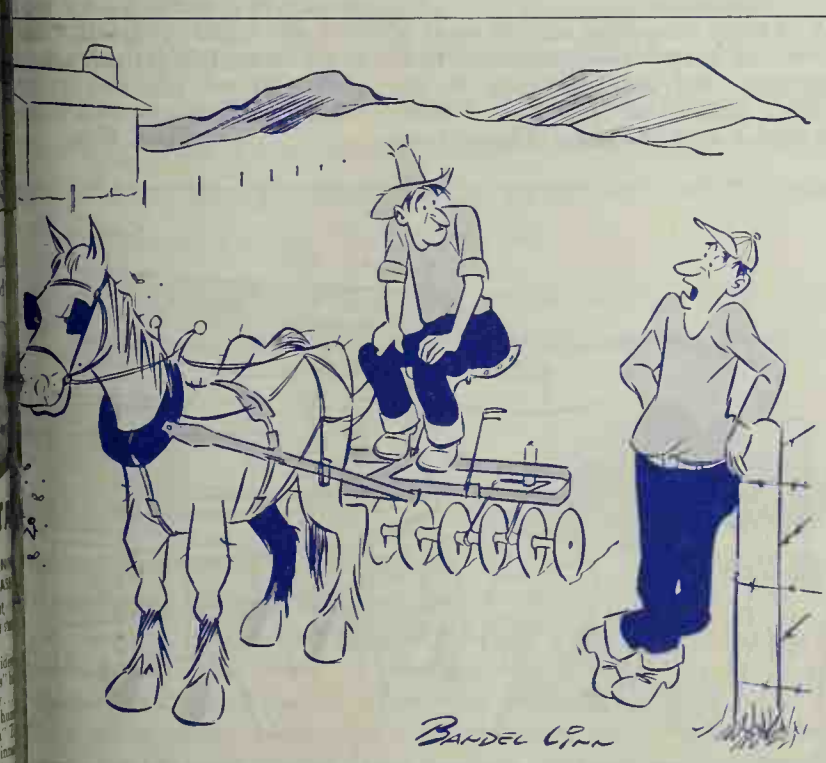
They Don't Tell the Whole Story

Like grim prophets of doom they bring forth the shocking news that 327,000 soldiers and sailors were discharged during the war for psychiatric reasons. But one looks in vain for the further explanation that this was only about 2 per cent of the armed forces or that some men were in combat for periods longer than the entire span of America's active participation in World War I.

When consideration is given to these factors, the scare-figure of "8,000,000 mentally diseased Americans" begins to seem just a mite less frightening. For that gigantic total is not the result of a careful census. It is derived simply by extension of the draft statistics to the entire population.

Included in it are millions who hold down jobs, marry, raise children and live to a ripe old age without ever going off the reservation. They may all suffer from "personality disorders," they may be neurotic, overtimid, overbold, occasionally depressed, undersexed, oversexed or badly inhibited. But the vast majority of them will never end up in a padded cell.

If all of these people—including you and me, Dear Reader—could get some psychiatric attention, there is not the slightest doubt that many of them would be far happier, far more effective in their jobs and far less irritating to themselves and their families and friends and neighbors. But the realities of simple arithmetic make that impossible. In all America, there are only about 4,000 psychiatrists. Nearly 2,500 of them are holding down jobs in mental institutions. That leaves only 1,500 certified psychiatric special-



I don't think it was fair for you to tell her you were a disc jockey!"

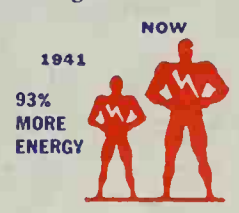
BANDEL LINN

NEW
EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK
FLASHLIGHT
BATTERIES
Now last 93% longer!*



Drive 7 Goals with a Flashlight Cell?... Yes!

Properly released, the electric energy in one tiny "Eveready" flashlight cell could drive a polo ball the full length of the field—300 yards—and do it 7 *times*, to score 7 *goals!*



*To you, this means nearly *twice* the electric energy . . . almost *two times longer life* of bright, white light. And it's yours for the pre-war price. *Still only 10¢.*

• It takes POWER to make light. And it takes power-packed new "Eveready" flashlight cells to make *your* flashlight give you *better* light, longer! Today, with *energy* and *value* nearly doubled, "Eveready" brand flashlight batteries are first choice everywhere for l-a-s-t-i-n-g LIGHT! Plenty available—good dealers have them—no price increase!

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of

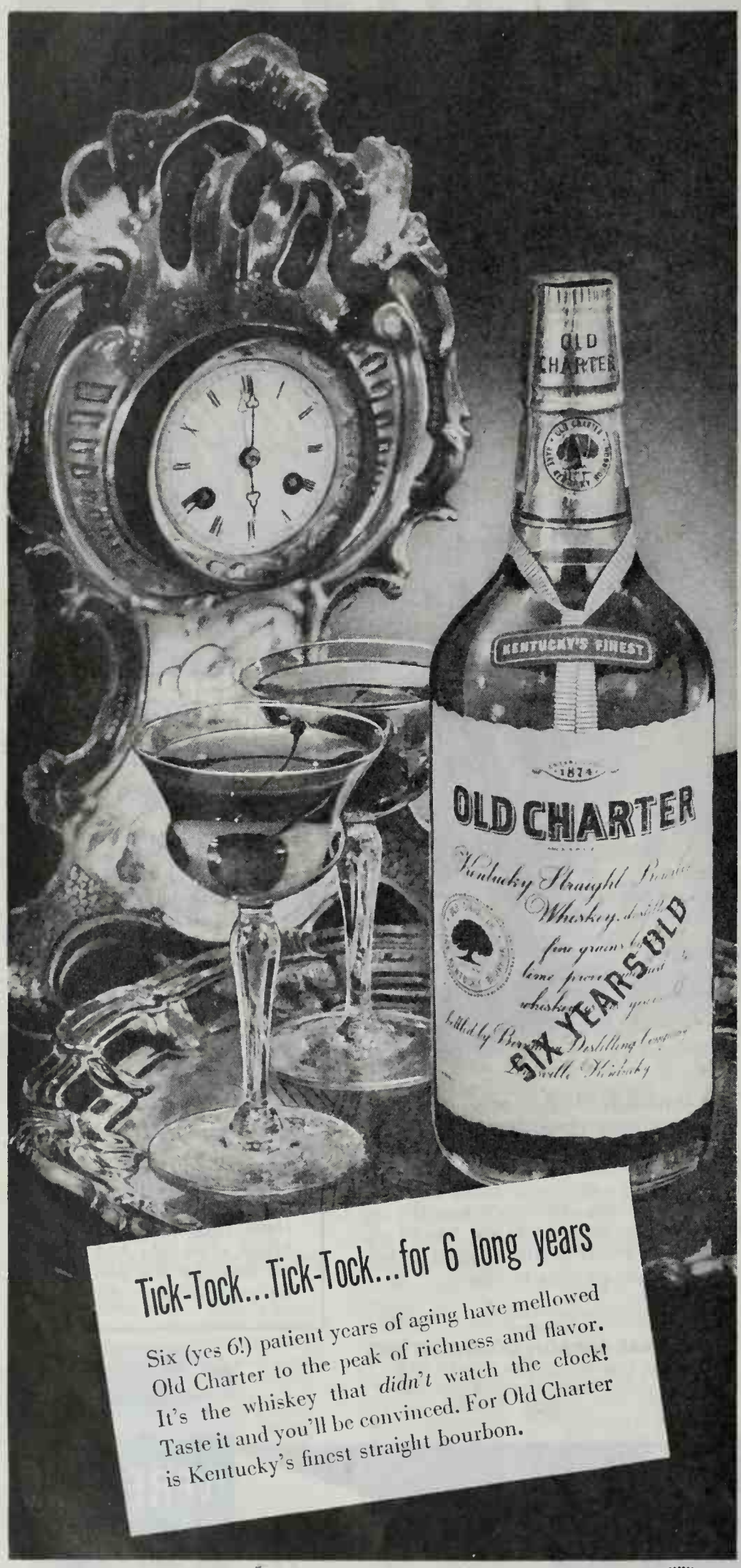
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC



BACK AGAIN...

Kentucky's finest straight Bourbon



Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...for 6 long years

Six (yes 6!) patient years of aging have mellowed Old Charter to the peak of richness and flavor. It's the whiskey that *didn't* watch the clock! Taste it and you'll be convinced. For Old Charter is Kentucky's finest straight bourbon.

ALL PRE-WAR WHISKEY **OLD CHARTER**

TRADE MARK

THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

ists available for some 140,000,000 of the rest of us. Obviously, the psychiatric specialists cannot even *see* all of us, much less *cure* us if we need a cure.

It is true that there are 600,000 patients in mental hospitals—and there would be more if these hospitals were not too overcrowded to accept them. Yet a substantial and growing proportion of these patients are suffering from the diseases of old age—senile dementia and hardening of the arteries. A good part of the apparent increase in our mental hospital population is due to the fact that more people live longer nowadays—long enough to develop degenerative diseases of old age. Careful studies, especially in the Massachusetts State Hospitals, indicate that, except for the aged, there has been little if any increase in severe mental disease in the last forty years.

But when we leave the psychotics and turn to the people with emotional disturbances, the neurotics, what do we find? Once again, the figures can be made to give almost any answer you are looking for. If you spend your lifetime as psychiatrists do, interviewing and treating disturbed people, you tend to get a very special and very dismal view. You emphasize the 8,000,000 you *think* are sick. You tend to forget the 133,000,000 who never come to your attention.

As Dr. Burlingame has put it, "It's about time we told people that at least 90 per cent of them—maybe more—are within the normal zone. Sure they worry. Sure they have bad dreams, think evil thoughts, get pie-eyed now and then. But show me the man who doesn't have these troubles—ever—and you will be showing me a real candidate for psychiatric treatment."

It is precisely because so many of the symptoms of emotional illness are also the symptoms of physical illness that the scare campaign to emphasize our mental ills is so dangerous. Here is a list of sixteen most common complaints of neurotic veterans, compiled by Dr. Maurice H. Greenhill of Durham, North Carolina:

Weakness
Depression
Irritability
Sensitivity to noise
Dizziness
Excessive perspiration
Dislike of crowds
Fatigability
Restlessness
Anxiety dreams
Loss of appetite
Palpitation
Tremor
Insomnia
Nausea
Backache

All of these symptoms may be signs of neurosis, of deep-seated emotional maladjustment. But they may also be the warning signals of physical disease.

So take it easy, brother! Chances are you're not headed for a bre Even if you are, remember that not too many places in this coun you can see a psychiatrist.

But can a doctor, an ordina help you? That depends on th There are still some doctors emotionally disturbed patie brush them off as "cranks," hyp acs or nuisances. But these ar ingly in the minority. There reason to think that mild cases sis can get just as good a break (s a better one) from a general pra

Dr. Denker Proves His P

This was demonstrated recen to the chagrin of some psychia study by Dr. Peter J. Denker, chiatrist at New York's great Hospital. Dr. Denker carefull all the reports he could find sults achieved in treating ne psychiatrists and psychoanal and abroad. In several thous he found specialists claiming or improvement rate of betwe cent and 70 per cent.

Then Dr. Denker went to t the Equitable Life Assurance S took 500 consecutive cases of p were receiving insurance com because they were incapacit neurosis and were unable to w were not border-line cases. A had been ill and totally incapa work for at least three mon their claims were allowed, and were treated by *general practiti*

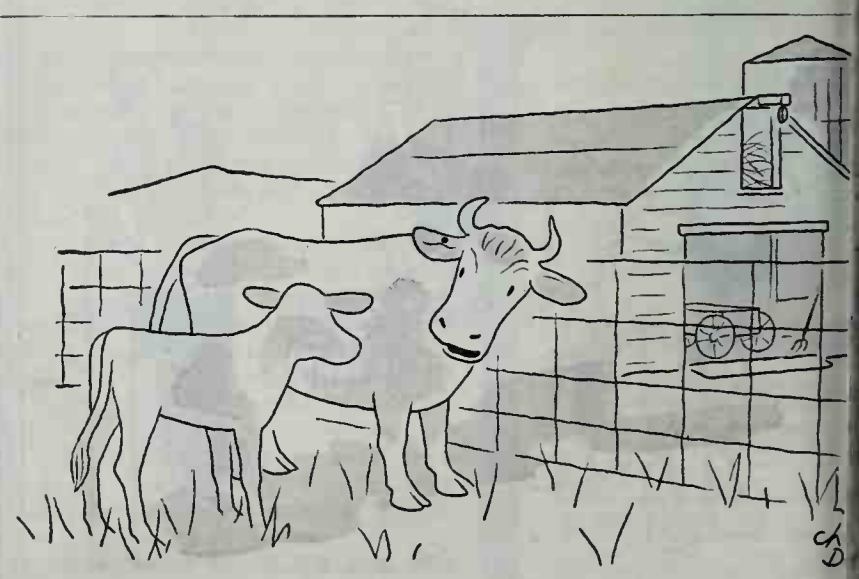
Surprisingly enough, Dr. found that 44.6 per cent of the were able to give up their insur pensation and return to work year. Another 27 per cent ac parent cure in between one and Thus general practitioners we restore to normal life 71.6 p these 500 emotionally sick pe 10 per cent remained on the sic five years.

Such figures do not mean, that there is no need for ps Far from it. We need thous than we now have. And a practitioner worth his salt when he has done his best for and when he must, if he only c patient over to a specialist. Bu ker's figures do show that sim therapy, reassurance and treat "family doctor" can often wor

So relax, brother. Don't le figures scare you.

The odds are all in favor maining just as normal as an remain in a pretty wacky wo you do catch yourself hea breakdown, talk it over with y doctor before you buy your way ticket to the nearest loon

THE END



"I don't want to seem unkind, son, but I think it's time you started to nibble a little grass"

COLLIER'S

"I'D LOVE TO GO . . . BUT HAVE I ENOUGH TIME?"



...es! THE AIRLINES GAIN YOU *Time...Time...TIME!*

TIME . . . that's what the airlines are selling. At ery airport and travel agency you'll see alert Americans ying an hour, a day, a week. More time for fun on week- d trips or vacations . . . more time for business when ntacting distant customers or expanding present markets. igh above the plodding earth, away from dirt, noise d crowds, you gain time, time, *time!*

me savings will be even greater on the airlines equipping th speedy new Martin 2-0-2 and 3-0-3 transports. Bringing express-plane speed to even the shortest hops, these dependable, comfortable airliners cut hours from airline schedules. Save money . . . save needless fatigue . . . save time. Fly by *modern* Martin airliner!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MARYLAND

Travel or Ship by Martin Transport on These Great Airlines

CAPITAL (PCA) • EASTERN • CHICAGO & SOUTHERN
UNITED • NORTHWEST • DELTA
PANAGRA • CRUZEIRO do SUL (BRAZIL) • AEROPOSTA (ARGENTINA)
NACIONAL (CHILE) • MUTUAL • FLYING TIGER
AIR BORNE CARGO • U. S. • WILLIS

Martin AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTION

NUFACTURERS OF: Advanced military aircraft • gun turrets • Outstanding commercial planes for assenger and cargo service • Marvinol resins Plastics and Chemicals Division) **DEVELOPERS OF:** wing aircraft (Martin Rotawings Division) • Moreng fuel tanks (licensed to U. S. Rubber Co.) • Honeycomb tion material (licensed to U. S. Plywood Carp.) • Stratovisian aerial braadcasting (in conjunction with Westinghouse Corp.) • Aircraft ground-handling equipment (licensed to Aircraft Mechanics, Inc.) **LEADERS IN RESEARCH** to the peace and build better living in many far-reaching fields

GET THIS *FREE* BOOK

Fill out and mail coupon for your copy of the colorful new Martin Booklet, "HOW TO TRAVEL BY AIR."

The Glenn L. Martin Co., Dept. 180, Baltimore 3, Md.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone....State.....DC

AT HOME WITH THE JUNGLE GIANTS

Continued from page 40

untainted by the white man. Shy of meeting white men, they nevertheless are friendly to the rare visitor, in contrast to the Chavantes and Yanayguas, who waylay and murder strangers.

But their fantastic tribal customs would convince a visitor from the civilized world that he had stepped into the land of nightmares!

The Bororos probably number no more than 2,000, scattered in a couple of dozen villages. Nomadic hunters, living on wild animals and fish killed with bows and arrows, plus wild fruits and roots, they construct their villages with no idea of permanence. When they have exhausted the game in the vicinity, they leave and seek an untouched part of the jungle, usually building on a riverbank. They make no attempt to grow food. They do keep dogs for hunting.

Conventional Native "Costume"

The Bororos daily daub themselves a uniform red from head to foot with the pulp of a wild fruit called *urucum*, both for decoration and for protection against insects. They cut their straight black hair in a long bob with bangs. They pluck out all other hair on their bodies, including their eyelashes. Each has his lower lip and the septum of his nose pierced for insertion of monkey-bone ornaments.

They consider themselves neither nude nor immodest. Once they have undergone the tribal initiation rites at puberty —rites not unlike a fraternity "hell week"—the girls don a two-inch square of cloth, suspended apron fashion from a string around the waist. And the boys wear a *ba*, a small strip of reed formed into a funnel; a "full-dress" *ba*, for ceremonial occasions, has a two-inch "flag" attached.

The two important men in a Bororo village are the chief and the medicine man. The chief is usually the largest and strongest male and the bravest hunter; he keeps his position only so long as he retains his physical superiority. The medicine man, however, is invariably the shrewdest person in the village.

The medicine man attends seriously ill members of the tribe and predicts the exact time when his "incurable" patients will die. To maintain his professional reputation, he then commits murder—and does so many times during his lifetime.

I witnessed one typical instance. The patient was a husky male Bororo, about twenty-five, who contracted pneumonia on a hunting trip.

With the sick man's family and friends, I watched the medicine man's first "treatment." A grotesque figure—his face painted black, gleaming white bones in his nose and lower lip; his feather headdress and skirt of loose palm fronds waving—the medicine man shook his gourd rattles and contorted about the sick man, who squatted glumly on the hut's earthen floor, his chin on his knees. The medicine man shouted and wailed at the evil spirits that had invaded the sick man's body, and blew in his patient's ears and spat in his face to force them to loosen their tenacious hold.

After nearly an hour of this, without any visible improvement in his patient, the medicine man halted his performance and came out of the hut. Dramatically he looked around into the circle of awed, waiting faces clustered about the doorway. Then he raised his left hand toward the sky:

"*Meri, meri, meri . . .*" he counted on his fingers. "Three suns he will see. Then he will die!"

There was a gasp from the sick man's wife, and then a low, howling moan. The others looked frightened.

The medicine man savored for a long moment the fear of the unknown which he had inspired. Then he strode brusquely through the group and disappeared into his own hut.

At sunset on the third day, the sick man, though flat on his back, was still alive. When the medicine man arrived, he was in the hut only a moment before the sick man's wife and children filed out, at his orders. In the fast-fading twilight, I made my way behind the hut and worked a small opening in the thatched straw—enough to see into the dim interior.

The medicine man muttered something and quickly squatted astride the man's chest. He slipped a rope under the man's back, tied it across his chest, and inserted a short stick under the knot. Then, raising his voice to shout at the stubborn evil spirit—and, incidentally, to drown out sounds of the sick man's cries —he quickly tightened the rope by turning the stick, tourniquet fashion. In a few minutes the medicine man came out of the hut and in a loud voice summoned his patient's relatives.

In an oratorical manner, the medicine man informed the gaping relatives that he had struggled mightily to oust the evil spirit; that he finally had succeeded in driving it out. However, just as he had predicted—and at this point the old rascal fairly oozed triumphant self-satisfaction—the sick man had lived to see only three more suns. He was now dead.

Executions are the province of the medicine man. He alone decides whether a baby is too weak to grow up into a strong Bororo, and he carries out his own decisions. A mother who gives birth to a child before her preceding child can walk must hand over the newborn to the medicine man to kill.

One baby, plus the entire family's household goods, is all she can carry when the tribe travels.

The medicine man uses spectacular trickery (and psychology) to effect his "cures." I once watched one treating a Bororo for a "pain in the knee," which was probably rheumatism. He first pranced around the patient, yelling and making menacing faces at the ailing knee in order to exorcise the evil spirit within. Then he squatted and applied his mouth to the knee. After vigorously sucking at it for minutes, he rose and spat out a mouthful of ants.

"See!" he exclaimed, as he exhibited the insects. "That's what made your knee ache. I got them out!"

The medicine man's cure for snake bite consisted of similar mumbo jumbo. And most of his snake-bite patients recovered. But this is due entirely to the law of averages. Only one out of four snakes that bite is poisonous, and only one quarter of the poisonous snakes discharge a dose large enough to be lethal.

The medicine man's racket naturally is well paid. No game brought in from the hunt can be eaten until he exorcises it of its evil spirit—in return for which he always selects the choicest cut for himself.

Bororos do not believe in any Happy Hunting Ground. Life after death for them is an unhappy, forced wandering about with the *bope*, or evil spirits, a wandering in which they successively inhabit the bodies of frogs, snakes and alligators, eventually progressing to become deer, the legendary ancestors of the tribe.

On one of my visits, I saw the funeral of the chief's son. The death, as usual, had occurred during the medicine man's final visit (and at the predicted hour). The funeral ceremonies extended over eight days.

Immediately after the medicine man had announced the boy's death and left, the parents and their relatives and friends grouped themselves about the corpse, and the wake began. To the accompaniment of wailing, snorting of wooden bass flutes and barking of calabash trumpets, the child's father—his hair cut close to his head to show his bereavement—recited his dead son's virtues, and the mother slashed herself with a sharpened mussel shell and smeared her body with her own blood, while women relatives jerked her hair out, a few strands at a time.

At sunset, the noisy wake stopped, and the corpse was wrapped in a palm leaf mat and carried to the public playground. There it was buried shallowly, under 10 inches of earth.

Each evening at sunset, for a week the dead boy's family chanted beside the little mound and poured water over the grave. The grisly purpose of this watering was to hasten decay and loosen the flesh.

On the morning of the seventh day, the *bope* were summoned with shrill blasts of a bamboo whistle. The medicine man, in a horrendous painted mask

male assistants went through

stamping dance, symbolically i
bope to show themselves.

As the dance progressed,

assistants withdrew and, dropp
fours, imitated the lunging and
of a tapir—thus becoming
tives of the *bope*.

The medicine man and the
dancers now began, with much
arms and shouting, to drive th
back to force them to res
corpse. And the *bope*, sno
lunging about on all fours,
backed up toward the village.
a sudden signal, the *bope* ca
the medicine man's other ai
into horses by dropping on all
the now eager *bope* jumped
backs and galloped back to
son's grave. They quickly d
squatted about the little m
clawed at it with their hands—
moment, however, as it was m
bolical.

While the dead boy's parent
tives, together with the rest o
watched silently, the medicine
a large fire and flung into it
deceased's belongings, so th
happy spirit in company wit
could not return to haunt
Then, with more incantations,
cine man placed his palm-lea
cloak on the boy's grave, and

Early the next morning bef
lage had awakened, the five I
represented the *bope* dug up
ing corpse, scraped off all th
be disposed of by vultures) a
and dearticulated the skelet
they placed the bones in a lit
the center of the village p
topping them with the skull,
quietly, for the tribe always
pretense that it doesn't know t
of these five *bope*.

Rites Over a Prince's B

When the village awoke t
bones all prepared, the dead bo
and her women relatives da
bodies with a black paste o
and fish oil, and the men pa
faces with black arabesques
bodies red. They squatted
about the dead boy's bones,
colorful feather headdress on
and began the all-day *bakoro*
neral sing. They halted at su

In the dark, the medicine
his ten black-faced aides sc
child's bones into a little b
jumping into five canoes, p
lently up the river into a qu
walled by dark jungle grov
maneuvered four canoes into a
cle surrounding the fifth. The
in each canoe raised an *aig*
roarer, the sacred noisemaker
for burials.

Unwinding these—a bull-r
thin-edged, two-foot stick at
two yards of rope to a longer
as a handle—the Indians, a
from the medicine man, simu
flung the edged sticks in the
means of the handle sticks, be
swinging them about their
first, the rotating blades ma
roaring sound; then, as the
faster, the roaring became hi
While one man whirled his s
notes were of a deep, omin
tural bass, another achieved
more angry note, a third bec
and demanding, and the fou
his tempo rapidly, so the v
whirling blade changed from
bass to a shrill scream and bac

The men started wailing ag
in a lamenting tone, then t



"We look at things differently, I suppose. You can't forget that curly-haired sergeant, and I can't help thinking of those poor old American taxpayers"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM



Leadership Without Question

What is this Dodge leadership? Well, for one thing, it's the first car in history to give you the full combination of Floating Power, All-Fluid-Drive and Full Floating Ride.

Another leadership is the thing called style. People like the looks of the Dodge very much indeed. Even when there were only a few in the country, many folks thought they saw a million.

There's nothing for you to do but get the truth of these things for yourself. Dodge has been 'up there' for a long time. Come along with us.

Dodge

Lowest Priced Car with Fluid-Drive



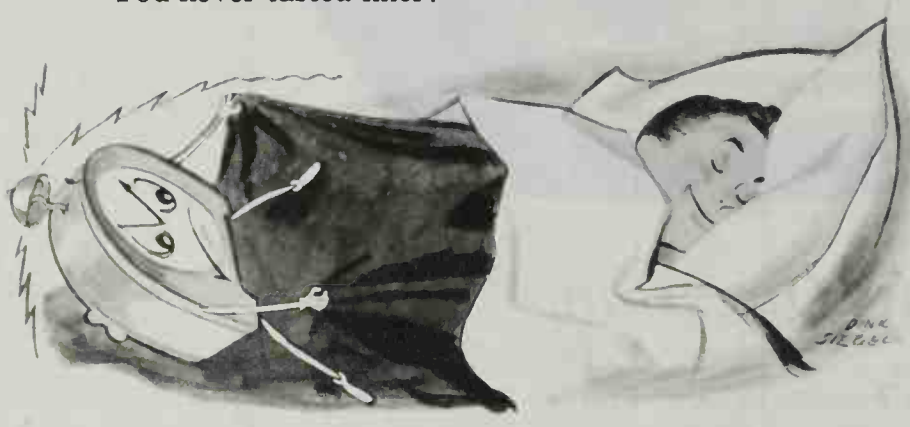
You make it like this !

Instantly in the cup! Just add boiling water—that's all! And sniff that grand aroma!



You love it like this !

It tastes so *good!* It's such rich, full-bodied coffee! You never tasted finer!



–and you sleep like this !

Imagine a coffee so quick, so rich and delicious, that lets you sleep even though you're affected by caffein in ordinary coffee! Instant Sanka is 97% caffein-free!

New 

INSTANT SANKA COFFEE

The only instant coffee that's caffein-free!
Drink It and Sleep!

A Product of General Foods

rose and became angry, menacing, the tempo of their chant speeded, and the bull-throated moaning and the shrill screams of their whirling *aige* became more demanding, more threatening. And in the midst of this, the masked medicine man suddenly stood up in his canoe. Lifting the basket containing the boy's bones high in his hands, with a final scream of defiance at the waiting *bope,* he hurled it into the black water.

I have visited several Bororo tribes and always have been impressed with the craftsmanship the men display in making their weapons, ornaments and tools. They are painstaking. Using a chipped mussel shell for scraping and leaves of the *lixeira* tree, which are like sandpaper, for polishing, they will devote two days to making a single arrow. They decorate their bows with colorful feathers, fur and inlaid mother-of-pearl. Their six-foot arrows have bone or hardwood heads, and they use several types—one with a device making it whistle in flight.

Women Skilled in Domestic Crafts

The women weave the cloth that is used for hammocks, their own little aprons, the shawl-like slings in which they carry their babies, and the base for the tribe's beautiful feather cloaks; and the women also do all the other work, including digging for roots, securing wild fruit, berries and palm hearts, collecting firewood and, of course, anything else necessary for the personal comfort of their lords and masters.

Bororo girls are betrothed early, often when only eight years old, although they do not marry until several years later. When a youth decides upon his bride to be, he calls on her parents with a gift and discusses the matter. If the parents consent, the couple become engaged. Whenever the young man wants to set up housekeeping, he calls again with another gift, and the girl's parents deliver her to his hut.

However, neither girls nor boys are required to remain chaste until marriage. And Bororo fathers have no compunctions about selling an unmarried daughter's virtue to a visiting prospector or cowboy. But if the girl should present the tribe with a blue-eyed or kinky-haired baby, the medicine man quickly disposes of it.

The average family has no more than three or four children, due to the high infant mortality rate and the tribe's ruthless custom of infanticide, eliminating the weak and the imperfect as well as the racially impure. However, Bororo parents are kind to their children, and a Bororo male is proud of his fatherhood and always ready to point out his sons.

I once witnessed a naming ceremony for a baby boy. (Girls aren't named; they are considered merely adjuncts of the men.)

Before dawn, the parents, their relatives and friends prepared the youngster, just able to toddle, by daubing him from head to foot with a resinous pitch, then coating him thickly with small, soft red and white breast feathers of egret and macaw.

Just at sunrise, the medicine man took the birdlike little toddler and sat him down facing the sun, with a circle formed by the Indians. Then he pierced the little boy's lower lip with a sharp, bone-pointed instrument decorated with bright feathers. Then he intoned, softly:

"Piadudu . . . Piadudu . . . I name you 'Hummingbird' . . ."

And the entire company, in a soft, gentle chant, repeated after him the name the medicine man had chosen:

". . . Piadudu . . . Piadudu . . ."

One of the odd sights of a Bororo village is the domesticated macaws, the noisy, four-foot parrots whose brilliant plumage seems exotic even in the jungle. The Bororos keep these birds not for eggs or meat, but for their feathers, which they use in headdresses and beau finely woven feather cloaks. And as sult the squawking macaws run abo naked as the Indians, and as ugly as plucked, long-necked birds can be

The Bororos are expert hunter though their only weapons are bow arrows. Infinitely patient in st game, they often creep up to with feet of their quarry. They will wa hours on a riverbank until a bi swims close enough to be impaled an arrow.

I attended a big celebration one in honor of the slaying of a tiger. the women barbecued the carcass a big fire, the men stayed their h with palm beer. (When the he carved out of the clustered leaves top of a palm, the sweet sap colle the cavity and ferments. The Bo method of imbibing is athletic shinny up the tree with a hollow dip this in the liquid, and suck much palm beer as they want, ther down the tree.) I also passed aro bottle of rum, so by the time we s to eat, all the men were feeling hap

Everyone sliced a chunk of meat the carcass and gorged himself on palm hearts, cassava-root cakes fruit.

The chief arose suddenly fro squatting circle around the fire sonorous voice he began reciting t portant events of the hunt. Th called on the other hunters, and gave his full-blown version of the inflating the part he and his do played, of course. The women an dren listened, awed, standing sile the background. Afterward, the ting men all rose for the dance.

The musicians assembled befo community hall—with bass flutes bash trumpets and an odd-lookin rinalike instrument of mussel she

Dramatic Action in Tiger Da

The opening of the dance was s by an Indian who suddenly ran i village from the edge of the jungle tically imitating the tiger's mating an enormous trumpet. As he forth his spine-prickling roar, a Indian plunged into the firelight. the skin of a large tiger and a mas of the tiger's head.

Then, while the trumpeter co roaring, the Indian in the tiger ski and ran in sudden breathless rush wove about in sinuous, graceful ments that were an astonishingl ble imitation of a tiger. The perfo was climaxed by a re-enactment afternoon's hunt, in which the the tiger skin repeatedly charged visible enemies, and bit at the " shot into him, and finally "died."

Abruptly the big bass flutes b snort, the calabash trumpets bar the Indians with ocarinas bent shrill-voiced shells.

Twoscore painted and befeath roro men, with gourd rattles hands and anklets and bracelets tling seed pods, began a slow, r circling about the fire—stamp n ing crab fashion from heel to to ing from side to side—at the sa chanting in a weird, stirring Abruptly the women, outside th began dancing an accompanime ing arms, striding forward six ward the circling men, then bac The Indian in the tiger skin, w circle, still pranced and roa charged.

After watching for an hour wearily sought my hammock on of the village and crawled u mosquito netting. I woke up tarily near dawn. The big bass fl still snorting, the ocarinas were and the barks of the calabas hoarsely staccato.

THE END

MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 25

a ief as real as the bright day
I od—as if the present were
re, and with this feeling
o a nviction of ultimate right-
s ty.
t tly down the companion
th main cabin door, opened it

eping under a rug on the
ith an arm crooked so that
under the side of his head.
was easy and quiet. Last
ot seen his face except

d look at him.
her women have noticed
leep reveals more of him-
st other times; the strength
ss of him, the intelligence
ty, the fundamental good-
s is there to see if you are
of him in relation to your-

t I saw. For one thing he
a paragon; he would be a
if you were not careful.
here is much sense in the
ng lines in jaws, and broad
e-set eyes and all the other
s of the man who weakens
women. This one had a
ose with two thin white
e bone was close under
yes, I thought, were prob-
ray. He was long in body
only exceptional point in
hat, as I say, I liked the
nd this had not happened
the same extent.

my standing there reached
p for he stirred, made a
roat, somewhere between
an, and moved his mouth.
her to close the door and
eakfast or stay here to be
he awoke. He would not
a pleasant consciousness.

ed by the fact that in his
was still a stranger, while
he had ceased to be one
ally early; which was the
suppose I would have to
w that I had a secret heart.
ddenly that his eyes were
the haze of first-waking
Then they focused on me,
tween his eyebrows wrin-
t frown. His lips moved and spoke a name. But it came out of his sleeping and was not mine.

"No," I said as amiably as I could. "I'm Eve Gill."

Then the shock of full consciousness struck him. Memory with fear, all the dreadfulness of the night before flooded his mind, his face, his eyes. He moved violently, throwing off the rug and sat there in shirt and trousers looking very rumpled but not at all unappetizing.

"You're the girl—" he began and broke off to look at me. He was seeing me, of course, only as a factor in the situation, which irritated me almost as much as being called by someone else's name.

Then he was in a hurry wanting to know what had been happening while he wasted time in sleeping like that.

"Nothing at all in this part of the country," I told him, "but I wouldn't like to say the same about the parts you left."

"The papers—" he looked around the cabin a little wildly.

"Don't reach the house until after ten. It's now twenty to nine. We won't talk until we've had breakfast," I said. "You'll find a bathroom through there. There's a razor and so on in the cupboard over the basin. Can you shave in cold water—or would you like to wait until I've heated some? It doesn't take a minute—"

"Cold is fine, thank you." He was pulling himself together, deciding to take up life again in the best way he could, with attention to ordinary things. It was the right thing to do, of course, but there were people who would have taken longer to make a start at it. He had backbone, even if his feet ran a shade too readily.

I left him then, and went to the galley where I was grateful for our rule that the Peacock's dry food stores must be kept up even in harbor. I made coffee, omelets, and large slices of toast for the honey, the salty heather honey our bees find in the wild flowers of the marshes, and without which I cannot feel the day has begun properly.

When I took the tray to the cabin Jonathan had finished in the bathroom, and looked better already. I was able to see him as he must have appeared before last night: a man of good background, ability and assurance in whatever his job might be, who dressed well but without too much attention to the affinities between tie and socks or shade of shirt in relation to suit, matters about



"Psst! Comment on the new coat"



"Let's not mix our Geology with—er—ah—girls!"



NICK: Girls? Bu-bu-but, *Sir!* I wasn't doing anything wrong.

PROF: Perhaps not, my boy. But Nancy and er—that Jean devoted *my* lecture on Mesozoic Tectonics to observing you and discussing you—audibly. And favorably, I might add.

NICK: Ah—those kids! They talk-talk-talk-talk.

PROF: Quite so, Nick. But I dislike my discourses on Basalt structures to be broken by hoarse confidences anent your "good looks"—as they *were*. They admired your shirt collar, too.

NICK: This? Why, it's just an Arrow Collar, Professor. All the smart dressers wear 'em because they're the best lookers.

PROF: Is that so, now? But—er—as I was saying: I was discussing igneous Basalt . . . You know, Nick, that IS a striking shirt, if I may say so. That waist, for instance . . .

NICK: Yeah! That's the Arrow "Mitoga" trade-mark design. Follows your body's lines, see? Another thing about Arrows, Sir: they tote that Sanforized label. Means "fabric shrinkage held to 1%."



PROF: Does it, *really?* Nick, perhaps one day would er—indicate the establishment where one purchases these fine shirts. What? You'll take me there *yourself?* GOOD! Thank you, my boy! Perhaps my girls will then pay a little attention to my lectures—

NICK: "Pay attention!" Professor, they'll CLIMB ON YOUR DESK! That's a promise!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.25 • $3.95 • $4.75



The snowman who came to dinne

He rolled in along about last January.
He was only going to stay for dinner . . .
But then he found out they always served that *cool,* delicious Goebel Beer.
So he's been hanging around ever since.

GOEBEL BEER

Nationally famous for good taste

GOEBEL BREWING CO., DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN

men show considerable pas-

ned at the sight of food.
I'm hungry!" he said, and I
as the first entirely natural,
everyday thing I had as yet
y.
ickered over me with some
thought, of me as a person,
as the provider of the food
badly. I felt, without need,
legs were rather noticeably
ature of me. There were
, the towel coat being just
t as the bathing suit, which
uppose, have been shorter.
my great pleasure he no-
ey's peculiar and particular
alone would have been
ut him in the very small
ple for whom I feel affec-

about the bees and the
ut the house, about Father,
, the village, the backwater,
and altogether generally
it went on in this quiet cor-
. I did not dilate, however,
modore's occasional out-
d crime beyond saying that

"All right. It's like this. You asked me for a job and I had one going. They would have to believe it. The name you are calling yourself as far as I am concerned is, let's say, Singer—Alfred Singer. If you don't like Alfred—"

"It'll do," he said. "Go on."

"So however much the police describe you in the papers, and they can't publish a picture since there isn't one, how am I or anyone else to recognize you? Descriptions like that fit thousands of people. What motive could I have in sheltering you?"

He thought a moment, frowning.

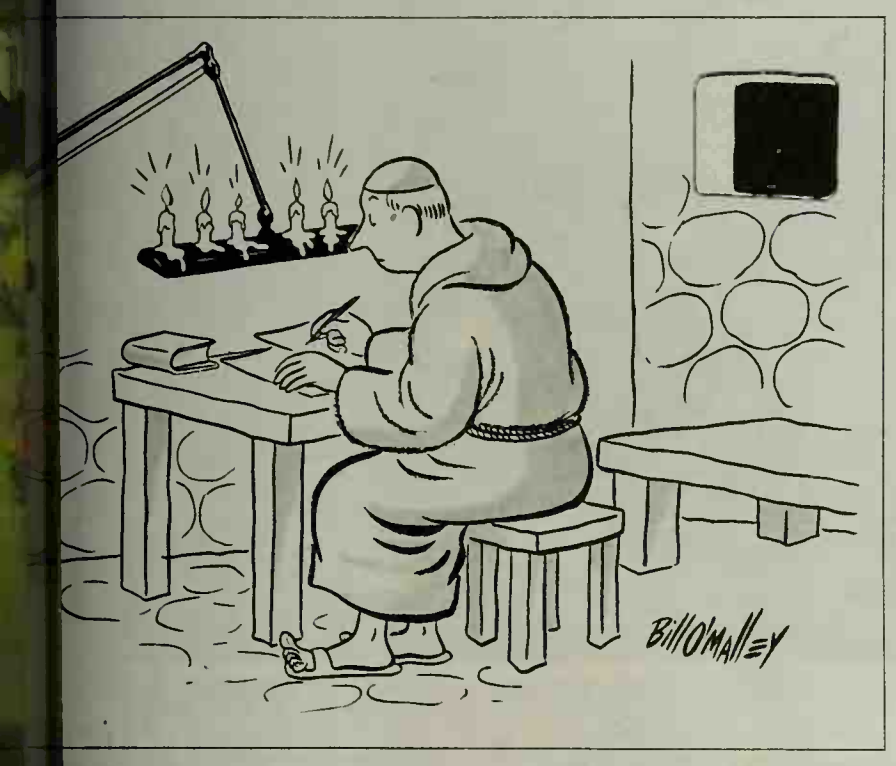
"I wish I really knew what it was," he said, more to himself than to me.

My motive was the last thing in the world I wished to discuss with him, so I said briefly, "Let's stop moiling over *my* side of this. I told you last night we need help over this picture affair."

We ate nectarines. I could see what was in his mind now. It became too much for him to hold, and the words came out:

"I hope to God she's all right."

I said as casually as possible, "Why not talk about last night a bit? It won't hurt me and it may help you—getting it off your chest."



of his early days in South
and again created excite-
ut I could see Jonathan was
The Old Woman in a
und it difficult to reconcile
ces in which he had found
with which he was now

citly determined we were to
dow which darkened even
which filled the cabin, its
ld not be denied much
hought it best to turn to it

you," I said. "If you feel
about things, please won't
you know you are as safe
n be, and that I am going
t would do you good."
t me with haunted eyes.
you do, except in the most
se? I *must* get on, out of
I can. Every minute I
with you, you are more
lved."
htened. Wouldn't it take
? I would say you asked
offered you a job and you

You mean to do with that
That would be as bad a
u."
nothing! This ketch has
o look after it. You know
ts, don't you? Everybody

do. I've sailed a bit.
as this." He looked at me

He looked at me; he was obviously by nature a reticent man.

But it was too late to distrust me.

"You see," he said, "she's all alone now. I've had to clear out and leave her to it. I'd meant to keep close, in the background, and see her through the worst of it. He wouldn't let her have any friends—his damnable jealousy was always taking care of that. *His* friends won't care what they do to her. And she's sensitive, terribly sensitive. . . ."

Selecting another nectarine, and again casually without looking at him, I suggested he should begin at the beginning.

After another pause he did so and, once started, the whole story came tumbling into words. The cabin, which until then had held only the two of us, filled with the presence of Charlotte Inwood and his absorbing interest in her, his devotion. I felt suddenly far away from him, as though the table between us widened swiftly like a vast plain, making me smaller and smaller in his consciousness.

I listened with all my ears, not daring to interrupt with questions lest I break the preoccupation in his recent past which enabled him to talk so unreservedly. He was so sure their love affair had not been noticed by anyone; he clung to this as the one straw to save her from the flood of their disaster even though he drowned for lack of one for himself.

"So you see," he finished, "how shockingly difficult things may turn out for her. Although I can't see *how*, they *may* find some evidence of my knowing her. As things are I might have been doing so badly as an architect that I had to knock someone on the head for what he had on him—or in his safe. And being an architect I might logically have chosen a millionaire building contractor. That will be the police explanation."

"Are you—I mean were you doing badly as an architect?" I asked.

"Not very well. I've only been out of the army a few months—and I'm a free lance in a world of combines and government industry."

"I don't know you very well, of course, but wouldn't murder for profit be rather out of character? And apart from that, don't architects have a good deal to do with builders? I'm trying to reassure you about Charlotte. Won't the police be inclined to look first for a business connection between you and Inwood? He doesn't sound a pleasant type. You may have quarreled with him—"

"He was a perfect swine," Jonathan said. "He was asking to be murdered by someone."

"There you are. That will come out and I'm sure they'll decide there was a business connection. The chief point is, of course, that lack of motive isn't likely to be bothering them when there's such direct evidence against you—the wine merchant seeing you. It's when they can't *see* who did it that they look around for a motive which will lead them to the criminal."

"I see the point. You seem to know a lot about these things."

"Naturally," I said in my gun moll's voice.

"Oh, yes—" He looked at me, puzzled again because he could not reconcile me with a life of crime.

"Another thing," I went on. "If this Freddy Williams man is really a friend of hers, and he seems to be if she can rely on him to the extent of asking him not to give away the fact that she wasn't with him *all* the evening—well, she isn't quite alone. He'll see her through."

THIS thought, which should have pleased him, did not. I can't say I expected that it would; but I couldn't resist putting it forward. I was beginning even then to feel that Charlotte was not quite the helpless clinging vine he liked to think she was, and I suppose I was watching out for every opportunity to undermine his feelings for her. After all, I already knew I hated her worse than poison.

There was an interruption; the flat *phut-phut* sound of Father's motor-driven bath chair, which became louder as it neared the beach, meant he wanted me for something. I told Jonathan to keep quiet where he was. Father couldn't come any closer than the beach unless I fetched him in the dinghy.

I went on deck. The bath chair stopped at the end of the path, before the pebbled slope down to the water. He only wanted to say something. He said it in his best quarter-deck voice:

"Take the Daimler and drive over to Lowestoft and fix up a crew! I want to cross tomorrow or next day!"

My first instinct was to argue, but I had a second thought; this was really exactly what I wanted. I waved acknowledgment; he started up the little engine and *phut-phutted* back to the house, and I went below again.

"By tonight," I told Jonathan, "you'll be an accredited member of this ship's crew, and by the day after tomorrow, if not before, you'll be somewhere off the coast of Holland. On Saturday, when we're in Amsterdam, I'll find you somewhere to live. You can then jump ship. You'll have enough money to look around for a job and start a new life."

His reaction to the plan did not surprise me. He looked blank. Theoretically it solved his problem, if it came off. But on the other hand when faced with it he did not want to put himself out of





Can you fill them?

You're walking in proud shoes
when you try these on for size—
the boots that hit the beach at Leyte
and took the Rhine in stride.
Scarred by Pacific coral,
stained with the mud of France,
they got a cleaning and a polishing
before they swung high, wide and handsome
down Fifth Avenue.
Museum pieces? Not these shoes.
They're not in a glass case
for people to stare at.
They still have work to do.

If you're man enough to fill them
you'll travel far.
You'll know the value of good comrades,
discover what it takes to be a leader,
learn how to handle new machines
and—more important—men.
You'll teach the meaning of democracy
to people groping for it.
You'll help to keep your country
strong and free.
If you can fill these shoes
you're on the first team, Soldier.
You're a Regular Army man!

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESS

th what was happening. She g hard at his heart.
n unkind impulse to slap him, ame it. I prepared to leave, to be back before teatime. . . .
ed into a blue linen suit, got out ler and drove to Lowestoft to er his crew. The Daimler is rmous for a two-seater but it think in. You feel as though horses are galloping along in u on silent hoofs, drawing you on a floating cushion which g to do with the road. Thoughts tly after them, objective and l.
t about Jonathan's story and did the more awful it seemed. ld not help feeling that the un-infatuated idiot now brushing ll ship navigation with the help acock's bookshelf was alto- good for this world, but that an he should leave it by way of und his neck for a murder he one. For at worst that was ld happen to him; at best he tterly ruined as Jonathan Pen-tect.
uld be his reward, if he lived splicing was part of the act he put on to convince people, including himself, that he was a man of the sea. He sported bright red, dangling mustaches and a grating voice as dry as the oakum he had never hammered beneath a caulking iron (though one suspected he had spent a considerable period of his early life picking it).

"Mafeking," I said presently. "Father wants another crew. A week's trip."

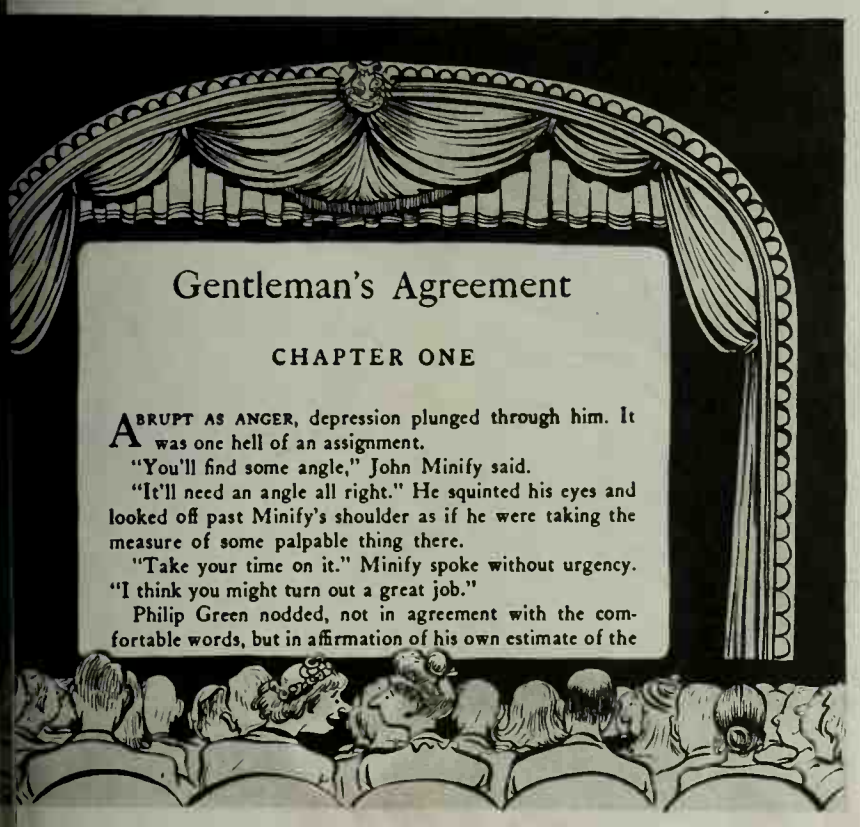
"I thought your old man had settled down for a bit."

"You know him."

"Yes, I know him. Of course I can dig up something. . . ."

My view that Mafeking Bostock was the right person to go to at this moment was confirmed as the conversation proceeded. He carried most of it, and himself away with it, becoming increasingly ready to admit that when it came to looking for the man who really wielded power in the town and harbor of Lowestoft, you need look no farther than the bench on which he was sitting.

Before he could pause and remind himself that man is like to vanity, I put the suggestion, heart in mouth, that if he could provide me with a seaman's papers



ll, for once, they've followed the book exactly as it was written"

CARL ROSE

? Would he be able to link s Charlotte again when they king for him, to live with her llment of their mutual love? eem to me to be that kind of e good reason that Charlotte, r, was not that kind of girl. could not see her in the first rrying Mr. Joseph Inwood for motives generally found in a unts the world well lost for ed, I went so far as to think cling to the world and its s with everything she had in t, for all she would care, her ght could feed his gallant worms of disillusion.
t was putting forth its best , bloater, rope and dead sea- the encouraging sun. I left e yard of the Red Lion, and to find Mafeking Bostock in ttage on the North Quay.
knows us well; there is noth- dn't do for us if he's in the I found him at home. In darned and striped city trousers of ity he was sitting on a bench way, splicing a rope. He was a the loose ends of rope as fe depended on them. I did t, although I knew that the for which the rightful owner had no further use, it would enable me to raise one member of the needed crew myself, leaving only two to him. He accepted the idea at once, with a wave of the hand which implied that nothing was easier. In point of fact, of course, nothing is usually more difficult.

Twenty minutes later I had a neat little packet in my handbag which would go most of the way toward establishing Jonathan as John Hobhouse, of 12 Station Villas, Hailsham, who had spent the last twelve years, including the war, on various ships of various lines and companies, mostly in Pacific waters. Judging by the dates in his certificate, his home, if indeed it had not long ago ceased to be that, could not have seen anything of him for years. I wondered where he was now, that he had been able to part with these precious documents.

The remaining two men would report to the Peacock at Kessingland this afternoon, which did not give Mafeking much time to pick out a couple of victims who, being sufficiently in his toils by blackmail or debt or whatever other lever came to his hand, would serve on the ketch without curiosity and leave her without troubling their memories about where she had been.

Afterward I went shopping for John Hobhouse. The chandler's shop in the harbor district had all he needed for the moment: secondhand but very clean dungarees, a heavy woolen jersey and so on.

I stowed it all out of the way at the back of the Daimler, and bethought me of my own needs. Miss Vandelte had not made me any underclothes for ages.

It was this almost chance notion to go to see her which I like to think brought about another turning point in the story; this and again the fluke of circumstance that Sophie, Countess of Inderswick, had not yet sent for her new nightdress.

I knew it must be Sophie's the moment I saw it on its puffy silk hanger, cascading its white satin against the purple flowers of Miss Vandelte's workroom wallpaper.

Sophie was the only girl I knew who went to Miss Vandelte and was both rich enough and shameless enough to have a nightdress like that, with the lace in the places where the lace was.

While I looked at it, thinking the sort of thoughts which it started off, I came naturally enough to Charlotte again. Charlotte in her white dress, her ruined white dress. Stepping out of it in Jonathan's flat, and Jonathan remembering to bring her another one. . . .

The purple flowers on Miss Vandelte's wallpaper were swimming together in the queerest way.

No woman, and Charlotte was a woman whatever else she might be, would have failed to notice the state of her frock, no matter how frightened and upset she might be, and she would have done something about it at once; she would never have left the house in it.

And after all had she been so upset? Hadn't she thought up the burglar idea and been aware of her need for an alibi *before* she reached Jonathan?

IN SHORT, she had not been consistent, and I could explain it in one way only. She had continued to wear the frock on purpose.

Why?

Because, by appearing like that at Jonathan's door, not only distraught but bloodstained, she had deliberately shocked him into acceptance of anything she wanted him to believe.

I did not know why. But it was a question to which the answer might possibly produce quite a different picture from that which Jonathan believed to be true.

At the very best it suggested one most important likelihood: that Charlotte had not banged down the candlestick on Joseph's skull with as great an innocence of intention as she had led Jonathan so readily to think.

The wallpaper refocused.

"You were saying, Miss Gill?" I heard the dressmaker's voice.

"Look, Miss Vandelte. Would you be very shocked if I said I wanted two complete sets of everything in black. *Black*, with pink here and there if you feel your conscience pricking you?"

"But with pink it is *much* worse," cried Miss Vandelte happily. "But you are so young for black. And for the country, with your light frocks, and summer just beginning."

"I think I shall be spending the next few weeks in London. I've a sort of feeling I'm going to have to be quite sophisticated and move around among people where that sort of thing would be expected of me—" *Yes*, I would go myself personally to London even if only to take a look at Charlotte. I might find what I expected to find; what I wanted to find.

The bank was within two minutes of closing but I got inside before they shut the door and had them transfer five hundred pounds to my credit at their Piccadilly branch.

I drove home faster than I had ever driven.

After leaving the main road I turned

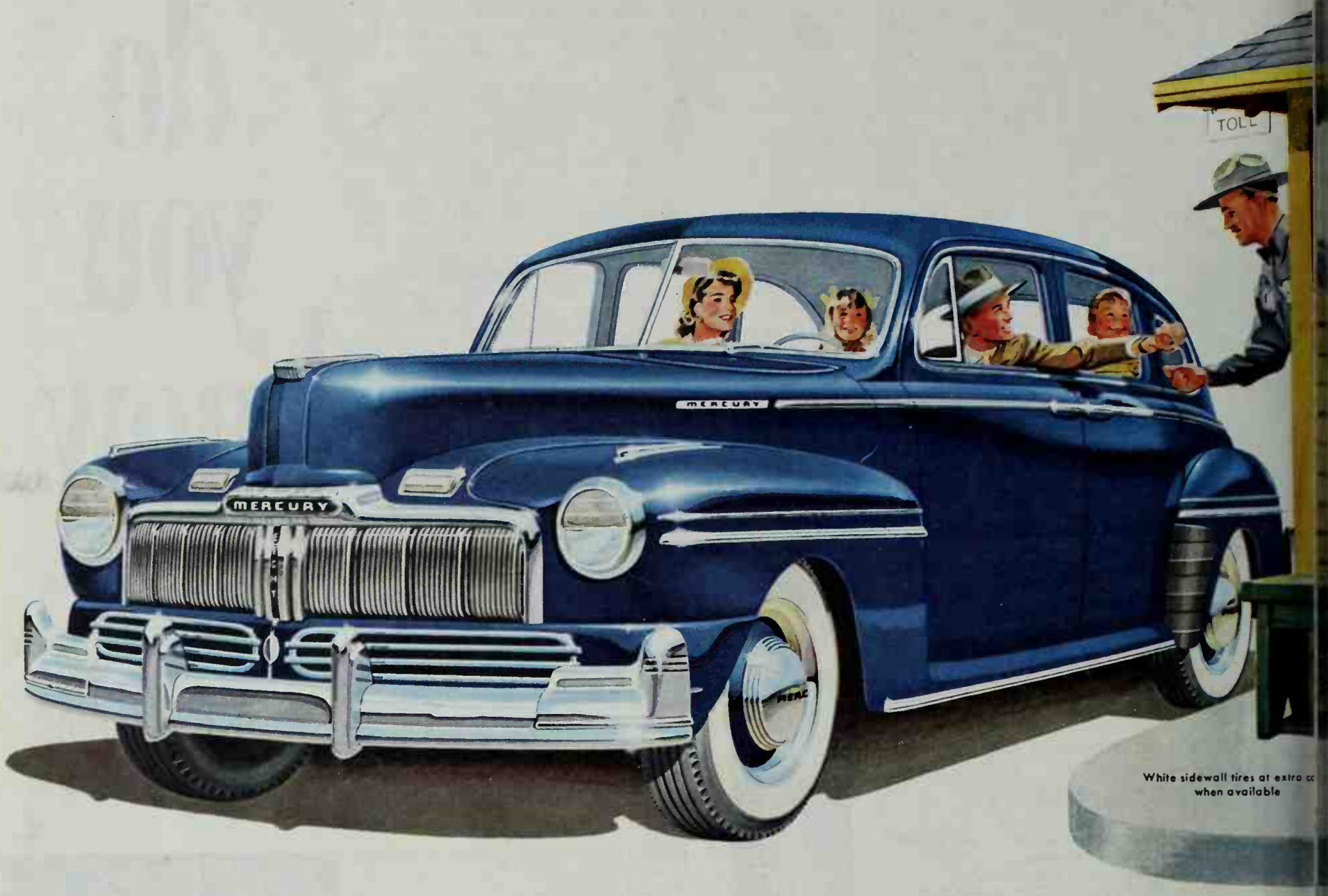
do you know...

that just a phone call to your local Ice Company will bring you all the *ice cubes* or crushed ice you need — pure, sparkling, crystal-clear, taste-free ice — hard-frozen for s-l-o-w melting? By the carton, bag or bushel. Inexpensive, too! Great for parties!



This is just one of the many new, post-war services the progressive Ice Industry is providing for *better living*. You ought to know about them *all*. Just get in touch with your local Ice Company.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.



White sidewall tires at extra co
when available

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH Mercury



A vacation on wheels—a wandering two-week tour in your new Mercury! No wonder the whole family is so excited!

Seems as though there's too much luggage, but Mercury roominess handles it! Mercury is *big* all the way through.

Big inside—and smart. Beautiful fabrics trimly tailored—the fittings, colors and design all blending into a stylish *modern* look you like immediately—and keep on liking.

Close the door. There's the *sound of soundness*—heavy construction that's built to endure,



More beauty—new interior styling!

precision engineering that makes the doors lock shut with a smooth, satisfying click.

But while Mercury is massive and solid—it has horsepower to spare. Pickup you ahead of the crowd—a ride th comfort all the way.



More performance—in traffic or in

It's a remarkable car. Ask any Merc He'll tell you—get more of ever want—more liveliness, beauty, durance and economy—with Me

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTO

road by a short cut along a marsh track which brought estuary a hundred yards from off which the Peacock lay. out of sight of the house and safely in three trips to carry new kit from the car to the culled out to the ketch.

glad to see me, and surprised, find how far I had managed to lishing him as a seaman. He ssed by the John Hobhouse pers, which were of course rtant. The clothes fitted him, showed signs of cheerfulness. sense of urgency. I wanted more to get to London without t first I had to have as much n as possible from him about e had left, while on my side I s much as possible into the e. I told him about Charles, be sailing as engineer, com- crew with the two further would be arriving this after- ust say, if asked why he had n board so soon himself, that I him with Mafeking Bostock e looking for men.

zed suddenly that all this lt in being out of touch with t meant with the situation in larm came into his voice: ship at Amsterdam, how can ticate? You're the only per- ly link I can use."

write," I said. "Eve Gill, l, Suffolk. If John Hobhouse address on a post card, I can e English papers and a chatty and then. It would be per-

uld be fine," and he added , "If only you could see Char-

comment; my intention to see as a matter entirely for my- id again that he still did not was doing all this for him. get we made a bargain," I ng off the question.

nory I took with me was of a man with sun shining on his he skylight, and troubled eyes e, doubtful even to suspicion. as the swaying of the dinghy ed across to the dock, but for in my life I understood that , can really have a sinking

tive minutes with the Com- efly to make sure he did not n his plans for Holland. v is fixed up. Bostock had the spot, so I brought him e. The other two will report n. I'll look after things here e away."

ngs?"

arvey Gill, for one. If we eared on a trip at the same on after the picture was

t *stolen!*" he scowled at me. hat she calls it—and no the police."

me. Billy Bull rang up this

t tightened. Billy Bull is nt of the East Suffolk Con-

has sharp eyes. "What's the ink I'm frightened of Billy

id, and did not add that I h more reason than he sus-

nts to shoot snipe next I said he was welcome, al- ight have to look after him- you are going to be here, you give him breakfast."

and went upstairs to pack. went at it slowly, even to of the things I would need it took less than an hour. time until Father was on board the ketch. I decided on a small black hat dominated by a soft but sophisticated black ostrich feather, a hat which sometimes I felt had set me back too many guineas; at other times I did not, and this was one of them, for it was the kind of hat which might bolster up the ego when things were getting it down, a not unlikely situation as I imagined the problems with which I was tangling myself.

A hammering echoed from Charlie's workshop next to his cottage, and I remembered that he would be one of Jonathan's companions on the Peacock. I could spare the time to walk over there.

Charlie, whom no one ever calls Beddington, which is his surname, is a queer one according to the village, which does not understand him. He is an educated man, but taciturn even among the Suffolk people, who as a rule do not care for conversation. Also, he is twice the size of the biggest of his brawny tribe. When I was little he was like a mountain to me, and although I am now grown up and five feet six and a half inches tall, I have to stand well back when I am talking to him if I want to look him in the eye without risking my neck. And he is thick the way an oak tree is thick. His other characteristics of note are an inventive genius, continuously devoted to useless ends of a mechanical nature, and a tenacity of purpose in anything to which he puts his hand, which most people end by calling damned obstinacy. He is on the Commodore's pay roll as "Chief Engineer," largely because both of them like to know the other is around, enjoying a great but silent admiration for each other. For me, I like to believe that Charlie will do anything in the world for me, and to start Charlie on something is rather like taking the brake off a steam roller at the top of a hill. You know it will get to the bottom all right, but you also know that the brake isn't going to be any good if it meets something on the way.

He was squatting without his shirt like an animated bronze in the doorway of the workshop, bashing a sheet of iron with a five-pound hammer, forcing it by sheer strength into a shape it had no wish to be. Pieces of disintegrated tractor were heaped around him. Leaning against the bench was the canvas bag he always takes with him on the Peacock.

I had to shout his name above the din before he realized I was there.

"I'm not going to Amsterdam," I said, "but you'll have all the help you'll need without me. Crew of three. I've just put one of them aboard. He knows a bit about engines and small ships, and is generally intelligent."

"Bostock's men?"

"Yes. Hobhouse—the one I mentioned—is likely to be the best of the three, a cut above the others. He'll want to be friendly."

"Aren't I always?" he asked defensively.

"Well, he's an educated man."

"Which means that he'll assume the police are looking for me as well as him."

I HADN'T meant anything so awkwardly likely. But Charlie is very shrewd; it's no good trying to fool him.

"Maybe," I said, "but he'd never let you know he was assuming anything about you."

"You fancy this bloke?" Charlie lammed the hammer down on the piece of iron, not maliciously but to disguise his interest, which is constant, in my relationships with his sex.

"I like the look of him. He might do as a permanent member of the establishment. That is, if Father doesn't take against him for some reason. I'm going to London for a few days, but you need not mention that to Father. In case of emergency you can reach me through Aunt Florence."

He nodded, and I went back to the house a little comforted by the thought that I had probably succeeded in putting Jonathan under Charlie's faithful wing. It eased the tension a bit, and I realized it was nearly two o'clock and that I was hungry. I ate salad and cheese from a tray by the fish pool, feeding choice bits to a carp named Albert, the pool's elderly inhabitant.

The old house and the older wood, the flat marshlands and the wide hazy sky, this was my place and most of me. Far away to the south, London sprawled, man-made in another world, slowly building again where man had laid it in ruin; dirty, dangerous, nothing to do with me or my people, but where I had chosen to fight my very private war. I did not know the ground nor the hazards. I felt unarmed and unprepared for their unknown elements, and the more so when I had to sit still like this and could contemplate them.

I finished lunch, and took the tray back to Mary. I spent twenty minutes checking over the Daimler, filled the tank, and the time was still only three minutes past three. I was getting desperate, and began to toy with the notion that I would start now and chance trouble with Father.

I took a firm grip on the impulse and went up to my own room. I did my hair and put on the black hat and felt stronger and a little more patient.

At ten past three the motor of Father's chair started up. I ran to the end of the corridor where the window looks down on the courtyard. Father, accompanied by the two maids and Fred the handy man, all loaded with gear and equipment and odds and ends he would need for the voyage, was on his way to the beach. On his knees was a flat brown paper parcel about the size of Rembrandt's portrait of The Old Woman in a Shawl. . . .

At four thirty-one I swung the Daimler around the sharp corner of the turnpike on to the main London road and put my foot down hard.

I stopped at Saxmundham a little before five, to buy the noon editions of the three London evening papers. I could see the headlines from ten feet away. Joseph Inwood may have had only a little fame in the financial columns on the in-



LET THE BUYER BEWARE

Show window manikins
Have slenderer fannykins.

—Richard Armour



Most of us just can't resist overeating the foods we like, even when the penalty is an upset stomach. Be gentle with such upsets . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

Never Upset an Upset Stomach

Don't add to the upset with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

This pleasant-tasting preparation is non-alkaline, non-laxative, non-constipating. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Three sizes at your druggist's.



A Norwich Product

Pepto-Bismol*

for UPSET *Stomach*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

You see it wherever the best is served...

DIXIE BELLE

There's more enjoyment in this gin favorite—because it is distilled from the pick of imported fruits, herbs and berries.

DIXIE BELLE

DISTILLED BY THE LONDON DRY PROCESS

DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED London Dry GIN

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE MAGNOLIA
STATE FLOWER OF LOUISIANA

A Favorite in GI

90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

e was alive, but he had cer-
the front pages with the
his dying.
ck to the car and digested the
ns of the same story. There
any differences between them,
rs having had little time to
details, the "personal angles"
e involved, and to do any in-
of their own. At this early
stance, the chief actor in the
h Inwood himself, was seen
gh the reference books.
interview the widow and the
man of the Inwood Corpo-
ailed up to the time of going
ich must have been around

accounts also agreed in say-
. Inwood was prostrate with
der doctor's orders.

the stories was a paragraph
t the police were anxious to
Mr. Jonathan Irwin Penrose,
appeared last night from his
from the scene of the crime;
been discovered abandoned
rning near Hyde Park Gate.
n intensive search is being
he police throughout the
no trace of him has been
o the time of going to press.
ies' police forces have been
h Penrose's full description,
ollows. . . ."
right thing I could find any-
s unhappy story shone out
the description of Jonathan.
t a single one of his features
d recognize, except that he
verage height and that his
k brown.
l night" editions were in
o buy them at Colchester at
six. They added what is
" to the story. Charlotte
now "the beautiful Mrs.
l known in café society,
age of the arts has been the
f many struggling writers,
usicians"; and, in another:
able world has long ac-
andsome Mrs. Inwood the
well-deserved title of 'Mayfair's best-dressed woman.'" But apparently no one had succeeded in seeing her since she had become a widow. Joseph came in for a number of wreaths designed in the best cliché manner for departed money men: " a powerful figure in the city" . . . "will be long remembered for his spectacular rise to fortune in the great building combine to which he gave his name" . . . and, "a businessman whose wide interests, both at home and in the colonies, made him an almost legendary figure". . . . "Certain industrials showed weakness, notably a marking down to 53/6 as against yesterday's price of 55/9 for Inwood Corporation's Ordinary A shares. This was attributed to the sudden death of the chairman. . . ."

Nowhere, as far as I could see, was Joseph Inwood referred to as a human being. None of it solved my problem; indeed, the complexity of the world to which these people belonged seemed worse than ever.

The search for Penrose, said all three papers, had been intensified, and now embraced the whole country; ports, sea and air, were being watched. The police were keeping the wine merchant's clerk away from the press. The case was simple; the young man's eyewitness evidence of the wanted man's flight from the scene, including the jettisoning of the murder weapon, the candlestick, was circumstantial but sufficient. Superintendent Jupp, "the man who solved the Doverside murders," was in charge of the investigation.

On the wider road below Colchester I kept up a high average as far as the London outskirts at Woodford. It took me half an hour by the northern route into town to reach Kensington and, after two inquiries, found Cary Gardens at exactly half past seven.

I parked the car near the Brompton Road end, locked it and made an unobtrusive approach on foot. I could see which was the "murder house," as the reporters called it, from a comfortable distance. Normally it would be a quiet road, the big houses respectably and solidly aware that they were sheltering the best people. But this evening things were different with Number 4. People clustered around it, staring with expressionless faces. Five or six cars were drawn up at the curb, there were two policemen on the steps, and two more dealt with a steady stream of sight-seers.

The journalists were easy to identify. The police let them hang around the door, and most of them dangled dead cigarettes from their mouths; three had cameras hung around their necks, and all had tired but patient faces.

I crossed the road and joined the group of people who stood by the gardens where they were moved on less often. They stared at the house and discussed the murder. I was as much on the outside as they were but it was worse for me, worse even than for the waiting newspapermen who had their livings to make, for, in all this crowd, against the police, in the face of the whole country's certainty that Jonathan had killed the man who had lived in that house, I stood alone, the only one who knew enough of the truth to try to save him.

I knew Charlotte had killed her husband. I knew quite well, when I faced it, what I had to do. I had to make the police give up their Jonathan theory and think about her. That was all—except, of course, if I wanted Jonathan for myself I must never let Jonathan find out what I had done—if I wanted him for myself. If I wanted him? Did I? If I didn't, why was I standing on this pavement in front of Number 4 Cary Gardens?

I expect I could have gone on thinking round and round that question for some time, but it was just then the front door opened and four men came out. At the same moment the police car nearest the house moved up the few yards which brought it opposite the door, and the four men, about whom I had no time to notice much, because the reporters surrounded them instantly, started to climb into the car.

The reporters were being insistent. One of the four appeared to be saying a few reluctant words. Notebooks flapped open; they were not going to be allowed to get away easily.

I ran to the Daimler. The four, or at least some of them, were Scotland Yard higher-ups, and, as I saw it, they would have to get out of that car again sometime, somewhere, and while obviously I had no chance of getting near any of them in this crowd, I might have one at the other end of whatever journey they were making, probably to Scotland Yard; my main thought at the moment was the police and how to get close enough to put an idea into their heads, and it instinctively set me off in the main direction of these difficult and exclusive men.

BY THIS time I was in the Daimler, which, mercifully, was headed down the street the same way as their car, and when it pulled away from Number 4 there was only a gap of fifty yards between us. I closed it sharply, confident that no one had taken any notice of my dash away from the house instead of toward it. Or at least the detectives had not, and they were all that mattered.

We turned into Fulham Road, and drove sedately westward. There was plenty of traffic, without being too much, and I could safely keep a van and another car between them and me. I began wondering more anxiously about the likely difficulties at Scotland Yard. I had to find or create a way into the present situation which did not connect me personally with it. I must not have any visible or invisible and detectable link with Jonathan.

I felt a hot wave of panic and despair sweep over me, and I think it was at that particular moment I realized fully and completely, for the first time, how difficult this job was going to be. It was a peculiarly vivid and unforgettable real-



"Be a dear, Spencer, and keep Russia out of it until the coffee"

BARNEY TOBEY



HEARING
CORRECTED INVISIBLY



NO ONE KNOWS WHEN YOU WEAR A
MAICO HEARING AID
WITH
SECRETEER

Now you can enjoy a wonderful new invention, the Maico Secreteer, that prevents even people close to you from noticing you wear a hearing aid. Secreteer and Maico's tiny, single-unit, super-powered Atameer hearing aid together weigh but 7 oz. People say these two Maico inventions are the most wonderful gifts modern science has brought to the hard of hearing. Learn how to hear better with no one noticing. Maico offices are in all principal cities.

Send for a SECRETEER folder today

MAICO, DEPT. C-8
MAICO BUILDING
MINNEAPOLIS 1, MINN.
Please send me information on INVISIBLE hearing correction.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

ization which even now I can still feel.

In the same way, I remember the next few seconds, when the panic wave subsided as suddenly as it had risen because the police car most unexpectedly turned into Sloane Avenue and stopped twenty yards or so down it. This caught me unawares, and I almost stopped too. I drove past them, leisurely. One man got out. I watched in the mirror as he touched his hat, and the police car drove on. Now I could stop, which I did on the opposite side. One of them alone in Sloane Avenue was a gift from heaven compared to any or all of them in some unbreachable Scotland Yard fastness. I let the police car go, switched off the engine and took a very deep breath, a luxurious in and out relaxing of tension. I had not the faintest idea what was going to happen next, but I did not feel as I had felt a moment before, that I would be quite helpless.

I DID not even have to move in my seat to watch him in the mirror. He was an ordinary man, in an ordinary dark blue suit, with a blue shirt and dark tie.

He was looking at his wrist watch and making up his mind about something. He started to walk. I let him reach the corner of Fulham Road, and then started up, picking him up again on the far side of Fulham Road. He was walking the way the police car had come, and I wondered a little if he had remembered something he had forgotten to do, or just thought to do, at the Inwoods' house?

But I was wrong, happily and thankfully wrong.

He went into the saloon bar of the Four Feathers. He went straight into it, not doubtfully after a look at the pub to make sure which door he wanted, but like a man who knew the place because he had been there before. I knew him better than ever. He lived at Sloane Avenue House, and this was his "local." A man in a pub at the end of his day's work was even better than a man alone in Sloane Avenue.

I took off my hat, for hats are not worn—particularly black-feathered nonsenses like this one—by habitués of pubs. I put it carefully on the seat by the side of me and slid out of the car.

He also had taken off his hat. He was at the bar, with a pint of beer, and the tables and sofas were three-quarters occupied. It was a warm evening.

There was not quite room for me on his left, but when I edged into the space, it widened and I was in; I was next to him. He glanced at me casually, and I did not look at him except so cornerwise that he could not have seen. He was about forty. He had a round, ordinary face, of the sort you would say people would not look at twice, which I thought was probably an advantage to him, for he could then more easily look twice at them. Against this, of course, was the possibility that among the people who did not look at him twice were the younger and prettier ones of my sex and things might be dullish for him in that sort of way. A disadvantage to him in his off-duty hours and indeed almost a danger, if it happened that one of such a kind wanted to get at him for her own purposes.

He was now looking at me for the second time, which was, no doubt, according to the book. But within four seconds, as I was ordering myself a glass of cider, there was a third time, and I kept my profile exactly in his line of sight.

I drank a little cider. He drank some beer. I fished a cigarette from the case in my handbag. It is, I'm afraid, a gold cigarette case with my initials in the corner in sapphires—very small sapphires. He reached into his pocket for his lighter.

Bending over the flame, I thanked him with my eyes.

"Lovely case," he said.

I trilled prettily. "Won't you have a cigarette?"

"Thanks, no." He seemed to search for something further to say.

"Since I've imposed to this extent," I plunged in, "*could* you tell me of a decent place to eat around here? I'm just in from the country, and my aunt seems to be out."

He hesitated, then took the plunge.

"I'm going to Carletta's, if you'd like to try it. It's Italian, and they give you a good escalop."

I hesitated the proper moment before I said yes, thank you, you're very kind.

Then he said that he had been waiting for the newspaperman who generally looked in about now, but there would be one on the corner by Carletta's.

Of course he wanted an evening paper to see what it said about the Inwood case, and in its last edition at that, and I should have known it. I said I was not so hungry that I couldn't finish my cider and wait till the newspaperman came, and added that I knew enough about the male inhabitants of London to understand his need to see an evening paper.

After a moment or so the newspaperman came and sold several copies of the Standard. My detective bought one, glanced briefly at the headlines and, folding it neatly, put it away in his outside pocket. I caught a glimpse of the story on the right-hand side of the front page before he put it away.

"Shall we go?" he said. "It's only a short walk."

"I've got a car outside. I think we'd better take it."

His eyes widened a little at the sight of the Daimler, and I went around to the driver's seat while he opened the door on the pavement side.

As we settled and I turned the ignition key, he shifted, saying timidly that he thought he had sat on something.

"Oh, my God!" I said. "You beastly man!"

It is true I had brought that extravagant black hat with me in order that at a vital moment some gentleman might fall for my charms in it, but I had intended that he should use his eyes for the purpose.

He realized acutely what he had done, and I smothered my agony with the comforting thought that even in death it had probably achieved its object. No man who has sat on your hat can ever again regard you dispassionately. No, the poor thing had not died in vain.

I patted his hand lightly and told him that honestly it was as old as the hills and I only wore it for driving to keep the sun out of my eyes. I hoped he could not diagnose its ruins sufficiently to see it had never known a brim. . . .

I sat opposite him at a small table in Carletta's and allowed him to question me with simple curiosity about myself and what I did to occupy myself. This went on for nearly the whole length of the meal, with various depressions into superficial byways. I let him do it at the risk of allowing him to think that I was being a bit too ready, as a nice girl, to talk about myself to an almost complete stranger, but it was a risk worth the gain of having him thus put himself in a position where I could ask him questions if I wanted to. And I was going to want to.

In the meantime he filled out his view of me with clarifying details. It must have made quite an unusual picture, both pleasing and provocative, for it looked as though I had somehow escaped discovery by the vulpine, less-ordinary-looking males who seemed to abound in the neighborhood whenever he met a young woman who was not entirely repulsive to the eye. He deduced that I was a successful farmer's daughter who still preferred trees to houses, sheep to miniature poodles, cider to gin, Brahms to boogie-woogie. And finally, he discovered that I was aware of how a man thought and felt about little things, which, of course, is the sort of discovery to make a man realize sooner or later that you are the pearl he has been looking for ever since he was born. This was when I said, as he put sugar in his coffee:

"I know you are dying to look at your paper. If it hadn't been for me, you would have been able to read it all through dinner."

"I wouldn't dream of it . . ."

"Please, I'd like you to."

He hesitated, looked pleased and pulled out the Standard. I occupied myself with my powder compact, to show that he was really free of me, and he unfolded the paper. He read the story carefully. Twice he frowned.

"Has something gone wrong?" I asked.

He was just a little far away as he answered. "No, not wrong, but I realize now how these people will turn a guess into a fact if it makes the story go the way they want it to."

"You're being very mysterious. What is the particular instance?" [illegible] the paper a little so that I [illegible] headlines; looked at them [illegible] him, adding: "Is it to do w[illegible] here? You knew this m[illegible] wood?"

"I only met him this [illegible] afraid."

"But—he was dead the [illegible] You—you're working on [illegible]

He nodded, watching me [illegible] fully, as though he feared [illegible] either lose interest in him [illegible] a dull thing like a policeman, [illegible] still, overwhelm him with [illegible] of "Do tell me!" To h[illegible] neither, but said in an [illegible] versational sort of way that [illegible] a big case and it must be [illegible] detective having to deal wh[illegible]

"Worrisome and a respo[illegible] it's only a big case in the [illegible] wood was an influential m[illegible] it's simply a straightforwar[illegible] violence which happened [illegible] murder. There aren't a[illegible] 'social and domestic angl[illegible] complicate a case into a [illegible] people like me. Mind y[illegible] quickly, "I'm not in char[illegible] charge. I'm only his seco[illegible] spector."

I picked up the paper, s[illegible] read about it?"

"Of course you may," h[illegible] public newspaper."

"I promise not to ask [illegible] it," I said, and wondere[illegible] barefaced improbability [illegible] notice. I read the story q[illegible] longer than the earlier ed[illegible] such paragraphs as:

"At a detectives' co[illegible] afternoon several stat[illegible] considered, in particul[illegible] by a man who knows J[illegible] rose well, a fellow arch[illegible] expected to be able to th[illegible] the desperate state of m[illegible] Penrose is believed to h[illegible] lately, owing to his failu[illegible] success of the professio[illegible] returned after war serv[illegible]

I seized on this last on[illegible] often that a man like this [illegible] to burglary to keep himse[illegible] cial trouble."

He shrugged a shoulder.

"The war taught a lot o[illegible] ple some unlikely tricks."

"Burglary?"

"I mean the use of phys[illegible] solve difficulty, as a metho[illegible]

"But an architect . . ."

"Why less than a s[illegible] dentist?"

"An architect always s[illegible] the artist type—creative a[illegible] in his approach to things."

HE DID not seem con[illegible] him how many murd[illegible] or robbers with violence, [illegible] across in the artistic group.

He admitted there was [illegible] what I said, and added th[illegible] exception to prove my rul[illegible]

"I've got a feeling there [illegible] in this case, all the same." [illegible] the newspaper the way [illegible] sounds so improbable. I [illegible] yell, or ring for the butler, [illegible] or something? What was h[illegible] I asked innocently, for this [illegible] in the papers.

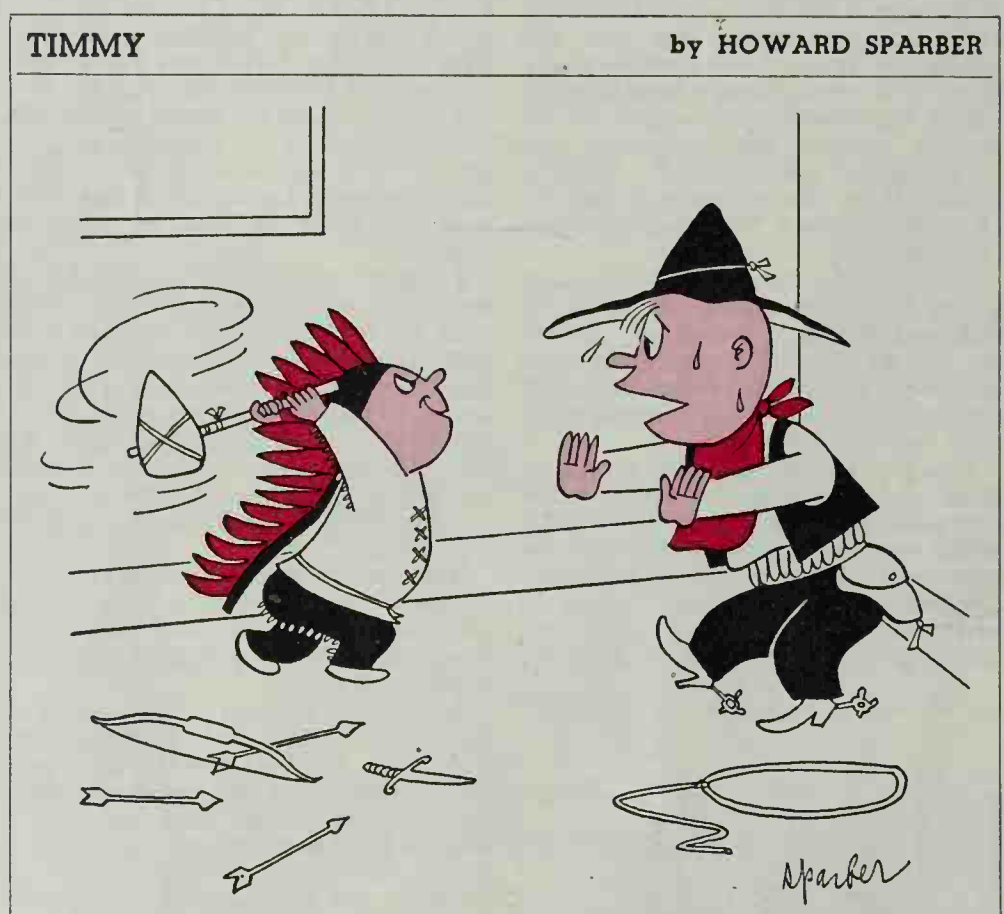
"A candlestick," he said [illegible] a slowing of his voice a [illegible] quickened.

"Where did he get it fr[illegible]

"Off the desk where h[illegible] sitting."

"Could he have failed t[illegible] rose take up the candlestic[illegible] he was sitting at the desk.

"H'm," he said, and al[illegible] his eyebrow. "You're [illegible] motive wasn't robbery? T[illegible]



"No, Hanky, you don't understand—the cowboy always wins"

COLLIER'S

That's what I call *ridin' high!*"



80

SWING THE LONG graceful hood of a Hudson toward wide open spaces, settle down in deep-cushioned comfort, then let this colorful master of the highway take over—you're *going places* as never before!

S CURVE

What! Sharp curves? Hudson skims them with no swing or sway, and steering takes no effort at all. You're always ready for the unexpected, with *double-safe* brakes—finest hydraulics, *plus* a reserve mechanical system that operates automatically from the same brake pedal if ever needed.

HILL

Huh—steep hills! Bring them on—your Hudson Super-Six or Super-Eight motor tops them like a sun-rise breeze. And that's when you understand why Hudson holds 149 official AAA records for performance and endurance—*more* than any other stock car in the world.

SIDE ROAD

Before you know it—the lane to your own private haven! You're always "ridin' high" when you go Hudson, for the Hudson way of getting there and back is *always* effortless—smooth—deeply satisfying.

If you haven't tried the Hudson way of going places, better see your Hudson dealer, one of a nationwide group of 3,000. He will show you Hudsons that are now winning more former buyers of other makes than ever before in Hudson's 38-year history!

HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

Two famous lines—the Super Series and distinguished Commodore Series—in popular body styles. Your choice, in either series, of 102-h.p. Super-Six and 128-h.p. Super-Eight engines. Your choice, too, in both series, of nine fresh new colors and four 2-tone combinations; with a wide optional selection of equipment and accessories.

False Teeth?

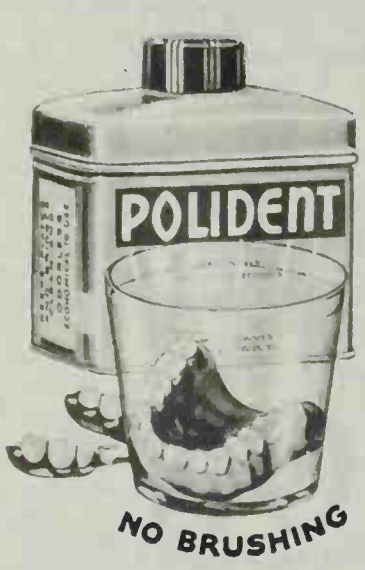


DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"

You can't Brush Off Denture Breath



Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

Buy an economical can of Polident, world's largest selling denture cleanser, 30¢ and 60¢.

Use POLIDENT Daily

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP Made and Guaranteed by POLIDENT

eaeh other. Quarreled about something, but not so loudly the servants could have heard. But there's not a shred of evidence of any previous contact between them. Nothing."

"Oh, well," I said, as if the point was of no real interest, and added, "What's Mrs. Inwood like?"

"We haven't seen her yet. She's completely knoeked out by the business. The doctor wouldn't let us go near her. Anyway, she was out—she was at the theater and went on to supper afterward. She didn't get home until after the erime had been discovered. She won't be able to tell us a thing."

"I was only thinking that if I wanted to know about a man's friends and acquaintances, apart from his business ones, I'd ask his wife."

He smiled. "I do hope I haven't started up your female intuition."

"I don't think I've got any," I said. I knew that whatever else he did, or didn't do, about the Inwood case, he would ask Charlotte Inwood if she had ever met or heard of Jonathan Penrose.

But I had done better than I realized, for a few minutes later, when I was thinking that I was ready to eall it a day, he reverted abruptly to the case. "These business and social big pots," he began, "ean be pretty terrible people. The degree of tyranny over the small fry which people like the Inwoods manage to exereise is very considerable. You know, I don't believe one of the many people we talked to today really cares that Inwood has been murdered—for Inwood's sake. For their own, yes. You could see the worry behind their eyes about what the effect of his death would have on their own affairs and fortunes. His solicitor kept wanting to see Mrs. Inwood. It was most important, he said. He wanted to eonvey his eondolenees immediately. What he really wanted was to make sure she would let him go on handling the Inwood estate. Then there was Inwood's chief partner. He was in a hurry to get baek to the city to wateh the stock-exehange movements of the corporation's shares."

I HAPPENED then to say a very lueky thing. It had no thought behind it at all. I said, "I don't suppose the servants are worrying. They ean always find just as good jobs if the staff is redueed or the house sold or something."

"Yes," he said, "and they aren't losing any time. Mrs. Inwood's maid is leaving tomorrow. It's true she gave notice a fortnight ago, but when I suggested she should stay on to see her mistress through a difficult time, she said she saw no reason to. She's a decent-looking girl too."

"Did you ask her why she gave notiee?"

"I did. She answered by asking me if that had anything to do with the murder. I eouldn't see that it had and let it go. She finally muttered something about murder or no murder she wasn't going to be treated like dirt. I shouldn't wonder if she had good reason."

"I've often wondered what it would be like to have someone to dress me and mend for me and do my hair. My father," I lied, "is always saying I can have a maid of my own. And she eould do other things in the house that never get done, like mending his soeks."

The dear man fell into it up to his neck; it gave him the ehanee to bind the beginnings of our friendship.

"As I said, she seems a deeent friendly girl. She might do for you if she hasn't fixed herself up. Her name's Ellen Good—the Inwood telephone number is not in the direetory, but I've got it here. I think if you say I suggested you should get in toueh with her, she might play."

"Thank you very mueh," I said. "I might do that." I wrote the number he gave me in my little book. I said, perhaps too, he had better let me have his name if I was to mention it.

"Smith," he said, aware progressed a further step, fo ously give him mine. So I s Eve Gill.

Inspeetor Ordinary Smit you are a darling, and d Sloane Avenue House, whe with a promise that if I ha without anywhere to go f morrow evening, I would Carletta's at eight.

His expression was not t in whose breast hope was s and I did not say a word to But he need not have worrie

THERE was a light in th of Aunt Florenee Webs Thurloe Square, which m was having her ten-o'elock jeeling tea. I hauled out m loeked up the car, whieh w no harm in front of the h night, and dragged myself u

My Aunt Florence is a woman. She has a heart and not least of the virtues from it is her eheerful aece only nieee's bad manners.

I do sometimes try, bef on her, to warn her by t my good intention is almos trated because she is either most of the time, or just like answering it, which I t the surest signs of her stre

Tonight, she was unaffe to see me. She kissed me, cup of that delicious tea a functorily after the Comm her that he had gone to H few days. Beyond remar hoped he would bring her b gin (whieh he never did, be she wasn't a reliable perso smuggled liquor), she too interest in the matter, nor was in London. She touch her sister-in-law's loss o painting, but not in any gr

I wanted only to sleep least until nine tomorrow I eould telephone Western to Ellen Good. I erawled i spare room, and my head my pillow. . . .

Now and again some m plain the subconscious t works by itself most of the away everything that eomes seious mind, fishing out o from the forgotten mass a them to one as memory safely out of mind the un and occasionally fighting scious to remind it of som ply must remember.

It succeeded finally in r 2:30 A.M., when I had be sleep for three and a half h

It got through with such paet that I was waked up myself half out of the bed, with the thing filling my m rifying clarity of faet and i

Charlotte's bloodstained

Jonathan had put it in t he kept his ear tools in, and it at Pieeadilly tube station

What had he done with t

That dress was evidence vital kind. It was the onl rect evidence which existed link Charlotte with her hus which supported the true he was killed and put the s Jonathan's story.

I *must* get hold of it. On or later, it would have to b police. I did not know q was to be done, but I wo way of bringing Ordinary S frock together. . . .

Had Jonathan still got t tieket? He might have th or torn it up to cover all c the damaging objeet. But had not told me so, and I

, for his long story had been detailed, as an architect's be.

s at this moment in his waist- in the Peacock, about to land.

y life I could not have stayed , telling myself that the mo- me know where he was I him to send me the precious per. Between then and now d it and destroy it.

ock would sail with the ebb, , in four and a half hours' uld reach Kessingland in r three if I drove like hell. give me an hour and a bit in aboard, contact him some- t arousing anyone's suspi- hold of the ticket.

ing on my stockings by this d a skirt and sweater out of cked up my shoes and hand- oed downstairs. The front d, and the latch seemed to noise when I closed it after as possible. The Daimler's urred into activity, and I was

only once, to fill the tank at garage, and pushed on at a average to complete the run utes under the three hours. rs' sleep I had had seemed n me all the rest I needed, ime I reached home I was fresh and ready to deal with oblem of getting hold of he Peacock.

left out of my calculations ich I should have known ignore: the Commodore's patience and the possibility sailed on the evening ebb

s just what he had done. ound the clump of trees d the anchorage and found e glow of first dawn shim- e deserted water, the thin rizon stretched like a thread ale green translucency of —stretched unbroken. The gone.

back on the hope that Jona- not destroy the cloakroom uld be persuaded by letter ne.

wly on to the house and l until eight, trying to doze, ity that three and a half was not enough for a girl full and uncertain day be-

as no sleep left in me, and a bath and went down to for something to eat. If ticed how late, or rather, come home, she did not aving long ago grown accustomed to the Gill habit of treating day and night as interchangeable.

At a quarter to nine, I put through a personal call to Western 3012, for Miss Ellen Good. Jessie, at the post office, wrote down the number, her thin old voice full of curiosity as she repeated it, for it is not often that I make a call. And if I do, she likes to know something about the person I am going to speak to. Usually, to please her, I tell her, such as, "Jessie, I want to talk to my Aunt Florence." But this time I just gave her the name flatly, Ellen Good, and left her curiosity unsatisfied.

At ten past nine, she came on the line saying indignantly that the people at the other end seemed very stupid, and was I sure I had the right number.

"Let me speak to them, Jessie."

Rather grudgingly, she let me; but I knew she was listening in—and would continue to do so until I had finished.

"Hello?" I said. "Miss Good, please."

A rather thick male voice asked what I wanted with her.

"Who are you?" I asked sharply.

"What did you want with Miss Good, please?"

"That," I said even more sharply, "is nothing to do with you. Will you please fetch her. This is a personal call on a personal matter."

THERE was a pause. I knew by now that I had a policeman on the telephone and could guess the next question.

"Are you the press, miss?"

I was ready for it. "The press? You mean a journalist? Of course I'm not. What *is* going on? I was given this number as being one where I could get in touch with a woman called Good. I understand she is leaving her present job and may be able to take a place as lady's maid with me. I am Miss Gill, of the Marsh House, Kessingland. If Miss Good is available, I would be grateful if you would ask her to come to the telephone. This is a trunk call and the time you are wasting is costing me money."

"I beg your pardon, miss. I'll get her."

While I waited I could guess that Jessie, with a hand over her mouthpiece, was hissing a whisper at her daughter Milly that Miss Eve was going to have a lady's maid, and whatever next? And if she wanted one, why couldn't she find a local girl as would be only too glad to learn so as she could get a real good place in London after?

"Yes?" said a girl's pleasant voice suddenly. "You wanted to speak to me, madam?"

The policeman had obviously broken the ice for me.

"Oh, Ellen Good? Your name was given me—" I told her who I was, trying to make myself sound like an employer of lady's maids but not an oversuperior



"This little rain-maker has saved me from many an embarrassing situation when my magic failed me"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Enjoy Life!



DRINKS HAVE *More Life* WITH
PIN-POINT CARBONATION

Your tall ones are all prize catches... when they're mixed with sparkling Canada Dry Water. Why bother with ordinary club sodas... carbonated tap waters? It costs little or nothing more to enjoy the world's finest mixer. Here's why Canada Dry is your best buy:

1. *Pin-Point Carbonation* – means longer-lasting sparkle.
2. *Exclusive Formula* – makes your drinks taste better.
3. *Special Processing* – assures purity, balance, clarity.
4. *Superior Quality* – uniform the world over.

P.S. It's enjoyable as a table water, too. Try it.

Where there's LIFE there's
CANADA DRY WORLD FAMOUS WATER



Still Only 15¢ (in most areas) *Plus deposit*

CAPTURED FLAVOR
from NEW YORK STATE

Sprightly . . . aromatic —not a whit TOO tart . . . not a touch TOO blond—just the glorious captured flavor of New York State grapes—dry light body . . . pleasing after-taste. Perfect for summer's lighter foods —long frosted cabblers.

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
Vineyardists and Producers
Hammondsport, N. Y.



TAYLOR Wines
FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

Let's give 'em the old ONE-TWO!



Use SKIP-FLEA!

"Fleas won't fight where I can bite, Chief. They land a low blow, then scoot into corners I can't reach!

"Let's give 'em the old ONE-TWO —a bath with Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap, followed by regular dustings with SKIP-FLEA Powder. They K. O. fleas fast and leave me feeling like a champ. Ask your druggist for the new 50c economy size powder today!"

FOR TICKS . . . Sergeant's amazing new TICK KILLER rids your dog of ticks easily and quickly—even the large swollen kind. This brand-new product is another result of Sergeant's continuing research and kennel testing.

Sergeant's
DOG CARE PRODUCTS

one, and said that if she hadn't found a new place, I would like to see her. Her answer had a note of doubt in it. She wasn't sure she wanted a new place. She was rather upset just now, what with what had happened, and was going home tonight, to Catford, to stay with her mother. And who had given me her name?

I did not answer that one, but said, "I can quite understand you need a rest. I would be in no hurry for you to come, and quite willing to pay your wages for a few weeks while you have your holiday. It's a nice house, and you would like the people here. They say I'm easy to get on with." I laughed a friendly laugh. "I gather that would be a change for you."

"That it would," she agreed. "But really, I don't know that I—"

"Look," I said with finality, "I shall be near Cary Gardens just after lunch. About half past two. I'll drop in and we'll have a talk. I'm sure neither of us will regret it, and you were *so* well recommended. And after all, you can still say no. So, at half past two, then."

If she saw any impropriety in a would-be mistress dropping in for a talk in the very home of the mistress who was being left, she did not have time to voice it. She had no alternative but to agree.

"All right," she said, and no doubt told the guardian policeman that she was expecting Miss Gill at two thirty and it would be all right to let her in.

I PUT the telephone in its cradle; my heart thudded. I had found a way into the house and was a considerable step nearer Charlotte. The plan forming in my mind would be difficult to achieve, with many snags at the beginning. But they were at the beginning. Once past them, I thought I would be all right.

I went to the living room where, after several trials, I wrote (on the best Marsh House notepaper) a letter from myself to whom it might concern, to the effect that Dorothy Simpson had carried out her duties as my lady's maid for the last four years with honesty, efficiency and sobriety, and was only leaving me because she wanted to be in London near her family.

I dated it a month back, and folded it into one of the Commodore's thickest crested envelopes.

Ordinary Smith had indicated, by talking about Ellen Good leaving Charlotte in the lurch at such a time, that she had not found anyone yet to replace her, and I hoped desperately that this was so.

I went upstairs and packed another suitcase, this time with the quietest and dullest clothes I could find. A black, rather long-skirted frock with a narrow white collar and cuffs, a two-year-old black coat and skirt, three plain blouses, two pairs of low-heeled black court shoes, both rather worn, and I had the foundation of Dorothy Simpson's wardrobe. Black stockings, aprons and sensible underthings I could buy when I got back to town.

It was better now that I could feel that I was making progress again, and I carried the suitcase down to the car with a sense of having a certain degree of control over the immediate future. I had one more thing to do before I set off again; to make sure that as little time as possible was lost in establishing contact again with Jonathan.

Mary was about to make cherry jam, and was irritated by having to think about something else even for a moment. But I made her understand that I was going to stay with Aunt Florence for a little while, and that it was most important that I should get any letters with foreign stamps which came for me. So, would she please forward them to Thurloe Square as soon as they were delivered. And I didn't mean only those in the Commodore's handwriting.

Then the blow fell.

"You'll get one from *him* all right," Mary said. "He was in one of his tantrums just before they left. But don't you take no notice, ducky. He'll have gotten over it by the time he comes back."

"Something I'd done? I suppose he wanted me for something and found I'd disappeared."

"It wasn't you disappearing so much as one of them men you'd got from Lowestoft disappearing. Charlie came looking for him, couldn't find him anywhere. I dessay he took one look at the Commodore and didn't like the idea of being locked up like in the same boat with him."

There was a solid, unswallowable lump in my throat. I tried to keep my voice even:

"Oh, dear, Mary! One of them disappeared, did he? Which one?"

"I never heard Charlie give him a name, but it was the first one, the one you brought from Lowestoft. It seems he slipped overside, and swam ashore when no one was looking."

"Oh, dear," I said again, and managed to get out of the kitchen before my knees gave out completely.

I found a chair in the hall, and sat there with my head swimming giddily.

He hadn't been able to do it—to leave England and Charlotte. I could see him thinking it out. I could even understand it; the foolish, trustful idiot. His seaman's papers would be the deciding factor. He had a lot of money and a new identity—on paper at any rate.

He would make for London, of course. The change of mind, the reversal of plan —a plan which, after all, had been mine, not his—would take him all the way back. He would hang around where he could watch the situation, ready to step in should anything go wrong as far as Charlotte was concerned. Just what he could do, beyond giving himself up and insisting on his guilt I don't suppose he had considered. He only knew he couldn't face the idea of hiding away in Holland while the police might be stumbling on the truth.

I was quite sure I was going to be physically sick; but the nausea subsided and I went slowly to the car.

I couldn't do anything ab
would keep away from me
as he would keep away fro
He knew he had let me dow
the bargain, taken advanta
had done for him.

Kessingland was golden
ing sunshine. The air over
marshes was beginning to
Nothing stirred. The sheep
as the trees that shaded the

Jonathan was not here
have walked through th
clothes drying on him. H
reached Saxmundham, or H
now, and taken a train.

I couldn't do a thing,
thing, about him.

I found I was sitting in th
teeth so tightly clenched t
stop. The thought to give
wretched man work out h
tion, went as swiftly as it ca
would allow him to hang
had done as easily and as lo
had let him cover for her
ning.



"I'd like to see something in a baby-blue convertible wit
walled tires and an offshade eggshell canvas top trimmed in c

COLLIER'S

And I was not going to l
with it.

That was all there was
now why people go crazy
become voices crying in w
spend lifetimes trying to
think is a wrong, even if
with them.

It's the sense of justic
badly. Affront it, arouse
let us rest.

That was what was t
me. I did not care whet
Jonathan again in my life
Inwood was not going on
to be at the cost of *his* life.
now, and so much more s

I went back to Londo
drove I half expected to
long figure trudging the r
I came around a corner.
cause my heart hoped it
irony of it would have
would have made me lau
hadn't laughed, or ever
God knew when.

But I did not see him.

(To be continued n

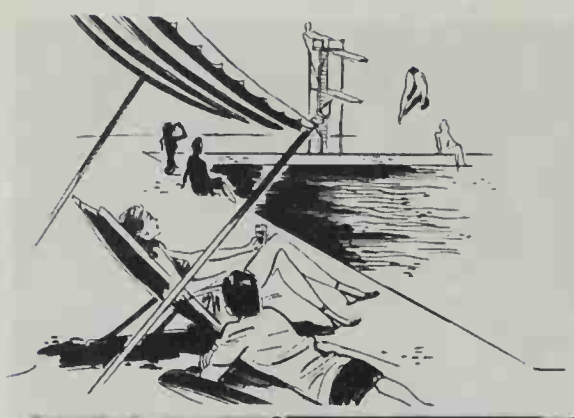
High Speed, High Way to Bombay

Here royalty rides in elephants' howdahs, and spiked minarets mark the skyline. arrive in this fabulous, far-off place so surrounded with homelike attention, ight as well be landing in Indiana as in India. The miles from mean less than minutes, as trans world seasoned TWA crews across the intervening continents and oceans—in high t and at unsurpassed speed. From Broadway to Bombay, ce, in but two days and a few hours. To see the world wondrous way, first see your travel agent or TWA office.



TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

ger flights also carry mail and cargo



There's no better time



The finest electric clocks we've ever made

Quite the handsomest man-about-town is debonair Bachelor electric alarm. His moulded case is finished in ivory with gold color trim. He wakes you on the dot, but not one minute before it's time to get up. And his luminous dial tells you the time at a glance day *or* night. Bachelor is a member of today's smart family of Westclox electric and spring-wound alarm clocks, electric time clocks, wrist and pocket watches—the finest Westclox in our history.

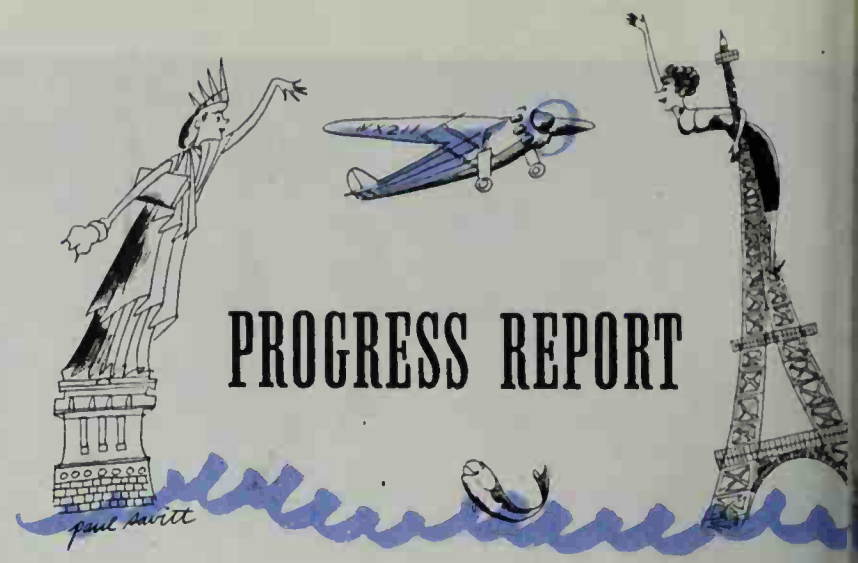
WESTCLOX, LA SALLE-PERU, ILLINOIS

WESTCLOX

Electrics

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF **BIG BEN**

Products of **GENERAL TIME** *Instruments Corp.*



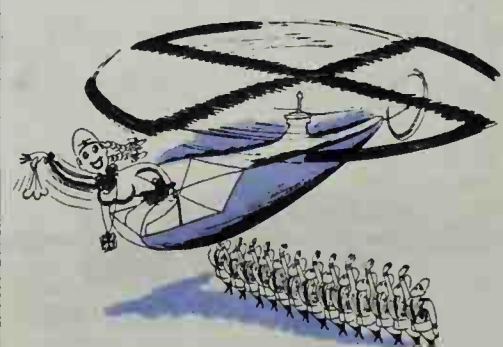
PROGRESS REPORT

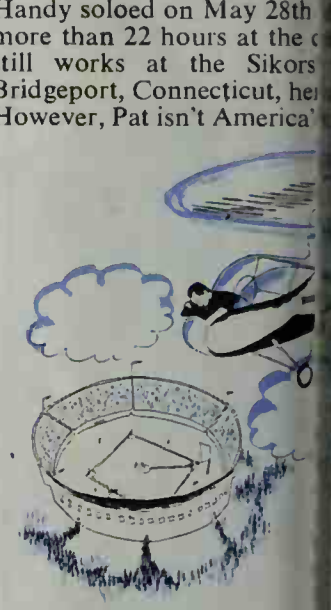
YOUR reporter has just observed his silver jubilee "in aviation" by searching the nation for people and planes and things discussed in this department over the last six years and never finished. This review covers only the more significant events to which we devoted a lot of space at the time. Some have happy endings, some progressed beyond expectations, and others just folded up quietly. The following list of Wing Talk dates is accompanied by a synopsis of the situations, then and now:

August 2, 1941: A nice lady in the Navy Department is rounding out her sixth year at a job entitling her to wear from two to three stripes, if she were a naval officer. She is Mrs. Joy Bright Hancock and though twice widowed by airship disasters is Naval Aviation's most enthusiastic supporter and has been since 1918 . . . A year later she joined the newly organized Waves. Thorough and competent, Joy Hancock worked hard and today is four-striper Captain J. B. Hancock, entering her second year as director of the Women's Reserve of the U.S.N.

October 21, 1944: Three years ago, Stanley Hiller, Jr. (then 16), designed a small helicopter, which he named "The Hiller-copter." In August, 1944, he attracted nation-wide attention by making sensational flights from streets, stadiums and his Berkeley, California, driveway. Among the many who flocked to his workshop was Henry J. Kaiser, who made a typical Kaiser on-the-spot deal; joined forces and promised construction of a Berkeley factory with young Stanley to develop bigger types . . . Kaiser later withdrew. Stanley Hiller, Jr., is now president of United Helicopter, Incorporated, at Palo Alto, California. He emphasizes he has not abandoned his Hiller-copter program but due to the "economic situation" has shelved plans for production of a promised personal two-seater and is concentrating on a larger machine for industrial purposes. Stanley's father, a West Coast steamship company executive, is a member of his son's board of directors.

September 29, 1945: Irish, pretty and twenty-one, Priscilla (Pat) Handy makes good copy as the first and only woman helicopter flight-test observer. She has spent more than 100 hours riding in the nose of Sikorsky helicopter for the AAF, and recordi formance from treetop to Her announced ambition is helicopter pilot after the Handy soloed on May 28th more than 22 hours at the still works at the Sikors Bridgeport, Connecticut, he However, Pat isn't America'





helicopter pilot. Miss Ann twenty-four, of Southport, a former Wasp with 1,50 hours, soloed a Bell helico previously. Miss Shaw wo helicopter license on June Number One in America. helicopter pilot in the wo Reitsch, of the late Third years ago come October 2 Reitsch established a world ord (feminine division) f when she flew the 67 miles to Berlin. That record still puted, but her record as Nazis has been the subject tioning.

September 21, 1946: We of Captain Richard F. Br vivor of the TWA Constell near the Reading, Pennsyl on July 11, 1946, in which companions, checking-out liner, died; and his contr speedy discovery of the his aid, given while critic fully injured, the cause of have long remained a mys Brown, after more than pitalization—his right ar tated at the shoulder and extensive skin-grafting—re for duty in a few days. courage and skill he dis crisis stamp him as being to TWA in an administr visory capacity.

January 11, 1947: The A America's only all-rocket the first time on Dece with twenty-three-year-bl (Slick) Goodlin in the c June 19th last, after rocket-propulsion flights, of a long and costly testi tended to culminate in the

e an hour and an altitude of Slick revealed his resignation a disagreement" with Bell Air- of money to continue the sting work on a private con- the AAF thought it had a place Bell's civilian test erew s engineers, nicians and with compa- now in AAF

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

29, 1947: uctor John San Mateo, riginates ef- ts of teach- te Dominic to fly. The se baker is way to his private license; n of money to buy the solo . . . Sequel now comes from lk's author, William Flynn, or of the San Francisco Several weeks after the piece Collier's, Argo Lardinelli, of o, also a deaf-mute, walked flight office and, via notes, tructor Leavitt. When John rdinelli produeed the Wing ly ehecked Leavitt's pieture before him and, satisfied, instruetion. Leavitt says bit as sharp as Dominie."

947: That aged, supersonic ne May, forty-two, is left ised on the hot, dry-lake e AAF at Muroc, Califor- for taxi tests, then take-off as Skystreak, new jet-pro- c test tube built by Douglas e Navy. Gene May, father the oldest twenty-one, has ing spectacular—too much rom the ship to risk it with . . . He made his taxi tests, powerful General Electrie the many new and strange he ship and finally roared the early morning of May scientific report on the sei- ak, ad-libbed, was: "Boy, n hardly hold her back!"

The 145,000-pound, four- Douglas C-74 transport- onee on order by Pan ways as the postwar DC-7 July 1, 1944), will not en- service. The war's end cut Army contraet, which in e price so high as to make or Douglas to offer it com- t ten of these wonderful flying about the world for ort Command.

Mixmaster, projected by



sueeessor for the DC-3 has been tabled to await pments in the jet-propul- e Mixmaster as an Army propellers mounted aft the nd driven by extension ed to two Allison liquid- buried up front in the ged 432 miles an hour on t from Long Beaeh, Cali- nington, D.C., late in 1945.

Despite this impressive performance and the more impressive money-making possibilities of a commereial version, Douglas saw jet propulsion on the way and plunged into building America's first jet bomber, the XB-43 Jetmaster; outwardly similar to the XB-42 but powered by two jet engines instead of piston engines, drive shafts and propellers. It first flew in May a year ago, but Douglas is dropping no hints yet of plans to make a DC-8 out of the Jetmaster.

Likewise tabled if not definitely dead in its originally-announced form (Dec. 22, 1945) is the Republic Rainbow air liner. Calculated by Republic engineers to fly 400 miles an hour with 40 passengers at 40,000 feet and 4,000 miles nonstop, the Big Four was under construetion for American Airlines (20) and Pan American (six ordered; 12 optioned) when American suddenly canceled its eontract on February 21st of this year due to "present conditions." That automatieally shot the price out of bounds for Pan Am, as Republic just eouldn't build six for the originally quoted price of $1,125,000 apiece. The Rainbow was extracted from the AAF's experimental four-engined photo-reeonnaissance plane, which Republie built and flew on February 12th last year. Army guys will get a good idea of what both the C-74 and the XF-12 might have been as the Globemaster and the Rainbow, minus, of course, the luxurious interior appointments required for passenger service.

June 7, 1947, Wing Talk (Where's Grandma's Airplane?) left North American Aviation with produetion suspended on its neat little four-seater Navion for business and personal flying ($7,750 fly-away-factory at Los Angeles Municipal Airport). Late in May, the company decided to diseontinue its produetion—insufficient demand—though it had built 1,110 Navions from April 1, 1946, when it was introduced, to April 14, 1947, when produetion was suspended and, as of May 20th, had delivered 841, mostly to the business-exeeutive market. On June 24th, North Ameriean sold the design and produetion rights to Ryan Aeronautieal Company of San Diego, it being North American's choiee over a number of bidders.

Renowned for its wartime design and production of the Mustang fighter, Mitehell medium bomber and Advaneed Trainer, North American happily returned to its contraets for jet eombat aireraft. T. Claude Ryan also is happy, for his eompany is baek in the commercial plane-building business again. In the past 25 years, Ryan has built air-mail and cabin planes, trainers and sports planes and Navy jet fighters, but his most famous of all is Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis.

"Grandma's Airplane" elosed with the report that the aireraft industry was considering the Commeree Department's offer to try to get $5,000,000 from Congress to help finanee teehnieal problems whieh even eolleetively the manufaeturers eould not afford to undertake. Without industry baeking, the Department stood little ehance of obtaining the money. On June 23d, the personal-airplane manufaeturers announeed they had voted against participation in the proposed research program.

The airplane manufaeturers have postponed until next spring the National Aircraft Show first held last November in Cleveland, scheduled this November for Chicago, and to be an annual event hereafter. The personal-plane produeers felt that a postponement to next spring would provide more opportunity to plan a display of new models "not now in readiness for public showing." ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SAVITT

Ad-writer's admissions

Abetted by my mascot, Tex,
I make my desk my throne—
The numbers that I often call
Are Texceled by my phone.



My boxes "in" and "out" are taped
So there'll be no mistake;
The Texceled frame of Penny's pic
Reveals no ugly break.





The wire that connects my lamp
Is Texceled to the wall;
The papers that I chance to tear
Tex mends for once and all.

I must admit my prejudice
(And that my Texcel's free;)
Yet Texcel's "stickum's" bonded on,
As all good tapes should be.



©I.T.C. 1947

25¢ size shown. Also comes in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.



"So when you're shopping and you see
This Texcel Tape display,
Why, get a handy roll or two—
You'll use it ev'ry day!"

Texcel Tape

TEXCEL REG U S PAT OFF

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.



NO SUM TOO SMALL

BY MURRAY HOYT

A heart-warming story for every man, woman and child who has ever wanted a particular thing more than anything else in the world

I used to watch old Duffer put his head down to be petted by Jeanie. Duffer never paid any attention to anyone else who came near his past

THE whole thing took place in two weeks during the year Jeanie Williams was thirteen years old. For her they were two hard weeks. By the end of those two weeks, when the letter came saying that the thing Jeanie had hoped for was to be given to someone else, she was changed. You did not see the change; she was the same quiet, polite, serious person. But you felt the change. She wasn't a little girl any more after that letter came; she was older, more mature. She was a small adult.

The first day of that two weeks I met her in front of my house. Her face was serious as always, trying to hide the way she felt, but her eyes danced and her step was so light it was almost as if she were dancing.

She said, "Look, Uncle Red—look at this."

She handed me a little magazine called Horsemanship. She pointed to an ad which said that a woman in Massachusetts wanted to find a home for a hunter she wanted to retire, where it would be cared for well and treated with kindness and affection. The woman could not keep it because she did not have stable room and had acquired a younger horse to take its place. She did not want to sell it because she wanted the right to check carefully on the character of the person who got it, and to receive reports on how it was being treated. She also wanted to control absolutely any later transfer of ownership.

Jeanie had been reading the ad as I read it and she said very softly, almost reverently, "It says 'kindness and affection.' " Then she looked full at me and she added a little louder, "It sounds almost as if she was describing me. It seems almost as if I'm the one she's talking about."

I said, "Are you going to apply, Jeanie?"

She said, nodding eagerly, "Oh, yes. Dad and Mother say I can. It's the first time they've ever agreed to anything like that. I told them that if I got it, the money I've saved toward a horse could go for tack, for shipping the horse up here and for the expense of taking care of him. A year from now I'll be old enough to get a summer job that will give me the money to keep a horse another whole year."

I watched her walking away primly, to school. Under the primness I could terrific excitement that made me expect second her walk might become a dance.

I watched her and I thought that pr and Mildred Williams, her parents, co well have said anything but yes.

But I knew that it was a mistake. I k rific hurt that was coming to Jeanie wh was given to someone else. That magazi in horse circles all over the United State reasonable to suppose, even before the that Jeanie would be the chosen one. .

Kids long for things inexplicable to a Jeanie's case it was a horse. Literally, anything else in the world, Jeanie wante wasn't the "Daddy, buy me a pony," s that all kids go through; it started wh very small, when Mr. Brown used to pu Duffer's back to ride from the barn to gate, and it grew and grew.

She believed that if you wanted a

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE



BODY STYLING BY Dietrich

SER

Not So Long to Wait!

WILLOW RUN is beginning to hit its real stride. Every month new production records are being set, and your local Kaiser-Frazer dealer is now getting a steady, though still inadequate, supply of these 100% postwar cars. Talk with him today—and arrange to *drive* the KAISER or the FRAZER. *Compare the ride!* You will share the enthusiasm of more than 50,000 proud owners. Place your order right now. With today's production, you'll have your KAISER or your FRAZER very soon. And you'll agree that for such a truly fine car, it was *not so long to wait!*

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

FRAZER



One of the

TREASURES

of all time



Roche Percée (Pierced Rock), Gaspé Peninsula, Province of Québec, Dominion of Canada—home of Harwood's Blended Canadian Whisky.

90.4 Proof

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

Sole UNITED STATES *Importers:*

R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.

enough and worked hard enough for it, you'd get it. And she never lost faith that sometime the good break would come. She was a religious little kid, as much as any kid thirteen years old is religious, and she believed that God would not let her down in this matter because He alone could know how much it meant to her.

We who lived near her were rooting for her because she was a nice kid, friendly in spite of being a little on the quiet side, and because I suppose Americans always root for the underdog.

We were practical and we'd seen an awful lot of people with a faith as clear and shining as Jeanie's taste the deep bitterness of disillusion.

She asked for a horse her sixth Christmas when she made out her list for Santa Claus. It was the only item on the list.

Joe and Mildred explained to her that a horse was a very expensive present, that Santa Claus probably knew they had no place to keep a horse, and nothing to feed one. They suggested that she ask for other things in case Santa Claus should feel it best to substitute.

She said, "But he won't do that, because a horse is the only thing I want."

THERE were some grand presents on Christmas Day. Jeanie was very polite and appreciative. But she grew quieter and quieter all the time they were giving out presents. When they were all through, she disappeared and they knew she had gone somewhere alone to cry.

Joe felt horrible. If there'd been any way in the world he could have swung a pony for her, he'd have done it then. But he was a college professor in the little Vermont college at Mead. During the depression, college professors took a cut and he just didn't have the money to swing it. In addition Mildred had had a lot of hospital expenses when the second child was born, and they were expecting another baby. Joe was paying for his house. And to add to everything else, that house was in a development restricted to household pets. It didn't help much to know that all those things were true when he also knew that Jeanie was somewhere alone bawling her eyes out.

She never asked for a horse again. In fact beginning about then she developed the habit of not asking for anything she wasn't positive she'd receive. She'd go to amazing lengths to hint around and find out whether the answer would be yes before she actually asked. She seemed to dread being refused. That first time must have been very bad.

Joe and Mildred sat back after that and waited for Jeanie to forget the horse business, and they thought this was happening until the tin box appeared on her bureau. It had a piece of brown sticker tape pasted on the cover and on that was printed HORS MUNNE. Inside were her two bankbooks, started by the two grandmothers when she was born, a dollar her grandfather had given her for Christmas, the quarter which comprised her last week's allowance, and a penny which she had found in the big chair after the insurance man had called.

Mildred called Joe in and showed it to him. He looked at it thoughtfully. He asked about the penny and she told him.

He said, "No sum too small."

And Mildred said, "But, Joe, the amount is pitiful and absurd compared to what a horse would cost. She's so ignorant of what she's up against. She's going to be so bitterly disappointed. We've got to make her see just how impossible it would be for a little girl to save that much money."

They waited until the time was right, and then Mildred had a long talk with Jeanie. She explained that Jeanie could not buy a horse for much less than a hundred and fifty dollars. She tried to make her understand how many one-dollar-and-twenty-six-centses it would take to make a hundred and fifty dollars.

Jeanie listened to her and seemed to understand, but the box remained on the bureau, and the next time Mildred looked there was more money in it.

They didn't always know where Jeanie got the money, unless they asked her. But we neighbors knew. It became noised around that Jeanie would, at fifteen cents an hour, do practically anything after school and Saturdays within her strength and ability. And there were a surprising number of errands to be run, trips to the store, hickory nuts to be shucked—things like that. She'd take the nickel or dime, and she'd thank you primly and then she'd start to walk away. Only after a few steps it would be too much for her and she'd run, as if she could hardly wait to reach that tin box.

Mildred saw her put the money in, once. There was really a little ceremony to it. First she opened the box and stirred the contents a little with her hand. Then she held the new piece of money a foot or so above the box to make it clink satisfyingly when it dropped in. After she dropped it, she carefully closed the lid again.

She loved every horse within a mile of home, and some a lot farther away than that. This included several specimens of flea bait definitely not worth loving by any but Jeanie's all-embracing standards.

And all the horses loved her. When she was a little kid still, I used to watch her from my window make a beeline for old Duffer's pasture fence. And he'd trot right over and put his head down to be petted. She'd stroke him and lay her face against him, feel his soft nose. And when he grew tired of this, she'd follow him around and squat beside him to watch him eat. You'd see her lips moving and you knew she was carrying on a one-sided, animated conversation with him. When she was called back to the house, he would follow her to the pasture fence and stand looking after her as she made for home with that sturdy businesslike walk which is peculiar to small children. Duffer never paid any attention to anyone else who came near his pasture.

AS THE time passed between her sixth and thirteenth years, her character began to take shape. I believed, and Joe and Mildred agreed, that wanting this one thing as much as she did probably had a considerable effect in forming it. She was a gentle kid, never cruel. She was quiet, and while she had a grand smile and you knew when she was happy, she was never boisterous in happiness. In fact all emotion, especially hurt, she hid very successfully from grownups, seeming to prefer to fight it out all alone.

She had a lot of friends but no very close companion as most girls that age seem to have. She was extremely affectionate. She was perhaps more affectionate toward her parents than the average child, and the rest spilled out lavishly among the horses she knew, and among all other animals of her acquaintance indiscriminately.

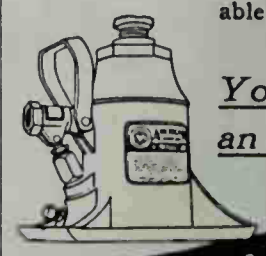
The Fergusons' horse, Perry, Jeanie rode a lot and fussed with a lot. Mary Ferguson was afraid of it, and Perry was not always completely sold on Mr. Ferguson. The result was that occasionally they could not catch their animal and had to come to Jeanie for help.

Jeanie would walk out there into the pasture and she would call with that serious, grown-up manner of hers, "Perry, you've been a very bad boy. Now you come here this instant."

And Perry would come. He'd trot over with a happy little whinny and docilely allow the halter to be slipped over his head, though a few minutes before he had been galloping from one end of the pasture to the other with a great show of heels when anyone tried to approach him. This I saw with my own eyes. Why it was so, I don't know, unless a horse has some way of knowing who loves him and who doesn't.

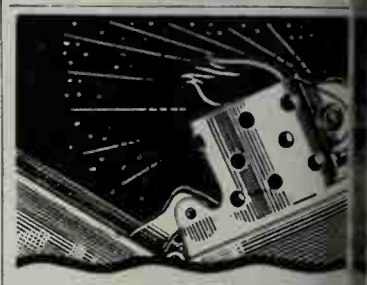
Jack of All Tr

American Hydraulic Ja
precision-engineered a
for quick, safe, sure lift
Rugged and
able in *any*



You car
an Ame

American Hydrau
Inc.
Sheboygan, Wisc



ZIPPO
SURE-FIRE • LONG LA
FLINTS
4 for 10
ALSO ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
BY THE MAKERS OF
ZIPPO Windproof
BRADFORD, PA.

New! A SPRI
FOR L
WITH SQUARE CO



The Gilo
Only
It's R
—but It Sprin
At last! A sprinkler that throws the w
not a circle like whirling sprinklers.
corners. Does a complete job of wate
rectangular lawn or garden. Elim
watering with a hose. Controls the
lawn—from 4 square feet to 600 squ
ing parts to wear out. Ask your dea
order today. Money-back guarantee
VALENTINE WELDER &
3090 E. Grand Blvd.

SOOTHE PAIN OF
THIS AMAZIN
Here's a single soothing
to speed relief from miseri
piles. It's amazing Pazo*. A
to relieve pain and itchin
inflamed tissues—helps pr
ness—reduce swelling. Th
get is wonderful!
So, to speed relief from
pain of simple piles, get P
doctor can tell you abou
druggists' in tubes with
pile pipe for simple, thor
cation—also tins and su
*Pile Ointment and Supp

...n going out to Helen Blair's ...e as ten. Helen Blair lived a ...iles outside town and owned ...iding horses. In the summer ...ed both horses and instruc... ...ls' camp on the other side of ... he rest of the year she gave ...e at home. Trust Jeanie to ...ut a setup like that. The cou... ... I'd been out there the place ...to be infested with little girls, ...rying, saddling horses, and ...sly around a ring. And look... ...h polite condescension when ... " tack" was and what "post-

...l from Jeanie that, to the ...ho liked riding and horses, ... club out there. And they ...n. When they didn't have ... lesson, they hung around

...t most of her time out there. ...e used to spend hours just ...ne stalls brushing the horses; ...st talking to them.

... getting up early and doing ...iano practice before school. ... room work at noon, then ...he'd ride out to Helen's on ... In the evening she'd study ... early so that she could get ...cticing the next morning.

...ut there once and compli... ...n her riding. She thanked ... But I watched her eyes. ...oking past me at two girls ...n below who owned their ...rgans. If I ever read lone... ...nging in anyone's eyes it ...en.

...ned away I knew that with ...g, the lessons, the having ...s horses come to her, was ... But there was a big, lonely ... having her own horse to ...over, could ever fill.

...k her once in a while how ...l was coming along. Some... ..., "Oh, pretty good." But ... would tell me something ... I would know that she ... to someone about it. That ... was during the war when ...e dollars to the Red Cross. ...t didn't seem right that I ...ping all this money when ...s was giving plasma and ...ers. It didn't seem right." ...uld sense the sacrifice it ...major setback to her hopes. ...he Red Cross three times and she bought war-savings stamps. But the stamps could go into the tin box, which was very heavy now. It was the same box that she had used right along, but now the HORS MUNNE had been crossed out and over it written, in a little girl's hand, HORSE MONEY.

By the time she was thirteen she was official baby tender for the neighborhood. The money always went into the tin box.

In a way it was too bad she liked ice cream and all kinds of sweets as much as she did because if she hadn't, saving would have been a lot easier. There must have been some pretty hard-fought battles behind that serious little face.

BUT always the tin box won out. There were only two things that she would spend money on; one was movies which had horses in them (and she saw all of those) and riding lessons at Helen's. Mostly she was able to get her dad or her mother to pay for the riding lessons but sometimes she could not, and then she very reluctantly tapped the fund. By that year when she was thirteen, she had almost one hundred dollars.

That was the year she began to grow tall. She had been a chubby little thing earlier, but suddenly she began to shoot up and all her hems were let out in a desperate effort to keep her properly clothed. I had expected she would be displeased at this sudden shooting upward, but I found her philosophical.

"It's much easier to mount now, Uncle Red."

That thirteenth year was when the pin-up boy appeared on her wall.

"It made me feel old," Joe said. "Here was my daughter starting to put up boys' pictures. It made me feel darned peculiar. So when the time was right I said to her, 'I was in your room today, Jeanie, and I noticed that Roy Rogers is your pin-up boy.' And she said, 'Oh, Daddy, that isn't Roy Rogers' picture. That's a picture of Trigger, his horse.' "

That was the year she found out about an old Morgan that could be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars and she hinted around to find out whether Joe and Mildred would lend her the extra twenty-five dollars to buy it.

That was a fairly tough decision on all concerned. Joe could have stood the twenty-five without any trouble, but the upkeep he just wasn't financially able to handle. By that time inflation in the United States was a healthy urchin, and



"It'll look better when we get the house built" JOHN MILLIGAN





1. "I'M ON the wrong train," she told me. "There's no Bond Street on my line, yet I distinctly heard you tell that handsome young man to change at Bond Street."



2. "NO MA'M," I said. "I told him to change *to* Bond Street—Pipe Tobacco, that is—made by the Philip Morris folks. Gave him some of mine to try in his pipe."



3. "HE CERTAINLY seems to be enjoying it," she said, watching his happy expression as he smoked. She sniffed the fragrant aromatic tobaccos. "Smells nice, too."



4. "I'D BUY SOME for my husband," she mused, "only" . . . "Only what"? I prompted. "Only I'm *single!*" And she said it loud enough for *him* to hear!



"change to BOND STREET ...for fragrant smoking!"

Made by the PHILIP MORRIS PROCESS



A brewer's most Precious Possession
is the Good Taste of the beer he brews.

Ideals of the Founder
VALENTIN BLATZ, 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson
of Master Brewers

Blatz



MILWAUKEE'S FIRST BOTTLED BEER

© 1947. Blatz Brewing Company. Established 1851 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

w fixed salaries were pinched
nfi y under such conditions. Joe
a ncil and a piece of paper and
an write down the things they
nee. Jeanie had an old catalogue
ooked up saddle, bridle, and
her items which I know noth-
ut Then he wrote down the ev-
enses that owning a horse
nil. There was stable rental,
bran, shavings for bedding,
al; a lot of other items like
id that as he wrote, Jeanie's
ore and more expressionless.
ion drained from it and it
cal.
e to the conclusion that they
at least seventy-five dollars
nt (which Jeanie called tack)
would cost about one-hun-
a year—at a conservative
take care of the horse.
how impossible it was once
were down on paper. She
for going over it with her,
herself. She didn't appear
ime. They knew where she
ough, and Joe says he and
h felt horrible. Jeanie was
nd very seldom went away
ny more, the way she used
o be something out of the
make her do that now.
few days later and I asked
fund was coming. That was
mes she told me something

ned about the cost of up-
tack and everything. She
istfully, "Sometimes, Uncle
ry discouraged. I guess I'm
n old lady before I get my
s it will be so late it won't
good."
you aren't going to give up,

id, "No, I'm not going to
r jaw seemed to stick out a
e said it, though that might
y imagination.

the way things stood when
isement appeared in Horse-
I have said, by that time
ew about Jeanie and her
of us were rooting for her.
people brought her the ad.
lied. It was a nice straight-
with only a few misspelled
ng had never been Jeanie's

ess in the letter lay in the
ie could not describe either
the pasture, but had to say
rse were given to her she
look around and hire each

tter went off, everyone con-
k and waited. I'd see Jeanie
hool and back and I could
endous excitement in her.
lways to hide any emotion
this was something out of
o that I could see it in the
ed along, in the way her
in every move she made.
art went out to her because
couldn't win; I knew she
se I was practical and fig-
; they were many times a
e against her.
to get together tack. She
to water the horse. She
the feed store and found
and bran. She canvassed
est our development for a
oked into old barns, car-
talls. Everything is new in
ent, but on Middle Street,
to ours, the houses have
any of them, for over a
. Some of them have large
les. She finally landed one
n she went looking for a
pent two or three days on
trouble finding one near
stable, but she stuck to it in
te little way and finally she

succeeded. You went into her room and you found lists of horsy things she'd have to buy. The mail contained at least one catalogue for her every day.

You watched the excitement in her and your heart went out to her because you knew that she was building up to a disappointment which would shake her through and through, which would hurt her worse than she had ever been hurt in her life. You sensed that. You wished there were some way you could protect her, you could help her—yet you knew of nothing anyone could do.

When people talked to me downtown I found myself sticking up for her. One man said to me, "That is the luckiest thing I ever heard of. Sitting back and having a horse turned over to you."

I said, "I don't call it luck. In the first place it hasn't been turned over to her and probably won't be. But if it should be, it still isn't lucky. She's fought for it for years. She's had some tough breaks. A good break should be about due her. If she doesn't get this particular horse in this particular way, she'll get another one in a year or so because she's working for it all the time. It's the same sort of luck you might accuse a prospector of having when he's studied and worked for months, even years, and finally finds the



"Frankly, Mr. Trevor, we deal with a wealthier class of people who can afford our high interest rates"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

gold a little quicker than he expected. It's one of those breaks you make yourself."

The guy looked at me surprised. He said, "Okay. You don't have to get so vehement about it. If you say so, it isn't luck."

Maybe I was touchy because I hated to see it happen to her. Sure she would get a horse in another year or so. To an adult a year is not very long. To a child it stretches away endlessly. When you're thirteen, a year is a long, long time. I wanted her to have the horse now.

It was during this period that Joe heard her praying. He went in to tuck her in for the night and open her window, and before he stepped off the carpet he heard her talking. Her eyes were tight shut and she was asking God to help her, to guide her. She had done everything she could do; now she needed help. He tiptoed back downstairs without going into the room.

She didn't say much about the mail but she went down to the post office every time a train came in, if she was free. And when she came home from school her eyes always went to the table where Joe and Mildred left the incoming letters.

At the end of two weeks the letter came. It was a short letter. It thanked her for her application but it said that under the circumstances, since she had neither stable nor pasture, the horse couldn't very well be turned over to her.

You didn't have to ask her what was in the letter. She drew into herself, and before she finished reading, her face was a mask. She stood there with the letter in her hand for a little while and once Joe thought she was going to drop it. But then she very quietly handed it to him. She wouldn't let them see her eyes.

She said, and her voice was thin and high-pitched, "Well, I'll have all these things ready anyway, when I do get one." Her voice didn't sound very natural. She was around for the next few minutes but after that they couldn't find her for a long, long time.

I GUESS Joe felt almost as badly as she did. He came over to see me, ostensibly to get any ideas I could give him, but I guess in reality he needed to get it off his chest. He told me that Mildred had phoned Helen for the same reason.

After Joe went back home I sat in the living room thinking about it. I thought about the hours of baby-tending and the running errands, I thought about the money gradually growing in the tin box on the bureau. I thought about Duffer following her across the pasture. I thought about her catching Perry when nobody else could lay a hand on him. I thought about her first pin-up boy, about her seeing National Velvet five complete times and parts of two others. She was just a little girl who wanted a horse very badly. And pretty soon I didn't feel very good inside. This had been her big chance. She had had faith, and having faith she had dropped her guard. Now she was hurt as she might never be hurt again. For my money it was a damned shame and if nobody could do anything about it at least a try could be made.

I picked up the telephone. I put in a person-to-person call to the lady in Massachusetts. The operator said, "I am sorry, sir, there will be a delay. That same call has just been put in by another party."

So I sat around and waited and I began to feel no better fast. I knew Jeanie would be away somewhere alone by that time, and little pictures of Jeanie in the past five years kept passing before my eyes.

After a while the phone rang and they told me that they had my party.

I told the lady who I was, and then I started in. I told her about Jeanie; what she looked like, all the things I knew about her. I told her about those first rides on Duffer, about that first Christmas, about Duffer following her around, about Perry, about the way she mothered all animals, about the tin box and its slow, slow accumulations, about the money to the Red Cross, about the capacity to love some horse, pet it, make over it, more than any horse was ever loved or made over before.

I said, "You want care and affection for your horse; you can never find them in such quantity anywhere again." I told her everything. She didn't interrupt me much. When I got through her voice sounded a little different. She thanked me for calling and then she told me something about the horse. His name was Topper. He was a grandson of Man o' War—by Thunderer out of a range mare. He was thirteen years old but still very sound. The only strings attached to her offer were that he must not be hunted, or ridden for hire, and must never be sold. If the person who got him could no longer keep him he must be returned. She said that Topper liked to be petted and would stand for hours and be curried. If he liked you he would follow you around. I gathered that Topper was lonesome, now that his place had been taken by another horse.

I said to her, "They're two of a kind. Jeanie has been lonely for a long time, for a horse to love. And Topper is lonely for a mistress to love him."

After that I hung up. When I got the bill later, the call cost me eight dollars and thirty-five cents. I figured I never spent eight dollars and thirty-five cents that I begrudged any less.

I FOUND out afterward that Helen had called just ahead of me. That Massachusetts woman must have learned an awful lot about Jeanie in an awfully short time; though maybe we duplicated to some extent. If I had known about Helen's call I wouldn't have put in mine because I would have felt that as one horse woman to another, she could probably swing more weight than I could. I was just a guy who wanted to see a little girl get her horse.

Joe said that Jeanie was very quiet all evening. In the middle of the evening the phone rang and it was a telegram for her. It said: TOPPER IS YOURS. AM STARTING HIM OFF BY VAN YOUR EXPENSE EARLY TOMORROW MORNING. MAY I COME UP SOMETIME AND RIDE WITH YOU? And it was signed by the lady in Massachusetts.

Jeanie didn't mean to show how she felt any more when she knew the horse was hers than she had when she had thought it never would be. But she came tearing into the living room, her eyes big. Her whole face shone. Her whole body was light, as if she were hardly touching the ground.

They called me over and she had calmed down by then; but I have never seen anyone look so quietly radiant as she did. Joe said that all the next morning she whistled and sang. He said she was so happy that it was all around her like a halo. It wasn't that she had ever been unhappy; she had always been a happy kid. It was just that she had wanted something very, very badly and now she had it and she was so happy she couldn't begin to contain it.

It had to show itself somehow and so she hummed and sang and whistled all day.

At ten thirty that night Helen called and said that the horse was there and was grand; big and lovable. The next morning I took them out before breakfast, because Joe's car wouldn't start.

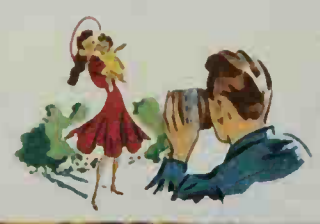
She got out there and she walked into the stall and up to his head, and he whinnied a little, softly, and nuzzled her with his velvety nose.

And she stroked him and held her cheek against him.

THE END



LOADING IS A "SNAP"!
Slide open the drawer. Insert film magazine. Close drawer—shoot!



SHOOTING IS A JOY!
What you see, Revere captures, in natural-as-life, color movies.



Presenting Revere EIGHT "70" Magazine Camera



Revere Eight "88" Camera With F 2.5 Wollensak Anastigmat coated lens, $77.50.



Revere Eight "99" Turret With F 2.8 Bausch & Lomb Animar coated lens, $110.



Revere Eight "85" Projector With 500 watt F 1.6 coated

Thrilling home movies easier than ever . . . with the new Revere Eight Magazine Camera! Capture for "keeps" in natural color motion those priceless scenes—children at play—vacation fun—happy family occasions—sport events—at slightly more cost per scene than snapshots. Then show your movies at their brilliant best on a Revere 8mm Projector.

The Revere Magazine Camera is so simple to load, a child can operate it. It has five speeds, including slow motion and single frames for titling and trick shots, ratchet key that winds easily as a watch and many other fine features. With F 2.8 Bausch & Lomb Animar coated lens, $127.50, tax included. See Revere Home Movie Equipment at your dealer today.

REVERE CAMERA COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILL.
World's Largest Exclusive Makers of 8mm Movie Equipment

LISTEN TO REVERE'S RADIO SHOW FEATURING JAN AUGUST EVERY SATURDAY, 5:45 OVER MUTUAL NETWORK, COAST TO COAST

. . . and the new Automatic Overlap

Revere Cuvamatic Splicer





Trims both ends of 8mm or 16mm film in one stroke, ready for built-in scraper. Then automatically overlaps and bonds in one

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

21st), you stated that you had printed articles on what to do before. I haven't taken your magazine long but I have never seen any such articles. Maybe the youths (and we are) of America should spend their evenings in juke joints, bars and night clubs getting drunk on alcoholic beverages.

UNITED FAN CLUBS FOR TEEN-AGERS OF AMERICA, Shreveport and Bossier City, La.

We suggest the United Fan Clubs, etc., read The Kids Get a Night Club in the issue of August 9th.

POLES APART

DEAR SIR: In The Week's Mail of June 21st, Cartoonist Bandel Linn claims his Zzydd Corporation puts out an eleven-foot pole for use on people you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Didn't Ed Wynn use such a device on the radio years ago?

MARY ATHERTON, Arlington, Vt.

. . . Linn stole his pole from Colonel Stoopnagle and will be sued. . . .

HENRY CREPÉT, Georgetown, Conn.

Linn disclaims lunatic infringement on the ten-foot pole. He says Wynn's pole was a twelve-footer, and was made of wood. His Pole is living and from Warsaw. Stoopnagle's pole is a twenty-footer and for use on people you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole—twice.

. . . Bandel Linn's Zzydd Corporation which sells Dull, Sickening Thuds for people to fall to the floor with has nothing on my outfit—the Aaabcco Co. which gets top billing in my phone book. My best sellers include: A Streamlined Incubator for Breeding Contempt; a Joke Merry-Go-Round Stopper for people who are always at their Wits' End; and a Collapsible Cage to store Wild-Oat Stocks. My Little Handy Set of Knitting Needles is just the thing for Eyebrow Knitters. We also have a summer sale on our combination Rod Sparer & Child Spoiler; Depth Plumbers; and Vest Pocket Scales, for those who like to weigh their words.

Our August Special is a reduced rate on our Interplanetary Telegraph, should you want to thank your lucky stars!

ROBERT Q. LEWIS, Aaastoria, N. Y.

FLAG ETIQUETTE

GENTLEMEN: The flag on the July 5th cover is being carried backward. The American flag should always be carried in the direction of the Union Jack, as the blue canton containing the 48 white stars is known.

JOHN C. HARRINGTON, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . A flag is never carried flat—Never!

G. B. NUTTER, Bexley, Ohio

. . . On the cover of the July 5th edition the people in the picture do not salute the flag or remove their hats. On pages 18 and 19 there is a similar picture and they also do not remove hats or salute. They even ignore the passing of the flag in the parade.

PFC. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, El Paso, Tex.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, ETC.

DEAR SIR: Have done hypnotic work as a hobby for a good many years but have never found anyone who dared to defend the marvelous possibilities of hypnosis in therapeutic work before. (Do As You're Told, July 5th.) I have proven practically every point brought out in the article which is most ably written.

I would like to add one observation of my own: There is no time nor space in mind which is Universal, and our subconscious mind, as a spark of the Universal, becomes what it knows itself to be. When the conscious activity of the mind is in sleep, thereby removing race ideas, inhibitions, environmental suggestions and evolutional fear-creating experiences, the subconscious mind can and does draw from
versal, under the guidance of an
operator, for all that it need
fect health, happiness and pro
knows itself to be and therefore

JOSEPH CLARKSON, South Pas

UPS AND DOWNS

DEAR SIRS: I am writing this
forget my inner heavings by re
lier's aboard a ship at sea. Do
a cure for seasickness?

JACK WINSTER, Cape T

*Why not try Mark Twain's cu
under a tree"?—with Collier's.*

OLYMPIC BATTLE

GENTLEMEN: I disagree with
Emil von Elling as contender f
of U.S. Olympic coach (Olyn
July 5th). At Baton Rouge,
of LSU Tigers, we have the gr
coach in the world (also a go
coach), namely, Bernie Moore.

BOB LYONS, New

BRASS SOUNDING

DEAR SIR: You mentioned that
roe kept himself from mutiny
Off My Sea Chest (Buttering
Brass, June 21st). Allow me t
that the thought of a .45 sl
his heart might have had some
with keeping him from mutiny.

LT. CLARENCE A
Corpus C

BUNNY WABBITS

DEAR SIR: I'm going to frame
June 28th cover and when my
much as mentions rabbit hunt
I'm going to show it to him. I
heart at all, I'll bet we have so
Saturdays *together!* Now ca
me a cover "humanizing" t
bowling balls?

MRS. ROBERT MILLER, C

. . . Good to see a cover that
cheesecake—but a little "hum
Am I sick of the female figger

MIKE LEFCOURT, Wo

. . . What the devil does yo
June 28th mean?

RITA ROBERTS, I

*The rabbits are crying becau
man scarecrow is so stuffed
vegetables he can't move.*

. . . Missed the dispossessed
at the Ski Resort you ment
Week's Work of June 28th
give me an idea of what it loo

JOAN SMITH, V

Herewith our Jan. 26, 1946.



Collier's for Aug

LIFE WITH MR. POWELL

Continued from page 38

...ld bow off at the left side, ...ossover beard,' snap it on, ... collar, and hobble back ...ge as an old crippled man. ...he opposite side, I would ...ely entrance as my own fa-

...zied activity, however, was ... continuous, and he almost ...e he landed a part in Within ...s was a success, and during ...t, wooed and wedded Eileen ...ther member of the cast. ... Powell later presented her ... his only son, William, Jr., ... at Warner Brothers studio, ...ing *magna cum laude* from ...lowing his service with the ... during the war.

Within the Law, Powell ...ock-company shows and ...d tours.

...well to Broadway

... got back on Broadway, ...ked fairly steadily, winding ...sh Love, which ran for two ...de his last stage appearance ...ll fortune set in again. So ... depression. He had been ... nine years. His career to- ...an two hundred plays.

... fall of this year, Powell ... a Broadway bar one eve- ...nk. He was "between en- ...leaning out of work. Jack ...s in there drinking with Al ...ly-day motion-picture pro- ...arrymore stared piercingly ...demanded that Warner hire ... thinking it but a whim of ... told Powell casually to ...or a film test. He did, and ... film career.

...t movie work got a sort ...d-no reaction, but he got ...fter when an accident to a ...in When Knighthood Was ... him in to play Francis I, ... He made good in this and ...as on his way to Europe ...d Dorothy Gish and Ron- ... make Romola. He took ...nade and toured the Con- ...ng to New York several

... me along to go to Holly- ... it, and he's been there

...r of duty was with Para- ...he created the role of De- ...Vance. Following this he ...rs. His first marriage had ...ce; he now met and mar- ...bard. This marriage also

... picture for Metro, he ... Miss Myrna Loy. They ...ether that Metro teamed ...ame to be known as The ...es. But before the series ..., Powell played in Reck- ... late Jean Harlow. The ... romance, cut short by ...llowed.

...g years built Powell into ...e and Miss Loy became a ... for wholesome married ...s got hundreds of letters ...em for setting such a fine ...asking for advice. One ...ines, Iowa, wrote to Pow- ...ried life was unhappy and ... When her husband mis- ...lated, she told him, "That ...illiam Powell would treat ... movies." To which her ...s replied, "Well, you're ..."

... Mr. Powell built himself ...e" in Beverly Hills con- ...own gadget. Every room had a phone, and the master, by flipping a bedside switch, could hear what was being said anywhere on the premises. No one could get near the place without being sighted, and his arrival signaled by alarm bells. All the doors in the house were opened by electric motors, actuated by foot buttons.

The outside architecture was a combination of Regency, Beverly Hills, Gothic and early Chester A. Arthur. Inside, every room was in a different period, and William Haines, an actor turned decorator, nearly went nuts. His triumph was the master bedroom, done in wine red.

There were several bars, one of which could be converted, by pressing buttons, into a grill room, with a spit rising from the floor, charcoal burners popping out of closets and a pantry sliding mysteriously out of a wall. The salon was convertible either into a motion-picture theater or a guest bedroom—and occasionally, when the controls went wrong, into both simultaneously.

To open the gates into the grounds Powell had to work a radio-eye gadget in his car.

Sometimes the control wouldn't work, and all hands had to wait for a corps of electricians to be escorted to the scene by the Beverly Hills Police Department, with sirens screaming.

When the house was finished, it was discovered there were so many bars that there were not enough bedrooms. The master built an annex, with four complete bedroom suites. So many guests showed up that a bar shortage developed, and the whole thing became a vicious circle. Mr. Powell suddenly tired of the whole idea and sold it to a family with several small children.

Dislikes Best-Dressed-Man Role

In 1938, Powell underwent a serious operation and was out of the studio for seventeen months. This mellow period was interrupted soon after he went back to the studio and began to appear on lists of best-dressed men as the "suave type." He grew to have a dreadful hatred of the word "suave," and gave out interviews ridiculing male fashions.

"Anyone who steps out socially in Hollywood garbed according to Hoyle," he said, "only attracts attention to himself and is usually mistaken for a private detective."

He made a fetish for a while of going around in any weird assortment of clothing he happened to find in his closet.

He carried this to the extent, one afternoon, of turning up at a swimming party in a business suit, derby hat, gold-headed cane and spats. Nobody noticed. Peace of mind returned to Mr. Powell almost at once.

In 1939, back at work after his illness, Powell met a young actress, Diana Lewis, a New Jersey girl twenty-three years his junior. They fell in love and were married in Nevada, January 5, 1940. They live in two homes, one in Beverly Hills, the other on the desert.

In the early days of Palm Springs, Powell bought a modest home a couple of blocks off the highway and made pets of a small family of tarantulas, which were trained to menace strangers and visitors to whom Mr. Powell took a dislike. Palm Springs has since become a dusty desert Coney Island, and Mr. Powell, now mellower, has abandoned the little fellows to their own devices.

If he does win that Oscar, as the wise boys think, that still won't satisfy Mrs. Powell. She has other ambitions for him. She wants him to become the yo-yo champion of the world.

THE END



New Worlds
of listening pleasure for you

The Crestwood, with RCA Victor FM, newly designed record changer and the famous tone of the "Golden Throat"



FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY

This is the symbol of the "Golden Throat"—RCA Victor's exclusive 3-way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in a booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.

Like all great entertainers, the Crestwood has an air of distinction, authority — that quality of musical tone called "presence." Its *balanced* "Golden Throat" tone is the heritage of RCA's 27 years of radio and electronic research combined with Victor's 48-year musical leadership.

In *one* convenient roll-out unit is your complete radio chassis *and* your record changer! For radio, you have RCA Victor Frequency Modulation, FM at its finest; standard and short-wave also. For records, you have a newly designed automatic changer with RCA Victor's exclusive, permanent pickup, the Silent Sapphire. Records sound better, last longer. Hear the new RCA Victor Album of Kreisler favorites and judge for yourself!

Hear Robert Merrill sing "Music America Loves Best." Sundays, 2 PM, EDT, on your NBC station.

Victrola radio-phonograph 612V3 plays on AC with the roll-out unit open or closed. 4 record compartments. It's at your RCA Victor dealer's now, styled to blend with mahogany (above) or (at right) with fine walnut furniture.



ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

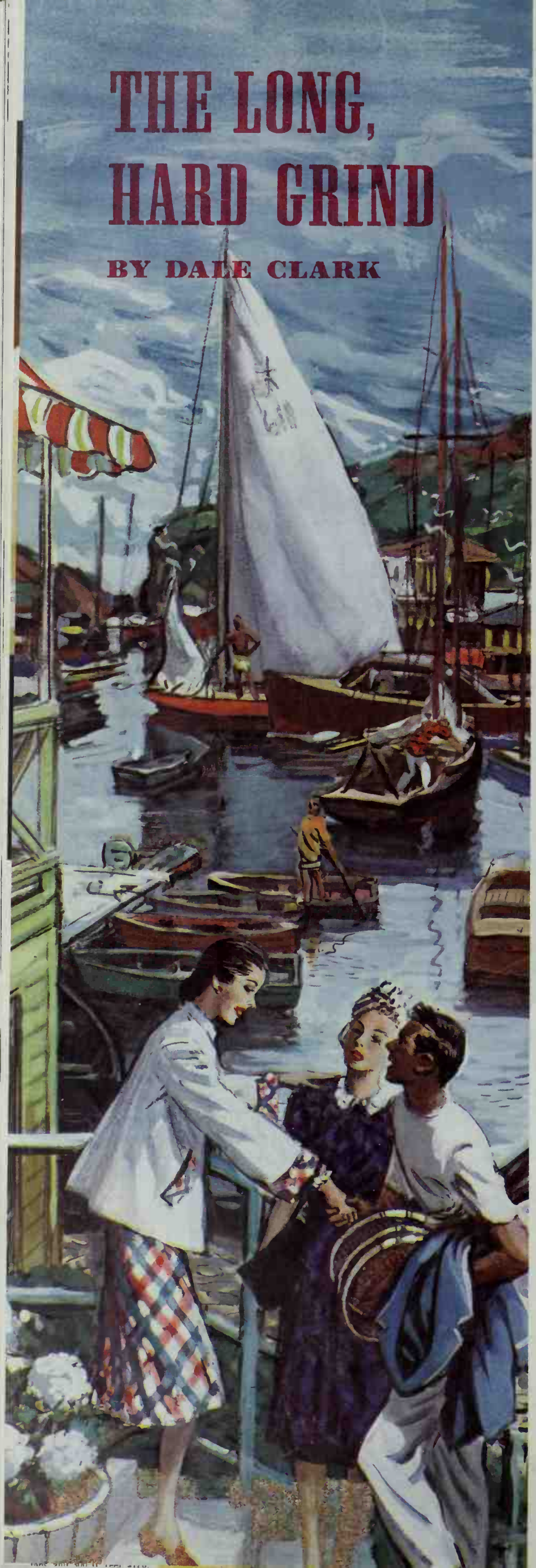
"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

THE LONG, HARD GRIND

BY DALE CLARK



ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

IT WAS the oddest feeling, running into Joe and Edith Conroy after all these years. Mary Haver came down the clubhouse steps the first day of the state tennis tournament, and cried, "Joe! Edith! You haven't changed a bit."

This was almost true of Joe. He wore white flannels and a T-shirt and carried a brace of rackets under a bare brown arm. He was only a little balder and thinner than the halfback whose ninety-yard run won the homecoming game in 1935. Edith, who had been the prettiest girl on the campus, *had* changed. She had grown heavier and, well—dowdy.

Mary Haver said, "Darlings, you're staying with us. Yes, you are. You know we'll love having you. Why, Charley would be furious if you two came into town and went to a hotel."

The Havers lived in a perfectly huge, but old, house on the hill above the Yacht and Tennis Club. Joe and Edith came up in a taxi, after dinner. Edith exclaimed over the house and the upstairs room, so large that a tester bed was insignificant in it. The window faced over the blue water and colored sails of the yacht basin.

"Oh!" said Edith. "It's marvelous. The *view!* It's perfectly sumptuous." Even the vine at the window was perfectly marvelous and sumptuous, and Mary felt that Edith was overdoing it. It was a relief to get downstairs with the men.

Joe was calling Charley "Chuck," and they were talking about Joe's ninety-yard run, which Charley had watched from the bench. He could not remember the name of the player whose forward pass had fallen into Joe's arms.

Listening to him, noticing his waistline, Mary felt a little pity for a husband trying to recapture a lost and gleaming moment, a moment that had been Joe's after all.

Joe turned and gave her his old slow grin. "It's been a long time, Mary. You'd be surprised what an old man I am in a fifth set nowadays. I have to beat these kids in a hurry or not at all."

Looking flustered, Edith said, "It's just that he's been so terribly busy. He wasn't sure he ought to take the time off for the tournament, and at the very last minute it was touch and go finding anyone to take the children." She rattled on and on about the two children.

Edith was tired from the train ride, and Joe remembered he had two tough singles matches tomorrow. Mary walked with them to the stairs. She came back to find Charley slumped in the study, brooding over *McIntyre vs. Hamwell, 106 Atlantic Reporter, 134 Maryland 315.*

"Charley," she said, "do you know I wouldn't have recognized Edith? If I'd just met her alone, I mean."

"You're absolutely right," said Charley with his lips; his eyes remained on the page.

Mary went upstairs and sat for a while considering herself in the mirror. She had never been a raving beauty in college. On the other hand, she had not let herself get, well, middle-agish. She actually did not look thirty-one. Wasn't it odd how things sometimes turned out?

JOE was to play at eleven in the morning. "We'll drop you at the club," Mary said. "I've some shopping to do. Edith, there's a simply breath-taking sale at Browley's."

Looking at Edith, she decided that exactly the right hat could still work wonders. She wondered how Edith had ever let herself lose interest in clothes.

"I'd love to," Edith said, flushing. "Oh, but I'd miss the match. No, I guess not."

Mary felt a twinge of pity for Edith Conroy; she was such a pale—almost negative—reflection of her husband.

Wearing a newly bought picture hat, she got back to the club in time to see Joe's final, sharply breaking service go past a helplessly swinging opponent. Joe came ove warm and relaxed and boyish unde visor. Looking at him, Mary's b mentarily blocked in her throat.

He was scheduled to play again so they ate lunch on the clubhous Edith had disappeared down the suppose she gets nervous watching Mary said.

"She promised to get the kids shells. They started a collection sent back from the Pacific."

Charley Haver had spent the wa Washington desk. "You were ri worst of it, weren't you?" Mary s

"My part wasn't so bad. We courts at the base—crushed c didn't want to talk about the war soon they were reliving college, th and the proms.

Little haunting lights came into as he remembered and laughed, wondered if he recalled kissing h of the junior prom. It hadn't mea the time, and it was before he b steady with Edith, but she wond

And she found herself thinking nament will be over tomorrow.

THAT night was dull. Charley with tickets for a show, but being out late would be bad for his ley took the wives to the show, and best laughs by wishing Joe hadn't "It's just a game," Charley said. why he has to make such a grind

"He makes contacts," Edith earned ten thousand dollars his fi of school, selling bonds, and it football contacts."

"He isn't selling bonds now, is . "There was a war. Contacts thing when you're getting star That sounded almost as if Joe w ribly, successfully busy. Edith cc meant it that way. She seeme Charley's attitude.

He noticed and soothed, "Let's tact with a quick one on the Adn

There, in the dim glamorous circled the floor with Charley, l nearly her pretty, campus self. O quickly, she hadn't danced for so

In the finals the next day Joe he couldn't lose for a while; b first two sets it was painful to w twenty-year-old boy across the slamming away Joe's sharply bou and undercut, skidding backh youth won the third set handily five-all in the fourth, and Joe's fa gard under his visor. Mary ca arm. "He's got to do it *now*. He's a hurry, or he can't win at all. *Co* Edith sat tight-lipped, saying noth the court, Joe took to a man-ki house serve. He got forty-fifte ble-faulted twice, and lost that g won the next.

It went on and on, agonizingly twelve-ten when at last he put lob over the boy's head. Joe ha enough stamina left to grin when to the side lines and put the big s Edith's arms.

"Come on," Charley said. "W into a hot shower."

But Joe was incredible. By th driven home, Joe was able to upstairs ahead of Charley. after the two men, and then s Edith who was clasping the big t arms.

"Aren't you *proud?*" Mary cr other woman's middle-aging strangely reserved mask. Afte Mary said weakly, "I suppose y it. You probably have a whole Joe's cups."

"Yes. I wish they'd give so tical for a change—like a new rug. God knows, we need one, She turned her face from her o her shoulders trembled with sob

"Joe! Edith!" Mary greeted them from the clubhouse steps. "You haven't changed a bit"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS

STRONG BOY

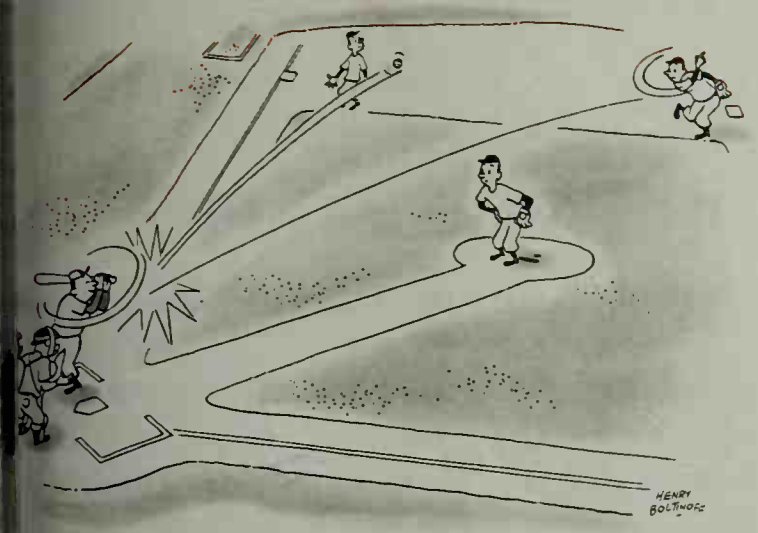
Continued from page 21

n on, it developed into a ghtaway competition, with n Corby's music stacked Uncle Lute's weight lifting, tossup as to who was going the end.

vhen my Uncle Lute started of himself. Up to that time of taken being strong for Miss Seymour having blue ey-blond hair, but the way ir squealed and batted her him every time he lifted avy he came to the con- he was something special, d looking around for more ess her. That was what led ll.

came about was it was get- ward the end of the dude y that time it had got to a either Mr. Sheridan Corby e Lute would let the other one out of his sight for fear he would take some unfair advantage, like maybe proposing marriage. They did not have much time left to work in, and they were not taking any chances. Wherever Miss Seymour went you could see my Uncle Lute and Mr. Sheridan Corby going with her, and what caused the trouble was Mr. Sheridan Corby tried to double-cross my Uncle Lute and get Miss Corrinne Seymour alone.

Afterward my Uncle Lute said it was a dastardly trick, and he was sorry he had not thought of it himself. The way it was, Mr. Sheridan Corby and Miss Seymour and Uncle Lute had a date to go horseback riding one morning. That was all right, except during the night Mr. Sheridan Corby sneaked down and turned all the saddle stock loose except two horses, and when my Uncle Lute showed up at the corral Mr. Sheridan Corby and Miss Seymour were all ready



HENRY BOLTINOFF

SPORTING ODDS

hen Hack Wilson first came up to the Giants he was a for a good curve ball. The pitchers soon discoverd his ess and curve-balled him to death. One day, with men and third, one out. McGraw flashed the double-steal sign ack, at bat, missed it. The opposing catcher, however, it and signaled for a pitchout. He grabbed the wide and rifled the ball to second base. The second baseman he put-out and fired the ball back to the catcher. But the ver got there. Hack stepped in and belted it out of the rounds.

cGraw, furious, went at Wilson as only McGraw could. istened meekly, and in a momentary pause he interposed vely, "Gee, Mr. McGraw, I couldn't resist. It was the first t ball I've seen in this league."

—Robert Farrell, Chicago, Ill.

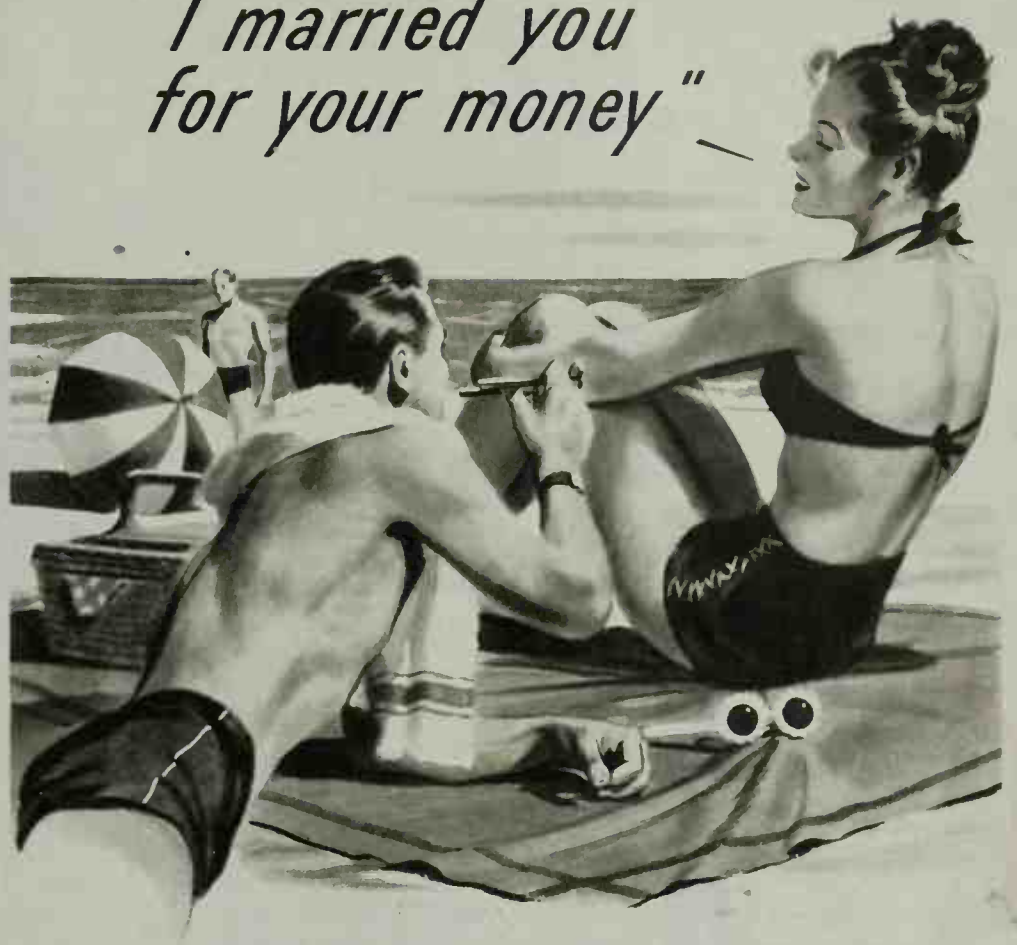
ck shortly after the turn of the century, the semipro teams mar and Benson, Minnesota, battled through nine innings oreless tie. Then in the first half of the tenth Benson got n

Thielman, the Willmar pitcher, slapped out a scratch single last half of the inning, and the next batter, O'Toole, d one into center. Thielman, exhausted by the tight staggered into third and collapsed as O'Toole dashed the bases close on his heels. Unable to pass Thielman, e lifted him in his arms and carried him to home plate. pire allowed two runs, giving the game to Willmar. had been a fatal dash for Thielman. He was dead, of heart

—A. Kenneth Ellis, Lakewood, R. I.

I'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting ddress Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

"people will say I married you for your money"



"I don't see why. Everyone knows you married me for my charm, my manly good looks, my —"

"Be serious, Jim. You say that if anything happens to you, I won't have to worry because there'll be a regular check coming in every month."

"That's right, Sue."

"And that we can look forward to a *permanent* vacation some day, on a comfortable retirement income?"

"Absolutely correct."

"Well, people will certainly think I married you for your money, because it must take a lot of money to guarantee all that . . . doesn't it?"

"Not for your brilliant husband."

"Jim, please stop teasing and tell me what this is all about."

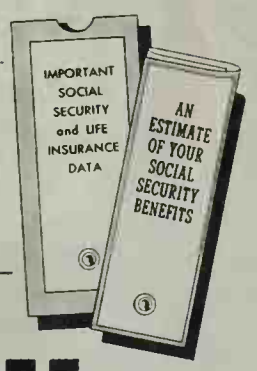
"Okay, honey. All those things are made possible by Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service. The Mutual Life representative showed me how to team up my life insurance with my Social Security, so we will get maximum benefits from both of them. And the plan just fits what you and I need. You're protected against first-of-the-month bills . . . and meanwhile we're building toward a comfortable retirement."

"Why Jim, that's wonderful. People won't say I married you for your money—they'll say I married you for your *brains*."

Why not have the Mutual Life representative in your community explain "Insured Income" to you? There is no cost or obligation for this service.

FREE *Social Security* HELPS

How much do you know about the Social Security for which you are now paying? If you are a resident of the United States, we invite you to mail coupon for easy-to-read booklet explaining your future benefits from Social Security. Included is a convenient file for official records you will need to avoid costly delay in collecting your Social Security benefits.



Our 2nd Century of Service

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

34 Nassau Street
New York 5, N.Y.

Insured Income

Alexander E. Patterson
President

I would like your FREE Social Security helps.

NAME..... AGE.....

HOME ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION..... CS-37

VETERANS: KEEP YOUR GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE!

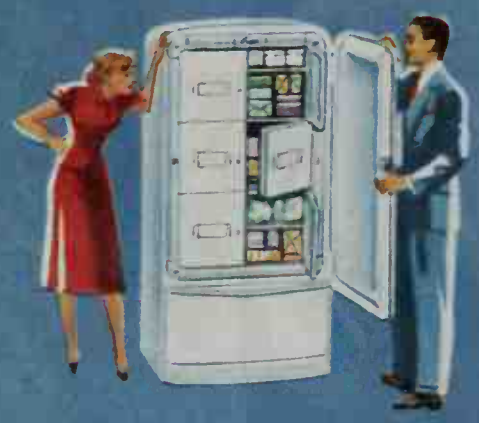
SHE SAYS, "HOW NICE!"
HE SAYS, "RIGHT PRICE!"
TOGETHER THEY SAY, *"Norge!"*



Only the Norge defrosts automatically!



Here's electric cookery at its best!



Garden-fresh foods the year round!



Now you can *revel* in hot water!



Clothes come cleaner, last longer!



Something *new* in gas ranges!



Warm rooms, warm hearts!

There's always less work and less worry when Norge joins the family. The refrigerator, for inst defrosts itself *automatically* . . . the electric range turns itself on and off . . . each appliance performs its with a zest and an economy that save time and t Your home, once it is Norge-equipped, takes on new in new glamour . . . life itself is fuller, freer, finer!

"The best dealer in town sells Norge" . . . you will find hin in the classified section of your telephone book.

Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26.

SEE NORG BEFORE YOU B

Products of BORG-WARNER

BW

REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • WASHERS • ELECTRIC WATER HEATERS • GAS RANGES • HOME HEATERS • HOME & FARM

and my Uncle Lute did not to ride on.
ne, Luther," Miss Seymour eridan says that if we wait ch up a horse we will not our ride."
Lute did not say what he t Mr. Sheridan Corby be- ld not use those sort of t of Miss Seymour. He un- he had been cold-decked, like there was nothing he ut it, until he happened to o the other corral. It was , the bucking horses that had rounded up to ship odeo at Cheyenne. It gave an idea of how to impress Seymour.
l excuse me for one mo- " Uncle Lute said, "I will ."
ur looked over at that cor- rs and her eyes got as big bar glass.
you're going to ride one of broncos?" Miss Seymour

day's work," Uncle Lute

not exactly true. Strictly y Uncle Lute was not a , and under ordinary cir- would not have gone near uckers for wages, but his old of him and there was m.
hat terribly dangerous?" said. "Aren't those horses sly wild?"
look his hat off.
ncle Lute said, "the horse ade yet that I would not eer pleasure of being in presence."
ute had sort of stolen that he had been reading, but e. Miss Seymour's eyes er than they had been acted as though she had Mr. Sheridan Corby was e neighborhood.
Miss Corrinne Seymour that is the nicest thing er said to me."
reak your damned neck," orby said.
te did not pay any atten- ridan Corby.
to state further," Uncle there is not anything on four feet and wears hair t get astraddle of to go including a bear."
ope off his saddle, and corral and dabbed his st horse he came to. It amed Watermelon, the Mr. Stevens owned. Un- him down tight to the nd blindfolded him and saddle on him. Then he pe, took a short grip on aced himself.
lady," Uncle Lute said. at out of the same book. forward and lifted the

let a horse get his head buck, and Uncle Lute atermelon get his head ut of that corral like he through the park. Miss not understand it and explained it to her.
ing muscles in the arms," , "and I expect there is rth strong enough to get I don't want him to."
squealed.
Uncle Luke said it was t rides he had ever taken. by kept them out for six es that my Uncle Lute's out and the horse would t did not work out that Lute held out. It almost broke his arm, but in the end it was worth it. When they got back to the ranch Miss Seymour asked my Uncle Lute to call on her that night, and she made it clear that she did not want Mr. Sheridan Corby along. My Uncle Lute was very proud of himself.

That night after supper he went up to call on Miss Seymour and they went walking in the moonlight. It seemed obvious to my Uncle Lute that he had eliminated Mr. Sheridan Corby as a competitor, and it occurred to him that it might be appropriate to mention to Miss



"What's he crying for, Lulubelle?" "He doesn't like to play in the sandbox, Mama"

COLLIER'S ED NOFZIGER

Seymour the thing that he had had in mind for some time. He had been saving his money to get two hundred dollars for a honeymoon in Yellowstone Park. One more payday would make it, and that is the thing he thought he would mention to Miss Seymour.

"Ma'am," Uncle Lute said, "next week is payday, and when I get the money in my jeans there is a question I had in mind to ask you."

Miss Seymour took hold of his arm and snuggled up close to him.

"I cannot imagine a question that a great big strong man like you would be going to ask poor little me," Miss Seymour said.

"It is somewhat personal," my Uncle Lute said, "and it will have to wait until after payday."

"I just simply don't know how I can stand it till then," Miss Seymour said. Then she reached up and kissed him. . . .

After he got paid Uncle Lute counted his money and he had two hundred and twenty-seven dollars. He sent into town for five pounds of chocolates and a new shirt, and that night he was down in the bunkhouse combing his hair before he went up and talked to Miss Seymour about the honeymoon in Yellowstone Park when Mr. Stevens came in.

"I understand," Mr. Stevens said, "that you went out for an early morning canter on one of my bucking horses last week."

"Yessir," Uncle Lute said, "I got to admit I did."

"Have any trouble?" Mr. Stevens said.

"Nossir," Uncle Lute said, "I didn't. I held his head up for six hours and he didn't buck a lick."

My Uncle Lute was very proud of himself.

"I have some news for you," Mr. Stevens said, "he still will not buck a lick."

Mr. Stevens did not sound as though he was very proud of my Uncle Lute.

"I shipped him down with a rough string to Cheyenne," Mr. Stevens said, "and do you know what happened?"

My Uncle Lute said he did not know what had happened.

"I will tell you what happened," Mr. Stevens said. "They put him in the chute and saddled him, and Mickey Conley got on board him, and when they opened the gate he come out like he had spent all his life pulling a milk wagon. He would not even crowhop."

"Well, I'll be damned," Uncle Lute said. "You mean I broke him?"

"That is exactly what I mean," Mr. Stevens said, "and you are going to more than be damned. You are going to be sued." He started getting red in the face and his voice got louder. "That horse was worth two hundred dollars to me as a bucker. The way he is now he's not worth the powder to blow him to hell. If you get what I am driving at."

"I get what you are driving at," Uncle Lute said.

He dug down in his pockets and counted out the two hundred dollars he had been saving for a honeymoon in Yellowstone Park.

At the time Uncle Lute considered it only a temporary setback. Since he did not have the two hundred dollars he could not mention what he had in mind to Miss Seymour, but he figured that in four months he could save up the two hundred dollars again, and he would write to her and tell her about the honeymoon in Yellowstone Park, and they would be married in the spring. The only trouble was that two months after she left the ranch Uncle Lute heard from her and it seemed she had got herself married to Mr. Sheridan Corby in New York. He was playing and singing over the radio there.

MY UNCLE LUTE stopped talking, and I thought about it for a while. It seemed to me that if Miss Corrinne Seymour was the sort of a girl who did not know her own mind, and would not wait until Uncle Lute had saved up two hundred dollars again he was lucky not to have married her, and I said so.

"Do not jump to conclusions, Bub," my Uncle Lute said.

He walked over to the corner and picked up the horseshoe he had straightened out and bent it back into shape. Barehanded.

"I found out later that she was worth two million dollars," Uncle Lute said. "Let that be a lesson to you."

The next morning I did not try to pick up the calf. I talked to my father again, and when I went to school I saw Mary Louise Stacy and told her I was going to start taking guitar lessons, and she let me carry her books home from school.

THE END

Enjoy BETTER HEARING!

"Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries give you *more* power because their flat-cell construction doesn't *waste space!* You get *better hearing longer* through *more hearing hours* between battery changes.

WAR SECRET! This rugged, *efficient* construction made possible the *proximity fuse*—No. 2 in wartime importance.

Today, it helps you get *more* from your hearing aid! Ounce for ounce, the greatest energy producer—size for size, the most compact . . . penny for penny, the most economical, "Eveready" batteries are for sale at your hearing-aid dealer's. Get them by name.

FREE! Just off the press, "Progress Toward Better Hearing"... Write Dept. C-23

EVEREADY TRADE-MARKS MINI-MAX HEARING-AID BATTERIES

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

ADMIRATION POCKETCHIEF TRADE MARK
A Man's Handkerchief
. . . real value . . .
individually wrapped.
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN BETTER DRUG & CIGAR STORES
15c • 20c • 25c • 50c
A UNIVERSAL HANDKERCHIEF

PULVEX "DDT" FLEA POWDER
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Kills the fleas *Quickly!* Keeps others off *for Days.*
Pulvex also comes with ROTENONE, the original formula. BEST FOR CATS.
Either Kind 25¢ & 50¢

INCREASE your income taking care of subscriptions for this magazine. Write to—
Independent Agency Division
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

EYES TIRED?
Two Drops Quick Relief
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY
Prove to yourself that gentle, safe Murine brings instant relief to tired eyes. Put two drops in each eye. . . . Then feel that cleansed, refreshed sensation.



WHAT IS MURINE?
Safe, gentle Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients that cleanse, soothe and refresh the delicate eye tissues that are irritated from wind, light glare, dust, close work or lack of sleep. Murine is economical, too, for so little goes so far.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

KINSEY'S AUGUST CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	
					1 Colo. admitted to Union, 1873. Hello, Colo!	Nathan 1776. "...
3 Harvard beats Yale in 1st rowing race, 1852.	4 Coast Guard founded, 1790. Semper Paratus!	5 Atlantic Ca successfully		7 Bridge dedi- uffalo, 1927.	8 Davis Cup matches est'd. 1900. Love that game!	Francis S 1780. "(
10 Marines land on Guadalcanal, 1942.	11 Bathysphere reaches record depths, 1934.	12 Gold found in K 1896. B-r-rr, it		14 surrender, r II ends, 1945	15 Gas rationing ends, 1945. Open the garage, Rich'd.	"Me, I' Kinse
17 "Fulton's Folly" chugs N. Y. to Albany, 1807.	18 Virginia Dare, first Amer. child, born 1587.	19 All-metal dirig tested, 1929. It		21 r Assn. org. 1878. ne see my lawyer!	22 2-deck trolleys first used, 1912. Clang-way!	2 R. Valen O, what a
24 31 Love that after-game Kinsey Highball, too!	25 England beats U. S. in 1st Intern'l Polo Game, 1886	26 Women get vote, 1920. "And if I am elected . . ."	27 Kellogg-Briand Treaty outlaws war, 1928. Hmm!	28 Tom Thumb 1st U. S. loco to pull passengers, 1830.	29 1st dirigible-to-plane transfer, 1929. Oooooh!	3 India Ft. Mi

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

Kinsey highballs can't be beat
To take the edge off August heat!

Any highball will help get your mind off the heat. But a Kinsey Highball makes the process more enjoyable . . . because Kinsey is an especially smooth, delicious whiskey. And so rich in flavor that neither soda nor ice cubes can dilute its excellent taste. Here's how:



Pour one jigger of light, flavor-full Kinsey into a glass full of ice cubes. Add ginger-ale, soda or plain water . . . and get set to beat the heat!

Couldn't you go for one of those tall, tempting and terrific Kinsey Highballs right now? Well . . . what are you waiting for?

KINSEY

the unhurried whiskey



for unhurried moments



A BLEND.
86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

THE NATION'S BRAIN

Continued from page 13

n reading room, reference slips
th utterly meaningless scrawls.
would give him a book, any
the fellow would read it, qui-
ravely, until nightfall. An old
claims she is squaring the cir-
for recondite mathematical
then proceeds to draw nothing
lines on pieces of cardboard.
st nut is the gaffer from Balti-
gets Alger books and promptly

f our users are engaged in
arch," Willard Webb, chief of
nd Reader Division, observes.
mit, though, that sometimes
to tell a genius from a crack-
nly restriction we make is that
st be sixteen years old."

Might Stump Quiz Kids

s been in the Library since
ng the war he was a lieutenant
mmanding the 718th Tank
tached to the 7th Division in
He says the years he spent an-
estions in the main reading
splendid preparation for the
ar. In his time, he has ex-
e root over the phone, read
emused housewives in the
etting dinner and has settled
room controversies ranging
to Latin quotations. He be-
ert in heraldry and the Civil
in self-defense. It was easier
ntly looking up references.
house for all sorts of screw-
, the Library last year an-
,041 phone calls. 16,156
letters and prepared 28,694
es and references to material
staff uses 32,000 books for
nce but admits the good old
nac contains more answers
her volume. There is only
on imposed on questions.
egal advice will not be given.
t, anything goes—and the
me up with some dandies.
ns were sung at President
neral and who were Wash-
bearers? What weather can
this time of year in Cale-
here can the nearest teacher
found? What is the relative
f baldness in men and
t are the ingredients in a
n and how come the Po-
muddy? The pupils of Iona
Fort Myers, Florida, have
eleton of a mule and want
e it. Where can the teacher

g annoyance are national
ch invariably provoke a del-
ries. The staff knows, of
sources of the posers and
s them into the main reading
nells callers to do their own
ritten requests for contest
gnored.

a conviction that eventually
a call for every shred of
n the library. A man speak-
nglish once showed him a
of a safari, taken in 1890,
e figure, said it was he and
see the book in which it
d. Webb recalled having
re while glancing at an old
Khyber Pass a few months
s pure happenstance, for
bibliographical reference to
ut Webb dug up the book
who grumbled because he
half hour for it.

occasion a reader asked
Dutch theology written in
ok had never been drawn
, but now it was gone. The
izzy until it was discovered
that another reader was studying it at that very moment.

The worst pests are those who bounce in jauntily, rattle off a string of false leads and expect librarians to know what they want. A youth recently asked Webb for a book entitled Confessions of a Confederate, written by a man named Smith who was secretary to Jeff Davis and made impertinent remarks about the boss. Webb put his hand on the book instantly—even though it was The Diary of a Rebel War Clerk, written by one Jones who never was Davis' secretary.

Every library inevitably is cluttered up with vast piles of literary rubbish that cries for the furnace, but the value of saving everything was highlighted during the war. In 1902 a Methodist missionary in Burma donated to the Library of Congress his diaries, which were filled with little more than dreary accounts of endless rain. They proved to be of inestimable importance when the Allies invaded Burma, the wettest spot on the face of the earth, and were scrounging frantically for any weather report.

The two huge buildings opposite the Capitol were such storehouses of vital information that the O.S.S. moved in for the duration as a time-saving measure. The Chinese air force consulted maps of its own country, a gift from the Emperor of China in 1840, that could not be duplicated anywhere in the world. European city directories, gathering dust in forgotten corners, saved hundreds of American lives in street fighting. Railroad timetables, kept through sheer force of habit, spotted targets for air attacks on marshaling yards and depots.

Important German advances in the use of sulfa drugs were first made available to the Army through Library operatives attached to forces in North Africa. The Navy would have cracked up countless ships on unknown reefs in the Pacific if not for old navigation charts owned only by the Library.

Researcher Trailed by Gestapo

Few undercover agents came through with more top-secret stuff than Manuel Sanchez, who worked directly for the Library in Africa and Europe from April, 1943, to May, 1945. Sanchez was trailed by the Gestapo in Lisbon while he completed files of German technical books and newspapers.

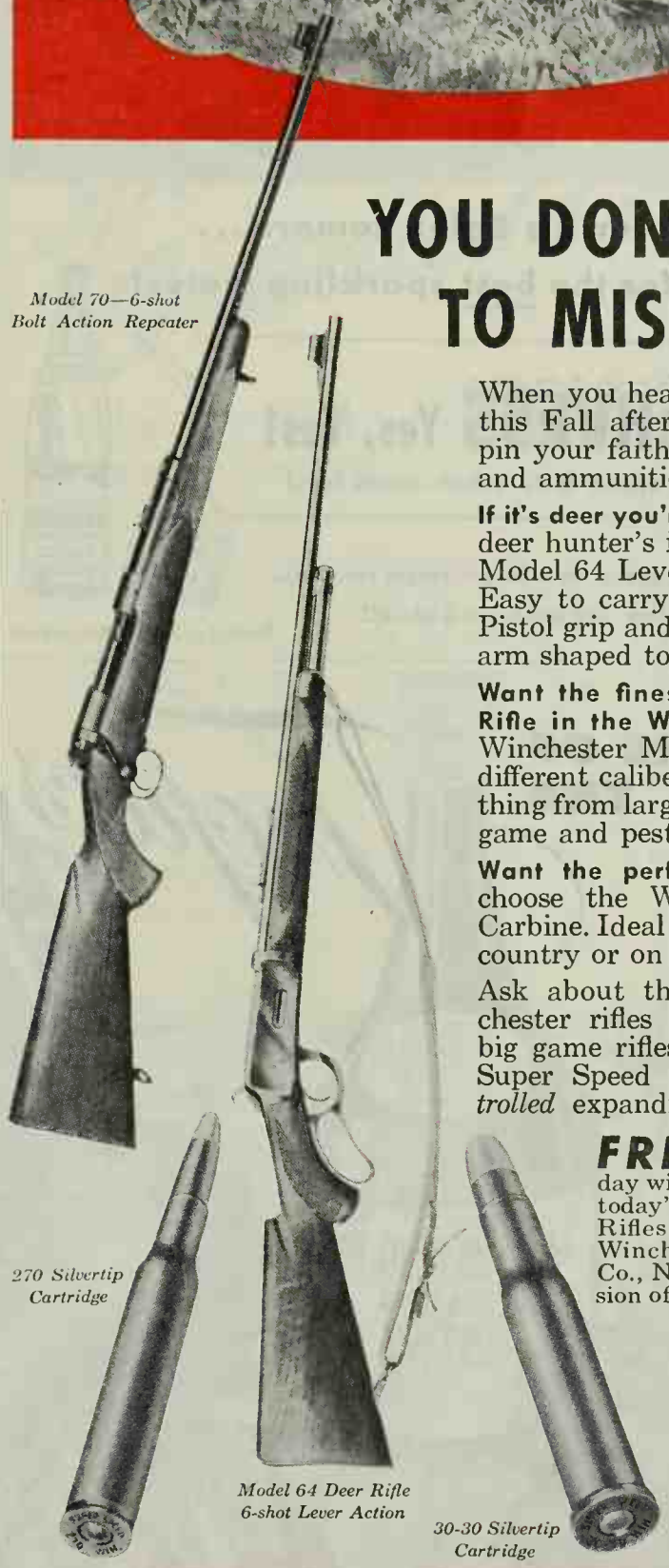
"What good are old newspapers?" you may ask. Well, sir, during the last two years of the war, German casualties were so heavy that local papers were permitted to print death notices only of officers. The Allied High Command, working on the predictable proportion of officer casualties to enlisted personnel, could make an accurate appraisal of the man-power drain on the *Wehrmacht* that had a direct bearing on strategy. In all, Sanchez sent back 66,508 items, including the prized Dizionario di Politica, which was distributed only to high Fascist leaders.

The founding fathers never envisioned the tremendous scope of activities the Library was to embrace when they authorized its establishment in 1800. The nucleus was Thomas Jefferson's collection of 6,487 volumes. This he sold to the government, amid loud outcries against the cost, amounting to $3.69 a book. The Jefferson collection was virtually destroyed in 1814 when the British razed the Capitol, where it was housed, and in the fires of 1825 and 1851.

When the influx of books threatened to burst the Capitol apart at the seams, the present main building of the Library was authorized and completed in 1897. It immediately was apparent that this was the most unique building ever erected in Washington. An appropriation of $6,-



Model 70—6-shot Bolt Action Repeater



270 Silvertip Cartridge

Model 64 Deer Rifle 6-shot Lever Action

30-30 Silvertip Cartridge

YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS

When you head into the big woods this Fall after deer, elk or moose, pin your faith on Winchester rifles and ammunition.

If it's deer you're after . . . choose the deer hunter's ideal, the Winchester Model 64 Lever Action Deer Rifle. Easy to carry and quick to shoot. Pistol grip and semi-beavertail forearm shaped to hand.

Want the finest Bolt Action Game Rifle in the World? . . . choose the Winchester Model 70. Built in ten different calibers suitable for everything from large game down to small game and pests.

Want the perfect saddle gun? . . . choose the Winchester Model 94 Carbine. Ideal for hunting in wooded country or on canoe trips.

Ask about these and other Winchester rifles at your dealers. All big game rifles call for Winchester Super Speed cartridges with *controlled* expanding Silvertip bullets.

FREE: Don't go another day without our new folder on today's Winchester Center Fire Rifles. Address Desk 62-B Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.

· WANTED ·
Sportsmen to cooperate with farmers, and join local and national organizations for game conservation and restoration.

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK
ARMS & AMMUNITION MADE FOR EACH OTHER

DIVISION OF OLIN INDUSTRIES INC.

RIFLES • CARTRIDGES • SHOTGUNS • SHOTSHELLS
FLASHLIGHTS • BATTERIES • ROLLER SKATES
AND OTHER PRODUCTS

Yes... he's used to the best!



He pays $600 for his Bolex camera...

...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!



BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

TREASURE OF THE Tropics



Found—the rum of superlative body and bouquet! To assure top quality and *uniformity* . . . it's distilled under scrupulous control every drop of the way (at "low proof," too, for lip-smacking flavor!).

Truly a mellow treasure, it goes by the name you'll forever treasure—PASSPORT RUM . . . backed by the name famous the world over for beverage quality—Canada Dry! **86 PROOF**

Sole U. S. Agent Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

200,000 had been given the Army Engineer Corps for the job—and $200,000 was returned to the Treasury. Old brass hats and public watchdogs haven't stopped vibrating yet from the shock.

In 1939 a modern, air-conditioned annex, with more floor space than the main structure, had to be added to handle the overwhelming flow of material, which increases by 2,500,000 items annually.

Counting the $787,715.06 the Library turned in from copyright fees and the sale of index cards, it cost the public less than $5,000,000 last year. It would have been a bargain at twice the price. In addition to the duties it performs for the government, the Library of Congress saves all other libraries an incalculable sum by solving the profession's most difficult problem, the cataloguing and indexing of books.

Any library is only as good as its system for getting material into the hands of readers. A source that cannot be found in the index file or picked off a shelf quickly is worthless. In this highly technical operation the Library of Congress gives understaffed institutions a tremendous boost by cataloguing all books under 40,000 basic subject headings and selling the cards at three cents apiece. It has 165,000,000 such cards on file and also maintains the Union catalogue of 7,600,000 titles, which tells scholars and researchers where any material they need can be found in the United States.

Among the Library's most competent 1,500 employees are the fifteen men and women who process acquisitions. All have the equivalent of a master's degree, several have Ph.D.s, they have a reading knowledge of at least two foreign languages and they perform their highly skilled work for $3,400 to $5,200 a year. Like all their colleagues, they accept such meager pay because they are nuts about books.

Cataloguing a new work is a task that would make most of us whimpering wrecks. Let's assume someone has written With Patton Through France. An entry is made out in the author's name and another is filed under the W's. Additional cards are made for Patton, Geo. S., Jr.; U.S. History—Army 3d: Third Army; World War II—Campaigns, France. Suppose the book has an appendix giving officer rosters, casualty tolls and decorations. Each requires a separate heading. The book also contains a history and military evaluation of the Maqui resistance movement in support of the Allied armed forces. That will have to be listed under "Maqui," "Resistance" and "Underground." You wind up with twelve cross references for one book.

This nest of libraries within a library makes books only a part of its business. A staggering venture in talking books for the blind recently was completed when Tolstoy's monumental War was recorded in its entirety. required 119 two-sided record each side runs 25 minutes, it than two days of uninterrupt to hear the book through. brary of talking books can by any blind person and charge except for shipping.

In this maze of astonishin you can look at the rare-bo priceless collection of incunal printed before January 1, early Americana, walk dow of stairs and hear hot jazz r would blow the fuse off a jul

Preserving American Fo

The Music Division is pre- only for its manuscripts but ing recorder of folk songs i More than 30,000 blues, b uals, hollers, hymns, tales some never heard more tha distant from their origins, saved from oblivion by Jo Lomax and Dr. Duncan Lomaxes, pioneers in the fie jails for some of the mat wax, and Dr. Emrich now i Southwest to record old they are taken to the grav people who remember them 12,000 albums of authent music were sold to the publi

It is inconceivable that a note will not visit the Libra to consult its unrivaled rcso are 500 special facilities f projects, including 222 p where an author can keep books and all necessary a for his work, except a blo

Books are perishable, bu constantly is assuming a m brant function in governme free exchange of knowled stocking destroyed and loo libraries, distributing to sch surplus books used in war and compiling critical revi and publications for circul eign countries by the State

"We must discriminate." Evans, the chief librarian. s an impulse to rescue the lit past and the imperative ne the literature of the present.

One of those little incid vinces the staff it is not isol turmoil of current events September in Berlin. A rab the Jewish New Year ritual villa of a former Nazi b out the first prayer books w his congregation had seen and said: "We will now o shana services by courte brary of Congress."

THE END



"I know they look perfectly harmless, but wait until you try to ligh

COLLIER'S



FOR YOUR HEARING AID BUY
URGESS
ATTERIES
RECOGNIZED BY THEIR STRIPES • REMEMBERED BY THEIR SERVICE

MY GOODNESS... SUCH GOODNESS
Welch's Fudge
Welch
ITY 5¢ CANDIES


ndian
LD'S FINEST
TORCYCLE
IELD, MASSACHUSETTS

OFT
RNS
Wen Toes

Relieved, QUICKLY Removed
occur only *between* the toes. To ve and speedily remove them, use Zino-pads in the special size and t Corns (Soft Corn Size). Be sure m by that name. Sold everywhere.
oll's Zino-pads

ODBYE TO MONEY WORRIES taking ad wind renewal subscriptions for this Write to—
Independent Agency Division
P. F. Collier Publishing Company
Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

THE COAST DEMANDS LONG PANTS

Continued from page 17

Hollywood team to operate. Los Angeles controls the territory and can kill Hollywood off whenever it chooses. Even if it joined the National or American leagues and kindly allowed Hollywood to continue, the Hollywood club would have little success as a minor-league team facing the competition of the majors.

That means the Coast League would have to pick up two new members to replace Los Angeles and Hollywood. The same fate would probably overtake Oakland if San Francisco joined the National or American league. Who could Rowland recruit to make up the four teams lost?

So the race is on between Mr. Clarence (Pants) and his Coast League friends and the vultures who would like to descend on their little gold lode. If he can get his third-major-league status, a sigh of relief will chase all up and down the Coast among the magnates who are now making fortunes out of modest investments. Upon analysis, that seems to be the meaning of Mr. Rowland's endeavors. If the Coast League were not afraid of a territory raid it would be stupid to bother with major-league rating.

Small Parks Do Good Business

Hollywood sits in a little bandbox park holding around 12,000 and makes a mint. They make it whether the team is in third place or last place. Seattle and Portland do very well in parks that will never be pointed out to visiting foreigners as public monuments. Rather than have this little picnic ruined they are eager for major-league status although it will (or may) mean larger pay rolls. If they lose L.A. or San Francisco to the present majors, it will mean disaster.

"You fellows are always so interested in figures," complained Mr. Rowland testily, when mention was made of the matter of salaries. "You just hear the big ones back there, you don't hear the others."

That is probably true but a Bob Feller trapped in Sacramento would furnish one of the saddest pictures ever limned. There are many angles to the problem, and the fact that Philip Wrigley owns the Los Angeles franchise may be one of the most important. He has been quoted as saying that the third major league was an excellent idea.

Dom DiMaggio has chimed in with the following comment: "I have discovered no difference between the class of ball played on the Coast and in the majors. Both seem alike to me." Dom is a loyal native son and a great ballplayer but as a discoverer it is hardly possible he would ever have qualified as a Balboa. There *is* a difference, a great difference; the only question is whether the gap can be narrowed after a length of years when the Coast League travels alone.

The battle raged anew at the time of the All-Star game in Chicago when Mr. Rowland proposed his five-year provisional period during which the majors would agree not to draft Coast players, thus permitting them to build up a players' list and do work on the ball parks. Leonard J. Roach, Los Angeles County Supervisor, was there with another delegation saying, "Nuts to the provisional period and the Coast League! We want to play with the big boys right now." The baseball fathers held their heads and ducked, putting the matter over till December. And that's how it stands at the moment with Clarence (Pants) Rowland and his dream.

THE END

"SLEEP RIGHT—WAKE UP BRIGHT"



Spring Air "Controlled Comfort"

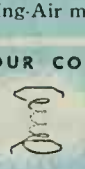
relaxes you from today... prepares you for tomorrow

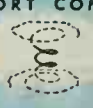
When you select a mattress, make no mistake in this important purchase. Go to a good dealer in whom you have complete confidence... Ask to see Spring-Air. Examine it closely... look at the design, ticking, grips, tailoring. Sit on it, feel it... test it in any way you wish. Then ask your dealer to tell you the "real inside story" about Spring-Air "Controlled Comfort" and quality. It's the same as used by thousands of fine hotels and good hospitals. A good dealer knows bedding ...be guided by his suggestion.

SPRING-AIR COMPANY • HOLLAND, MICH.

SURFACE COMFORT

High quality, precompressed cotton felt padding (upholstery) cushions body from spring contact, gives surface softness and luxury "feel" to a Spring-Air mattress.

CONTOUR COMFORT

The first 1½ turns of special Karr spring coils give soft, luxurious support to all body contours and special buoyancy to lighter parts of the body such as arms and legs.

SUPPORT COMFORT

Firm support to heavier portions of the body is provided by the middle section of the "hour-glass" spring coils, where spring tension and compression strength are greater.

SLEEP COMFORT

As many as nine *different* types of spring coils, *scientifically located* throughout, keep edges from sagging, prevent side-sway, maintain flexibility... give sleep comfort year-in, year-out.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

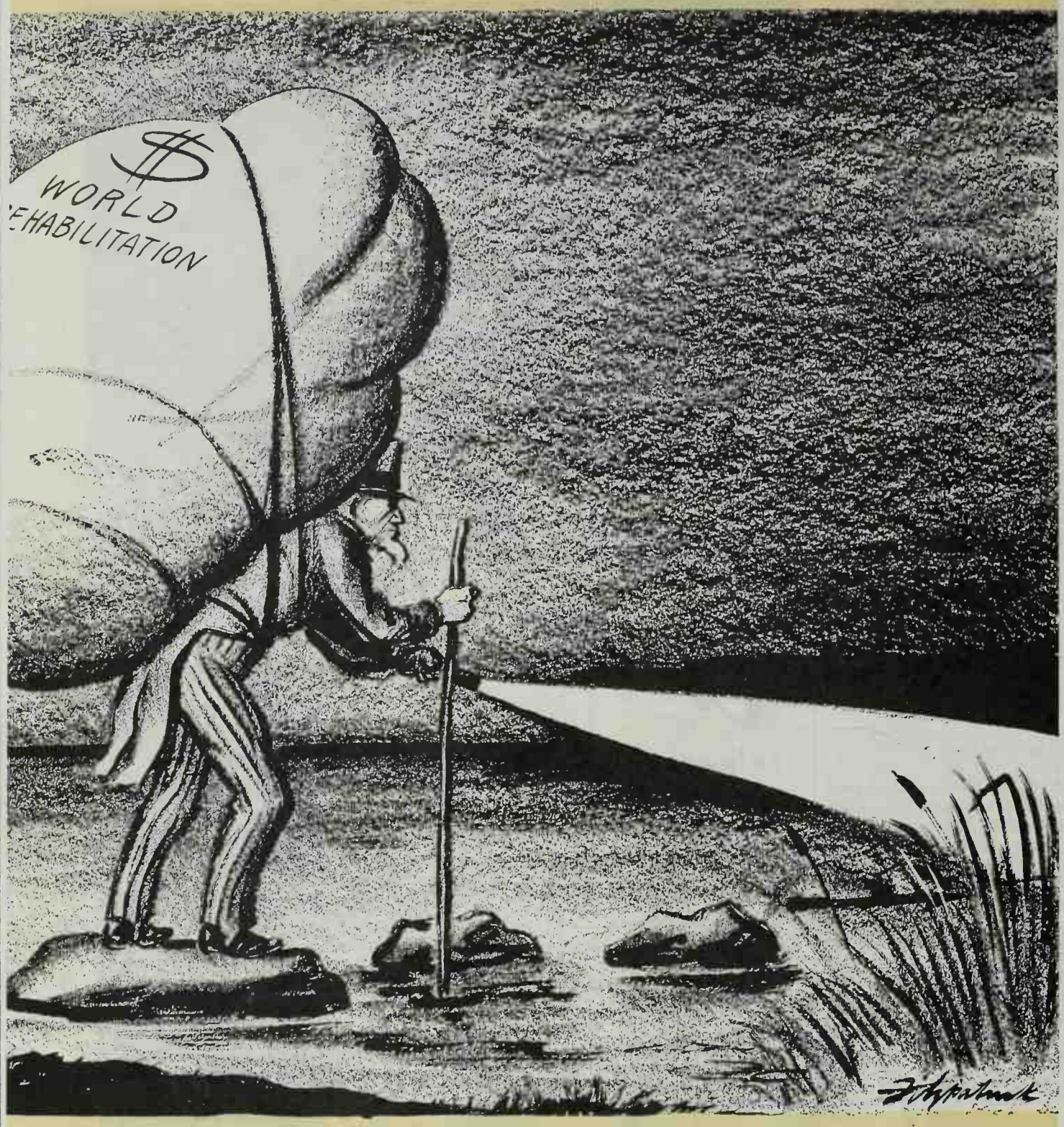


IRRESISTIBLE COMFORT

COLLIER'S

WALTER DAVENPORT Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor



BETTER HEED MR. HOOVER

THERE are writers and commentators who make more or less of a profession out of snooting and sneering at everything ex-President Herbert Hoover says for publication. What these Hoover-baiters' motives are, we wouldn't know.

His comments on the Marshall Plan for the economic rejuvenation of Europe seemed especially cogent to us. Evidently they struck President Truman the same way, since the President proceeded to name a total of three groups of prominent and respected persons to carry out the Hoover recommendations on the Marshall Plan.

The ex-President's position in the matter is simply this: With the best will in the world, a nation of 140,000,000 people cannot indefinitely feed, clothe and warm some 375,000,000 Europeans. We should do what we can to help Europe out of the postwar wreckage, but first we should find out what we can safely do. On no account should we bleed ourselves white, because in that event we would go down in a general crack-up with the rest of the world.

Mr. Hoover also wants the Truman Administration to be frank with the people as to just what this probable expenditure of 25 billions in the next five or six years will mean to Americans. It will not entail simply a lot of bookkeeping transactions with dollars, pounds, francs, etc. It will, more importantly, involve shipping huge amounts of food, machinery, clothing, fuel and so on out of our own country under a sort of peacetime Lend-Lease arrangement, with no prospect of ever being repaid anywhere near full value.

All this may necessitate voluntary cuts in our own consumption, especially of food.

We ought to get something in return if we can; and Mr. Hoover believes we can. He says it will give us a chance to stock-pile imported strategic materials—tin, manganese, mercury, chromite, nickel, for a few examples—in exchange for some of our relief goods. He urges that we seize all opportunities of this kind, instead of just softheartedly and softheadedly giving our substance away.

In contrast to these common-sense Hoover suggestions, we have the wild talk of Henry A. Wallace and his codreamers about throwing 50 billions to the winds in world-wide relief in the next decade, the recipients to include governments which will not co-operate, as well as those which will.

We hope the Truman Administration will string consistently along with Mr. Hoover's ideas in all this and will give the Wallaces the consistent brush-off. If we are to undertake this colossal job of boosting Europe out of the worst consequences of the worst war in recorded history, we should at least go about it in a businesslike way.

A MONUMENT TO THE BABE

BABE RUTH, perhaps the greatest a
the most colorful baseball player o
not feeling too well these days, and so
things have been done in the way of h
some compliments and such while he i
joy them. Babe Ruth Day, celebrated i
tion's ball parks early this season, was
very nice things.

Wouldn't it be a good idea, though, t
than that, and in a way which would ple
above all other ways?

The erstwhile Sultan of Swat has rec
what is known as the Babe Ruth Found
a charitable outfit which its creator hop
lot of baseball gear for youngsters wh
their own, and will in other ways fost
terest in the game.

Wouldn't it be feasible for organiz
major and minor, somehow to system
butions to the Babe Ruth Foundation
could become well enough heeled t
founder's dreams on an appropriate sc

Perhaps a percentage of box-office re
be kicked in on a specified day each y
the Babe Ruth Foundation could be
World Series takes. Or something of th

We can think of no finer monument t
than this—and of no better builder of
will for professional baseball, which co
extra good will at this stage of its fort
about some action, soon?

GLOOM MERCHA
PLEASE NOTE

THE Right Honorable Winston C
cently remarked that the Labor go
driving Great Britain to ruin. Concei
was a political impulse behind Mr. Chur
ment—though we must say we can't see
bor government has done Britain any g

Anyway, one R. O. Eaton, of L
County, read about the Churchill groa
in hand, and wrote the following to t
Times' famous letter column:

Remembering Mr. Churchill's recent ut
interesting to note what other great men ha

William Pitt: "There is scarcely anythin
but ruin and despair."

Wilberforce in the early 1800s: "I dare
the future is so dark and unsettled."

Lord Shaftesbury (1848): "Nothing can s
ish Empire from shipwreck."

Disraeli (1849): "In industry, commerce
ture there is no hope."

The Duke of Wellington on the eve
(1851) thanked God that he would be "spar
ing the consummation of ruin that is gatl
us."

Your correspondent, come to think
been hearing for several decades now fr
persons that the world and particularly
States were headed for the dogs for a va
sons. Things aren't too bright at the mo
with the prop wash from the late war s
around our ears.

But the dogs, on the other hand, are
for the world to get to them, and mu
hungry by now.

Collier's

AUGUST 23, 1947 TEN CENTS

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



BROTHER JAZZ—
from Ragtime to Riches
The story of Eddie Condon

VETS—STILL EXPENDABLE
By John Steinbeck

DO NOT CUT TEAR OR DEFACE BOOKS OR MAGAZINES

PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF

P-s-s-t, Pal— No Encores!







HERE HE WAS, trying to get away from
m
.
s
d
er
tt
n-
s-
n.
n
nt
e
n
y-
is
er

without realizing it. When you *do* offend this way you may find yourself on the social black-list. Bad news like this travels fast, and is hard to live down.

Ask Yourself This

Isn't it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a simple, wholly delightful precaution? Simply rinse the mouth with it before any date where you want to be at your best. Almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

e any date . . .

E ANTISEPTIC

for oral hygiene



P-S-S-T, PAL— NO ENCORES!



HERE HE WAS, trying to get away from an attractive and popular girl whom he had spent half an evening trying to meet.

She, happy in his arms, was unconscious of it all until he led her to a seat, excused himself abruptly, and walked out of her life forever. She was hurt and puzzled; hurt because she was beginning to like him immensely; puzzled because she was not accustomed to being treated that way by any man.

And, ordinarily, she wouldn't have been so treated, but tonight it was a different matter . . . for a reason* that she would be the last to suspect.

It Could Be You

That's what often happens to a girl when she gets careless . . . *could happen to you.* Anybody—you included—can have halitosis (unpleasant breath)* at some time or other without realizing it. When you *do* offend this way you may find yourself on the social black-list. Bad news like this travels fast, and is hard to live down.

Ask Yourself This

Isn't it foolish to take chances when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a simple, wholly delightful precaution? Simply rinse the mouth with it before any date where you want to be at your best. Almost at once your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date . . .

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

for oral hygiene

MIDRIFF *SAGGING?*
WIFE NAGGING?



STAND UP FOR YOURSELF
WITH A
Bracer!*
SUPPORTER BELT



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BRACE UP WITH A BRACER! This comfortable 2-way stretch Bauer & Black supporter belt gently tucks your tummy in, your shoulders go up and back, your clothes drape smoother. You look and feel loads better, for Bracer offers real relief from fatigue!

FOR GREATER COMFORT, Bracer features a newly designed top that snugs up to you without rolling—special tubular leg bands that won't crease, curl or roll— roomy, self-adjusting fly-front pouch.

FOR ALL-DAY WEAR, Bracer is perfect—so roomy, comfortable, convenient. See it soon . . . $3.50.

BRACER ROYAL* *has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you more supportive action . . . $5.00.*

Bracer
SUPPORTER BELT

At department, men's wear, surgical and drug stores

BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16

COLLIER'S

August 23, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Pl*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHA	

THIS WEEK

FICTION

AFFAIR'S END — By ERNEST HAYCOX — 14
This new feeling was too big for Margaret to handle—alone.

FEVER — By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR — 20
Old Dresderlein had a gold mine, a wife—and a young partner.

THE FIVE DRESDEN ANGELS — By ERNEST L. MEYER — 24
The story of an unexpected feast, and of a humble miracle.

MAN RUNNING — By SELWYN JEPSON — 26
The Serial Story. The third of six parts.

A GOOD WHIPPING — By JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS — 50
The Short Short Story.

SMILING GIRL — By PEGGY MANN — 71
Those week ends in New York held a strange romance for Alice.

ARTICLES

BROTHER JAZZ — By EDDIE CONDON and THOMAS SUGRUE — 11
The first of three parts. A master of "swing" tells of the men who worked to create a new form of music.

HOW TO HAVE ANCESTORS — By JAMES DUGAN — 16
It's not too hard to acquire them—if you hire a genealogist.

THEY'RE STILL EXPENDABLE — By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN — 18
Survey of the veterans' economic status two years after V-J Day.

HE CLICKED FOR 50 YEARS — By HARRY EDWARD NEAL — 22
The career of a famous photographer—and some of his subjects.

DEMON FROM THE DOLDRUMS — By FRANK L. HARVEY — 28
Nature's most destructive force is the West Indian hurricane.

FALL GUISE — By HENRY L. JACKSON — 42
What college men will wear, on the campus and off, this autumn.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIALS: *The Vital Stabilizer • Let's Have Brighter Banks • Taxes and the Urge to Work* — 82

COVER — By *JON WHITCOMB*
Dress designed by Dorothy Cox.

THE WEEK'S M

WHAT OLYMPICS?

DEAR SIRS: It's all very well to fo chances in the 1948 Olympics, a vidson does in Olympic Fever (J but it seems to me the more i question is will there be any 194 pics, and if so, what will be the

The way things look now, doe know if Russia will veto the Olym herself and the teams of her "bu nations? If Russia does decide t will the atmosphere resemble t last unhappy Olympic games held in 1936?

Instead of foot races and field e atmosphere might be more con such events as Vaulting Iron Cu Hop, Skip and Sidestep, the A Race, Swimming in Blood and the Atom Bomb. Obviously, the will dominate the Walking Race

In the past, the Olympic ga their numerous battles on and off ing fields, have often acted as a sa to let off international steam. H ing the '48 games serve the same but I wouldn't want to be held re for what would happen if an javelin thrower's spear should ac strike a Russian athlete in the sh

B. F. PHILLIPSON, Remsent

PALESTINE

DEAR EDITOR: To solve the Pales lem painlessly, let the Jews of subscribe $500,000,000 or $1.0 and *buy* part of Palestine from The United States bought Lou Alaska. Let the Jews and Arabs out between them. No bloods sary, just a bargain sale. My keep Russia out of it.

F. NORTHRUP, Eln

HYPNOTIC WAR

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Mannix's absor on hypnotism (Do As You're 5th) could well be expanded to an explanation of Communist Surely the Germans, and their in ruthlessness, will not have the possibilities of such a sub ment. When people of intell normal judgment can be give jag on a drink of rather insipid sometimes travel over several shouting they are pixilated— explanation?

And as action cannot be against moral convictions, m apparently sound and upstan are a bit wormy after all.

W. K. HARDING, Toront

(Continued on page 6

Vol. 120, No. 8. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Antbony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Sp Changes in address should reach us five w of the next issue date. Give both the o dresses. Entered as second-class matt Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of and at the Post Office, Toronto, Cana or art submitted to Collier's, The N should be accompanied by addressed e turn postage. The Publisher assumes n for return of unsolicited manuscripts or

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

K's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



PLAY MAMA is all important topic when IRENE DUNNE and George Stevens huddle on the set of Mr. Stevens' production, *ber Mama*. Screen version of the Broadway stage hit co-stars RA BEL GEDDES, OSCAR HOMOLKA, PHILIP DORN.



THIS LOOK from the beautiful, beckoning eyes of LARAINE DAY costs JOHN WAYNE his heart in RKO's Technicolor production, *Tycoon*, stirring saga of conquest in the Andes. Miss Day appears as a South American aristocrat who is irresistibly drawn to a man she should not love.



NGOUT, comedy stars EDDIE CANTOR and JOAN DAVIS make nty night clubbers give in, in this scene from RKO's forthcoming cal *f You Knew Susie*. Based on the song made famous by Cantor, bea s a bumper crop of good lookers, hit tunes, and a riotous story.



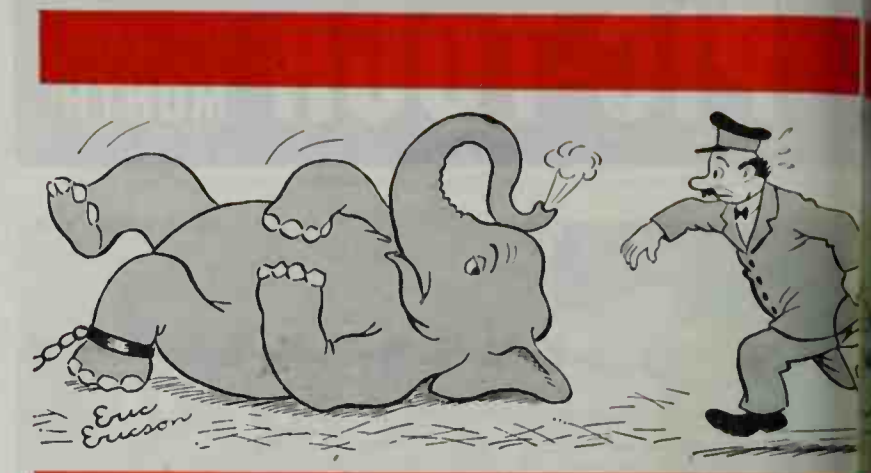
BEING FUNNY is serious business. JAMES STEWART and Producer ROBERT RISKIN map playing of comedy sequence in *Magic Town*. Script girl sits in to make notes. JANE WYMAN co-stars in Mr. Riskin's independent production, which has had Hollywood preview audiences cheering.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*



KEEP UP WITH THE WORL

BY FRELING FOSTER

One of the few animals able to deceive humans to achieve a purpose is the elephant. Being susceptible to stomach cramps, for which it is given a bucket of gin and ginger, the animal, after one or two cures, often develops such a liking for the liquor that, hoping to get more, it will feign cramps as many times as it can fool its keeper.

The recent film, Caesar and Cleopatra, pays particular attention to historical accuracy. For instance, in the moonlight scene, beside the Sphinx, the hundreds of stars in the sky are shown in the same positions, according to astronomical calculation, in which they were seen above the Egyptian desert in the year 45 B.C.

Under a British law, a private individual is permitted to sue those involved in promoting certain kinds of public entertainment on Sunday, and also to keep the amounts awarded by the court. As this law is ambiguous and little understood, many unknowingly violate it and thus are sued. In a recent case, the plaintiff received $4,000 from a man who had staged several wrestling bouts and $3,400 more from a newspaper which had carried his advertisements.

America's oldest fire burns today in the fireplace of a log cabin near Saluda, North Carolina. Started 166 years ago by a couple who found it easier, in those days before matches, to keep a fire alive than to kindle new ones, it became such a local institution that succeeding generations of the family have kept it burning ever since.

Not long ago, the death of a woman in Guanajuato, Mexico, disclosed her strange obsession—to collect and thus rid the world of innocent objects that had caused death. Upon learning of such a tragedy in any country, she would purchase the article, which might be, for example, a rug that had caused a fatal fall or a picture that had dropped on and killed its owner. Over a period of 50 years, she collected some 15,000 of these items, which cost her about $125,000.

Although the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the U.S. were submitted to the states in 1789, they were not ratified until 1939 by Connecticut, Georgia and Massachusetts.

By 1798 in Philadelphia, the horse and buggy on th had caused such a decline attendance that the clerg tained, and held for 33 yea permission to stop all Sund lar traffic by hanging lar across the city's principal st

Buddy Kerr, shortstop o York Giants, holds the r fielding in professional bas tween July 26, 1946, and 1947, he played in 68 g fielded 384 balls without an

Australia's independent roads now plan to adopt th gauge, which means re- 18,000 of the 24,000 miles that are using other gau chaotic situation, which re sengers and freight to be from one system to anothe as four times between cer has existed for 94 years, i economic loss of $2,400.0 will cost to correct nea 000,000.

Lidice, Czechoslovakia, ing rebuilt on its old site June 10, 1942, the Nazis l the ground, murdered its 1 boys and deported its 301 children in the belief that the town had harbored t of Reinhardt Heydrich.

Deducting invalids, the poor and children under fi population of this coun about 100,000,000 person potential patrons of mot theaters. Of this number, 000,000 rarely if ever go to

Since 1925, some fault beneath Jerome, Arizona, this 5,000-population tow more than eight feet.

While recently explorin underlying Dent de Croll tain in the western Alps, Frenchmen descended 2,! greatest depth ever reache ologists.

Ten dollars will be paid for cepted for this column. Contr be accompanied by their sourc tion. Address Keep Up Wit Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New N. Y. This column is copyri items may be reproduced with

Whose youngsters are going for a drive?

e are the children of some well-known people . . . see if you can identify their parents.

lelinda and Stephanie are the daughters of a dark-haired screen ty who was born in New Jersey, and first appeared on the stage her father in a play called "Jarnegan." You probably remember est for her roles in "Private Worlds," "The Woman in the Window" 'Scarlet Street." Her newest is "The Macomber Affair"—a Bene-Bogeaus production released through United Artists.

now lives in Holmly Hills, Calif., with her daughters and famous cer husband, Walter Wanger. She drives a new, bright green conver- and always gets her gasoline at the "Ethyl" pump because, "If xpect your car to run its best, it's just common sense to use the asoline."





2. This bouncing baby girl is the pride and joy of a man who studied law, but became known to millions of radio listeners as the "Ole Professor" of the "College of Musical Knowledge." He is heard each Saturday over NBC—9:30 P.M. EDST.

Born in Rocky Mount, N. C., he was cheerleader at the University of North Carolina. His present band of twenty-five members is a far cry from the small group that toured from town to town for eight years looking for a break. Now he lives in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, Calif., where you might see him driving his gray sedan 'most any day. He uses "Ethyl" gasoline because, "I want my car to run in the groove."

Charlie's mother has made good in Hollywood by playing tough n such pictures as "Murder, My Sweet," "Stagecoach" and Angel." She started out as the leading lady of B pictures, but stablished as a top-flight A-picture star—and her newest is Kill," a feature production of RKO.

shes back and forth from her home in Hollywood to the studio —managing to combine a successful career and motherhood. ed if she uses "Ethyl" gasoline, she replied, "Is there any othe e used 'Ethyl' so long and it runs my car so well I can't imagine other gasoline."





Read this to see who their famous parents are:

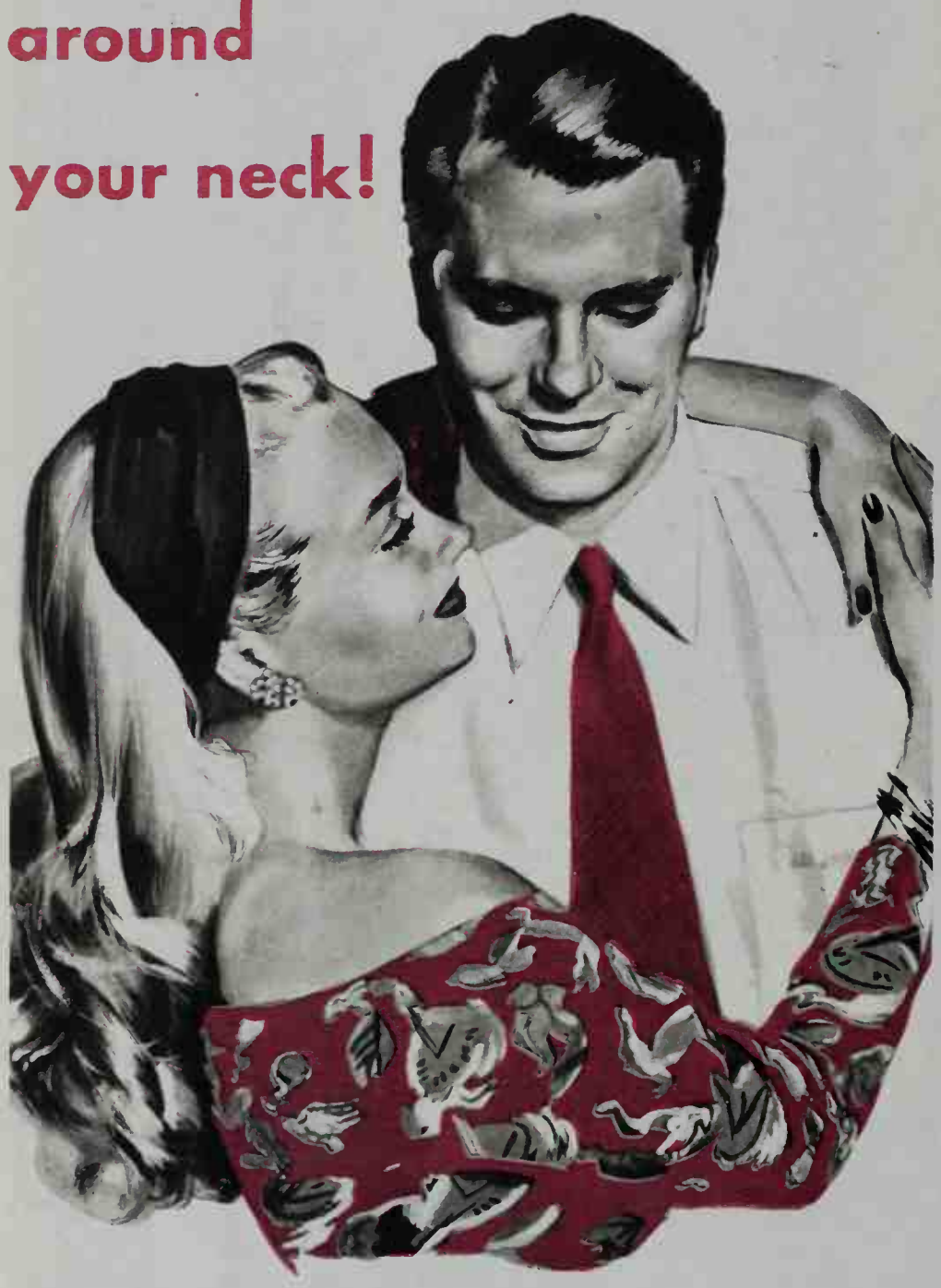
If you are able to name even one of these people, you are doing very well. Children rarely resemble parents closely enough for positive identification ...and certainly the knowledge that papa or mama uses "Ethyl" gasoline is not much of a clue.

Today millions of car owners prefer "Ethyl" gasoline . . . among them the parents of the children pictured above. They are: 1. Joan Bennett 2. Kay Kyser 3. Claire Trevor.

These celebrities look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark when they buy gasoline for the same good reasons that millions of other car owners do. They want to get the most out of their cars.

So they watch for the yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem which oil companies place on pumps containing gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock compound—the famous ingredient that improves performance. *Ethyl Corporation, New York, N. Y.*

Looks so good around your neck!



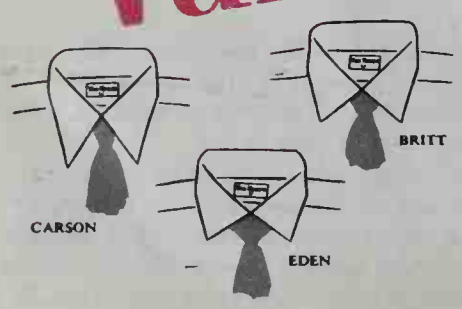
Van Heusen's low-set collar does it!

We slope 'em low—all of them!—for extra comfort and smartness. You choose the collar models you want—*We've got them*, in shirts that are tops for style and quality—and planned for good looks around your neck.

All Sanforized and laundry-tested—a new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size! Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y. 1

Van Heusen

shirts



New low-set collar models look better, feel better, fit better.

Whites: $3.25, 3.95, 4.50

Stripes: $3.95, 4.50



THE WEEK'S WORK

Former sun salesman Frank L. Harvey cuts himself a piece of nostalgic Florida cheesecake

EVEN though he now lives in Morristown, New Jersey, and writes ad copy and stories in New York, Frank L. Harvey thinks he ought to start running toward the arctic the minute his breezy account of hurricanes, Demon from the Doldrums, p. 28, hits the stands. Being an ex-Daytona Beach publicity man, Frank knows how Florida Chamber of Commerce men react to big winds.

Oddly, despite his daring, Mr. Harvey is still sensitive regarding his Florida sun-selling days, especially gibes about them. He bitterly denies having (a) a press-agent personality that would turn Cab Calloway's brass section green with envy, (b) a slightly myopic squint from peering into the bottoms of Martini glasses, and (c) a tendency, should anyone mutter "cheesecake" under his breath, to snatch a camera and shout hoarsely: "A littie higher, please, Miss—ah, that's much better." Harvey insists that he (b) can see quite readily into any kind of cocktail glass, (a) that he is decidedly shy, and that (c) if he had in the past photographed young ladies in the scant, it was purely to satisfy Northern editors.

Less defensively, Mr. Harvey admits there are ways to trick the tourist. Among Handy Floridian Publicity Gadgets were (a) the Constant Thermometer, which registered 75 degrees (in summer it was a cool breeze off the sea; in winter, off the shore), and (b) the Hurricane Moderator. "This trusty device hangs from the walls of all Florida hotels, tourist cabañas, chambers of commerce, and real-estate offices," he reminds us. "Its electronic cells, microswitches and secret pacifiers turn the strongest wind into a Cool and Bracing Breeze. Should anything more emotional come along, naturally it never hits during the Incomparable Winter Season. Besides, the New and Completely Modern Florida Hotels are proof against anything except A-bombs." Even though he has renounced cheesecake, the photogenic Mr. Harvey is madly saving ulcers and gilt-edged annuities. He hopes someday to return to his hometown Daytona Beach.

SINCE authors these hot dog days are off vacationing, Miss Peggy Mann (Smiling Girl, p. 71) got away for Stratford on Avon to take the Shakespeare course before we could buttonhole her. Her father, Harvey T. Mann, however, informs us she left for Plymouth swamped in hurly-burly and baggage. He believes landing at Plymouth must a lot simpler.

Mr. Harvey further re first detected his daughter come a writer when at t a hammer which he was nail, completed the job back, smugly remarking my hand up, I do it right." manner of speech struck most expressive.

With Miss Mann seven miles away, Mr. Mann al Peggy Mann verse, written

When we dance round th tree,
Of course it gives us goo
But those who have no C
Haven't any good glee.

OUR demand for "W found Ernest Hayc through the brush along and rivers of the Willa hard by the Haycox hea the Failing Building, Po gon. Crawling with Mr. a former Oregon govern were tracking down prec of first land claims, first trails and roads. Now an come on a modern kitchen midden—rusted modern coffee cans, can pers, beer bottles, wartim had de-zinged, etc. Bene junk pile, they discovered tion of a grist mill, built Canadian *voyageur* m hundred years ago. Ben they located a water wh some collector's shovel. years is not a long time Mr. Haycox informed us century covers the comp of a state from bow-an fare to that final attrib tion: the pinball machin

How did our week-e come to write Affair's "It was the first of the cox says. "Bills. Got worried it around. Wro

This week's cover: Th Music Wherever They train window, Artist J saw teen-agers cutting a nic, to music from a p His own shoulder-strap ing at the time in his gave Whitcomb a roma tion, posed by models son and Joe Martin. . .



Understand Rivalry and you understand America

...LRY is Dad forgetting his stiff back to grow the best ...toes in town. Rivalry is Mom's determination to make a ...r cake than Mrs. Brown. From county fairs to quiz pro... ...s, from baseball games to business, rivalry is in America's ... ...a thrill and a challenge. We've outdistanced the world ...se we like to outdistance each other.

...ake the American Oil Industry, made up of more than 34,000 ...dual firms of all sizes. In this competitive business 1,250,000 ... make their living in oil production, oil transportation, ...g, research, marketing.

Here rivalry spurs progress—finds ways to provide Americans with finer petroleum products at the lowest prices in the world . . . better gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil . . . better things from petroleum in a hundred fields—chemistry, medicine, farming, manufacturing.

The result—better health, a chance to go more places more easily, more comfort . . . more . . . *constantly* more, for you.

THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS



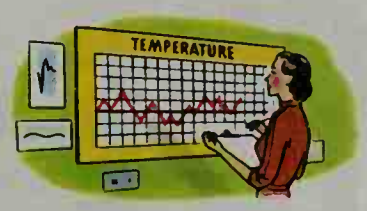
...illing," oil wells ...rs underground. ... such as this, ...tion companies ...ica's oil reserves.



Today's tankers speed at a rate 50% faster than 20 years ago. 650 companies engage in oil transportation by tanker, barge, pipe-line or rail. Result—better service, lower costs.



Keen competition in refining techniques has developed finer fuel—for planes like Jet P-80 and your car. Some 400 refiners are responsible for over 1200 different oil products.



Over 20,000 distributors and jobbers compete to serve you. Example: fuel suppliers chart daily temperatures, forecast your needs according to weather, work to keep you supplied.



225,000 service stations compete for your favor. Each vies with his neighbors in serving you. Over half a million people are engaged in this familiar phase of the oil business.

Prepared for the Oil Industry by the American Petroleum Institute—Copyright 1947



*Now in an Exquisite Console at $129.95**

. . . with the amazing new way to play records

New for 1948 . . . an exquisite Mahogany radio-phonograph console with the sensational new easy way to play a record invented by Philco.

On radio and records, its tone is superb. A great value at its low price. See the Philco 1260 at your Philco dealer now.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

*Prices slightly higher Denver and West.



BROTHER JAZZ

THE STORY OF EDDIE CONDON

kid from Chicago Heights now plays guitar in his own restaurant in New . The others in this jam session are: "Pee Wee" Russell, clarinet; "Wild Bill" son, trumpet; Johnny Blowers, drums; and Morey Raymond, bass fiddle

n November 16, 1905, Albert in Condon was born in Good- , Indiana, where his father had to conduct a saloon. The boy's ear never grew or had a drum. grew up with music. He could Turkey in the Straw before he say mama. Most of his three ers and five sisters sang or ed an instrument. By the time e was in high school in Chicago hts, he had taught himself to the piano, the ukulele and the .

was with the banjo that he got rst professional job with a jazz touring Iowa, Wisconsin and esota. That was in 1922. Ever then, Eddie Condon has been z musician, working first chiefly hot groups in Chicago and later, 25, moving to New York, where w has his own club.

z had been in and out of New for years before Condon and ther Chicagoans arrived; it was dered of no value. It could not sed in trade; its appeal was al and its margin of profit nar- row. It went to Harlem and remained there.

In New York, Condon by instinct and interest became a free-lance jazz missionary; he talked executives of recording companies into dates; he selected and rehearsed the musicians himself and played with them. He was responsible for the first recording by a mixed group of white and Negro musicians; he knew Harlem as he knew the South Side of Chicago, he listened particularly to the Negro pianists, James P. Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith, and Thomas Fats Waller.

He was unswervingly devoted to jazz; with quiet, stubborn fanaticism he proselyted for it. He stayed away from the contamination of big bands; sometimes he made a living, sometimes he didn't. "We bled to death," he once said of those years. "We gnawed at one another's wrists."

Prostitution mothered jazz in New Orleans; prohibition fostered it in Chicago and New York; repeal threw it into the street—Fifty-second Street. Its name was changed; it was called swing, a term used by jazz musicians to describe the growing pattern of intercommunicative, interdependent, spontaneously created music which builds up, as a band improvises chorus after chorus on the basic chordal structure of a standard tune or theme; when the pattern is clear and exciting the band is swinging.

Swing was played on Fifty-second Street in small, dark basements for people who drank watered whisky, inhaled bad air, and considered themselves the patrons of a fresh fad. It began in Adrian Rollini's tap room, on Forty-eighth Street near Eighth Avenue, where Wingy Mannone played Isle of Capri. It spread to the Onyx on Fifty-second Street, where the Spirits of Rhythm and Stuff Smith played, and where the ropes had to be put up when Maxine Sullivan moved in and began to sing Loch Lomond.

Louis Prima opened at the Famous Door across the street from the Onyx with "Pee Wee" Russell; later Count Basie came to town. Then swing hit the entire nation; it was a fad, it could be exploited.

The bands got bigger and bigger, the music was more carefully arranged, more mechanically "hot." Jazz was more forgotten, more neglected, more a luxury for those who liked to play it than ever before. It was then that Eddie Condon began to work seriously and persistently for the music in which he believed. With the help of a few friends he set out to win recognition and respectability for jazz. He succeeded. He talked, he argued, he pleaded, he demonstrated; he organized, rehearsed, and led some of the finest white jazz groups ever heard. He won serious critical acclaim for the music; he built a concert audience for it; he labored patiently and constantly for it; he even gave his identity to it. People referred to him as "Mr. Jazz."

This is Eddie Condon's story, but it is also the story of jazz music; and there is no better place to begin it than with Eddie Condon's first meeting with one of the immortals of jazz—Bix Beiderbecke—in 1922.

Z EDDIE CONDON AND THOMAS SUGRUE • STORY ON NEXT PAGE





At Nick's restaurant, "Muggsy" Spanier (above) takes a hot chorus while Ernie Caceres, Freddie Ohms and Irv Manning (rear) look on. Crowds are large (right) though there is no dancing. Other regular players include Joe Grauso, drums, and pianist Charlie Queener

Jazz music began in Basin Street and took almost two generations to become respectable. The first of a series about the men who fostered its remarkable rise, living—and playing—pretty much as they pleased

THINGS hadn't changed in Chicago Heights; the Condons continued to make a lot of noise, most of it in 4/4 time. One day Pee Wee Rank, a drummer, called me from Davenport, Iowa. "I've got the greatest band you ever heard," he said. "You can't miss playing with us in Syracuse. Meet me at the LaSalle Street Station in Chicago tomorrow night at eight o'clock."

He sold me. At eight o'clock the next night I stood in the station and watched Pee Wee come at me with three other guys. One was a kid in a cap with the peak broken. He had on a green overcoat from the walk-up-one-and-save-ten district; the collar was off his neck. He had a round face and eyes that had no desire to focus on what was in front of him.

Pee Wee introduced us. "This is Bix Beiderbecke."

I've made a mistake, I thought. I'm stuck with this clam digger for two months.

"Hello," Beiderbecke said. He was shy. Great talker, I thought.

The other two guys were Wayne Hostetter and Johnny Eberhardt. Eberhardt was the saxophone player; Hostetter played clarinet and violin. Nobody said anything about Beiderbecke's instrument; I was sure he hadn't intelligence enough to play anything but a comb.

"We have a couple of hours before the train leaves for Syracuse," Pee Wee said. "Bix wants to go to the College Inn and see Louis Panico."

The College Inn was in the Sherman House, a smart hotel. Louis Panico was playing trumpet in Isham Jones' band. He was only eighteen, had written Wabash Blues, and was getting $350 a week. They'll never let us in, I thought. This corncobber probably has heard Louis on a record and hasn't any better sense than to think he can march in wearing that cap. I fell back and walked with Hostetter.

"Is Beiderbecke our cornet player?" I asked.

"By way of understatement, yes," Hostetter said. "Wait until you hear him play. You'll go nuts."

I can believe it, I thought. What kind of music have these guys heard? What is their standard? How can a guy in a cap and a green overcoat play anything but a Boy Scout bugle call?

We walked right into the College Inn. Pee Wee and Beiderbecke pushed their way to the band stand. I spotted Panico about the time he saw Beiderbecke. His face lighted up like a drunk on Christmas Eve.

"Bix!" He leaned over to shake hands, and the boys in the band looked around as if free drinks had been announced. Beiderbecke must be something, I thought. But what?

Louis played his Wabash Blues and Hot Lips. My eyes were just getting used to the glare when Pee Wee said, "Bix wants to go to the Friars' Inn."

Well, I thought, they let us in here, why not the Friars' Inn? The Friars' Inn was a flashy cabaret for big spenders. For music it had the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, the famous white jazz band. If any of the Rhythm Kings spoke to Beiderbecke he was somebody, cap and all. We walked in and kept on going again, right up to the bandstand.

The players fell over themselves greeting Beiderbecke. I thought: Have I got to buy a cap to make good?

"How about sitting in, Bix?" one of the players said.

When Bix Made Piano Magic

Beiderbecke smiled like an embarrassed kid. Then he got up on the stand and walked over and sat down—at the piano. "Clarinet Marmalade," somebody said. Bix nodded and hit the keys.

Then it happened. All my life I had been listening to music, particularly on the piano. But I had never heard anything remotely resembling what Beiderbecke played. For the first time I realized that music isn't all the same, that some people play so differently from others that it becomes an entirely new set of sounds. That was the first time I heard the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, but I actually didn't hear them at all; I listened to Bix Be

When we rushed out to train I was completely confu ing to get to sleep in an up I kept thinking: What abou net? Can he play that too?

The next day we got up a came into Cleveland. I bega der again about the cornet my banjo and began to prac hardt dug up his saxop doodled along with me. F derbecke took out the mo cornet I had ever seen. He p lips and blew a note. The s out like a girl saying yes.

Eberhardt smiled at m about Panama?" he said. shivering and licking my in ing the last of the note.

"All right," Beiderbecke ama."

By itself, so it seemed,



e rhythm. At last I was play- so far as I was concerned, on forever.

ruse, I was the happiest kid d. Every night I played with Alhambra; when I heard his ing could possibly bother x o'clock each morning I him out of bed to play the me.

Bix," I would say, "just for ile. Then you can take a vas as amiable as a pup. He t the big grand piano and e hour—Eastwood Lane's k Sketches and McDowell's played his own way, with rasing. The way he voiced y D7 chord was the joy and my life. The way he dressed spair.

wardrobe consisted of two suits, r the job and a baggy outfit to wear in between. He had one pair of shoes, a few shirts, and a couple of four-in-hand ties. The green overcoat and the cap with the broken peak completed his ensemble. Nothing new was ever added. Bix couldn't be bothered. He had other things to do.

At the back of the Alhambra Ballroom there was a ski-ball concession. Bix decided that it was his destiny, during intermissions, to beat the game. He put a large part of his salary each week into trying; he ended with two Teddy bears and a box of chocolates.

We were paid forty-five dollars a week; we found a speak-easy where we could get beer for ten cents. This was the most economical deal in Syracuse—ten beers for a dollar.

Hostetter figured it out by calculus. "We can get loaded every night," he said, "but Bix will have to cut down his contribution to the ski ball."

"Oh, I can lick it," Bix said. "I've almost got the system now."

On payday we visited some of the other bars. Hostetter, who was a chiropractor, had charts of all the parts of the body, including a blowup of the eye. This he took with him when we visited strange speak-easies. After the first drink he put it on the bar.

How to Embarrass a Bartender

Invariably the bartender became interested. Hostetter explained that it was a system for telling fortunes by examining the eye.

Pretty soon the bartender asked Hostetter to have a look at his eye. Dave leaned over the bar and stared for a long time. Finally he said, "H'mmm, I see that you have had a social disease."

That was the end of the examination; we got drinks on the house for the rest of the night.

There were a lot of canals in Syracuse; one night Hostetter and Bix stopped as we were crossing one of them on a bridge.

"Let's throw Eddie in," Bix said.

"Sure," Hostetter said. "We can always get another banjo player. Besides, his spine has too few vertebrae in the cervical area and too many in the lumbar. He'll never grow and will live to be past ninety and become a burden to his family."

They grabbed me—I was five feet six, and weighed a hundred and ten—and held me over the bridge.

"Will there be any punishment for this?" Bix said.

"Not unless it can be proved that he is a human being," Hostetter said.

"He sings," Bix suggested.

(Continued on page 38)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

FFAIR'S END

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

didn't trust this new welter of emotion. She
't trust it, but she couldn't stand against it

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



Her thoughts were restless; vivid images flashed through her mind

ND quitting time of this
ry hot day the five execu-
es of Traung Company,
narrow office behind the
tion at the end of the big
an to remind Margaret of
indow models slowly los-
n the heat. Jim Daniels lay
chair, with his feet on the
is face, with its expression
onder, turned toward the
had not stirred for at least
s. Gordon McVeigh, in the
office, was talking over
but his glance came across
om to her with its pri-
-know-what-I'm-thinking"
She'd have to tell him he
hope to be secretive in an
with women; they were
th supersensitive antennae
waving across the air to
lightest emotional change.
her copy from the type-
d in a new sheet and saw
rise impatiently from his
alk out to the water cooler.
back to the room while he
e stood at the window to
the rooftops of town to-
ls. His neck was brown—
layer of brown—and the
hands were the shade of
le. He wore a coat almost
r his shoulders, an old
coat he no doubt hated
nd he stood with his hands
ts and seemed once more
inking. He was the sales
turned after a three-year
it was clear to her that he
difficulty locking himself
is particular prison.
ngle and thirty. Margaret
he understood how im-
e two facts were to the
is office, how they secretly

ad wanted everything to
ut when she drew away
red, "I think I'm afraid"

searched him, and weighed his casual words and gestures, and matched themselves with him, and matched him with others, and tried to detect in him some preference for one of them, until all this was a mass of cobweb cords around him. Probably he didn't, though men had many techniques, one of which was to pretend they knew utterly nothing about women. He liked to play the punchboards in the lobby, he smoked something called Old Nestor, and one of the girls of the office had seen him coming out of a shop with an outboard motor in his hands; he had been dressed in a sweat shirt and faded overalls.

She thought these things while she typed. She felt damp and fretful and unbecoming; a small ache in the center of her back made her lift her shoulders and she discovered that Jim Daniels had turned from the window and was watching her. She gave him her automatic courtesy smile and put her eyes on her copy. It was a curious thing; she typed for the better part of ten seconds and began to feel the sensation running over her, the delayed shock, the growing strangeness, the rough sudden piling up of something that was like fear or excitement. She ignored him but she had his image in the corner of her vision and when he left the water cooler and walked toward her the sensation gathered in her again.

He stopped at the corner of her desk, his hands still in his pockets. She noticed the flakes of hazel in his otherwise brown eyes, the soberness on his face, the small pressures around his mouth. Impulse hadn't brought him here, she thought; he had been thinking about her.

"This," he said, "is one hell of a day."

"What's wrong?"

"That office was built for an Indian sweat bath."

"It's just summer," she said.

"It's just a lot of things."

"You'll get back into the swing of it again. It takes a little time."

"There's not that much time, Margaret."

He watched her with his quiet insistence; his intention was a message coming out of him to her, and when she identified it she felt the plain sensation of fear. He must have noticed it on her face, for he checked something he quite clearly had intended to say and walked back to his office.

A small guilt went through her and it was a hard thing not to look toward Gordon McVeigh's office. He had seen this. Everybody had seen it. It was nothing, of course, nothing at all. She finished her letters, closed her book, and, at five o'clock left the building, walking the twelve blocks to her apartment. She put a potato in the oven to bake while she took her shower.

GORDON came at about eight to take her for a ride. He looked relaxed, in good humor; he took good care of himself and it was a matter of pride with him to maintain an even disposition, to accept both good and bad luck with something of a sportsman's indifference. They drove out to the Butte, followed the looping road to the summit, and parked with the auto faced outward toward the town six hundred feet below. Long dotted lines of lights marked the crisscross streets; the over-town area was a solid glow, with a searchlight idly swinging back and forth to scan the starred sky. A small wind came through the windows. She kicked off her shoes and rested back on the seat. Gordon bent over and kissed her and withdrew, letting well enough alone on a night such as this. He had nice judgment.

"Hot in your cubbyhole today?" she asked.

"I sweated off two pounds."

"You don't need to lose weight," she told him.

They were comfortable with each other, never under the strain of making talk. He took her hand and held it with the gentle way of a man wanting to savor the pleasantness of her nearness and yet not wanting to force it. She sat quite still and the strange vague thing which was not quite terror jumped unexplainably through her. She was thinking of Jim Daniels, not of Gordon.

She said, "Jim seems to be having a hard time."

"He's changed since he's been away," Gordon said. That was a brevity she understood, for Gordon's kind of man was smooth and casual and never out of key. He didn't like Daniels, who could be rough and blunt, and cared nothing for finesse. Yet he would make no comment; during all their engagement he never had become possessive. She closed her eyes and, with the touch of Gordon's hand on her hand, she tried unsuccessfully to put Jim Daniels out of her mind. It was as though she stood in a wide field and watched a black cloud rolling toward her so swiftly that she could not run; it came against her, and its raw, windy blackness surrounded her and she cringed and yet felt strong.

Gordon said, "You're tired tonight."

"Yes."

He switched on the engine and turned home. When he brought the car to the front of the apartment he bent toward her and waited for her face to come around. She delayed that turning for the briefest of moments, which was a thing she had never done before. She was sorry for it and knew he had sensed it as he bent to kiss her; the kiss was one of those perfunctory things which had no magic in it and when she got out of the car she had the depressing thought that there never would be magic any more for them. He said, "See you tomorrow."

The air within the apartment was a stagnant pool of unpleasant odors. She undressed, pulled a sheet over her, snapped out the reading light and stared into the darkness. She had been so pleased with the sort of life she'd arranged for herself. How could it be that she, never wanting more than she

(Continued on page 30)

HOW TO HAVE ANCESTORS

BY JAMES DUGAN

You, too, can own a Founding Father on easy terms. Go to your corner genealogist now for a demonstration of these practical, useful forebears—but don't be finicky about skeletons in the closet

THE Founding Fathers of the nation made a sad blunder at Independence Hall. They clean forgot to set up an American peerage. It was a cruel disappointment to some of the people waiting outside to see the new rules and regulations. They predicted that the United States would be a flop without dukes of Hoboken and hereditary barons of Brooklyn. They had been touting George Washington for king.

To get even for this deliberate slight, the frustrated monarchists invented genealogy. If the infant republic wouldn't hand out any titles, they would find ways to make themselves into homemade peers.

The new knighthood got under way with the Society of the Cincinnati, founded in 1783 by retired officers of the Continental Army. The idea was to keep the family brass hat polished by passing membership from fathers to sons forever.

When the story broke, the ex-enlisted men blew their tops. They founded a strictly nonhereditary club named the Society of St. Tammany to give combat to the officers. The issues of this remote feud have been lost, but Tammany is still in business.

Next to the Chinese, who practice it as a religion, Americans are the leading ancestor-worshipers in the world. They are not only eager to acquire ancestors, they can hardly wait to become ancestors themselves. The Cincinnati became Revolutionary ancestors as soon as the last shot was fired. The Native Sons of the Golden West was founded in San Francisco in 1875, before most of its prospective charter members were out of three-cornered pants.

Ancestor-transference fell on lean times between the Revolution and the Civil War. Not until 1876, on the centennial of independence, did citizens reawaken to the importance of being well descended. In that year the Sons of the Revolution was founded.

The Sons aroused a slight wave of genealogy, but the trouble with organized ancestor-worship was that it was still a stag party. The bottleneck was broken in 1890. In that year the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolu founded. The ladies had crashed the business.

The D.A.R. was an instantaneous sm dozen more distaff ancestor regiments vated in the nineties. By 1900 there we many ladies wearing Revolutionary med had been troops in the Continental Army the Daughters had tripled Lieutenan George Washington's peak strength of 3 and were issuing cards as fast as the genealogists could process them. Toda 150,000 Daughters, and the organizati scratched the surface.

Over 45,000,000 living U.S. women for the D.A.R. The historian Edward C timated that there were 1,200,000 "reb the Revolution out of a population of But only about 75,000 men actually against the British.

However, an ancestor didn't have to fi get a lady into the D.A.R. The organiza



scendants of almost everybody who American colonies between 1776 and ing that the ancestor wasn't a Tory of ty that he can still put his finger on his The official membership qualifications R. admit progeny of cops, town council- contractors, patriotic preachers, con- jectors (in the case of Quakers), village tax collectors, deer wardens, judges and tions makers and gunsmiths, "observ- y surveyors, draft-board members, "pa- ien, plain "patriots," hog watchers and s.

R. also admits daughters of men who titutes to go fight for them. One such t of a Connecticut citizen who paid to -ar-old boy fill his place in the town vol- . The lad marched off and was killed in on at White Plains. The patriot who e had seven sons, of whose female are D.A.R. rushing material and some boy who fell at White Plains did not live to sire any Daughters of the American Revolution.

The lineage claims of the Daughters are printed in 165 volumes of Revolutionary genealogies, drawn from the D.A.R. master files in Washington, which contain over 200,000 pedigrees. The thumbnail biographies of the ancestors in these lineage books make instructive reading.

For instance, the great grandfather of a D.A.R. member from Georgia is credited with having sold "powder and flour to the troops." Another nonbelligerent ancestor was "a patriot and juror." One ancestor got his daughter admitted on the strength of his record as "a constable and sealer of leather in Chesterfield, Massachusetts." A Boston progenitor "assisted in raising troops for the defense of the city." He would be called a draft-board member today.

The daughters of Peter Tufts belong because "he was a patriot and aided in erecting fortifications of Dorchester Heights." Another forebear was "Judge of the Court of Common Pleas." Stephen Bean was "a surveyor of highways and a constable." One ancestor tossed neutrality to the winds by signing "the Declaration of Independence of Albemarle County, Virginia, 1779," three years after the national Declaration. One Daughter belongs on the record of a gent who stuck to his duty as "hog reeve of Bridgewater, Massachusetts," throughout the seven-year struggle. "Reeve" is the old word for keeper.

The D.A.R. charitably overlooks mistakes in tracing the family line. It gave an early membership to a lady who was pridefully descended from Hezekiah Royce, a volunteer at the Battle of Bennington. Genealogists later turned up with the news that there were two Hezekiah Royces in that part of Vermont. The second was a malignant Tory. He was the one who was related to the lady. The Daughters chuckled over the revelation and did not court-martial the impostor.

Many Daughters have hitched up big teams of ancestors. This tendency toward safety in numbers is practiced by some *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM BERMAN

Unemployment, small-business failures and layoffs are hitting veteran harder than the rest of the nation. Even a mild recession will doubl the pressure on them and add ammunition to the arsenal of demagog

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

THEY'RE STI



"Business is only pretty good now. It should be better this winter. I came from Finland ten years ago; most of my customers are Finns and I like it here."

KUSTI MAKELIN, BAR AND GRILL

"Business stinks. I don't seem to get any breaks, and people are so unreasonable. I just have no luck. Look, I burned my hands at home using lye in the sink."

SILVESTRO CONTI, TOY AND NOVELTY STORE



READJUSTMENT for G.I.s means just one thing: jobs. Two years, one boom, and seventeen and a half billion Veterans Administration bucks after V-J Day, how well are our veterans readjusting? The answer is like a sock on the jaw.

Well over 1,000,000 employable veterans are without work of any kind.

This is an improvement of about 500,000 over March, but 2,500,000 more who are now in schools and job-training will soon be competing for jobs against an increasing number of older and more experienced job seekers.

About half of the 1,000,000 G.I.s who became their own bosses (in business or farming) will be out of business by next Christmas. Two million, possibly 4,000,000 job-holding veterans are marked for the ax in case of general employment cutbacks. No slight intended; just lack of seniority.

Altogether six to eight million—roughly half the total of all World War II veterans—are in danger of becoming what Veterans Administrator General Omar N. Bradley calls "economic DPs."

The evolution of G.I. Joe into Citizen Joe is a matter of time on the job. A veteran out of work may become a veteran with a vengeance. A veteran making a living becomes a lot of other things—a breadwinner and taxpayer, a union man or employer, a barber, banker or farmer, an ordinary guy taking his chances with everybody else. Success or failure in the readjustment of 14,500,000 veterans—almost a third of the population when you include their immediate families—boils down to these simple terms:

How many veterans have employment now and what are their chances of making it stick?

How many veterans are unemployed now and what are their chances of getting jobs?

Of the 12,000,000 veterans who are listed as "gainfully employed," 10,500,000, or slightly over two thirds of all World War II veterans, are holding down full-time employment. The other million and a half work part time as students or on-the-job trainees. Can these 10,500,000 hang on to their jobs?

"When the storm breaks, it's going to rain veterans," one employer says. General Bradley is more specific: "Veterans are the least secure of all job holders today. Even a mild recession could add a million or more to the unemployment rolls."

Why? Many factors enter into the final answer, but the common denominator of them all is time—time to make up on the job the 1 to 6 years they lost in seniority and experience. Similarly, lack of experience among veterans who went into business for themselves has been a determining factor in at least 90 per cent of their failures.

Being your own boss had a great attraction for men living under military discipline. In the Army, one out of every three, in the Navy one out of every five, said on entering civilian life they wanted to go into business for themselves—despite the fact the majority had never had any experience.

Considering their age and the time they spent in service, the experience they did have was half forgotten, and seldom related dire problems of actual management. As for perience, success in war had little to do v cheap and selling dear. After all, the A and Marines weren't in business for pro

"You sit here and watch 'em come in dreams," sighs a loan counselor at one gional V.A. offices. "It's the infantry r center all over again. Not more than t G.I.s in a hundred know what they're g Only this time they're asking for it."

But if most ex-G.I.s didn't know wha getting into, they soon found out—the A man whose previous business expe sisted in selling goods over the counter didn't help him juggle inventory, keep a counts, hire efficient help, or wangle credits from banks, wholesalers and ma New expenses kept cropping up, too: hadn't figured on like advertising, speci spoilage, insurance and lawyers' fees.

Small business, they discovered, has a a gamble. Even in "normal" days befor

third of new firms survived less than half lasted less than four years.

Today, the number of firms has soa the pre-Pearl Harbor high of 3,500,000 cess of actual need or chance of profit. of overloading began to show this spri ness failures doubled last year's rate. rate among veteran-owned firms, alwa per cent more than the average, is rising

The smaller the business, the slimmer Four out of five failures are in ventur or less employees. Veterans, with an a ness capital of $4,000 or less, fall int vulnerable majority.

No Quick Road to Fortune in Tr

Of all veteran enterprises, trucking v the costliest flop. Plenty of veterans wh thing they could save or borrow into a truck found themselves out of busines really got started. Profits seldom paid repair bills. In Pennsylvania, a veteran to beat repair bills by buying only th ment sank his entire savings and loan trailer truck. On his first haul, he blev and went into the hole while he tried for a new one.

Scarcity of merchandise also hit the "Half the G.I.s in our area who starte pliance stores have either gone out o are having mighty hard sledding," says of Elliott and Evans, wholesale distrit trical appliances in 20 northern Ohio explained it was largely because they merchandise. "Our old customers get we can't give special rights to newco they are G.I.s."

As latecomers in the scramble ba business, veterans also have had to ta

ce of locations, distributorships, and
me pay higher rents and higher prices for
ventories.
ike climbing upstairs on an escalator go-
r, said a California veteran who sold his
nbefore going in so deep he couldn't pay
s C. loan. In California, there are 36,000
taurants today than before the war.
ess, the veteran found, the unexpected
hopens—and with his small capital, he
e when it would throw him. During the
oage, veterans swarmed into the frozen-
ess where meat was still available. For a
they cleaned up. But the lifting of OPA
d the flow of fresh meat wiped them out
o man. Few had enough capital to con-
lar meat or grocery stores.
ography can upset the best-laid plans.
n, a Middle Westerner who married a
nd girl, borrowed a thousand dollars to
hoeshine and repair shop near her home.
t fine during the summer. But receipts
most nothing during the winter months.
Yankees," the veteran explained to the
ey put on their rubbers in November,
ke them off till June."
ash, the G.I. was usually long on inge-
bright ideas often backfired, too. A
w services to make life easy for the
orang up in door-to-door deliveries and
ces. In almost every large city, veterans
oping services which would save the
e trouble of fighting her way through
res. But these conveniences began to
ve, once the novelty wore off. Besides,
wives found that shopping wasn't such a
ter all. They missed those crowded
l the thrill of spotting a "bargain."

that figure from V.A. for a total of 12 months, and this enables him to hang on a little longer. So far 600,000 in business and farming (mostly the latter) have tapped these benefits, and 155,000 have run through them altogether. In May the National Association of Credit Men predicted that business failures would soar as soon as more veterans ran through their self-employment allowances.

In the normal course of events, then, at least two; possibly three, out of five veterans who set up shop for themselves will be out of business by next Christmas. As A. M. Sullivan, associate editor of Dun's Review, points out, "Thousands of new concerns are untested under competitive stress and have yet to fight their way through a bad season or two." It wouldn't take much of a recession to knock the bottom out of most of them.

Farm Subsidies Won't Offset Price Slump

As for the million veterans who went into farming, very few have been able to make ends meet so far without drawing heavily on government benefits. When high farm prices drop, even these subsidies won't suffice to "keep 'em down on the farm."

Congress, however, has been more than liberal in encouraging the movement back to the land. Over a period of five to ten years, a veteran who has served three years or more may qualify for $4,320 on-the-farm subsistence allowance, $1,040 self-employment allowance, and $160 guaranteed interest on a farm loan—a total of $5,520 of V.A. funds. This doesn't include V.A. and Department of Agriculture guarantees on money the veteran may borrow to buy a farm.

How much this contributes to the veteran's lasting readjustment or long-range chance to earn a living is doubtful. Eighty-five per cent of the V.A.s'



"Business is bad now in summer, but it probably will pick up in the fall. Who's spending money on a dog today?"

JOSEPH LENIHAN, PET SHOP

"With fur sales coming, business has picked up a little. Everything is sky high . . . I lost five years in the Army and it's rough getting started all over again. But on the whole, I'm satisfied."

HYMAN MERNICK, FURRIER

XPENDABLE

find success stories, too, among vet-
vent into business. But almost invari-
e among the older veterans who merely
e they left off during the war. To many
G.I. loan provision has given a boost
f credit on longer terms. But this does
t the government is "backing the vet-
ness" as many nonveterans have as-

an still has to be borrowed from a bank
r way; on business loans up to $4,000,
Administration merely guarantees the
so far, under the Bill of Rights, the
made only 72,000 such loans averaging
each. This represents a very small
timated total of half a million or more
ve gone into business—as distinguished
.
ers were considerate and frequently
eral—within the accepted standards of
tice," says a V.A. loan official. "They
any a veteran from getting into some-
h he had no chance of success."
thousands of G.I. loan applicants who
own—for perfectly legitimate business
many whose old feeling of estrange-
e civilian was hardened.
ers say they handle other people's
n't take too many risks," was one vet-
reaction. "But the generals handled
s lives, and they took risks—plenty."
of reasoning sounds plain silly to the
managed to do all right. But it's am-
e arsenal of demagogy if the veterans
the cards are stacked against them.
ment has, however, made self-employ-
available to all, whether they managed
loan or went into business without it.
ose business nets him less than $100 a
e difference between his earnings and

self-employment benefits are claimed by farmer veterans, most of them in nine Southern states where farm income has always been lowest and the outlook least promising. Many of these veterans have been running through their self-employment benefits first, then switching to on-the-job training payments—a practice which suggests to V.A. experts that many of them "are receiving $100 a month to remain idle."

"Veterans (with little or no farm experience) should be informed that agriculture has been overmanned," reports a survey by the Committee for Economic Development. "In a developing economy, it has been shrinking and will continue to shrink." As it shrinks, the veteran will be the first to feel the squeeze.

After two years of peace, veterans are still the youngest and least experienced, and therefore the most vulnerable of businessmen and farmers. The same applies to wage earners. Two thirds are in their twenties. Their average age is twenty-seven. Less than a third returned to civilian life with reemployment rights that bound employers to rehire them for a year. By now, most of these legal rights have been exhausted. Almost half of the G.I.s had never held a real job, and wartime skills seldom paid off in getting one.

For most wage earners, that meant starting at the bottom of the ladder as unskilled or semiskilled labor at low pay. For many a veteran with G.I. notions of the fabulous ease and affluence of civilian life, the letdown was hard.

In many cases, there was a more substantial reason for the veteran's restlessness: the disheartening contrast between his heroic achievements as a fighting man and his limited prospects as a wage earner.

In any case, veterans in industry have been none too happy in their jobs. In Detroit, personnel managers representing most of the city's industrial plants estimated that "67 per cent *(Continued on page 80)*



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

FEVER

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

The woman was to be a pawn in a passionate game. Winning it was the end that had consumed the prospector's life

AGAIN, that day, he struck a pocket, and the fever came over him, tightening his chest until his breathing was labored, causing his hands to quiver, and bringing to his mind hot ideas which made him ashamed of himself.

He was cutting at the gravel face of the tunnel, following the ancient creek bed between the overlaying sandstone above and the original granite bedrock below. Shoveling the gravel into the wheelbarrow to take it out to the sluice box, he felt the point of his shovel sink into the granite floor. There was a round hole in the granite, worn millions of years ago by a rock circling around and around with the motion of the water. And he knew what he would find in the hole, for gold is heavy; and in tunneling under the hill the past summer and fall, following the gravel of the ancient creek bed, he and Dresderlein had found two others like it.

He scooped the pit out carefully with his hands, picking out the pebbles and putting the gravel and black sand in a flour sack. The pit was about eighteen inches deep. At its bottom was nugget gold, gleaming dully among the sand and pebbles in the light of his lamp. He resisted the impulse to pick this out by hand; he wanted it to show in the pan. He cleaned the bottom of the pit carefully with a teaspoon, scraping every loose grain from the smooth granite. Then he tied the sack, dumped the wheelbarrow in the tunnel, put the sack on it, and trundled it out of the tunnel.

It was getting dusk, and raining steadily as it can do day upon end in northern California as winter closes in. He was glad of the cold rain on his face. It quenched the fever and washed away the thoughts that made him ashamed of himself. Water dripped from the live oaks overhead, and ran down the twining trunks of the wild grapes dangling jungle-like from the trees. Carefully cut back from the trail was the poison oak, thick and solid on both sides.

On rounding the shoulder of the hill he saw the cabin in the little grassy hollow. There were a few orchard trees about the cabin, pruned by deer and the trunks scarred by bears. The cabin and the poison oak had combined to keep Dresderlein from the gold for twenty-seven years.

There are many little grassy hollows in the mountains of the Pit River watershed, and one looks much like another. In coming back, trying to find his lost mine, Dresderlein had seen the cabin; he knew Harry Gorman had built it since the mine was lost. And Gorman, fencing the land and protecting it from being burned off, had allowed the brush and the poison oak, of which Dresderlein had a superstitious fear, to take over. Dresderlein, prowling the mountains year after year in his quest, had often stayed at the cabin, within a stone's throw of his goal, without ever penetrating the poison oak around the shoulder of the hill. Ironical, too, that Harry Gorman had gone broke and moved out without knowing he could have been a rich man.

The command car wasn't back, and the man with the wheelbarrow muttered, "The old fool," aloud. He eyed the yellow road winding steeply into the live oaks across the hollow. It would be tough going from the highway, even with the command car. Water was eroding a gully down the left-hand track of the road; there were nine miles of it—unimproved dirt road ravaged by the elements since Gorman went broke and moved away—from here to the highway. Even in dry weather it was impossible for anything but a military vehicle with high centers and four-wheel drive. This would be the last trip before spring. He hoped Dresderlein wouldn't forget the salt again. The old fool, chasing after Effie Pound, at his age.

At the front stoop, the young man shouldered the sack of gravel and went into the cabin. Of course Dresderlein would make it back okay. Even after dark. Dresderlein had spent half a lifetime after that mine, he deserved his share. It was good that winter was closing in; the old fool wouldn't be able to see the girl again until spring; he might come to his senses—if he had any to come to. Dresderlein wasn't normal; who would be, going through what he had?

The young man eased the sack to the plank floor and lighted the oil lamp. He was just under six feet tall, and solidly built. He brought in a washtub, full from the eaves' drippings, took a copper gold pan from the shelf above the stove and began panning the gravel from the sack. The fever rode him again, the hot gold fever, as with each pan he washed the sand away from the heavy gold. He could have sluiced this gravel from the pit, but he wanted to do it the slow way, picking nuggets out of the pan with his fingers. When he was through he weighed the gold; the fever was riding him. *What if Dresderlein never knows about it?* he thought. And then, shrugging, he put the gold with the rest of it, in the honey can behind the stove. The can sat there day in and day out, awaiting the time the two partners should divide it equally. If you couldn't trust your partner, then the very word had no meaning.

The young man realized he was wet and chilled through. He made a fire, stripped, put on dry overalls and shirt, hung up his wet clothes behind the stove and began making supper, listening for the command car. He was eating when he heard the whine of the engine. His spirits lifted; he didn't like to think the price of his honesty was in that honey can. When he went out he realized he'd heard the engine because the rain had stopped rattling on the shakes. It was snowing.

THE lights of the car swung into view from the live oaks, dipped into the hollow, and the vehicle pulled up before the house.

"Damn' near thought I was going to be a rich man!" he called, crossing to the car. Then he stopped in surprise as the figure got out the right-hand side. It was a girl. Dresderlein walked around from the other side.

"You know Effie," Dresderlein said, a bit defiantly. "We was married this afternoon. . . . Effie, you go on in. Ray will help fetch in your stuff."

The girl lowered her eyes as she crossed to the open door. The young man shouldered the steamer trunk in the back of the command car. Dresderlein took the yellow suitcase and the hatbox. "I guess you're surprised," the old man said. "I been seeing her all summer. Met her at church."

"Yes, I know." One thing a man couldn't do, in the mountains, was conceal his doings.

"And never mind what people say about her," the old man said defiantly. "She's my wife. The Lord brought her to me."

"Congratulations. Did you bring the salt?"

Dresderlein guffawed. "Did I bring the salt! Ray, I had plenty else on my mind!"

"I'll go in for it tomorrow."

Later, the young man lay in his sleeping bag above the single room of the cabin. A ceiling had been built over half the room to provide storage space above. For a while, after supper, there had been the unspoken question of what the sleeping arrangement would be. The young man gested the overhead storage space for him to the obvious relief of the bride and g had shifted the provisions to one side to a for the sleeping bag, and tacked two she to the rafters to hang over the end.

Lying above the room on one elbow he wondered why Dresderlein had marrie old man's fanaticism; the girl's past Light came through the cracks from bel could see her, most of her. The mirror h the table they used as a washstand, and s ting before it, brushing her hair. Wa was amazed at the way her hair caugh



ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



amp. He'd thought her hair dark, but t loosely it was a deep rich red. Watch- ection in the mirror, he wondered what yes were.

ced sidewise, timid, uncertain. Her hus- e droned on in prayer. She looked about of privacy in that single bare room. She of the vision of the man above, and eappeared below the crack she wore a which molded her figure.

efore the mirror, she began plaiting her braids. Her bare arms gleamed white the light. When she moved out of his n, and there came the soft crackle of wild grass ticking from one of the bunks, the young man mashed the glowing end of the cigarette between thumb and finger and lay back on the sleeping bag. "You dirty rat," he said to himself, slowly and viciously.

The old man's voice droned on for half an hour more, and then there were stifled groans as he got up, chafing his cramped knees, and the lamp went out. . . .

There were eight inches of snow next morning, and it was coming down steadily. Effie went to the mine, wearing waist overalls and a man's shirt. The young man mucked the gravel in the tunnel, the girl wheeled it out and the old man ran it through the sluice. The girl went to the cabin at eleven, to fix lunch. She worked during the afternoon, and went to the cabin at four to fix supper. The young man wheeled out a load to the sluice. "It's not necessary for your wife to work."

The old man continued shoveling the gravel from the apron into the sluice. "I want to do my share. The both of us can't more than keep up with you. It wore on me, you doing most of the work."

"Well, okay. But it's *(Continued on page 74)*

Lying above the room, Ray watched the girl and wondered why Dresderlein had ever married her

HE CLICKED FOR 50 YEARS

BY HARRY EDWARD NEAL

George William Harris, only 25 years younger than photography itself, has taken pictures of Presidents and newlyweds, kings and housewives for more than half a century. Here are the high lights of his career

SHORTLY after George Harris opened his photographic studio at 1313 F Street, Washington, D. C., in 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt summoned him to the White House and said, "Mr. Harris, can you make a picture of me with members of my Cabinet all in one group?"

Harris hesitated. "Well, Mr. President," he said, "I'm not sure. You see, it would be a pretty big group in a small room, and . . ."

"Mr. Harris!" Teddy interrupted. "I'm amazed! That's no kind of an answer. When anybody asks you if you can do anything in photography, tell 'em 'Certainly I can!' Then find a way to do it. Then *do* it!"

George Harris says that has been his motto all through the more than 50 years that he has been taking pictures of the great and the photogenic.

He made the picture, the first of a President and his Cabinet in the Cabinet Room. When he printed it he discovered that the President had sat farthest from the camera, so that perspective made him the smallest figure in the group. Harris later took other photos in which Teddy was more prominent, and profited by this lesson in composition. He also learned something at firsthand which changed some of his ideas about T. R.

"At that Cabinet meeting," he says, "ten of the greatest men in America sat around a big, long table. The President turned to Elihu Root, his Secretary of State, and said, 'What's on your desk?' Mr. Root told him. Then the President asked every man around the table for his opinion on the matter, and by the time they gave their advice the President told the Secretary what to do. Until then I always had the impression that Roosevelt did everything without asking anybody's opinion.

"I was very impressed with that Cabinet meeting because Mr. Loeb (the President's secretary) told me I was the only outsider who had ever sat through an entire Cabinet conference. I went back to my studio, bought an oval table, and once a week we have the heads of our departments gather around and discuss the problems of the week!"

Over the years the problems discussed at that oval table have been varied. For, as spark plug for the firm of Harris & Ewing, George Harris has traveled over the world to capture on film the wrinkled, the smooth, the weary, the bright, the famed and the unknown faces of humanity. For more than 50 years his clicking shutters have caught history on the wing. Today he has more than six million negatives in his priceless files and as a craftsman he has earned the admiration and respect of photographers around the globe. Master of his art, Harris is also a top-notch businessman, employing 120 men and women in the studio where he started with four.

In the early days Harris' technical problems were tougher than a 50-cent steak. There were no flash bulbs, no photoflood lamps—only daylight, and sometimes very little of that. Speedy shots indoors were practically unheard of. One day he was called to the War Department by William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War. Taft wanted Harris to make some new portraits in his office. Harris had taken several shots when the telephone rang and Taft answered. As he talked, Harris made five pictures.

Preview of a Presidential Smile

In the fifth shot Taft gave the photographer one of his famous grins. When he hung up, Harris thanked him, and Taft said, "Why shouldn't I smile? That was Mr. Roosevelt telling me I've been nominated for the Presidency. I guess you'd smile, too, young man!"

Harris treasures the pictures, which he calls "The evolution of a Presidential smile." They were probably the first "candid-camera" photographs.

Presidential faces appeared frequently in George Harris' view finder. He has filmed them all from Teddy Roosevelt to Harry Truman, and considers Teddy the most dominant personality he has ever photographed. Calvin Coolidge was one of his most friendly subjects. Coolidge used to walk down F Street every evening. On one of his strolls he noticed the new building just nearing completion on the site of Harris' original studio. Harris was enlarging the business. A few days later he asked Harris when the new building would be open. He told him and added jokingly, "Why don't yo in as my first customer?"

The President surprised him. "All right time?"

An appointment was made and Mr. Cool rived promptly with Colonel Edmund Sta the Secret Service. Harris took 50 exposure President, 30 of which Coolidge approved ally, something never done before by a Chie tive, Harris says.

As he left, Coolidge paused in the entr be photographed with Starling and Harris. treasures that picture.

The most-photographed man, according ris, was "Uncle Joe" Cannon; the best Pre subject, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Among the he has photographed he considers Mme. K tine Dumba, wife of the onetime Austrian sador to the United States, the most beautif Calvin Coolidge was the most gracious. "I anything to help you," he says. "She'd as liked her dress, and if you didn't she'd go c She was the easiest to photograph—a love The First Lady who did most to boos toward his place as king of the camera v Woodrow Wilson.

President Wilson invited him to attend t Peace Conference after the first World War was one of a big group of photographers the others he made pictures of various notal he alone decided it would be a good ide portraits of all 86 delegates to the conferenc ever, he soon found himself so enmeshed matic red tape that it began to look as tho go back home without the photographs.

Remembering Teddy Roosevelt's advic a way to do it, then do it!" he asked Mrs. she would like an album of pictures of all gates. She was delighted with the idea and the way for him. The job took six weeks, b visited the homes and offices of all 86 a home with a prize collection, most of wh been used in newspapers all over the wo







The first candid camera shots: William Howard Taft was hearing Theodore Roosevelt tell him he'd been nominated for the Presidency. "You'd smile, too,"

et was autographed by the delegates and
by Harris to Mrs. Wilson.
had a chance to pay back her kindness.
Wilson had become ill and the capital was
rumors that he was in no condition to
s Chief Executive, that he was paralyzed,
uldn't even manage to write his name.
arris went to the White House and made a
cture of the weary President at his desk,
official document. The picture showed
Vilson's left arm was useless but that he
a pen firmly in his right hand and could
s. Wilson was shown standing beside her
steadying the paper with her own left

as offered $1,000 for publication rights
tograph. Mrs. Wilson asked that he not
He turned down the offer and held the
ubsequently Mrs. Wilson prepared a
ticles for a national magazine and asked
the photo. Of course he gave it to her.

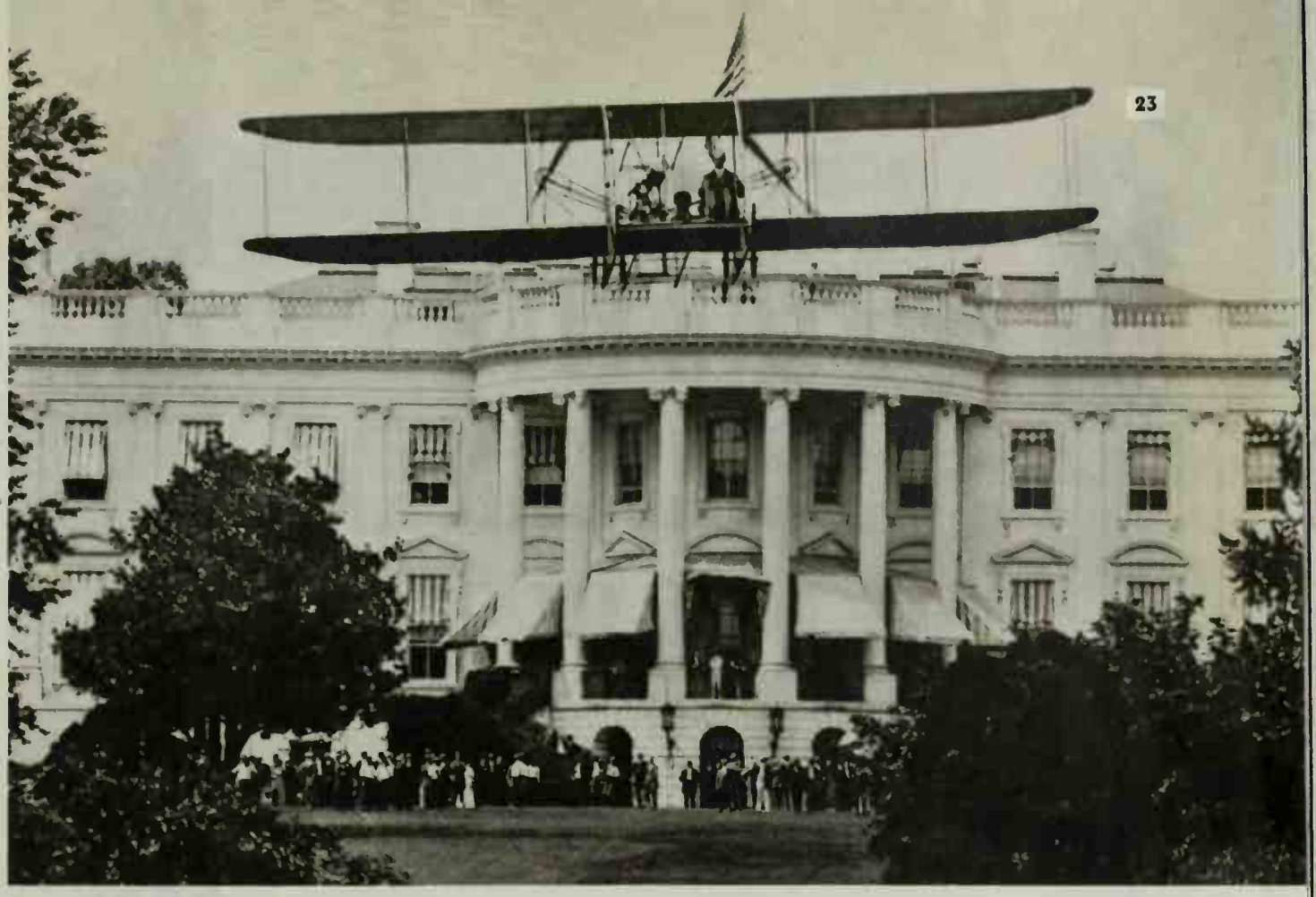
Prince's Aide Wasn't Too Helpful

lways gets a kick out of photographing
is most interesting royal subject was the
Wales, later King Edward VIII. "I re-
ry well an experience I had with his aide.
camera in the old Belmont House and
the prince to appear. When he came
he walked into a room where there was
I told the aide I'd like to pose the prince
oom where the light was very good. The
No! You'll photograph the prince where
be. You can't order him around.' The
d the conversation. He said to the aide,
grapher knows where he can best make
. I'll go wherever he wants me.' "
ments the fact that he never took a pic-
ward's father, George V. He had more
pportunity which he passed up for no
. He first met the ruler when President
lson visited Buckingham Palace in 1919.
one of some sixty newsmen and photog-
e party. By the time they reached Lin-
, en route to London, the reporters had
rds and no time or water to shave.
ondon they rushed to the palace look-
e an angry mob than a crowd of news-
British general led them to a side door,
esident and Mrs. Wilson went through
es. The side door was locked. The gen-
ned two policemen, lined up some of the
orters and gave the command, "Break
oor!" They lunged against it. The door
n. The bronze doorknob fell at Harris'
kicked it away. Montague Glass, who
im, let out a howl.
" Glass yelled. "This is probably the
t time a bunch of American reporters
eak into Buckingham Palace—and you
the way the best souvenir of the whole

lined up to meet Their Majesties.
s, approaching the king, said, "Your
had no water to shave and I want to
r our appearance."
smiled, stroked his beard and answered,
e all right. I haven't shaved today my-

e friends Harris made at the Versailles
as David Lloyd George, then British
er. The Harris eyes twinkle when he
bout Lloyd George and Prime Minister
Australia, who was quite deaf. Like
f-hearing persons, Mr. Hughes fre-
things at the wrong time. One day, in
a serious conference session, Hughes
yd George and in a loud voice asked
ing which had happened the previous
't the first time Hughes had raised ir-
tions at inappropriate moments, and
ilson, who sat next to Lloyd George,
ly upset.
't you straighten him out?" Wilson

rge nodded. At the close of the day he
es, "Mr. Prime Minister, I'm having a
t prepared for you, to give you a de-
verything that will happen at the con-
rrow, hour by hour. I hope you will
."
s thanked him and the next day he
ort quietly as *(Continued on page 68)*



In 1911, Harry Atwood landed his Wright plane on the White House lawn after a 550-mile flight. Harris got the picture

In his youth Harris took a turn on the stage. This photo shows him as a female impersonator



Mme. Konstantine Dumba, Austrian envoy's wife. Prettiest woman he ever photographed, Harris says



Billie Burke (Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld) "sat" for a Harris portrait, as did—and still do—almost every famous person







THE FIVE DRESDEN ANGELS





BY ERNEST L. MEYER

The story of a humble miracle

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY

MY FATHER'S career as newspaperman had taken him to numerous cities in several states. Our family moved from Chicago to Milwaukee, then to Denver, back to Chicago, then to Dubuque, back to Milwaukee, and in between there were sojourns at Appleton, Wisconsin, and Lincoln, Nebraska. Mother had packed and unpacked the family furniture at least a hundred times. Because even when we lived in the same city for years, we rarely stayed long in the same house or apartment. During one stay in Chicago, we moved early each summer from some cheap flat on the far North Side to a stone house on a fashionable boulevard. The house, which still lives in my memory as a mansion, was owned by a wealthy friend of Father's. Each summer this friend traveled abroad for four months and turned his house over to us. We would move in each June, storing our own furniture, and in October move out again to some humble home on the outskirts of town. Moving and storage costs were low in those days, and Mother figured that she saved a tidy sum in rent, and also that we ought to be happy in so grand a home where each of us—think of it—had a room for himself. Yet I do not recall that we three children were ever at ease in the mansion. We called it the Mustn't House, for we mustn't dirty the walls, mustn't handle the rare books in the library, mustn't touch the cut glass, or the scores of tempting curios. It was always with a feeling of release that we escaped each fall to a flat and our own battered belongings. Even Mother, I am sure, must have relaxed, for it is no easy thing to play the everlasting watchdog.

These endless upheavals plus other worries left their mark on Mother. When she was still in her thirties her hair was snow-white, though she never lost the fresh, pink smoothness of her cheeks. Her own aging did not, I am convinced, disturb her nearly so much as the wear and tear on the household furnishings. A large part of them, especially the linen tablecloths and a great assortment of silver and china, had been her mother's. Each of our many movings, no matter how carefully we packed, took its toll of breakables, and each breaking seemed to cut, painfully, just another little thread that tied Mother sentimentally to the old country. The linens and drapes, of excellent quality, came through the ordeals in fairly good condition; even the mendings and patchings of later years did not totally destroy the original essence. The patches were like new shoots on an ancient tree; the root, the core was still there, and that—to Mother—was what mattered most. A bit of the old life had survived in the new.

The five Dresden angels caused her the greatest anguish. They were so fragile; they had none of the immortality quality of angels at all. They were made of Dresden china, and each angel had a pair of golden wings. Although none of them was any larger than a man's thumb, they were exquisitely fashioned and tinted, and very industrious. One was playing a harp. The second, an instrument that looked like—though it couldn't be—a banjo. The third, with stylus in one hand and white tablet in the other, was inscribing something which one hoped, piously, would be the Ten Commandments. What the other two were doing I have totally forgotten, yet I am positive, knowing a little about Dresden though nothing about angels, that it was something entirely orthodox.

The casualties among the angels during our journeyings were terrifying. One had lost a hand and another the best part of a foot. Little chips were missing from the others' anatomies. Each maiming made Mother sigh and shake her head mournfully. The set of little angels had been a wedding present, and she had discovered after quests in the stores of many cities that they were irreplaceable. On our last removal from Chicago to Milwaukee, Mother discovered that the harp player had lost an entire golden wing. Mother's stricken face, plus her promise of a dime if I found it, made me lug the barrel of excelsior, in which the china had been packed, to the basement. I scattered the heap on the floor, and went through it patiently. Though I worked an hour I found nothing, perhaps because a dime is really too small a price to set upon an angel's golden wing. Heaven, no doubt, has its own rigid scale of values.

THE five Dresden angels, chipped and maimed though they were, now occupied Mother's perch of honor on the parlor mantelpiece. It was during this summer that the miracle happened.

I recall that on the afternoon of that day there had been no portents at all of the wonder to come, though there were, to be sure, indications of a delightful evening. Early that afternoon I heard Mother answer the telephone, and when she had hung up she called me.

"Go into the cellar, please, Ernst, and find a sack. Then go to Steinmeyer's and see if you can buy some red cabbage. I need at least five firm heads. meyer's have no red cabbage, then go to all stores on State and Chestnut streets until y five heads."

"Five heads of cabbage is an awful said.

"Herr von Pagel is coming," Mother sai "He arrived in town this morning and wou have supper with us. He is bringing everyt but he was unable to find red cabbage bec too early in the season, though I have seen s and there. And that, as you know, is *gericht.*"

Fritz von Pagel and his favorite dish! Th of the coming feast lent agility to my fe dashed for the sack, remembering that g mysterious man. He was enormous, oddly with a bulging middle and long legs. I h that many years ago in the old country, a student, he and his three brothers in great landed estate. The sudden opport luxury after years of stern discipline we four brothers' heads. They bought regal ings and blooded horses. They entertai and lavishly. Money flowed like sand thro fingers. Soon they had spent everything, do last copper. They sold what remained of t erty and sailed to America. In the next tw one of the brothers became an importan ment official. Another committed suicide ended as a sheepherder in Montana. An

Well, Fritz von Pagel was sometime sometimes down. He was a promoter of estate enterprises. Sometimes they failed, during one of his lean seasons that he boa us and fell in love with Mother's cooking. speculations succeeded, he lived flashily hotels. Yet occasionally in these grand p



With infinite care Fritz von Pagel placed our old sets of angels before my mother. "Herr von Pagel," she said joyfully, "I do not know how to thank you"

us for the sake of old times and Mother's
At the moment Fritz von Pagel must be
His visit tonight implied affluence, for he
me to us without hampers bulging with
gs.
d a sack in the cellar and joyfully took the
Steinmeyer's. But they had no red cab-
went to Schultz' on State Street. Schultz
precious heads, and he took a personal in-
my quest when I sketched for him briefly
ing plight of a millionaire without enough
o eat.
eads? Well, I'll give you these two, and I'll
aun and Zwilling. You just wait a minute."
me back from the phone triumphantly.
d two heads of red cabbage and Zwilling
I thanked him and dashed away. At last I
ve cabbages, large and firm and shining,
rded the trolley again with the sack over
er.

N I got home, Fritz von Pagel had just
ven up in a taxi; Mother was helping him
eap of things. I took the cabbage into the
me back, shook hands happily with Herr
and helped disgorge wealth from the cab.
uge baked ham. A great frosted *torte* and
narzipan cookies. Cans of caviar, *Sardel-*
moked goose breast. A strong cheese, a
Roquefort, and a round brown crock of
. A hamper of assorted fruits. A bottle of
d a gallon of old port. A couple of huge
kels. A box of cigars.
for an army, I thought. But Mother
r. Fritz von Pagel used to board with us.
e *Rotkraut?"* asked Fritz von Pagel anx-
en we had carried everything into the

"I got it downtown," I said proudly. "Five heads. I went to three stores, for it is not in season."

Fritz von Pagel beamed at me, rubbing his hands. His shaved head, set atop great shoulders and prosperous paunch, looked like an egg balanced on a pumpkin.

"Famos!" he said. "You have done well. I have just come from a long trip out West and for months I have dreamed of your mother's red cabbage, which melts in one's mouth. So, then, here is something for you."



He fished into his coat pocket and handed me a package. There was a belt in it, made from a rattlesnake's skin. I thanked him and ran out to show it to Willie Eckhardt, who had nothing half so astonishing.

When Father returned from the office he came stamping in from the porch. "Anna," he said in pretended fury to Mother, "this is really too much. These things cannot go on. Even in the street I could smell such a symphony of fragrance, including *Rotkraut,* that presently you will have the whole neighborhood besieging us with their tongues out. And all the dogs in the world, too."

"One of the dogs is already here, Georg," said Fritz von Pagel, rising from his chair in the corner and coming forward. "Though he has the appetite of a horse."

"Ach, Fritz! This is splendid. What a surprise," said my father, shaking his hand. "Something tells me, Anna," he added shrewdly, "that with our cabbage tonight we shall have a tiny morsel of meat, perhaps."

"A whole ham," Mother said. "Herr von Pagel came loaded down like Santa Claus with a mountain of gifts. And I have asked Dolfee to come downstairs and share supper with us."

"Then," my father said, "one ham will not be enough. Ernst, my son, run quickly, buy an ox or two, and—"

"Nonsense—an eighteen-pound ham!" cried Mother. "There will be plenty. Besides, Dolfee's wife and his son have gone to Elkhart Lake for a week. He is all alone, and I thought—"

Fritz von Pagel groaned dismally and said, "Say no more, Frau Meyer. Maybe if you search the cupboard you can find a dry crust or two to save me from collapse. I shall gladly starve myself for the sake of that lovable devil, Dolfee."

"And who is it that takes the devil's name in vain?" said Dolfee, who had come quietly down the back hallway steps and into the kitchen. "Well, well, Fritz von Pagel. What a happy reunion! And unless my nose fails me, your *Leibgericht* is simmering nicely on the kitchen stove. That divine aroma, Anna, wafting up the hallway, made me realize suddenly that heaven is not a throne room but a kitchen, and all the cherubim are chefs."

The men went to the front porch for a sip of cognac, a rare treat in our home, while my sister Else and I helped Mother set the table. We used the very best linen tablecloth, a thing of glory from the old country, with only one mend in the middle, which could be neatly concealed by the centerpiece of fruits.

"And napkins for the guests from the lowest drawer in the bureau, the good ones," Mother ordered. She struggled with herself for a second, and added, "You can put a clean napkin in Papa's ring, too."

(Continued on page 45)





I passed Mr. Groves on the stairs to my room. Then hearing him knock on Charlotte's door, I sat down and waited to see what would happe

MAN RUNNING

CONTINUING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM TH

BY SELWYN JEPSON

The Story:

One night in London CHARLOTTE INWOOD, beautiful and wanton wife of wealthy JOSEPH INWOOD, rushes to the house of her newest lover, JONATHAN PENROSE; her dress is covered with blood. Frantically she tells him she has just murdered her husband. Desperately in love with the woman, Jonathan goes to her house and takes steps to make the murder seem the act of anonymous housebreakers. However, on leaving the scene, he is recognized. Chased by policemen, Jonathan literally runs into EVE GILL, the "I" of the story, who is in London attempting to sell a valuable Rembrandt painting which her crusty and eccentric parent, COMMODORE GILL, had talked her into stealing from his stingy sister-in-law.

On an impulse, and because they are both outside the law, Eve drives Jonathan to the Gill home in Kessingland and hides him on the family yacht. She is suspicious of the story he tells, rightly suspecting that Charlotte had an accomplice and is using the love-blind Jonathan quite ruthlessly.

Already growing fond of Jonathan, Eve drives back to London where she manages to scrape up an acquaintance with a detective on the Inwood case named SMITH. Returning to Kessingland, Eve finds that the Commodore has taken the yacht to Holland, where he plans to sell the painting. Jonathan, whom Eve had fitted out with seaman's papers, has jumped ship—apparently unable to bear the thought of being so far away from Charlotte.

Having found out from Detective Smith that Charlotte's maid is leaving the supposedly grief-stricken widow, Eve calls the maid and arranges to interview her. Eve's plan is a daring one. Signing her own name to a letter recommending the services of a mythical lady's maid, "Dorothy Simpson," she packs her bag with plain clothes and sets off once again for London.

III

I RANG the bell marked VISITORS of Number 4 Cary Gardens and stood there; it was like the moment when the dentist's secretary comes into the waiting room and you know you are next. I occupied myself by looking at the broken window through which Jonathan had thrust his elbow. There was no one to interfere with me. The outside police guard was no longer on duty, and although there were two or three sightseers passing the house slowly, the reporters seemed to have given up, or had not yet come back from lunch.

A policeman opened the door. I addressed him in a confident tone.

"My name is Simpson," I said. "I've come to see Miss Good, from Miss Gill. She telephoned this morning and arranged the appointment."

"Miss Gill?" he said. "That's all right." He eyed me carefully just the same. The old black suit and the somber hat I had bought provided him with an innocent-enough picture. He stood aside and I was in the hall with the grandfather clock which had marked the fatal minutes Jonathan had spent in the house.

"Mrs. Inwood's maid is in the basement sitting room," said the policeman. "Through that door there, down the stairs, first room on the right."

I walked the length of the hallway, past the wide staircase which led upward to the first floor and Charlotte, in seclusion after her emotional storm, avoiding people, and keeping the police at a distance just in case they asked her any uncomfortable questions. This door on my right would be the room where she killed her husband, and where Jonathan had worked so efficiently to disguise the fact. . . .

Yes, I was inside now, at the heart of the thing, almost one of the small group intimately concerned in the drama. Almost. It depended on Ellen Good.

I opened the door of the servants' sitting room with just enough of a conspirator's air to startle her. She had pleasant eyes, and I kn
that it was going to be all ri

"Ellen Good?" I started
"I'm sorry I had to deceiv
tle on the telephone this m
we had to get past these s
men. I'm from the Londo

She was even more star
my goodness! Madam said
count to talk to the reporte

"I don't want you to. Th
idea at all. It's Mrs. Inw
to talk to. And I want to
We're prepared to pay for
morning I said I was re
your wages for a few week
which it's only right you s
after the shock you've suffe

"It isn't only the murde
len Good. "She's quite
make you want a holida
never want to maid anothe
long as I live."

Her eyes were on the
pound notes I had take
bag. I put them in front o

"To get an exclusive st
kind we don't rely just o
view. One only gets their
want our own—mine.
thought of a way to get
you'll help a bit."

"It depends," she said
"I won't do anything wro

(Continued on pag

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

How to make <u>two</u> wishes come true

THE FIRST wish—the world with a fence around it—is easy. Here it is.

The second wish—a cocktail as gloriously flavorful as a Four Roses Old Fashioned—is next to impossible to make come true... *unless you make your cocktail with Four Roses.*

For, only by endowing your Old Fashioned with the distinctively mellow and delightfully *different* flavor of Four Roses can you achieve the perfection which places this cocktail in a niche above all other Old Fashioneds!

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits.

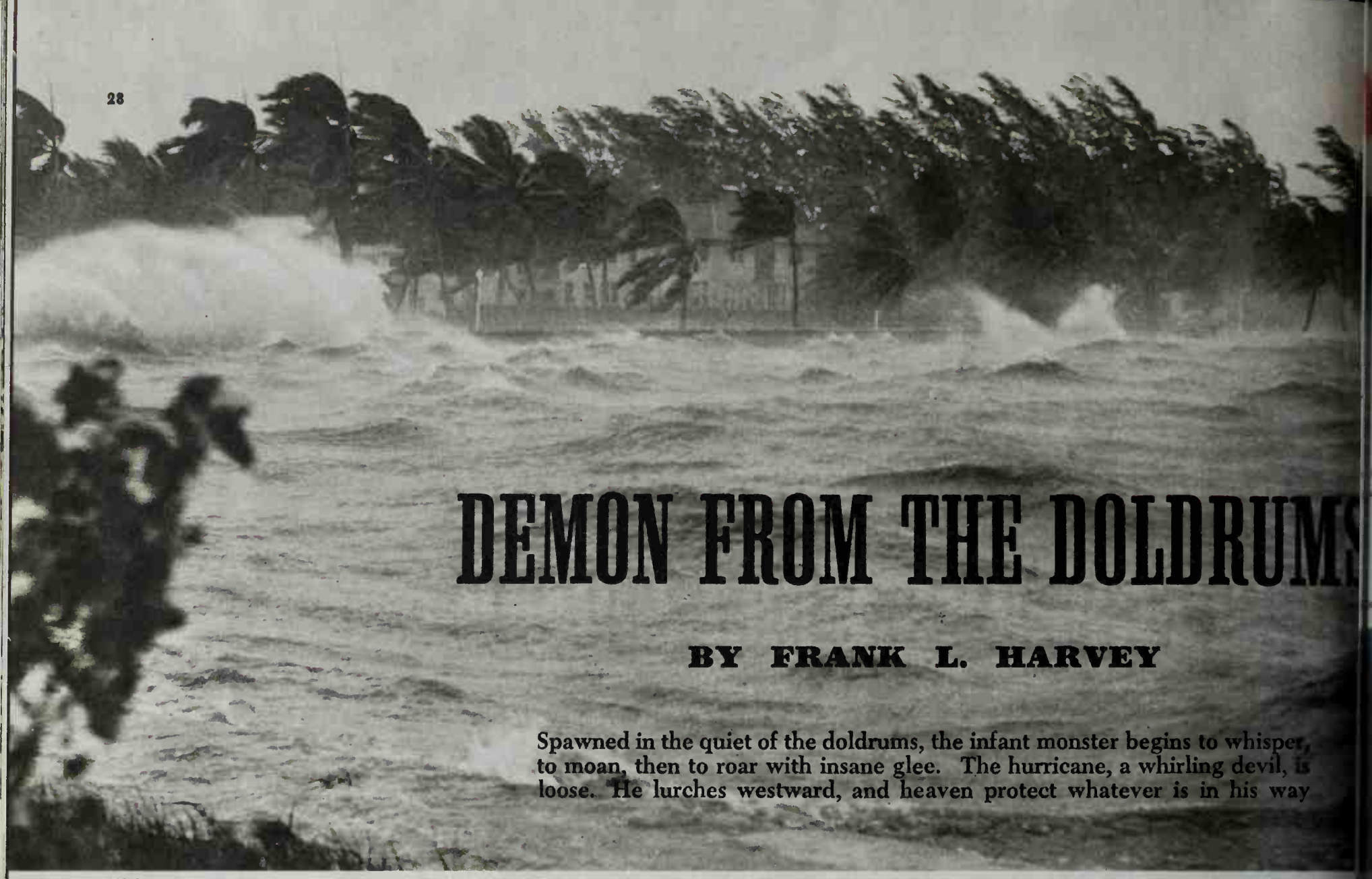
Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York City.

FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET





DEMON FROM THE DOLDRUMS

BY FRANK L. HARVEY

Spawned in the quiet of the doldrums, the infant monster begins to whisper, to moan, then to roar with insane glee. The hurricane, a whirling devil, is loose. He lurches westward, and heaven protect whatever is in his way

ACME

As the twister approached, winds of nearly hurricane velocity whipped the trees and surf of the bay-front residential district. Miami got set for t

ONE day last fall Florida was suffering from the worst case of hurricane jitters it had experienced since the 125-mile-per-hour killer flattened Miami in 1926.

A big twister had been spotted in the Caribbean and was boring in on the mid-section of the state, where $150,000,000 worth of little green oranges, tangerines and grapefruit clung precariously to the trees. As everyone knows, there is a very limited demand for green oranges the size of golf balls, and if the wind hit as advertised, that Florida gold would never reach Northern breakfast tables.

But that wasn't all.

This hurricane was no midget. It was the kind you read about in books by Nordhoff and Hall—a real stem-winding, breech-loading hellcat. It had been cooking for nobody knew how many days in the lower Caribbean and now—while it was still 500 miles offshore—Navy reconnaissance pilots reported the winds had reached 125 miles an hour. By the time the storm hit the coast it would be whistling Dixie and maybe lugging a couple of million tons of sea water in the giant suction cup under its evil "eye."

In the morning, reporters arrived and began putting out the feverish word. One enterprising gentleman of the press flew into the center of the whirlwind and broadcast a play-by-play description of its antics. If anybody entertained hopes that we were dealing with something less than a jet-propelled whizzeroo, the broadcast laid them to rest.

"Listen to her bellow!" the newsman shouted. "From where I sit the ocean looks like frothing milk. I can't even hear the engines. Frankly, friends—I'm scared stiff!"

This made people on the Florida west coast feel just dandy—particularly the citizens of Tampa—for the Weather Bureau followed immediately with an announcement that the hurricane was headed straight for that city and would arrive about midnight.

Tampans promptly dived for cover. Two thousand folks on Davis Island in Tampa Bay slammed their storm shutters in place, grabbed the family heirlooms and took off for high ground. All sorts of wild rumors began to circulate. The hurricane had jumped to 200 miles an hour, had lifted a large fishing boat out of the water and carried it several miles through the air. A mammoth tidal wave had been sighted which would sweep fifty miles inland. The death toll would certainly reach at least 50,000 by morning.

As night fell, Tampa braced itself for the worst. The town was jam-packed with doctors, nurses, state troopers, national guardsmen, salvage gear, jeeps, sulfanilamide and canned soup. Every Floridian who amounted to anything was present, except Governor Caldwell, and he was issuing hourly benedictions over the Tallahassee radio.

And then, as the hands of Tampa clocks crept to the zero hour of midnight and citizens gnawed feverishly at their fingernails, the hurricane hit—with all the devastating force of a lightly thrown cream puff!

"The tropical hurricane," mumbled the radio self-consciously, "has reached Tampa Bay. It is not so violent as was expected. The wind velocity is 50 miles an hour."

To call this announcement an anti-climax is an understatement. The people of Tampa felt very much as a boxer might feel if he climbed into the ring expecting to meet Joe Louis and discovered Baby Snooks in the opposite corner.

Nobody will ever know exactly what happened to the "powder-puff hurricane" of 1946. At four o'clock in the afternoon it was roaring like a million tigers, but by midnight it was meek as a kitten. That's how it is with a hurricane. You can never tell. The savage killer that ripped into Miami in 1926 was practically the twin of the Tampa twister—eight hours before it arrived. But the Miami hurricane didn't fade out. It literally tore the city to pieces, killed 450 people, seriously injured 5,000 more, caused $85,000,000 in property damage and left 20,000 persons homeless.

Most Terrible of All Forces

No other force in nature can rival the power of a tropical hurricane. Floods, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions rolled into one can't match the destruction that these whirling juggernauts have left behind in their age-old forays on land and sea. At peak velocity a tropical twister builds up 1,000,000,000,000 pounds of pressure. Shortly after the Bikini test, W. J. Humphreys, retired U.S. Weather Bureau official, computed that a full-fledged hurricane generates more energy than 1,000 atom bombs exploding simultaneously!

The blast that hit the Florida Keys in 1935—the most vicious wind ever recorded in the Western Hemisphere—blew all wind gauges away, but scientists estimated by formula that it was traveling more than 200 miles an hour! The '35 blow sliced off everything in its path like a giant razor—trees, light poles, houses, railway tracks, bushes—everything. As a newsreel man described the aftermath on the following day: "All of the houses were bare spo ground. There wasn't even stick left!"

Where do the big winds g

Their principal spawning that vast stretch of windl known as "the doldrums," in the Atlantic Ocean be Cape Verde Islands and the dies.

All through the blazing s doldrums glitter like a mirr peaceful sky. The cries of carry for miles in the equat and scarcely a breeze ripples sea. And then, in autumn, a change occurs.

Yellow cloud mountains the horizon. Haze films th the sun glares through it. red. Sudden thunderstorms with moisture. And then, on the edge of the stratosphe ous wind begins to blow. bation period is past. The ground is ripe to hatch its d

Over thousands of squa lukewarm ocean a colum heated air begins rising—sl —leaving behind a parti into which cooler, heavie gishly pours. The wind a the updraft, washes it away air rushes to take its place umn has become a gian chimney, greedily sucking from miles of empty ocea

Now a delicate pressure sure exerted by the earth tion—gently nudges the sc of the chimney. Rising ai begin to twist, to move in ward spiral which quicken momentum. Gradually draws tighter. The swirlin

(Continued on page

TERNATIONAL CRAWLERS

QUARRY THE INDISPENSABLE

• In quarry pits all over the world, rugged, powerful International Diesel Crawlers help produce one of civilization's indispensable materials . . . *limestone.* They move millions of tons of it to shovels, conveyors and loading ramps. Because Internationals lead in dependability, durability and operating economy, men who move the earth ask for more and more of them each year.

Just as limestone is *indispensable* to the industrial arts, to agriculture, to construction, to our way of life . . . power-packed Diesel crawlers and engines are *indispensable* to building and maintaining the physical foundations of our civilization.

You'll find International Crawlers working in cities and towns, on the highways, in the forests, mines, oil-fields . . . wherever heavy work needs doing. And they do this work at ever lower cost to you, your neighbor, your city, your state and the nation.

Industrial Power Division

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

eor Jomes Melton on
st of Stors" Every Sunday.
NBC Network

arrying Florida Limestone



TERNATIONAL *Industrial Power*

Other International Harvester Products . . . Farmall Tractors and Machines . . . Motor Trucks . . . Refrigeration



AFFAIR'S END

Continued from page 15

had, and never knowing there could be more, now felt the keenest regret for an excitement she now understood she had missed? She knew nothing about Jim Daniels, nevertheless he had touched her with his discontent, tearing her own illusion of contentment apart.

She was motionless and uncomfortable and seemed to run a temperature. She had lost her security, she had lost her way and was confused. There was a feeling in her—such a strange, chaotic and eager feeling—that some great thing was to happen; yet her mind, always practical, warned her that this was only an illusion. People got tired, even of security and pleasant routines; they rebelled and dreamed of a world full of wonders. But they always came back to what they had. She told herself this, but couldn't make herself believe it. Her thoughts were restless and vivid; heated images flashed through her mind. Her body felt heavy and strange. She was afraid of herself.

SHE woke with excitement, she sang a little in her shower, she brought a gay mood to the office. It was as if she were living on her toes, looking forward; she was happier than she remembered being in a long while, and now, to keep her eyes on Jim, she found herself going through those little evasions and subterfuges that other women used on other men: He was restless throughout the morning, he made his frequent trips to the water cooler and she sensed—because she wanted to sense it—that he was actually aware of her. But he ignored her, and as the afternoon wore on, her feeling of some good thing about to happen wore away and she grew irritable at him and at herself. Indecision rocked her back and forth; she thought herself foolish and inconstant and she decided she had misjudged him entirely yesterday; he wasn't interested in her. . . .

Shortly before five he came to the water cooler again and paused there for his drink, and again looked through the window with his abstracted manner; and then with a brusque swing he left the window and came directly to her desk. She drew a deep breath, every short-tempered impulse fading before the return of a sweet and keen excitement. She had visualized this scene and had decided how it ought to go. Sh casual, she would go on with for a moment, she would loo with her courtesy smile. It that way. She lifted her he ately and dropped her hand so obviously waiting for him didn't come; she couldn't bri face.

He tried to keep his voice she noticed the unsteadiness i you have dinner with me?"

"Yes."

"Tonight? I could pick yo six thirty. I know where you

"Yes," she said and, know fice would be watching this looked at her copy work w lated impatience, hoping he enough to understand it. He casual nod and turned awa forward to read what she ha for a moment she couldn't b tention to it; she had to u power not to look across t office. At five she got out a crowd; she didn't want to m

She had only a half hour bathe, dress, put a comb thro and to take care of her nai She worked swiftly, with th purposes to arouse this mat challenge to her, he put her summoned up in her the m desires to please him, to matc equal to whatever danger or might offer her. It was anot yet she felt no weariness a buzzer sounded she went qu door and opened it.

There he stood.

"Would that restaurant river be all right?"

She said, "I'll get my ha him in the doorway while s her bedroom. She started t hat before her mirror, then mind and carried it back t room and stood in front of b adjusted it. She said, "Is it

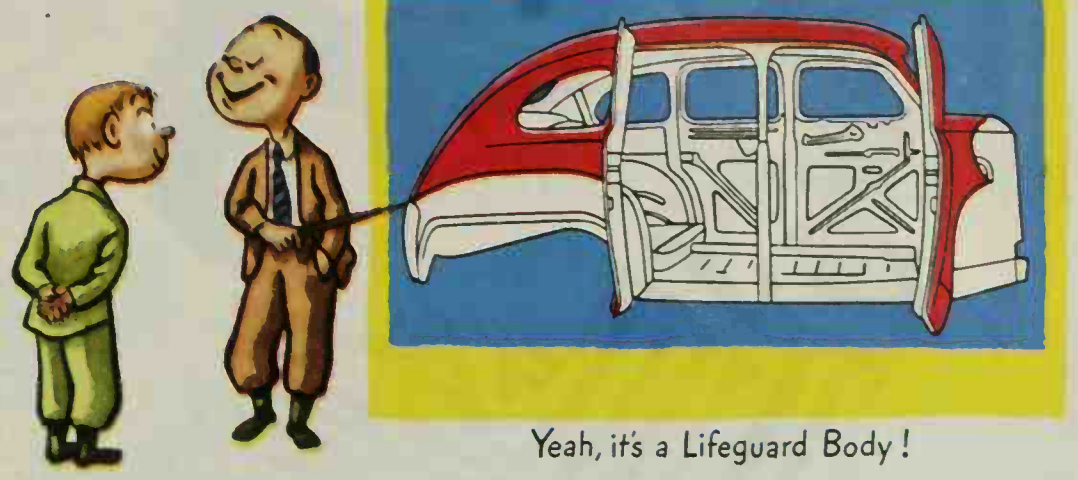
He nodded and watched straight-on inquisitive inter got the strongest feeling the a far quicker man than he s his mind caught the subtleti she attracted him and she k what he saw. He showed it. arm and turned her out of t



"Yeah, but can you make mud pies?"



OK! It's got "King-size" Brakes!



Yeah, it's a Lifeguard Body!

Ford's out Front
with the up and coming!



What Power!



Queenly Interiors



first sight

Ford has a V-8 and a Six



Treasure Chest



Rest-ride springs!

You said it—



There's a Ford in your future



DANMASTER* high note in fall pajamas

College man, you're going to need a couple or three pairs of these Danmaster pajamas. They're good, comfortable all cotton broadcloth, Sanforized to keep their roominess, vat dyed to keep their woven stripes. And if your roommate doesn't swipe 'em they'll last forever (well, anyway, almost). At good stores everywhere.

IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

closed the door behind her. "How do you manage to look so well, after such a day?"

"It can be arranged, if it seems desirable."

"That encourages me."

"I have the idea you don't need encouragement."

They got into his car and drove through the town's condensed heat and its heavy, ill-tempered traffic. They turned down to the river road and idled along it, with the cool breeze from the water coming upon them. He said, "The office is a gossip mill. I was afraid I might embarrass you when I stopped at your desk. Did I?"

"No. But if you were bothered about it you could have called me on the phone at home."

He said nothing for a short time. She turned to look at him and noticed he had his attention fixed on the road, that his expression seemed again to take him a long distance away. She had never thought him a handsome man; he was of the rough and direct sort, she guessed, who valued the deed more than the reason and who probably had too much impatience to care for long thoughts. Yet in profile he revealed a trace of uncertainty; he seemed to be both aggressive and doubtful.

"No," he said, "I wanted to do it openly. There's Gordon."

The shock came back and little streamers of fear traced out her nerves; the keen excitement had returned. He had thought about her, and wanted her to know how much he had thought. She looked down at her folded hands and wondered if she were ready for any of this. She sat quite still with her wonder, with her own gentle scheming.

He turned in at the tavern built at the edge of the river and found a table on a porch overlooking the water. The sun had fallen over the hills, the early shadows of the river were changing from a misty lavender to an opal gray along the willows. They ordered, they had wine, they ate.

"This is comfortable, Jim."

"I tried to think of a place you might like," he said. "It's all been carefully planned. I worked it out at the water cooler."

"Oh," she said. "Then I'll have to ask the usual question. Why me?"

He made a small gesture with his hands, shaping up a thought. He had been quiet, with no great amount of expression on his face. It pose, a hard face to read. laxed and she saw the beg smile, and the flash of de eyes. She said quickly, mind."

"I don't think there's an this man-and-woman thing, turn around, I look at the you—and then there's nobo seen many women's hands. nothing. I see yours and ev ever thought about women there, in your hands. What you and makes me want Gordon? What comes acr between us? Nobody kno —but there it is. I feel it. feel it."

"If you hadn't seen m "there would be another w where—and you'd see in h you wanted to see. You'd all this to her. There's no just two people meant for world without end."

"Then you don't feel you are the only two people?"

She looked down. She herself and she avoided "It could be something el We've nothing to go on. W each other. This—this sort much too fast."

THEY said very little el meal, but her lifted spir wonderfully on—the well-b pact upon her whetted sen flavors and sounds about he thickness of emotion. She was hungry, she was gay—h ing of the end of this, and r ment caring. They went b and drove idly along th winding through the hills. shortest phrases, and long and none of the talk see from anything that had bee They reached a high clear looking the city and drove it. He said, "Is this all righ

"Yes."

He snapped off the ignit lights and settled back. H cigarettes and offered them

She shook her head, a pack away, forgetting that to smoke.

He said, "I'd like to kis

She had looked forwar She had thought she woul

BUTCH by LARRY



"I wish people wouldn't leave just one hunk. I always feel like s

COLLIER'S

Cheeselovers... feast yourselves!

here's the Kraft American you've hankered for!



r the first time in five summers Amer- favorite "sandwich cheese" is plentiful. *ft* American with the cheddar flavor 's not mild, not sharp but *just-right-ow!* The American pasteurized process se that always melts velvet-smooth! ack the half-pounder of Kraft Amer- in the picnic basket. Keep a two- nd loaf of Kraft American in the gerator for cooking and snacks. Or, r you've *seen* the name Kraft Amer- on your dealer's big five-pound loaf) sandwich-size *slices*.

his summer, cheeselovers, you can let selves go—have all the mellow Kraft rican Cheese sandwiches you want. e 'em cold, have 'em hot, have 'em n now that there's plenty of your rite cheese to be had!

ED OPEN-FACE SANDWICH. Toast a slice of (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread un- d side with Kraft Mayonnaise, cover with a of peeled tomato, then a slice of Kraft can. Top with two strips of partially broiled . Place sandwiches under low broiler heat oderate oven, 350°, until cheese is melted con is crisp.



Copr. 1947 by Kraft Foods Company

ALL 3 GOLDEN KRAFT VARIETIES ARE PLENTIFUL AGAIN. "Old-English", the smooth-melting pasteurized process cheese with the delightfully *sharp* cheddar flavor is back! And there's plenty of the children's favorite, too . . . the famous cheese food . . . rich yet mild Velveeta. Like Kraft American, they come in ½-lb. and 2-lb. sizes. Dealers also have Kraft American in the 5-lb. loaf for sandwich-size slices.



IT'S GREAT TO HAVE A WHOLE KRAFT SHELF AGAIN

WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

facing the problem and arguing over it; but there was neither argument nor delay. She turned and met him as he came along the seat; she fitted herself into his arms and raised her mouth and took the stinging shock of the kiss and felt it surge along the receiving channels of her body, and in the single detached place of her mind she heard her inner voice saying: *I hope—I hope so much.*

She wanted it to go so well—she wanted to think good of this, she wanted him to think good of it. She hung to him, her tissues soaking up the moment; somewhere a solitary warning made its faintest sound in her head. She tried to ignore it, but the sound kept on and finally she drew away from him.

She touched her hat; she reached for her purse. She murmured, "This gets pretty fundamental."

"Yes."

"I think I'm afraid."

JIM started the car at once and backed around the meadow to come upon the road. She laid her hands in her lap and the glory faded before a doubt and her thoughts, struggling back to their cool place, gave rise to a quick self-hatred. She was shallow, she was cheap. On their first meeting she had waited to be kissed, knowing nothing of what was in his mind, knowing nothing of her own lasting desires. She had been greedy and had let it sweep her away; she who had scorned the casual affairs other women sometimes talked about now found her own standards falling apart. She was angry at him for the easy way he had asked for his kiss, and at her own readiness to give it. She was shocked by her eagerness, and by the discontented wanting he left within her.

She had these thoughts all the way home; she was locked silently within herself. When he stopped the car before the apartment she opened the door.

He said, "You know, of course, I'm trying to break it up between you and Gordon."

"You're doing all right," she said. "But what do you think about? Only this sort of a thing? I mean—who does the work, who worries over the world, who believes in the things in the copybooks? Is this all—just you and I trying to fill ourselves with something for one night, trying to pretend nothing else matters ever, and that this is all right because it's us?—And that it will go on forever—one sensation after another, one delight after another, until we're dead?"

He said, "There's time later for all the tears you and I are going to shed."

"You said there wasn't time enough for anything."

"Tonight's been short, hasn't it? Any happiness is short. We're afraid of it. We think there's something wrong with it."

"Is this happiness? There must be more to it than this."

"Why do we always ask questions when it comes? Why can't we take it as it is and believe in it?"

She said, "Your mouth- here's lipstick on it," and left the car.

She brewed herself a cup of coffee and got ready for bed, and sat on the edge of her bed and drank her coffee. The phone rang. She let it ring, knowing it would be Gordon; she didn't want to hear his voice now. She put aside the coffee cup, rolled into bed and turned out the light. She tried to bring Gordon close to her. She summoned all his good qualities and she searched him for those things which had meant much to her—so much that she had been willing to marry him. But he didn't march out of the growing mist; he was unreal, he was fading, he lost force to her and became only another man. Quite unexpectedly she found her eyes wet; she had to tell him, she had to hurt him.

But what was to be said? She lay on the bed with tremendous things unlocked and ungovernable within her, feeling her hopes and her loyalties swinging toward a man of whom she knew so little. He had promised her nothing and she hadn't asked for anything. Lying with these strange new anarchies in her head and these new pains running through her—pains that frightened her because she waited for them and was proud of them—she wondered at herself and didn't know herself.

Gordon came to her desk somewhat before twelve. "Lunch?"

"Where?"

"I'll meet you at the Dorchester in twenty minutes."

He was in the lobby waiting for her with his smile and his nice courtesy, but there was difference enough in him to be noticeable to her. She knew he felt something was wrong. They found a table in the middle of the large and crowded, noisy dining room. She noticed how neat and how precise he was in his dress, and found this a less admirable trait than it had seemed before. His mouth was smaller than Jim's, his whole face was gentler and more considerate, but when she looked at the lines around his eyes and lips, she thought she saw a dryness of sentiment, which caused her to wonder



"I was young once myself, always been sort of ashamed of it, though"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

if her old loyalty to him had made her blind, or if her new loyalty to Jim made her unkind.

He said, "You look nice. What are we eating?"

They ordered and they went on with small, fencing talk. He had something to say but he waited for her to create the opportunity for him to say it. He liked smoothness, he hated to press, he had a deep feeling against immoderate display. But when he saw no easy opening, he asked his question direct:

"Is it Daniels?"

"I don't know. But it's us anyhow. I mean, for us nothing's possible now."

The food came and the waiter hovered over them a moment and went away. Gordon said, "Would you like some of this sauce on that salad?"

"No."

He said, "When did it happen?"

"Last night."

"You were out with him last night, I suppose. Could I say something, Margaret? Your conscience isn't hurting you for anything that happened, is it? If that's all it is, I don't mind. Well, I mind, but people make mistakes."

"I don't think I have a conscience."

"You've got a very good conscience," he said, with a degree of sharpness.

"I don't know a thing about him," she said, "yet if I never saw him again you and I would still be wrong for each other."

"You're entirely certain?"

"Yes. You know I'm not impulsive."

He said, "This isn't a good meal—not at all a good meal." He caught the waiter's eye and got the check and paid it. He looked over at her, much too proud to wear his feelings openly. "I'm sorry. Nobody knows about those things, do they? Is there anything I could do about it?"

"I'm so terribly sorry."

"No," he said, "I don't think you are. This thing fills you up so much you've really got no room in you to be actually sorry for me." He was tired and restless and he gave her a critical glance, trying to understand her. "Everything seemed fine," he said. "It just went on as far as I could see. It would have been wonderful." He made several small lines on the tablecloth with his thumbnail and stared at them. "How do you know you love him?"

"I don't know."

"Then what have you got?"

"I don't know that either—but it's something we didn't have."

"You're sure it's good?"

"No," she said. "I'm sure of nothing."

He rose and drew back her chair. Walking to the lobby with him she knew he would never again quite feel the full trust he once had had in her. She had meant certain nice things to him, but this raw change had come upon her and he disliked it and drew back from it. She thought: I wish it would come to him—then he'd know. She stopped in the lobby and quite unexpectedly she got an impression from him that gave her self-confidence and took away from her the feeling of being adrift. It was such a brief thing, but in that flickering of a moment she saw on his face a preview of what he would be when old—that smiling, courteous expression of a man looking upon a world he didn't understand, feeling no heat, remote from passions he never had experienced. She turned from him quickly.

She walked up the stairs to the mezzanine and along it toward the powder room. Women sat on the mezzanine lounge chairs, alone or in pairs, and as she went by them she looked at them with her deep-stirred curiosity. For whom were they waiting and what did they want—and were they strong, or weak, and what price did they put on themselves, and how lonely were they, and did they dream, or simply sit as unlighted candles, and were they afraid of what they were, or did they wait in open rebellion for the first man's a eye?

There were two girls in t room, and one of them had many cocktails. She was a with a milky skin and a sof would soon be fat. She st long mirror, slightly swayin stared at herself and cri whimpering gusts. The oth politely exasperated. "My put a cold towel on your face. you home this way."

Margaret got out her comp stick; she watched the cryin her deepest interest.

The crying girl said, "I do don't go home."

"Yes, you do," the other g "George will say I got you i he'll give me hell."

"The apartment's stinkin' the crying girl, "and there's n and all I've got to look forwar dinner, and he'll come home I want to go out he'll crab we'll go to bed and lie there a other. Don't do it—don't ev

"Put a cold towel on your f

"I mean it. A girl traps b be old and sloppy in a cou thought it would be wonderf not. You'll get fooled too. sight—you know there's no You know what fools you, Don't let it—don't ever let

"You're a tramp. Get gether. I wish I'd never br

"I'm not a tramp."

"You're a tramp. Put a c your face."

Margaret left the room. I silly scene, this girl and her But it wasn't really silly. Ac a tragedy.

She was back in the office one and worked steadily through the afternoon and pulse to look toward Gordo whose thoughts had been so who had waited for his glan thought of him possessive wanted to be thought of sessively, no longer cared. Th was broken. She found he to look toward Jim's office impulse angered her and sh go home at five o'clock.

IN HER apartment, cookin wondered if a woman w swinging toward the stronge was a hard thing to believe, that no woman would ever would always be swinging. meal, both legs folded benea alcove seat; she was loose a her house coat and she felt was more than freedom fro was more like a freedom to herself. It was strange wha came out of this break. Sh Gordon and maybe—and s it with a livelier interest—s Jim Daniels. The little cry be right. It could be a trap walked into because she passion would bring every sary thing with it.

She washed and put aw She walked idly around t picking up things and puttin She looked at her clothes in washed out a pair of stockin a magazine and settled he stuffed chair. She tried to i in the magazine but present aware of the street noises window and of the loudne tric clock's ticking. She magazine and looked ab and suddenly fear went thr its painful sharpness. Sh She couldn't be free. She was waiting for the phone

It was the house buzzer t walked to the wall and lift and heard Jim's voice com



Putting a telephone in for you
a sample of teamwork by these two >>

ng *one* telephone is a fairly sim-

making it possible for the Bell to install telephones at a rate ng 25 a minute every working ls for a lot of skillful teamwork ern Electric—supply member of Telephone team.

ern Electric manufactures the nes, wire and other equipment—

buys the installers' supplies and tools—delivers all these things where and when needed throughout the nation.

That's just a *small* sample of teamwork by Western Electric.

Teamwork on a *vast* scale goes into manufacturing, purchasing and distributing all kinds of telephone equipment and supplies and installing central office switchboards.



Western Electric has always been an integral part of your Bell Telephone service—helping to make it the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

TURER . . . varieties of apparotus.

PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.



Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

Only Palmolive Brushless Offers You this Proof!



SMOOTHER, MORE COMFORTABLE SHAVES

For 3 Men out of every 4

The Palmolive Brushless Way!

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—*no matter how they shaved before*—reported these results:

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT	79%
LESS RAZOR PULL	75%
CLOSER SHAVES	69%
SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN	82%

Yes, Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves For 3 Men out of Every 4

Here's all you do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse! **2.** Soap face again. Do not rinse! **3.** Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. *This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave!



Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

with its fuzzy unnaturalness. "I took a chance," he said. "Come for a ride?"

She said, "Wait ten minutes and come up."

She was excited again and the same rapid scheming came to her; she dressed, she touched up her hair and her lips. She stood before the mirror and stared closely at herself as she made her small last changes. She walked to the middle of the room and stood there with so many puzzled, candid thoughts running back and forth through her head. I'm confused, she thought. I've lost my way. How can I know what it is I'm going through? Does anybody ever know?

She opened the door for him when he knocked. He stood in the hall and seemed something like a stranger who doubted he was at the right address. He gave her a close glance, and for a moment he reminded her of herself—the same need in him, the same rebellion, the same wonder. He passed her and stopped in the room and looked around. His voice was entirely matter-of-fact. "It's a nice place."

"Sit down."

"I thought," he said, "we might take a ride. It will be cool."

"We had a ride last night."

"Have we got a rule against two rides?" he asked.

"Look," she said, "I don't know you. You make me a terrible woman. You touch me and I break up with another man overnight. I can't help it, but what are we to call that sort of thing? I don't even know what you're after—I don't know if you're honest, if you want me for one day or forever. I don't know, yet I threw over a good man. I don't like myself, Jim, and I don't like you. What can we be proud of? We're just hungry people kicked around by something bigger than we are and it's making fools of us. If you can do this to me now, maybe another man can do it a year from now, and I'll ditch you as I did Gordon. I ought to send you away."

HE WATCHED her with his intent steadiness. An expression moved over his face and lighted his eyes for a moment and he turned and went to the window; he took hold of the cord on the Venetian blind and idly switched the shutters up and down. His back was very broad and he recently had been to a barber, the new edge of his scalp white against the otherwise brownness of his neck. "What are you afraid of?"

"It's too much, too strong. It came too suddenly, it knocked me over. Where are all the nice little things—where's the security—where's the faith we ought to have in each other?"

"You want it proper and right," he said. "You want the copybook rules you asked me about last night."

"Everybody does. Even the wildest people wish they had the copybook rules. We've got to break it up, Jim. You've got to keep away from me. pulled down into something

He still had his back to he in the slowest and gentlest the same things, Margaret. right. Everybody walks a dark. It's like a black night into one another and slide sees anybody. Then I to something warns me to re I lose you." He turned aro many trips do you think I water cooler before I had to come to your desk?"

She looked at him with rushing through her. "Yo too?"

"I was," he said. "It car fast for me—just as it did for so skeptical nowadays, so cated and smart that we don' comes like that. We think something else and we suspe We put a funny name to it it look bad."

The answer was so simpl ness of it so instant and so co was in his hands and at his was he in her hands and a She smiled, she believed in lieved in herself. She touc was sweetly insolent with he He was nice—he was dece "Do you suppose ever through this? Is it the way i pens?"

"You ought to know. Gordon."

"Oh, no," she said. "It w —never. It was like a war This—this is pretty rough."

"I know," he said. Th and he said something that her and left its warm glo her to him completely. H the same softness, almost luctance. "It's real. That' us afraid it isn't so. It's th dream it ought to be, a w dare believe it will happen moved toward her and look this all right now, Margaret

"Yes," she said. She wa be kissed, to go tumbling a lent stream again. Every complicated when people simple things apart—things the tide rolling in. He anxious not to be misun knew he had shaken her in a man had done; the knowl so clear in his eyes. He w and proud of her, but he discipline upon himself bec

She said, "We can talk Jim," and made a small m shoulders, restless at hi making it clear that she When he put his arms on swift and passing thought: ful it was to walk through come out safely.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Paw's makin' a rockin' horse for Junior"



"Ahoy there mate, I see the sign
That tells the world of Ballantine
Three rings, three cheers, we're headed right
For home and Ballantine Ale tonight."

☆

Great favorite since 1840... it's America's largest selling Ale

Back in 1840, when his ale had ripened, Peter Ballantine took one drink to judge its PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR, and chose for his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

Fill up a glass yourself—and enjoy ale that is at once agreeably light *and* thoroughly satisfying. As for flavor, Ballantine tastes like no other ale you have ever tried. "Wonderful!" Look for the 3 rings; call for Ballantine Ale.

BALLANTINE ALE

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



You can Pull more than you can Carry!

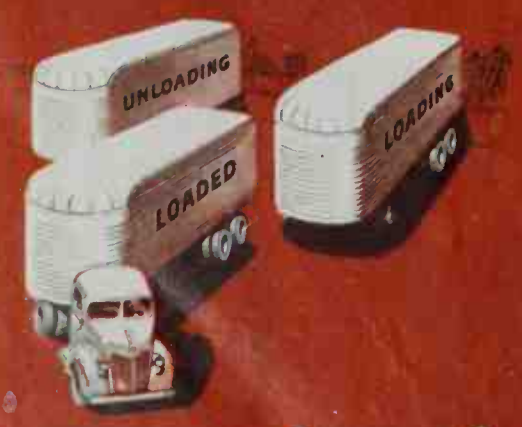
OLD DOBBIN of today is a motor truck—a "MECHANICAL horse." The modern wagon is a Fruehauf Trailer. "Hitch" them together and you at least TRIPLE the work your truck can do.

Loads go up tremendously when you adopt the Truck-Trailer method with no increase in driver costs and with very little more expense for fuel. Maintenance cost on a Fruehauf is negligible—and it will outlast several motor trucks.

Most important, your truck and driver need never stand idle for loading and unloading—the Trailer is quickly detachable.

There is a Fruehauf especially for your type of hauling . . .

Get the Trailer Story Before You Buy a Truck



THE LAST WORD IN HAULING ECONOMY

Only with Trailers can you save like this. One Trailer is left at the loading point, another at the unloading point, while the truck is en route with a third. In some operations, one truck handles as many as six Trailers. It's a sure way of making your trucks work steadily—the last word in hauling economy.

Fruehauf Trailers

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

BROTHER JAZZ

Continued from page 13

"Irrelevant, inconsequential, and incompetent as evidence," Hostetter said.

"He still has two dollars in his pocket," Bix said.

"A point for the defense," Hostetter said.

"He makes forty-five dollars a week and we can borrow all but his room rent," Bix said.

"Reprieve granted," Hostetter said.

They lifted me back over the bridge and set me on my feet.

"Give us the two dollars," Dave said. I handed it over and we went back to the ten-for-a-dollar place and split twenty beers among us.

We ate in a self-service restaurant, where the customer paid a fee, and was free to eat anything that didn't eat him. The napkins were of good quality and rather dainty in size; we didn't buy any handkerchiefs while we were in Syracuse. Just before Christmas the band broke up; Johnny Eberhardt and I went back to Chicago; Bix Beiderbecke headed for a job in New York City.

After a Rugged New Year

I was at home for the holidays. After a quiet New Year's Eve with several thousand people, I boarded a train for St. Paul nursing a hang-over. I was rejoining Peavey's Jazz Bandits, an outfit I'd played with before.

Peavey, the perfect man, met me at the St. Paul station. With him was Johnny Lane, manager of the Arcadia Ballroom; they had a hired limousine; I got between them in the back seat and tried to shake quietly. Lane pulled out a pint of whisky.

"Better have a drink on the New Year," he said. "That is, if you drink."

"Well," I said, "I don't mind breaking a rule for a special occasion."

Sixty seconds later I was alive. I began telling Peavey about Bix.

I kept it up for weeks until Peavey finally surrendered. "I'll write and offer him a job if you'll promise to stop talking about him," he said.

"I don't want to be a bore," I said, "but what is the point in playing instruments four or five hours every night unless we have a musician in the band?"

Bix finally answered Peavey's letter. He wrote in pencil on the back of a penny post card. "I will come to work for you for $75 a week." Originally he had put down sixty-five; there was a smudge where he had erased the six, but it was still plainly visible under the seven.

Peavey handed me the card and watched me fidget. "I don't think I want him in my band," he said.

We toured all that summer through Minnesota, Wisconsin and Ontario, then took a job at the Roseland Dance Gardens in Winnipeg. Our music wasn't bad, but I couldn't forget Bix. I kept thinking of the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, too, and of Louis Panico's cornet. Chicago was full of hot music; King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band was playing at the Lincoln Gardens; every cabaret on the South Side kept an outfit worth hearing.

"I think I'll go South for the winter," I said to Peavey.

"To Florida?" he asked.

"No," I said, "to Chicago."

"Remember me when you go to confession," he said. That was the last I saw of the Jazz Bandits.

Back in Chicago, I played high-school and college party dates and got work in some clubs. That summer I took a job with Wop Waller at Lake Delavan, Wisconsin. We were housed in a bowling alley converted into a dormitory; I slept in Alley 4. The food was good, the swimming was excellent, the canoes were seaworthy. It was Lazy through Dinah that summer. I never slept less or felt better.

As I packed up to leave La a new idea nudged me. The I had met during the summe me but they had a different m

"Who is Proust?" I aske day.

"What does he play?" Wop

That was it. Education wa you couldn't see, but it was th ing able to throw a curve. I get some for myself. It does bottles, I figured, so it can't h

Back in Chicago, I went t Allerton House. My broth had a banjo now and was p dates. We found two other b and formed a quartet, do numbers with bands. One of was Herbie Kaumyer; later his name to Herbie Kay, st



Bix Beiderbeck

chestra and married his s named Dorothy Lamour.

I started studying at the h Reid, a retired professor. S dozen boys and girls in ad self; I was due at nine in the I had to take a bus to get grim, but I had something Who was Proust?

I began with French, En matics, and some other stuf time to do homework an time to sleep. I arrived at with my eyelids taped. W tions were asked, and the began writing their answe into the kitchen, lighted a the pilot of the gas stove, a of the window. "What am I asked myself. "I can st some sleep, and be just as way I don't get any sleep, stupid." But I kept going ahead of me was Proust.

That winter I ran into row, who was addicted to t Mezz knew the leader of Ike Bloom's Rendezvous Street. He got jobs for bot

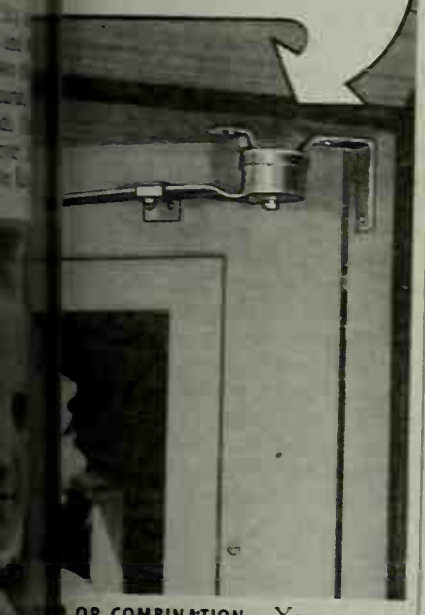
P YOUR DOORS

CLOSED

TH THE FAMOUS MALLORY

DOOR

PILOT"



OR COMBINATION—Your screen rs are USELESS if they remain *or short periods.* It's so simple to sed with the new Mallory Door of nerve-wracking door-slam- germ-laden insects out—keep e heat in! The rugged Door mechanical, absolutely non- ives positive closing action, ening! Operates on Chrysler ng. *Light Duty* *wn above) for* *ation and light* $5.95

DOORS



vy Duty Door mmended for t doors of all for long-life $9.45

OORS



Duty Door constructed. hanism closes all types. $19.50



Faithfully we pilot the doors of the world

FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES

& Son
e St.
ash.

Assoc.
ran. 11, Cal.
Angeles, Cal.

ll & Co.
296
Texas
George
ee St.
t. Car.

Frank
venue
59, Mass.

Arthur A. Lewis
514 Broadway
Hastings-on-Hudson
New York 6, N. Y.

Central States Sales Co.
Suite 326, Law Bldg.
Kansas City 6, Mo.

A. Roy Hines
1040 Wynnton Rd.
Columbus, Ga.

Industrial Specialties Co.
Hardington, P. O. Weston
Ontario, Canada

your hardware store

LORY SALES CO.

reet • Detroit 2, Michigan

steady and pleasant work. Everyone was friendly with the band, and the band was friendly with everyone else. We did our best to help the tone of Mezzrow's saxophone. We put cigarette and cigar butts, ash trays and damp paper napkins into the bell, but they didn't help.

Bix came to town that spring. Charlie Straight hired him to play at the other Chicago Rendezvous, on North Clark Street. Every day he walked to the Allerton House and played the grand piano. Jim and I sat listening to him by the hour, as hopped up as if we had been blown through an opium pipe. My schoolbooks stayed on the table, unopened.

One day Bix saw them. "What are these?" he asked.

I explained that I was getting an education. He looked perplexed.

"What are you going to do with it?" he said. "If you can't read music, why do you want to read books?" He sat down at the piano.

"By the way," I said, "who is Proust?"

He hit a chord, listened to it, and then said, casually, "A French writer who lived in a cork-lined room. His stuff is no good in translation."

I leaned over the piano. "How the hell did you find that out?" I demanded.

He gave me the seven-veils look. "I get around," he said.

He was having the usual trouble with his pivot tooth: it was in front, upstairs, and it frequently dropped out, leaving Bix unable to blow a note. Wherever he worked, it was customary to see the boys in the band down on the floor, looking for Bix' tooth. Once in Cincinnati at five o'clock in the morning while driving over a snow-covered street in a 1922 Essex with "Wild Bill" Davison and Carl Clove, Bix shouted, "Stop the car!" There was no speak-easy in sight.

"What's the matter?" Davison asked.

"I've lost my tooth," Bix said.

They got out and carefully examined the fresh snow. After a long search, Davison sighted a tiny hole; in it he found the tooth, quietly working its way down to the road. Bix restored it to his mouth and they went on to The Hole in the Wall, where they played every morning for pork-chop sandwiches and gin. It was natural for Bix not to get the tooth permanently fastened; he couldn't be bothered going to the dentist. It was easier to look for it.

He ran into some of Jean Goldkette's boys while he was at the Rendezvous. They were playing a prom date at Indiana University; Bix had a strong following there, led by a piano-playing student named Hoagy Carmichael. Bix was asked to go down and play the date with the band. He turned up at the Allerton House in the usual dilemma—no tuxedo. Jim and I put him together: Jim's jacket and trousers and shirt, my studs and tie. For good measure and the cool spring nights we gave him a topcoat and a hat.

A few days later he returned and brought us the borrowed articles. There was a tuxedo, complete with studs, tie and shirt. But the tuxedo was not Jim's, the shirt was not his, and the studs and tie were not mine. The topcoat and hat were also different from those we had given him.

"Did you have a good time?" we asked politely.

"I don't know," Bix said.

That spring, Bessie Smith also came to town; we went to hear her at the Paradise, a battered joint which had been slept in by everyone but George Washington.

Once I turned to Bix and said, "How do you think Bessie would sound in that cork-lined room of Proust's?"

Bix didn't hear me. He was leaning on the table, eyes glazed, listening to Bessie. His pivot tooth had fallen out. I picked it up and handed it to him.

Between midnight and dawn in those days, you met all sorts of people in Chicago. You might be sitting quietly in a speak-easy and be informed that for the rest of the evening, drinks were on the house: Capone, the owner, had wandered in, ordered the doors closed, and settled down to enjoy himself.

Drummer Too Good at Crosswords

Once Dave Tough played in a cabaret which had a clientele composed almost exclusively of baseball players, gangsters and detectives. It was managed by an ex-prize fighter named Jake, who weighed three hundred pounds and was addicted to crossword puzzles.

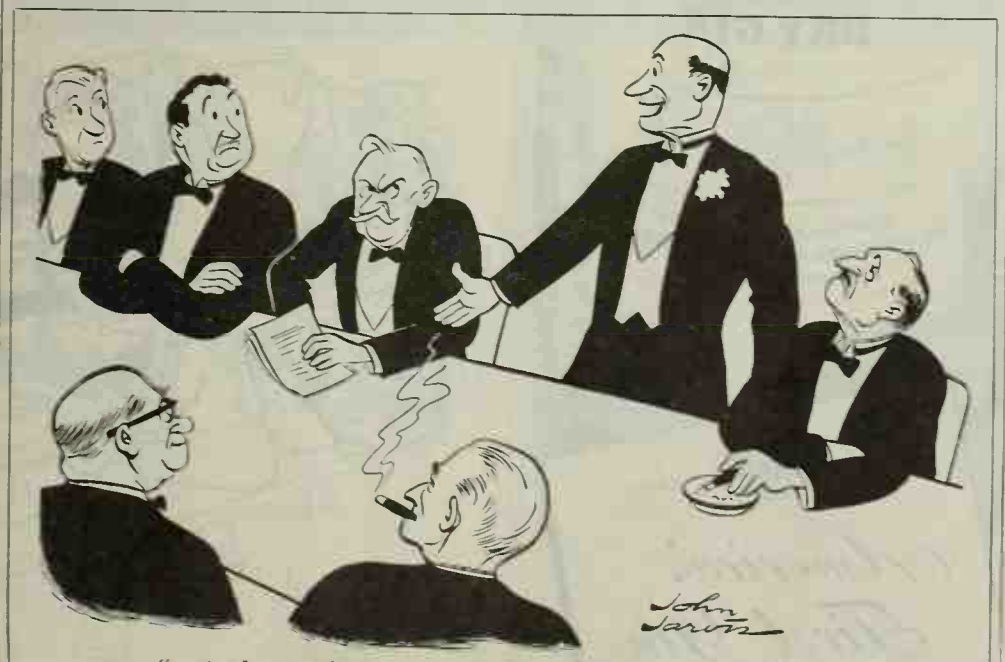
One night in the bar Dave helped him with a couple of words. From then on, Jake grabbed him every night and asked him *all* the words. If Dave got stuck, Jake would reach across the table, put his six-pound hand on Dave's shoulder, and say, "Come on, think!" So Dave worked the puzzles at home in the afternoon and went to work prepared; anything else for a drummer weighing 108 pounds would have been suicide.

One night after finishing the puzzle and grabbing a double rye at the bar, Dave was hurrying to the bandstand. An inconspicuous-looking man standing in front of him didn't move.

Dave put both hands against the man's shoulders. "Get the hell out of my way!" he said.

One of the boys on the bandstand looked at Dave with admiration as he sat down at the drums. "I guess you don't care how long you live," he said. "Or aren't you afraid of Bottles Capone?"

Bottles was Al's kid brother. Dave



"—And now it gives me great pleasure to present a man who needs no introduction. I give you James—I mean Robert Baxter—No, Braxton—Mr. James Braxton"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

39

What You Want..When and How

AT NEW LOW PRICES

The new 1947 Emerson Radios and Phonoradios are more selective, more sensitive—with BETTER Style, Tone, Performance and Value—as your nearest Emerson Radio dealer will gladly demonstrate. See and hear the new Compacts, Portables, Phonoradios, Phonographs and Pocket Receivers NOW and you will KNOW why their popularity is so worldwide!



Emerson 3-Way Portable Radio Model 536. Plays on AC and DC current and self-contained batteries. New circuit design gives super power and magnificent tone. Handsome, sturdy carrying cabinet and all modern engineering features . $39.95 *less batteries*

Super-Powered

Emerson Radio



Emerson Portable Phonograph Model 542. Complete all-electric phonograph with exquisite tone. Plays 10-inch and 12-inch records. More tubes—more engineering developments—give you far greater performance! Sturdy cabinet with carrying handle $39.95

EMERSON RADIO & PHONOGRAPH CORP. • NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
World's Largest Maker of Small Radio

No Wonder Fleischmann's makes America's Most Delicious Gin Drinks!



NOT JUST DRY... IT'S "DRY" DRY

—without the slightest trace of sweetness!

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! That's one of *four big reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks. Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly delicate, light *taste!* Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very *smooth!* Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless *mixability* provides the perfect base for Tom Collins, Martinis, *all* gin drinks!



90 PROOF

FLEISCHMANN'S

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

played the set involuntarily; he shook enough to beat the drums in perfect time.

Once when Jim Lannigan was playing at the Friars' Inn, some of the Capone mob came in and took the place over for the night. The other customers left and the doors were closed; the band played, and the hoods drank.

One of them noticed Jim's bass fiddle. The bulge on its underside caught the light and made an attractive target. The hood kept looking at it, measuring the distance and cocking one eye. Finally he took out a revolver and fired at it. The bullet hit the fiddle on the seam and the whole back opened up. The band kept on playing; the hood asked Jim how much the fiddle cost, and stripped off enough from his roll to buy a new one.

In all of the joints, the bands kept on playing no matter what happened, though sometimes the drummer would hold his bass drum over his head to keep it from being smashed. Muggsy Spanier saw two people killed in front of him one night; he kept on playing but he was so nervous that afterward he couldn't remember what tune it was. His clothes were so drenched with perspiration he had to change even his shoes.

All this was educational, but Northwestern did not accept such credits. When spring came and Bix arrived, I got to Mrs. Reid's later and later, and finally I did not arrive at all. Next year, I said to myself, I will find out about Proust.

For about a year, Bix played with Frankie Trumbauer at the Arcadia Ballroom in St. Louis. Then he went to Hudson Lake, Indiana, with a combination of the best hot men from the Arcadia Ballroom and Jean Goldkette's band at the Graystone in Detroit.

Three Old-Maid Moonshiners

He and "Pee Wee" Russell, a tall, mournful-looking kid, lived in a cottage near the lake with three other guys. The place was always a shambles. The only commodity kept in sufficient stock was a local whisky, purchased in large quantities for five dollars a gallon from three old-maid hillbillies fifteen miles away.

Bix and Pee Wee were without a car. It bothered them; they couldn't visit the old maids when they wanted to. One day, having received some pay—usually they owed it all—they went to La Porte to buy an automobile. Bix found a 1914 Buick which could be had for eighty dollars. It ran around the block well. "This is it," Bix said to Pee Wee.

They drove back to the lake and hid the car in a side road. Just before starting time that night they sneaked off, got into it and drove to the pavilion. As they reached the entrance and caught the attention of the boys on the sta motor stopped. It refused to st owners had to push it to the cotta

Next day they got it going and to visit the old maids. Halfway h Buick went dead. They had t farmer and hire him to tow it by a garage.

The car was delivered next da cottage. "Park it in the back ya said to the man who towed it l garage. It never ran again. It ha mirror, and the owners used it wh ing.

Ten years later, Pee Wee was d the Coast with the Louis Prima b detoured to reminisce at Huds and found the cottage. The car in the back yard, on its wheels bu with rust.

Pee Wee pointed it out to th boys. "I own half of that," he s

In 1927 I was singing at the Inn, and Bix was playing w Whiteman, who had an outfit as as himself. Late in the fall the Balaban-Katz circuit, opening at eago Theatre for a week.

After the show I met Bix and to a speak-easy. Bix played th and some of the other Whiten joined in. There was some sing by the Rhythm Boys—Al Rink Barris, Bing Crosby. They we looking lads, slightly young.

One night I called for Bix b and he said, "We are going to a in Cicero. Some big shot ha Crosby. He is going to send a e

The three of us stood outside ater and waited. Finally a long, drove up to the curb, and we we get into the back seat. At the Gr we were greeted with open a bulging hips. There was a lot of and talking, and pretty soon B the piano and Crosby was singin the time I began to worry abou drowning, the long black car and we were put into the back s The guests waved us off with open arms and bulging hips.

As we drove along, Bix said "Lovely party."

"Lovely people!" Crosby er

After a while I said to Bix, "R the guy you kept telling to shu

"Sure," Bix said. "Why didn him down? I'm too good-natur

"I thought you'd like to name," I said.

"The hell with his name!" Bi

"His name is Capone," I said Capone."

"Lovely people!" Crosby re

Poor Bottles! He was alwa pushed around.

(To be continued next w



"This time we brought the salt, pepper, ketchup, chili sauce, Tabasc Worcestershire sauce, pickles, olives, and toothpicks. We forgot the san

COLLIER'S

While the Storm rages...





darkens . . . lightning crackles—soon he deluge, blotting out all visibility!

er—your Pennsylvania Railroad train eather as it comes . . . the good with .

you've temporarily lost one horizon you've gained another, new and eautiful, *inside!*

those two famed all-coach stream- *The Trail Blazer*, New York- and *The Jeffersonian*, New York-Washington-St. Louis—and the *Liberty Limited*, Washington-Chicago, proudly welcome you to Pennsylvania Railroad's grand postwar coaches.

So roomy . . . only 44 seats to the car!

So magnificently lighted . . . fluorescent lights *four times* stronger, yet soft and . . . shadowless.

So much easier riding . . . credit that to the improved undercarriage and those new lightweight but sturdy steels.

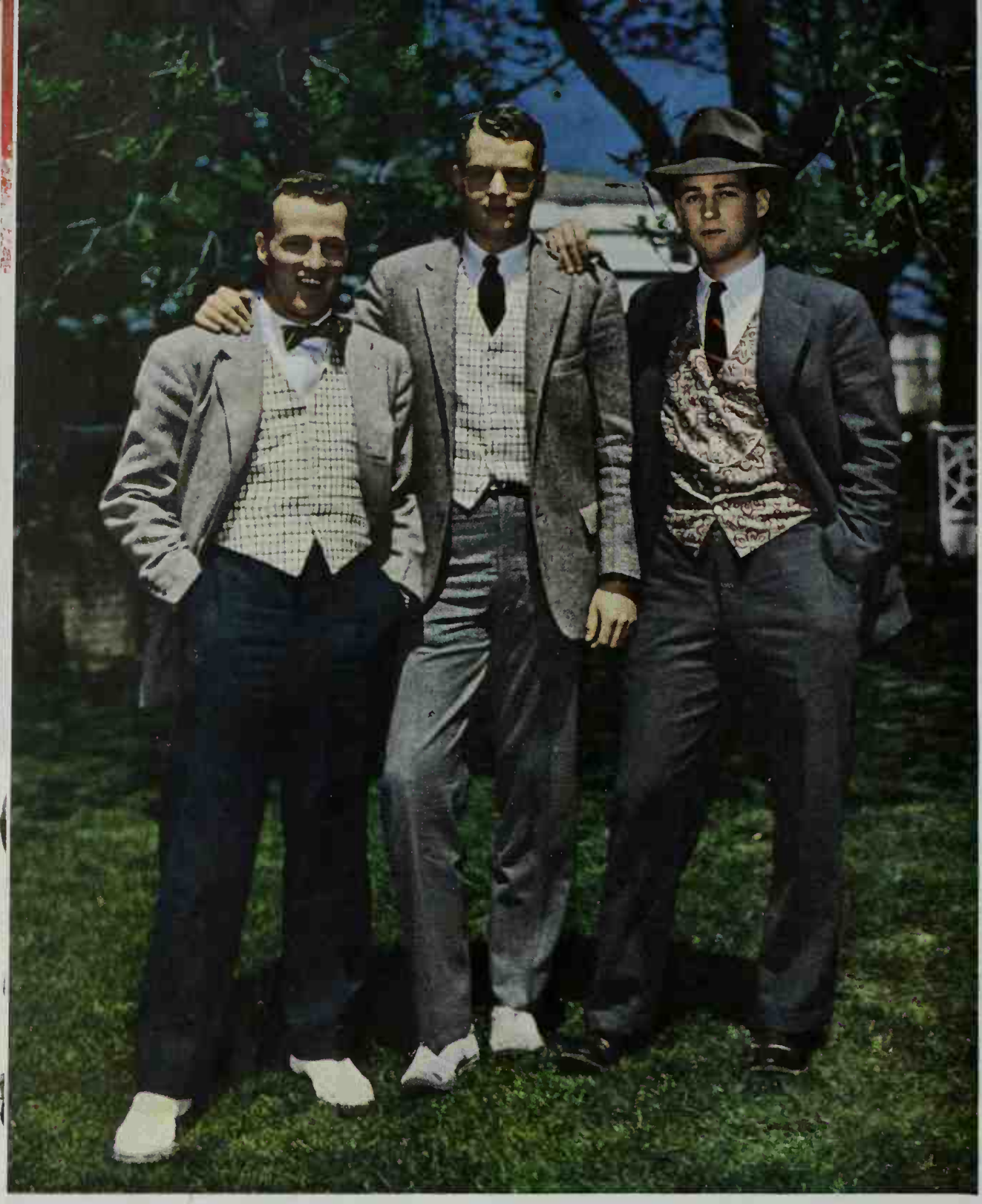
Your window is a full 6 feet wide, the largest we've ever made...and the washrooms likewise are extra spacious, each with two toilet annexes and three washstands.

Even your coach doors admit you with an ease never before known—they're electro-pneumatic and open at a finger's touch.

From the ground up, from door to door, these postwar coaches invite you to enjoy not only new comfort, new riding ease, new beauty—but an utterly new experience in dependable low-cost travel. So step aboard!... to a comfortable seat reserved for you at NO EXTRA COST!

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

for WEATHERPROOF service



Typical university fashions are Shetland sport jackets, flannel slacks and all-white shoes. Fancy waistcoats are making their debut on the campus, worn with odd jackets, flannel suits

At Eastern colleges the single-breasted, shawl-collared dinner jacket is preferred. In the West, the Middle West and the South, students prefer the double-breasted jacket with peak lapels



FALL GUI

BY HENRY L. JACK

When college classes are resumed here's what the smartly dressed will be wearing on and off the

WE DON'T want to be puritanica matters but it looks as if the boys turn it on this fall, and fix up like

The uniform of our national Army was a ment. But it did little for the spirit. Any y who has shuffled around in o.d.'s can be e wanting a sport coat that would shame the

Just look at these sport coats, for exa Shetlands in fancy weaves and stripes and blind the eye. For contrast, they will be slacks in gray flannel, tan gabardine and c classes the uniform is slacks, sweater (loud), (thunderous!); brogues, moccasins or all-w

When it comes to a big-time date or a w town, they restrain themselves out of fear and stick to suits of dark blue worsteds, O flannels and Glen-plaid Saxonies. Then t sink to normal with plain shirts, inconspi regular town shoes and a snapbrim hat.

What will really amaze you is that col tastes differ in various parts of the country. I jackets are cut long with natural shoulders, ter vents, and the three-button single-breaste preferred. Trousers are narrow and cut sh you'd think that in the Middle West wher thick-chested, heavy breathers they would lil row-shoulder business, but not at all. Out th two- or three-button single-breasted coat v shoulders and slight waist suppression. The and Southwestern gentlemen turn out to be ones—cotton slacks, casual jackets, sport moccasins. And get this, will you—the E dark gray flannel suits, the Middle Wester medium gray, on the West Coast light gray i

In dinner jackets the East likes the sing model with shawl collar, but the rest of t sticks to the double-breasted midnight-blue peak lapels. Most sections prefer patent-l fords, but the dudes of the West Coast are nc patent-leather moccasins. At swish affairs i schools, they go in for midnight-blue tail co

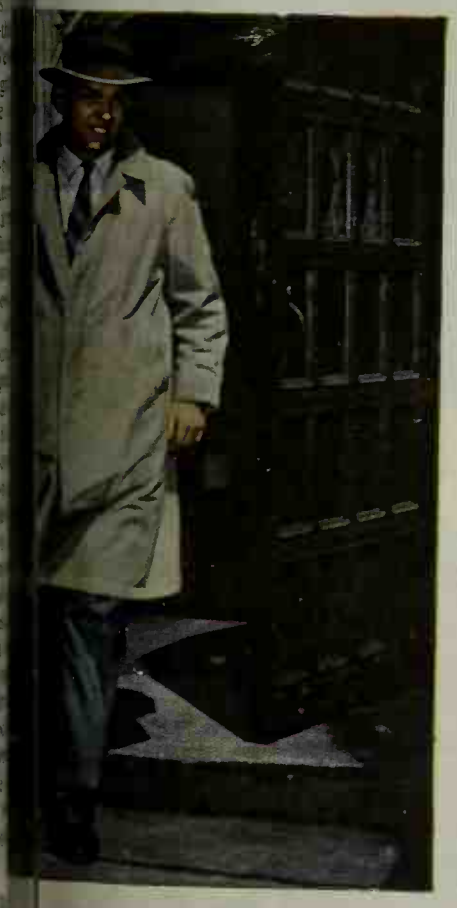
Our old friend the camel's-hair polo c for a graduate college course, but you will a ing raglan and box-style tweed overcoats. lar is the "university hat," a welt-edged, s khaki color, reminding the young men of past. A shaped "campus cap" is worn in the

Other important items are solid-color striped Oxford shirts with button-down or lars, English foulard ties, striped rep ties, kn both plain colors and stripes, woolen ties prints, narrow leather and Western-motif striped suspenders, natural-color pull-ove with crew or V neck and long sleeves, hea type sweaters, knitted cardigans and slee overs. Crew socks of heavy white wool a but when the lads want to burn the joint up t Argyle socks in colors that would knock yo

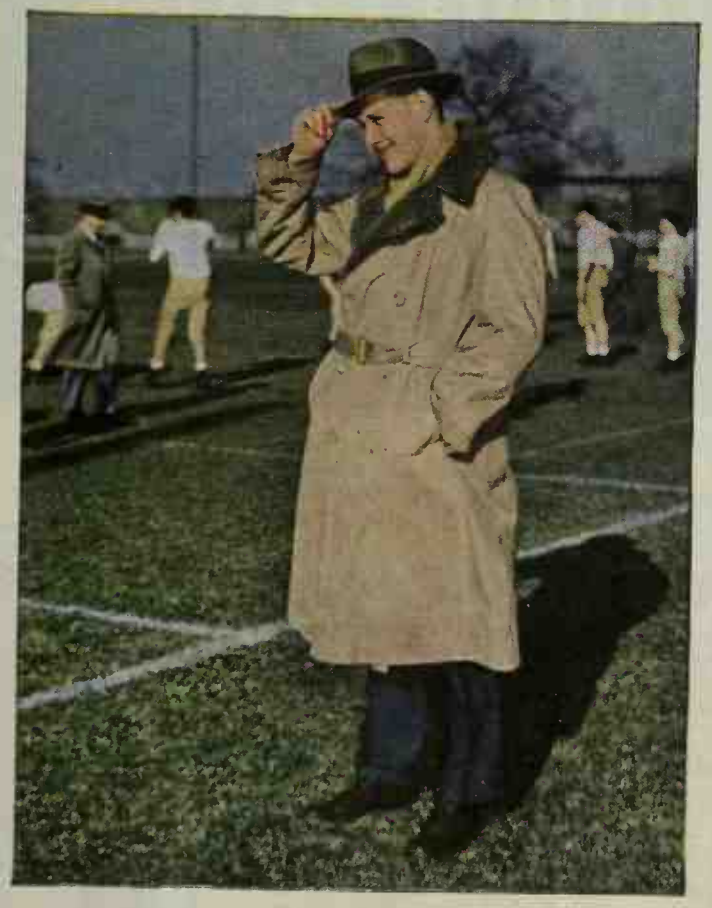
The young gentlemen in the East wear a pin in their ties instead of the old tie clas their necks are mufflers of solid-color wool cashmere, and their gloves or mittens ar knitted wool. Wowsie!

ight, brown-green-mixture sport jacket, gray slacks and white shoes; Glen-plaid jacket, flannel slacks, Argyle hose, saddle shoes and wool tie; Shet-ket, blue Oxford button-down shirt, striped tie and brogues; gray flannel suit, university hat; cashmere sweater, covert slacks and white crew socks

raincoat with raglan shoulders, collar, khaki-colored university d tie, button-down shirt, brogues



For cold weather: doubled-breasted cotton-gabardine coat lined with alpaca, carrying alpaca collar and lapels. Fine for football and general campus wear



Newest style at Eastern schools is a dark blue blazer, single-breasted with gilt buttons. It is worn with flannel slacks, white shirt, foulard tie and brown shoes



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MAURY HAMMOND



HAYM SOLOMON ADVANCING FUNDS TO ROBERT MORRIS TO FINANCE REVOLUTION, PHILADELPHIA, 1782*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER



"The situation of our finances is such as to make every thinking man shudder . . ."

. . . LETTER FROM GENERAL CORNELL TO GENERAL GREENE IN PHILADELPHIA

Generosity combined with gracious living to give Colonial Philadelphia its famed heritage of hospitality. To this day these fine traditions endure, upheld most pleasantly by Philadelphia Blend. Here is something exceptional . . . a really finer whisky you might justly reserve for special occasions. Yet, fortunately, you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky, regularly and often.



THE FIVE DRESDEN ANGELS

Continued from page 25

upper. It lasted all evening, four hours. Now and then a pause, as Father warned: *ben ist kein Eilzug*—life is no in We have the whole night And another pot of *Rot-*

éritif thus far has been most ng," said Fritz von Pagel, who owed away his third helping. accepting another thick slice g ham and his fifth glass of "We can always adjourn later k at Semmel's Tavern. Say f pigs' knuckles in jelly or a *Sauerbraten.*"

laughed, for she knew these they were shining with bliss. d cooked the red cabbage in on pots, flavoring them with vinegar and crisp bits of ba- bowls of the long, glistening shed one after the other. The lmost gone. The caviar, *Sar-* goose breast had been mere lers before the meal started. edible, but the platters were ty. I did not, of course, keep I am certain that Dolfee and Pagel had each consumed at pounds of ham and half a bbage. Father, never a great hird, and we children kept a en for the *torte* and marzipan the very end, Mother brought fee and the assorted cheeses rnickel.

itz von Pagel leaned back, igar, and said, "When such o more, men will be no more. Vikings, hearty, earnest eat- corrupt and decadent as the h, when I read of their feats y eyes go dim with sadness outh puckers with desire. becoming a race of bean k, I have seen with my own happening. In the big cities arting something new—cafe- call them, and maybe you these abominations even in You run in line like a ma- luck up food from the coun- shelves. And what food! ds, a little leaf of lettuce with onful of potato salad on it. peas. A real man can eat of lettuce just as an appe- mouthful. On eighteen peas raise a race of rabbits, and it eats slowly, as befits one. nibblings may very well be re you."

moodily into his wineglass, ned. "Well, let us drink a bages—and kings. Kings of And to our hostess, the

clinked glasses. Mother, joined the toast, before she ar away the debris from the e gathered the empty dishes rnfully, I thought. Perhaps some wild hope that there little warmed-over cabbage w's lunch.

ther rejoined us, Fritz von pted some casual chatter to e way, Dolfee, you said hen you first joined us that e. Something about heaven hen."

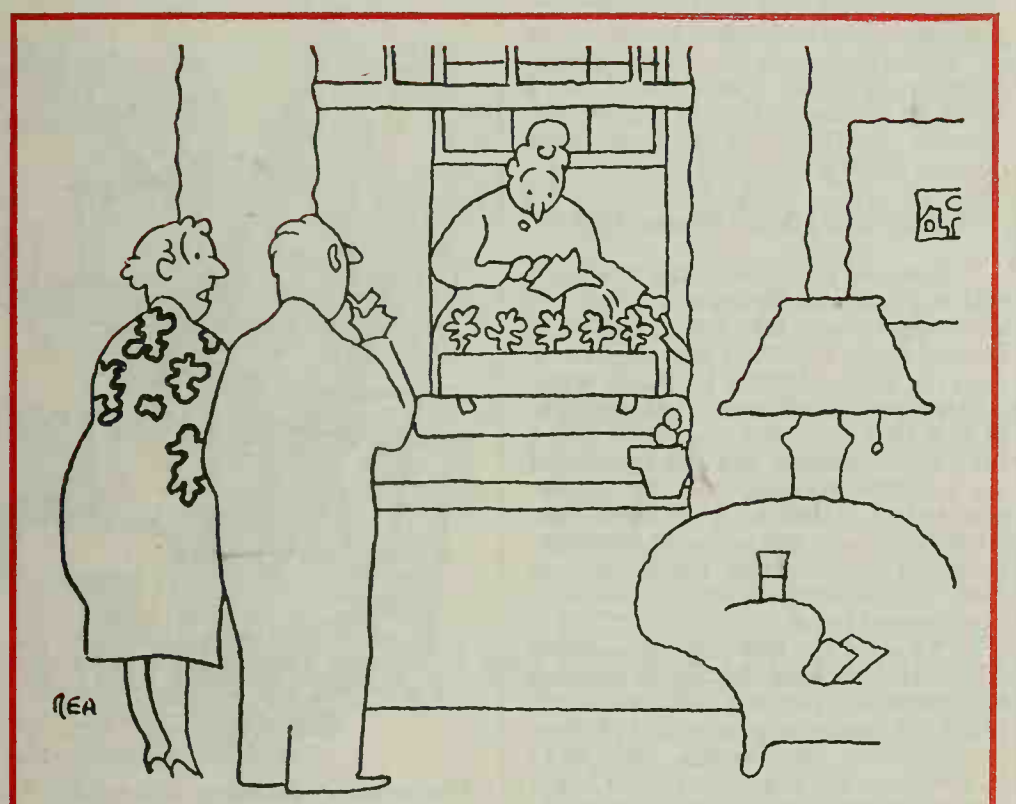
" Dolfee laughed. "Just idle t the Lord being the High ll the seraphim sauce mak-

it. It made me remember Then, turning to Mother, gel added, "What I remem- our little set of five Dresden Meyer. Not sauce makers, r little things, for all that. I recalled how you cherished those figurines. So tonight Dolfee's remark about angels made me wonder whether you still possessed the charming group. I prowled in your parlor and, sure enough, there they were on the mantelpieee. It was really like meeting some old friends. And what pleased me was that after all these years they are in such excellent health, so wonderfully preserved. But then, to be sure, angels are indestructible."

Mother shook her head. "There you are wrong, Herr von Pagel," she said. "If you had looked closely you would have seen they were badly chipped, with pieces missing. It was only a few years ago that the harp player lost a wing."

Fritz von Pagel opened his eyes wide. "But *lieber Himmel*, Frau Meyer, I did examine them closely. And I assure you, you must be suffering from a queer delusion. There was no wing missing. Of that I am positive."

"In another moment you will have me believe that I am totally blind," Mother said. "I shall fetch the harp player just to show you."



"I don't see how she gets her housework done. She spends all of her time in the garden!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

She got up and went into the parlor. There was a silence, then something like a little scream.

Presently Mother stood in the doorway, the harp player in her hand. Her face was bewildered.

"It is true what you say," she said in a whisper. "The wing is there. And the missing parts of the others, too—the foot, the hand. All the little chips vanished. I cannot—"

"A miracle!" shouted Dolfee. "An authentic resurrection. Never have I heard before of the resurrection of an angel. That makes it a double miracle, and I shall write a story on the heavenly magic in the Meyer home that crowned a mundane feast of ham and cabbage."

"I have heard somewhere," my father said, "that when a certain kind of lizard or salamander loses its tail, the animal promptly grows a new one. If a simple salamander can perform such a feat, surely it would be no trick at all for an angel."

Mother walked slowly over to the table and sat down. She set the tiny harp player in front of her, and the new wing gleamed bravely under the light from the chandelier.

"No. It was no miracle. Such things do not happen," Mother said, looking fixedly at the angel. "It was a little trick played by one of you here tonight, for I dusted the angels only this afternoon and they were my old damaged set. Oh, I know very well that the one who played this trick meant it kindly, and I should be grateful. Yet I beg whoever it was—please, please give me back my old set of angels."

"But this is fantastic," my father said. "I know that for many years you have searched in vain for just such another set, and now you . . ."

"I agree. There is no logic at all in it." Mother nodded. "But there is something besides logic, Georg. It is hard to explain. The five Dresden angels were a wedding gift from a dear sister. Yet they were more than a gift. They came to be a sort of daybook, a journal of our many queer adventures in the New World. Oh, this all sounds very foolish."

"Please go on," Fritz von Pagel said gently.

"Well, then, it is like this. When I look at the angels, many things come back to me, good and bad. Do you remember, Georg, when the little cherub with the writing tablet lost his foot?

"Yes, I thought you had forgotten. That was almost fifteen years ago when Ernst here was still a baby. That dreadful, hard year in Chicago. You had been out of work for months, and it was April, and your birthday, Georg, and nothing in the house. So I took one of my finest tablecloths, of pure linen, and went out and sold it. It would never be missed, I knew, for you never notice such things. And there was enough money for a decent noon meal and a small bottle of cheap wine and two cigars, my birthday gifts to you. And we tried to be festive. I will say you tried very hard, Georg. But in the afternoon when I was cleaning house and you were just sitting there, waiting, waiting, I felt a great fear. How many tablecloths were there to sell? How many pieces of silver? And the simple jewels that my mother left me? If they all went—well, what would follow later? So I thought as I went stupidly, blindly about my work.

"And it was then—oh, you must remember, Georg—that the doorbell rang, and there was the boy with the telegram. And you quickly opened it, and you cried loudly and happily: 'Anna, wonderful news! That position as editor in Dubuque is mine. . And they are wiring money immediately for all our moving expenses. Anna, think of it!' And I stood there so weak with sudden joy that I dropped the little angel I was just dusting. The angel with the writing tablet. Its left foot came off, and in all the excitement I stupidly stepped on the fragment and crushed it.

"That is how it was, Georg. And ever after when I looked at that angel, even in the bad days, I felt cheered, for the memory of that happy moment came back. Well, little angel, I said to myself, it is sad that you lost a foot—but how much sadder if we had lost heart."

MOTHER stopped; her eyes were still lowered. She had spoken as if she were in some sort of trance, and I looked at her in astonishment because never before had I known her to make so long a speech.

My father patted her hand and said, "Go on, Anna."

"There is really nothing more, Georg. The memories are not all so happy. There was a day when I dropped another angel and a hand came off. That was in Denver, and I was really not to blame, for I worked in a kind of mist. It was the time our baby Meta died. . . . No, Georg, that is not a happy memory, and I do not dwell on it, but there are others, so many others. Good and bad, because that is the way it has been with us. All that I want you to understand is my silly feeling about those old Dresden angels. They have been so tied up with our lives, so much a member of the family, you might say, that it is like losing a living part of oneself. . . . Now call me a silly old woman."

Fritz von Pagel blew his nose. It sounded like a trumpet blast. "Frau Meyer," he said, after clearing his throat, "I confess it was I who played the trick, but my intentions were kind. It was last year, when I was abroad, that I chanced to be in Dresden. And it was there, in a very old shop where I had gone to pick up some trifles for my wife, that I saw in a dusty corner the exact duplicate of your set of angels. And I thought to myself: This is splendid. Those are the figurines that Frau Meyer had in Milwaukee when I boarded there, the very ones that were so chipped and broken. Someday, I know, I shall return there, and I shall perform a miracle. And I bought them. . . . Ah, what a sad miracle this was tonight! But I did not know. . . . *Gott sei Dank*, I have preserved the old ones."

He reached into his coat pocket and carefully extracted a handkerchief. In it were the chipped, the footless, the handless, the wingless five Dresden angels, and he placed them with infinite care on the tablecloth.

"Herr von Pagel," my mother said joyfully, "I do not know how to thank you. This—this—"

"This calls for a fresh glass all around," said Dolfee, reaching for the port. "And a toast to the angels, the recording angels, who keep diaries of even the little things in the lives of the humble. *Potztausend!* I am babbling like a friar of the Faith."

After the toast we all made a great ceremony of restoring the angels to their perch. Mother placed the five old angels in a circle on the mantelpiece. And around them, in a larger circle, she placed the five new angels. The new, the shining, the strong, guarding the old, the weary and battered. Perhaps that is as it should be.

THE END

THE
B·B
BALL PEN
in Two
Attractive
Models
98¢
NO LUXURY TAX

"Executive"
MODEL
Scientifically designed to give you utmost in balance and writing ease.



Be sure it's a B·B when you buy

All Time Guarantee

"VP"
MODEL
Cleverly combines convenient half size for pocket or purse with full size when open for writing.

Available at Leading Dealers Everywhere

B·B Pens are made by one of the oldest ball pen manufacturers in the country and one of the first to bring good ball pens to all at a sensible price.

A PRODUCT OF
B·B Pen Co., Inc.,
HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIF.

HOW TO HAVE ANCESTORS

Continued from page 17

ancestrophiles of the Mayflower Society. There were 50 Mayflower passengers who had children; they have about 90,000,000 living descendants. In self-defense several Mayflower families have set themselves apart from the thundering herd by legally proving that they are descended from *all fifty* Pilgrim Fathers. This is as distinguished as you can get in pedigree circles.

The Victorian English ran high genealogical fevers when they came into money. The record for pedigrees was scored in the 1850s by a *nouveau riche* Scots family named Cowtart. They respelled it "Coulthart" and christened their new stately home the same, so that they became the Coultharts of Coulthart. Then they hired a genealogist to get them into the next edition of Burke's Peerage.

According to his account, the family had originated in the third century, when a Roman legionnaire named Coulthardis signed a marriage contract for the daughter of a Pictish chieftain. The promising young warrior had been mentioned in the writings of the Roman historians, Tacitus, Livy and Suetonius.

From this take-off the Coultharts began begetting. One of their menfolk was an artillery captain at Bannockburn. Another Coulthart was a Royal Navy officer at the destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588. So it went down through history.

Exposing a Phony Family Tree

A bemused pedant read the Coulthart epic in Burke and his brows ascended in amazement. Some time later a little book devoted to the Coulthart genealogy came onto the stalls. Among its points were: (a) Marriage contracts were unknown until the thirteenth century; (b) Tacitus, Livy and Suetonius had not mentioned any Lieutenant Coulthardis; the scholar had read all of their works to make sure; (c) Artillery was not in use at Bannockburn; (d) There was no Royal Navy in 1588. The Coultharts switched back to Cowtart and began all over again.

In America the bull market in ancestors leveled off after the female invasion of the nineties. The next high came in the 1920s. The pedigree prospectors of those bonanza days tried to sink their picks into William the Conqueror, who had a hundred million descendants by 1925. He had operated widely in France and Britain, so that scores of authenticated lineages were all ready to be plugged into the customers.

The Conqueror is still the champion ancestor of them all. Some genealogists were disappointed that they could not peddle Harold of Wessex. He had an even bigger potential market in the United States because he had lived in East Anglia, from which came many of the original English colonists in North America. But Harold had a fatal lack of sales appeal; he had been the English leader against William the Conqueror's invasion in 1066, and had lost. Nobody wanted a loser.

If William I is the Most Popular Ancestor, then Brigham Young is the Ancestor Most Likely to Succeed. The Church of the Latter-day Saints has the most nearly perfect lineage archives in the world in its Salt Lake City church office building. There are 5,000,000 card-indexed names which lead to files of millions of family charts.

George Washington disqualified himself in the ancestor stakes by having no children. Franklin and Jefferson had children, but for some reason or another, never became popular as ancestors.

The case of Abraham Lincoln is unique in genealogy. Lincoln has only two living grandchildren, making it impossible to crash his direct primogenital table. But thousands of people are pleased to claim distant cousinship to the Great Emancipator. This is a breeze for a genealogist. If the researcher can't splice you into the Middle Western Lincolns, he may be able to tap a bloodline running from the Linkhorns of Norfolk right into your veins.

World War II launched 14,216,097 future ancestors. In two generations it will be almost impossible to avoid being descended from the brave girls and boys of '41. By the third generation, it will take the massed research institutes of the land to prove that none of your eight grandparents served.

The most unsociable ancestor club is the Order of the First Crusade, 1096, confined to those descended from "the seven leaders of the First Crusade, 1096." A lawyer named Howard Kellogg James founded it in Alameda, California, in 1934. Up to then, the deepest dive that any group had made into genealogy was that of the Runnymede Order, a Philadelphia bunch who traced themselves from the Magna Charta barons of 1215. James crowed, "I went 119 years behind the vaunted 'Barons of Runnymede.'"



"You've been overdoing your hobby, Sangster. What you need is a l

COLLIER'S

Eighty-three men and 154 women produced their ancestral visas and $20 to join the Order of the First Crusade, 1096. All the names on James' mailing list were direct descendants of Richard Warren, a Mayflower boy. James had traced a clue off Richard Warren back to Robert of Normandy, the frivolous Godfrey of Bouillon, Edgar Atheling, or another of the seven knights who had hightailed off to Jerusalem after they had heard Peter the Hermit preach the First Crusade.

By a literal interpretation of the Malthusian theory of population, the Order of the First Crusade should be open to about 500,000,000 direct descendants of the seven knights, or about one fourth of the human race now alive. Unfortunately Howard Kellogg James didn't have all their addresses.

Boston is the national hotbed of genealogy and the home of the trade paper of the industry, The New England Historical and Genealogical Register. At one time Boston even had a daily newspaper gossip column about the long dead and gone. Notes and Queries, a department in the now defunct Evening T was the Winchell column of It was started in 1876 by Oliver Holmes. Here and in the agon of the Register, ancestor hun pounded their riddles of linea cent insertion in the Register w Sarah (Ring) Berry was the thi Moses Cass, Sanbornton, N. H. the Sarah Ring, born 10 M daughter of Miriam (Jones) a Ring?

Is there a reader so hardhe he does not want to sing out, "" her!" and make this advertiser happy?

Virginia is second only to M setts in pedigree collecting. really to matter among the fir of Virginia you should have strung all the way back to a manor house. Revolutionary a too commonplace in Virginia. nial lineage has an annoying originating with indentured s felons.

An old spoilsport named Thomas J. Wertenbaker, of got himself read out of Virg circles 25 years ago by publish called The Planters of Colonia Professor Wertenbaker made tive study of the family trees o Virginia clans. He proved that present-day families in the O ion are descended from En gentry, while three more fir originated among obscure squ

Pedigree hunting has becom ular to escape invasion by qua professional genealogists are searchers, but the patent-medic of genealogy is busy peddlin cated family trees. The com mercial practice is to adverti common English surnames; among them, write in for you You get a booklet which may be the chart that fits you.

If your name is Lee, for in odds are astronomical agai your correct genealogy. The l family at all, but a vast crow descended from several thou lated English Lees. Lee, or "meadow" in old English. Wh men began to adopt surna commodate a sixteenth-centu parish records were to be ke

t ask the first DE SOTO

ner you meet what he thinks of his new car.

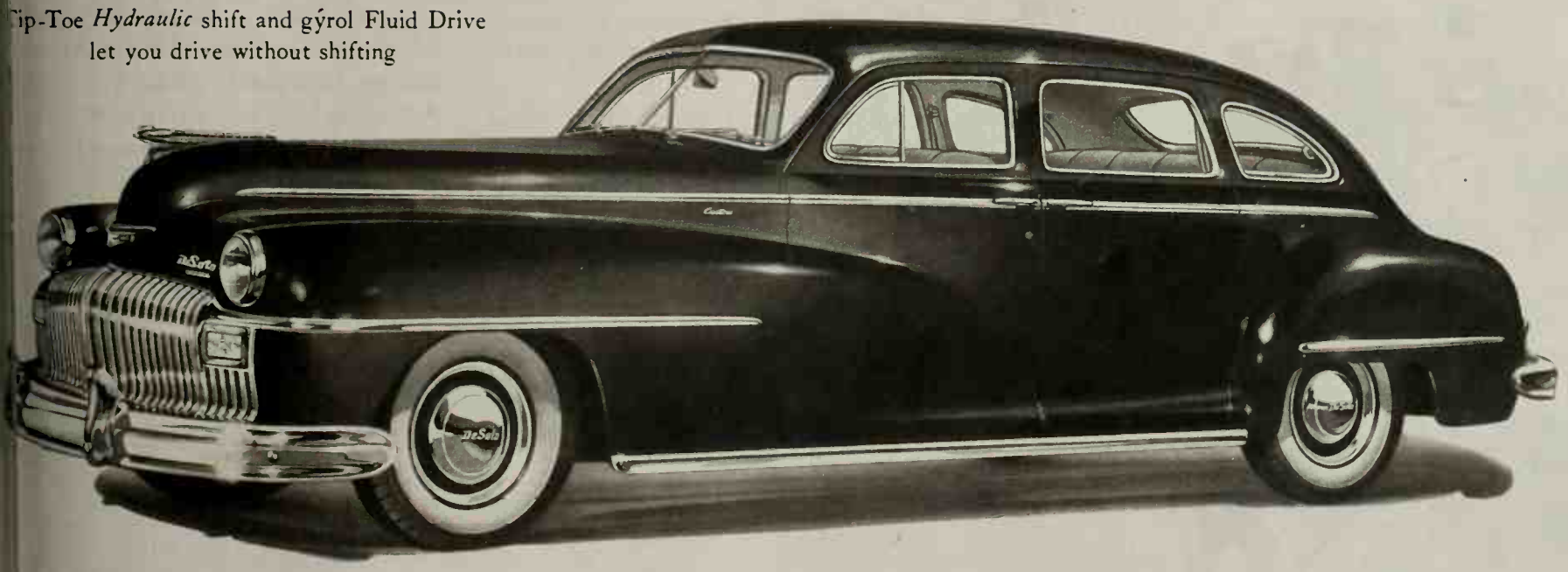
will probably say, as did the sweeping

ority in a national poll, "De Soto is the best

I ever owned, *regardless of price.*" Drive a

y De Soto yourself and you'll know why.

Tip-Toe *Hydraulic* shift and gyrol Fluid Drive
let you drive without shifting



COMING! Every week beginning Sunday evening, September 28, on all CBS stations, your De Soto-Plymouth dealer will present a new radio show entitled "Christopher Wells." Exciting, dramatic, original. Don't miss it.



0 0 DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH DEALERS COAST-TO-COAST EQUIPPED TO GIVE YOU EXPERT SERVICE

DE SOTO DIVISION CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Citadel of Peace









No old-world fortress, this—rather a meeting place for free Americans. It is an armory of the new National Guard.

There are hundreds more like it in the cities and towns of America. Each is a headquarters for local units of the National Guard of the United States. Here, America's Modern Minute Men keep keen and fit—ever ready to defend the nation. Here, they learn the arts of war *so that Peace may be lasting.*

But—more than that: the Armory is the warm heart of its community. In disaster, it is the nerve center of relief . . . does willing duty as an emergency hospital . . . and gives shelter to the homeless.

It is a civic center, too. The Armory plays gracious host to town meetings, c rallies. It welcomes athletic contests, h dances. It is hotel, restaurant, audito Activities born here bring wealth to a

Yes—all this is the National Gua Its great bulk may seem grim like of long ago, but its welcome mat is For it is *your* Armory, *your* headqu a symbol of the strength of a great p

Listen to "National Guard Assembly," with P Wednesday Nights, ABC Networ

. . .

The National Guard is a Federally supervised the states. Strength, composition, training are under the guidance of officers selected by t ment. There are National Guard units in Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the District of Col National Guard helps guard the peace."

For full information about the new National Guard, contact the officers of your local unit, or write the Adjutant General in the capital city of your state.

The National Gua

☆ ☆ ☆ OF THE UNITED STATES ☆

nd deaths, farmers all over ed themselves for a pasture. inister Clement Attlee ("at "), the late George Apley in Welsh), and Vivien Leigh If your name is Lee and you bition to share some of the y of General Robert E., hat Ching Lee, the laundry- ve as good a claim as yours. nate genealogist is a schol- e. He is not much interested ndant type of genealogy, rson looking for a noted an- ur grandparents were born d States he can fix you up lutionist or a Pilgrim eight ten, and the proof will be to hold up in court.

ts prefer the descendant logy, which is an ancestor in cendants. This form gives orkout, since he selects an ant and runs down all of o the present day. Then he charts in a book and the re supposed to come and

t genealogists get a big kick oeing after missing persons, e jumped from the family as a hundred years ago. a long-missing ancestor turbs the genealogist's cli- y if they have collected all r's estate and are suddenly ith 89 litigious cousins in ve an equally valid claim

tribal societies were thrown ast year when a genealogist who had been missing since Ebenezer Alden, the great he famous backward beau, Ebenezer had gone to Cuba hunting expedition in 1741. ne from him; after seven s, his relatives had him de- d whacked up his farm.

ed and five years later a xamining an Alden line in of New England, came up at Ebenezer had returned 1751, and apparently never ok up his relatives. Eben- ceeded to marry twice and hildren. The result of this le the John Alden descend- exclusive.

s get to be worldly and e. When they throw open es, skeletons are likely to eves and murderers thrive of a lusty family tree. Un- rs are a persistent problem



"Nine to go: one with mustard and relish, one with mustard, relish and onion, one with just mustard, one with mustard and onion, one with just relish, one—"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

if the descendants are squeamish. In such cases, genealogists have been known to invent a father and a marriage date, but this changes family names and makes untidy work for the scrupulous researcher.

One of the greatest American families is descended from a great-great-grandparent who had no father of record. The descendants have not tried to cover up this eighteenth-century oversight. They have a fine time laughing at the undistinguished descendants of the respectable branches of the tribe. Genealogists must be very careful about putting such discoveries in a lineage book because they can be sued by all the descendants who want to profit by Great-great-great-grandma's frailty.

Daughters in a Dilemma

Personal matters are touchy and so are many historical truths about colonial ancestors. D.A.R. members do not like to be reminded that most of them with military ancestors are descended from paupers. But they must establish eligibility by showing a name on a Revolutionary pension roll. In order to get a pension in those days a veteran had to prove that he was "indigent."

The Mayflower passengers are another historical scandal. They were not Puritans, but Brownists or Separationists, and they believed in public ownership of property and equal shares in the product of labor. W. E. Woodward, the historian, says, "If they were here today we would call them Communists."

Genealogy is a tough profession. Going down into the ancestor mines is cold and dirty work. An ancestor detective's happiest moments are spent in genealogical libraries. Today no proud city can do without its local genealogical collection. The ancestor sleuths are very chummy; they help one another run down suspects. They write hot new discoveries in the margins of old library books, and every so often a genealogist will spring into the air and rush across the reference room, carrying an ancestor to a colleague.

One of the most brilliant American genealogists was the Reverend Aaron Thorneycroft of Scituate, Massachusetts. When he retired from his pastorate in 1887 he devoted all his time to finishing the Thorneycroft lineage, which was already the talk of the pedigree world. The reverend was rumored to be forging direct links between Adam and Eve and the Thorneycrofts.

As his notes appeared each evening in the Transcript, the Back Bay teemed with excitement. Thorneycroft had long since driven past John Tilly of the Mayflower and was rampaging in Tudor England, unearthing ancestors with masterful ease. Thorneycroft was the Babe Ruth of genealogy; he called his shots in the Transcript each evening and the next day knocked out another ancestor.

The reverend was momentarily checked at Runnymede. Wiseacres on Beacon Hill predicted that he would never get past the thirteenth century. But Thorneycroft called the signals for an end run and carried the line through an old family across the Channel in Caen. He stiff-armed the early Egg Kings and broke into the clear on Watling Street, the Roman road in the west of England. The generations sped by under his nimble feet as the reverend made his epic backward run. The clergyman raced through Spain and came in sight of the Holy Land. Lights burned late in the Back Bay as his fans opened their evening papers and realized that Thorneycroft was only ten yards from his goal.

Then silence.

The next word came a few days later in the Globe. The police had detained a demented old man from Scituate, who had been found haranguing an idle mob in Warburton Street. He had been quietly remanded to the custody of friends for removal to a nursing home. The police said he had been laughing uncontrollably and crying over and over, "Everybody is descended from everybody else!"

THE END



Deken the pupil, brighten the iris and touch up the ciliary muscle. Never mind the long ciliary arteries, but—"

SCOTT BROWN

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGER-NAIL (F-N) TEST?"



TRY IT! Scratch your head. If you find signs of dryness, loose ugly dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic. Grooms hair... relieves dryness... removes loose dandruff! Contains soothing Lanolin, an oil resembling the natural oil of your skin.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL



A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL does a lot for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long. Leaves no trace of that greasy, plastered down look. Makes your hair look and feel good.

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!



AGAIN AND AGAIN the choice of men who put good grooming first—that's Wildroot Cream-Oil. No wonder 4 out of 5 new users from coast to coast said they preferred it to any other hair tonic they had used before. Ask for it at your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming and for relieving dryness. Wildroot Cream-Oil is excellent for training children's hair.

TUNE IN... 2 Network Shows!
"The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.



Cousin James caught Mama as she came down. He was laughing. "Carrie," he said, "a woman don't take a whip to a man unless she loves

A GOOD WHIPPING

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILL

AFTER Papa died, Cousin James came down from Sugar Creek to live with Mama and me. Folks considered this proper enough, because Papa and James Pedigo had been double first cousins. Some folks, though, remembered that Cousin James had courted Mama, too, before Papa cut him out.

Grandpa Pedigo told Mama that James would be our salvation if we could keep him sober.

Well, Cousin James turned out to be a caretaking fool. He made our little river farm bloom with better crops than Papa had ever managed to grow; he had more and fatter hogs for butchering, and he raised more veals for the market. At this time he was thirty-two years old, just the same age as Mama, and he was one fine-looking, great big man, the biggest in our county, the strongest, the nerviest. And the hardest worker. Cousin James was understanding, too: He understood Mama and he understood a twelve-year-old boy like me. And he stayed sober for a year and a half.

Folks said he could hold more liquor than any two men in the county, but Cousin James told Mama and me that, with him, drinking was a thing of the past. Just didn't pay, he said. A man was a fool. Especially, he added, a man who had been blighted in love.

"You talk so foolish," Mama said. "The chestnut trees got blighted, but they didn't start drinking."

"Funny thing," said Cousin James. "I was talking to a dead chestnut tree the other day. A boy chestnut tree, and seems like once he was in love with a girl chestnut tree on the next ridge. But another boy chestnut tree moved in and he had a river farm and—"

"Jackie," Mama said to me, "run shut up the chickens for the night." She was a slim, trim little person and when she blushed she was lovely and she was blushing now.

"That's what started the blight," Cousin James said, as I went out. "This chestnut tree I'm talking about sickened and died and all the others caught the disease and now there ain't a living chestnut tree in all these hills."

The next Saturday Cousin James disappeared and did not show up again until Tuesday. He was as high as a Georgia pine as he came singing up the road.

Mama waited for him grimly. "You need a good whipping, James."

"Sure do, Carrie. Sure do. But I'll work like hell the rest of the week to make up for it."

And he did. You never saw a man pitch hay the way Cousin James pitched it. By nightfall Wednesday he had worked the poison out of his system, and from then on he went through that hay like a brush fire in the foothills.

"A man's a fool," he told Mama on Friday. "I'll never touch the stuff again."

"I'm so glad, James," Mama said warmly. She looked very pretty that night, with a ribbon in her hair.

BUT Cousin James disappeared again the next day and we didn't see him again till late Monday. All day Sunday and all day Monday, Mama kept telling me that when he came home Cousin James could just take his foot in his hand and get back in the road. But when he showed up, she fixed him a hot supper and gave him half a gallon of cold buttermilk to drink. I guess I realized then that Cousin James could do just about as he pleased and that Mama would never run him off the place. I realized that Mama was in love with him.

That summer was something, I tell you! Every Saturday, Cousin James disappeared and didn't come back until late Monday or early Tuesday. Then for the rest of the week he punished himself by doing the work of two men. By the next Saturday noon he had worked the remorse out of his system and considered himself a good citizen again and off he'd go.

But Mama quit fixing hot suppers and cold buttermilk for him. She got mighty grim about the whole business. I felt something was going to break and I was right. It almost broke one hot Tuesday noon when Cousin James came rollicking up the hill.

Once again Mama said, "You need a good whipping, James!"

He stood before her, big and tall and strong, proud of his strength and proud of his reputation for strength and looked down at her. An eagle looking down at a sparrow. He chuckled, that amused, tolerant chuckle he had when he was drinking.

"Yes, Carrie, I need a whipping. But, Carrie, who will give it to me?"

Mama whirled on her heels, her black eyes flashing, her cheeks red as fire. Cousin James turned to me. "Come on, boy, we've got work to do. I'll be all right before sundown."

And he was. We did more work that week than we'd ever done before. Cousin James swore off again. A man was a fool. I must look at him and take warning.

Saturday, right after breakfast, Cousin James disappeared again. Mama and I went to town to buy groceries. And while I loaded the car, Mama went to Fayette's Hardware Store. In a few minutes she came back with a tightly wrapped package under her arm. I noticed then that Mama had a grim look about her.

Cousin James was jolly and full of himself when he came home Monday at noon. He had brought me a cap pistol and Mama a box of candy. Mama let me keep the pistol, but she threw the candy in the kitchen fire.

"James! You need a good whipping, James!"

He was mad about the candy, but he could still laugh. He was still the eagle. "You mentioned that before, Carrie. I know I need a whipping. I need the boss dog of all the whippings that ever were. But, Carrie, who is going to give it to me?"

"Meet me in the back yard," Mama said, "if you're man enough to stand up to a woman."

A moment later she was in yard herself with that hardw package in her hands. She apart and out came a bl whip. In her hands it was a living, beautiful thing w and symmetry in every one o and curves.

"I'll show you who can g whipping. You're already a and a liar, and if you run y coward!"

"Stop it!" Cousin James sh

THE blacksnake whip fl and grazed his chin. Cou backed up. Anger and i blazed in his blue eyes and in instant he was cold sober.

But he didn't retreat ano He just walked through the and the lashing of that whi had the butt of the whip in b now and she cut the shoulc shirt to shreds, but he kep The whip sang again. Bl over Cousin James' brow shoulder and ran down h naked chest. And still he kep

Then he caught the whip, it out of her hands, and flur

"You finished, Carrie?" gently.

Mama began to cry. Co picked her up, tossed her in caught her as she came d was laughing.

"Carrie," he said, "a wo take a blacksnake whip to less she loves him. Lord, I good!"

"Who'd even think of lo Mama cried. "But I showe could give you a whipping.

"You sure did," said Cou "Lord, I feel good!"

That was twenty years ag day Mama and Cousin Jam my house. I offered him a

"No," he said. "Guess n sort of gets out of the l twenty years. Little bitty w her blacksnake whip. You that, Jack?"

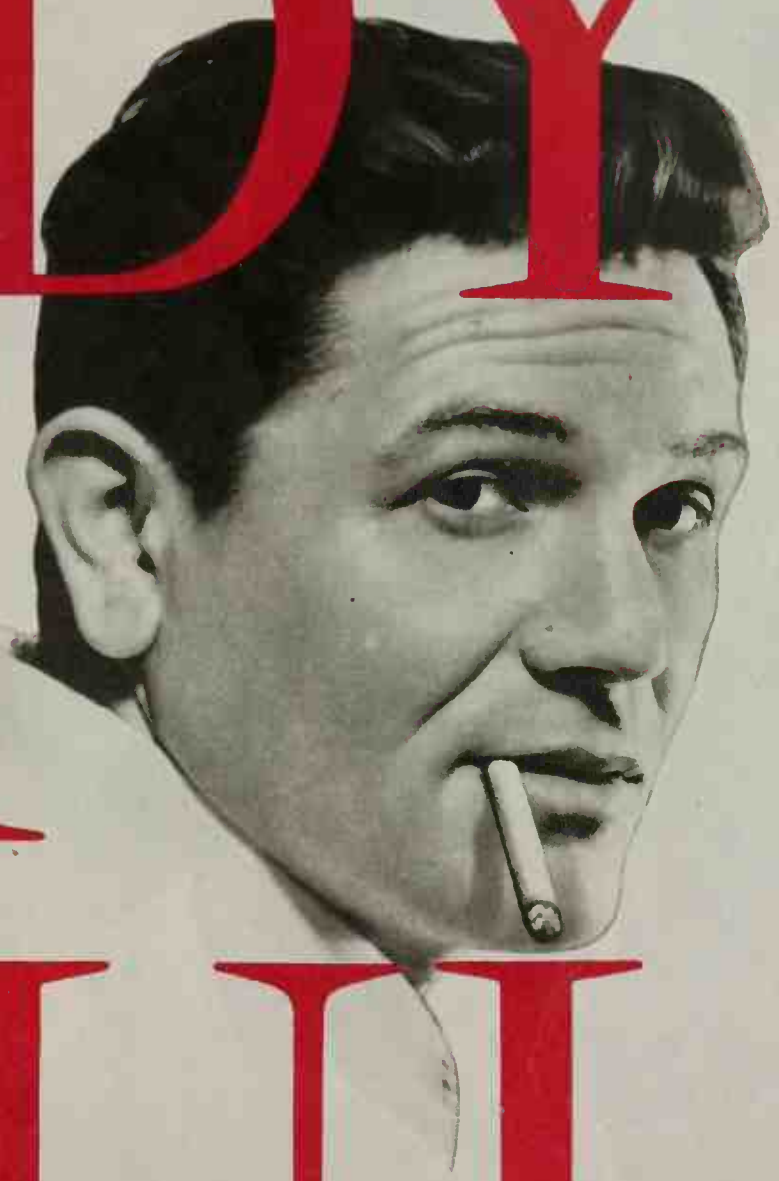
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

...e story of a guy that women go for!

BODY and SOUL







...HN GARFIELD
...LLI PALMER
and introducing exciting
...ZEL BROOKS
as ALICE

with
ANNE REVERE

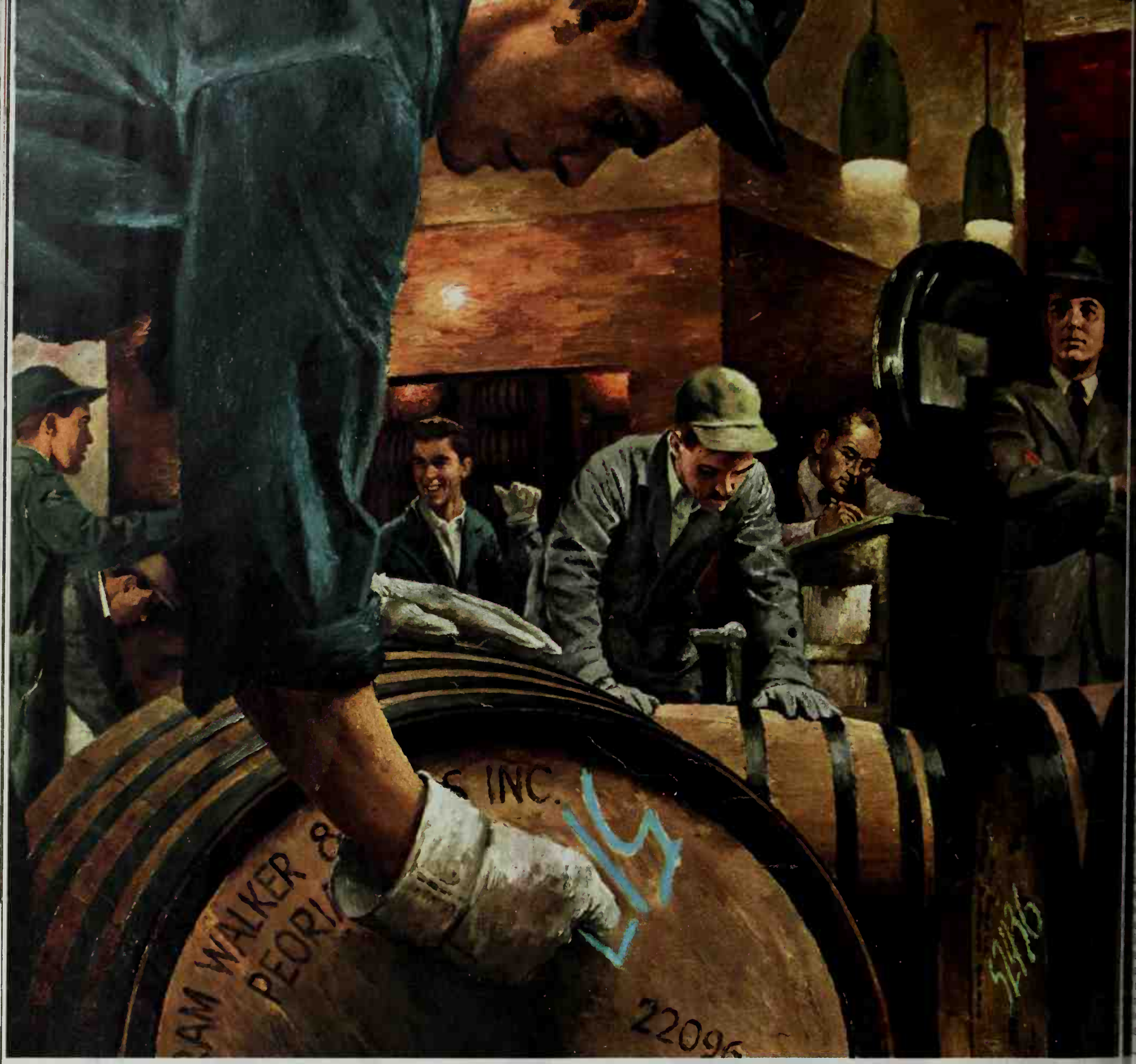
in "Body and Soul"

WILLIAM CONRAD • JOSEPH PEVNEY • LLOYD GOFF • CANADA LEE

Original screenplay by ABRAHAM POLONSKY • Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN • Produced by BOB ROBERTS

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

...new climax in entertainment from THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS



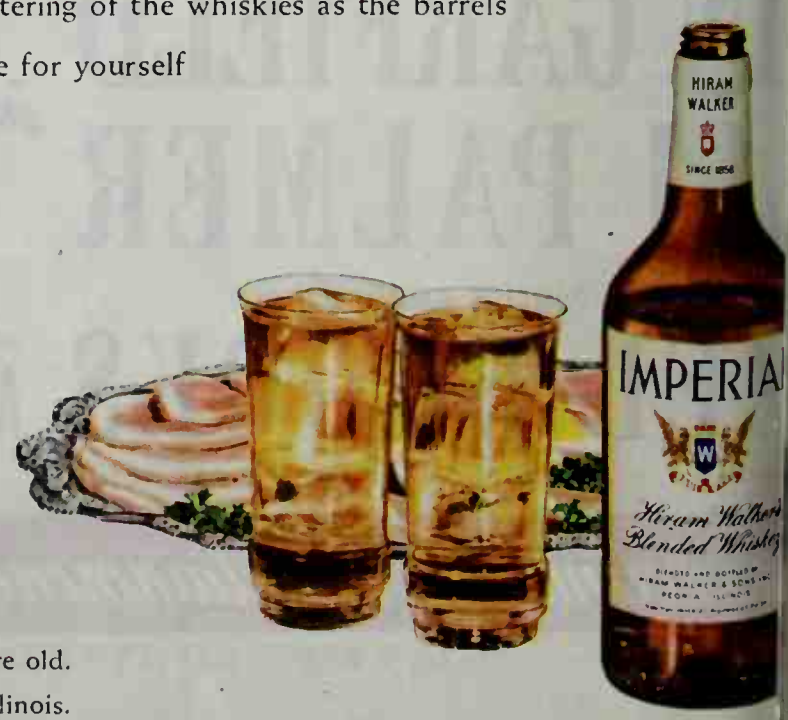
The slow-passing years are recorded in Imperial's superb flavor. When Hiram Walker ages its great base whiskies, a careful history is kept of each charred oak barrel... from the day it enters the rackhouse—until the day, years later, when the age-enriched whiskey leaves. Artist Glenn Grohe shows here the registering of the whiskies as the barrels are rolled from the rackhouse. Some day, visit the Peoria distillery and see for yourself why we say—"89 years at fine whiskey-making makes Imperial good!"

It's good to know!

IMPERIAL

Reg U.S Pat Off

is made by Hiram Walker



86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 26

on't have to."
she said, and I knew I had my
door. I asked briskly:
rs. Inwood found anybody to
place?"
he tried, but the agency didn't
ody. It's my belief they didn't
She can't keep anybody for
a few weeks, except for
e's the butler, and Mr. In-
t. The others haven't been
me at all."
's simple, Ellen. All you have
ll Mrs. Inwood that you have
ho might suit her, and would
see her?"
ed at me doubtfully.
Her glance moved over me.
her doubt vanished at what
t it did not increase.
ut the letter I had written this
She examined it cautiously.
a very good reference." Her
envious. "But—but you're

orothy Simpson.' "
s forgery!" she said.

as a pause in which she tried
ut. I held my breath. Finally
No. Not if you're Miss Gill, it

her eyes off me to look at
pounds, and as clearly as if
ken I saw her decide that she
lotte Inwood no kind of loy-
that lady got herself into the
as what she deserved. In the
she found she had helped
deress to justice . . .
ed up the notes and folded
ly. putting them in her pocket.
you know, miss, about being
id?"
that I can't guess—or you
. I won't let you down. I
I reached out and solemnly
nds.
ged that she should tell her
ut me the moment she had
nd telephone to me at once.
Dorothy Simpson" and the
uare number on a piece of
ave it to her. I told her I
by the telephone until she
promised she would not be
ve, because she planned to
atford about then. She was all packed and ready to go, but she agreed to break her journey at Thurloe Square to spend half an hour coaching me in my duties.

She had no doubt now that I would get the job.

"You see," she explained naïvely, "you can think quick, you're nicely spoken—but not too la-di-da—and you look *quiet*. People like *her*, and in fact all those as think they can't look after themselves, always look for a maid to be *quiet*. And speak only when spoken to."

I left the scene, more than content with the progress I had made, and picked up the car where I had parked it out of sight of the house.

I WENT straight to Thurloe Square, and lay on the couch in the living room with the telephone on a table at my elbow. Aunt Florence had gone to Harrods for the afternoon and the house was silent; but I did not sleep in spite of having so much to make up.

The cloakroom ticket went on worrying me. If I saw Jonathan before the police did, which I doubted, I might get hold of it—provided he had managed to keep it.

The telephone rang suddenly, making me jump. My heart was thudding so loudly I thought Ellen Good must hear it at the other end.

"Madam," said Ellen sedately, "will see you at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. She will be expecting you."

"Thank you, Ellen. It's very kind of you to have spoken to her. I'll be there punctually. You've told the policeman?"

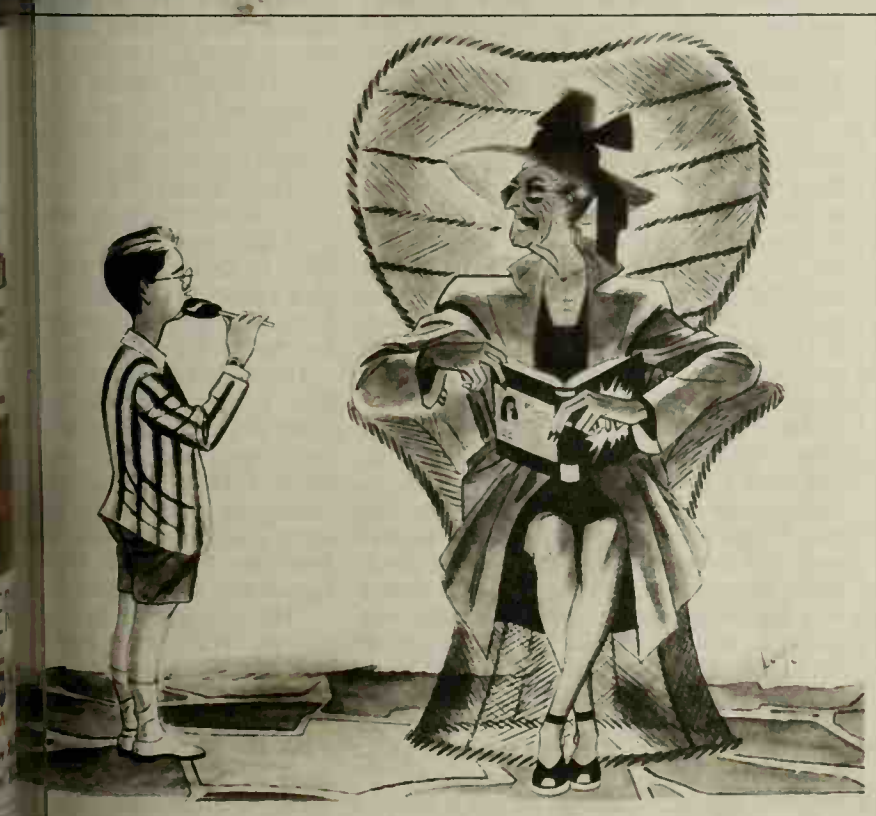
"Yes," and she added, "see you later," with just enough casualness to rob it of any significance.

When she arrived I told her to keep the taxi, as she had her luggage on it, and that I would pay for it. Her first words were encouraging. She thought Mrs. Inwood would take me on. She couldn't manage for herself and she needed someone to fuss over her—"as part of the act," said Ellen.

"Act?" I seized on that. "What act?"

"Bereaved widow, at the moment. You see, she's always playing a part, mostly for her own benefit, but she loves an audience. You see, she's that selfish."

"Surely she loved her husband? It can't be all put on?"



I don't see why you don't play with Morton. I think he's a nice little boy. Besides, I was almost his grandmother instead of yours!"

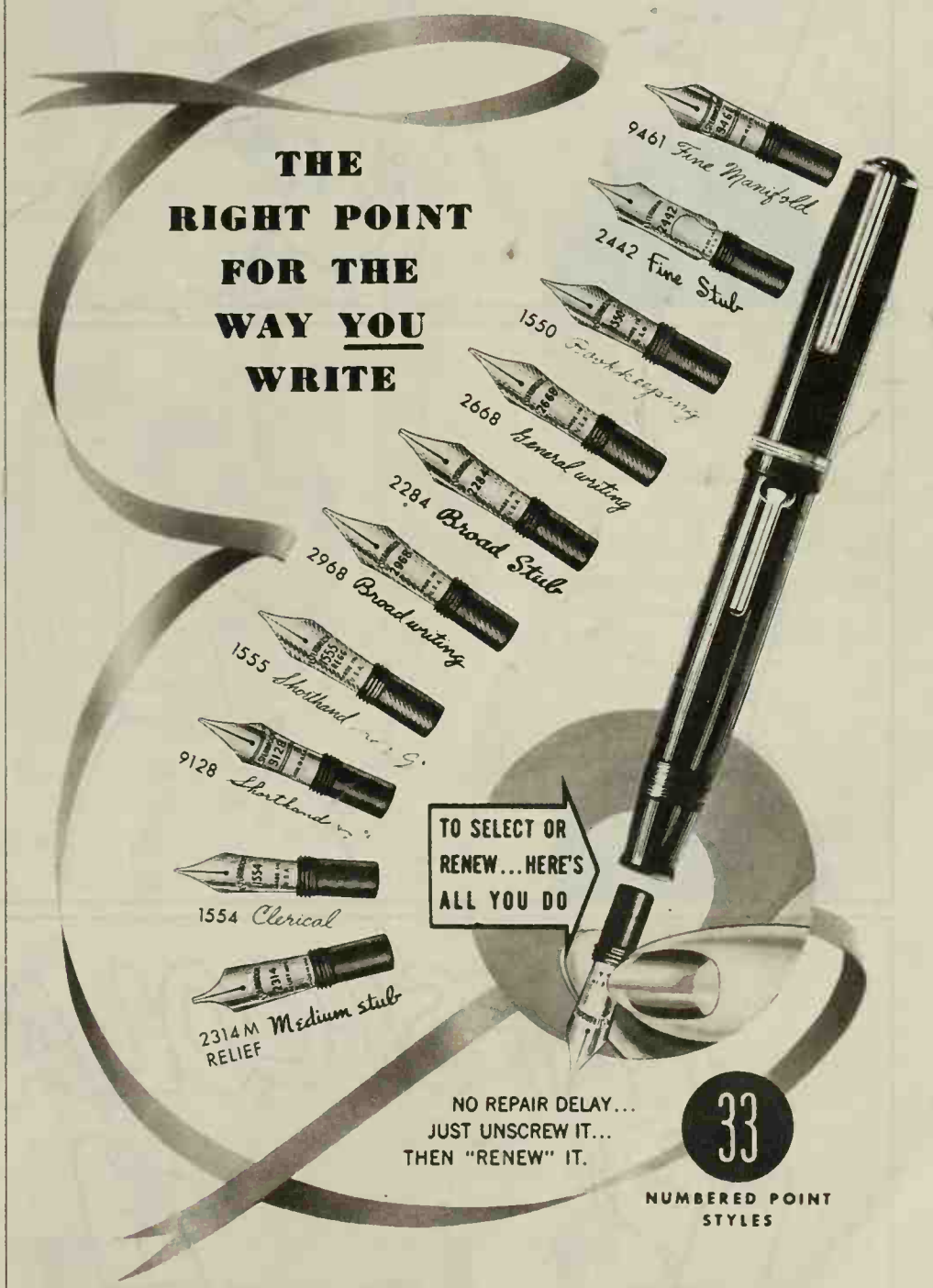
JOHN RUGE

You Can't Find A BETTER-WRITING PEN

Compare an Esterbrook with the right point for the way you write with any other fountain pen. Once you do, we believe you'll never again write with anything but an Esterbrook.

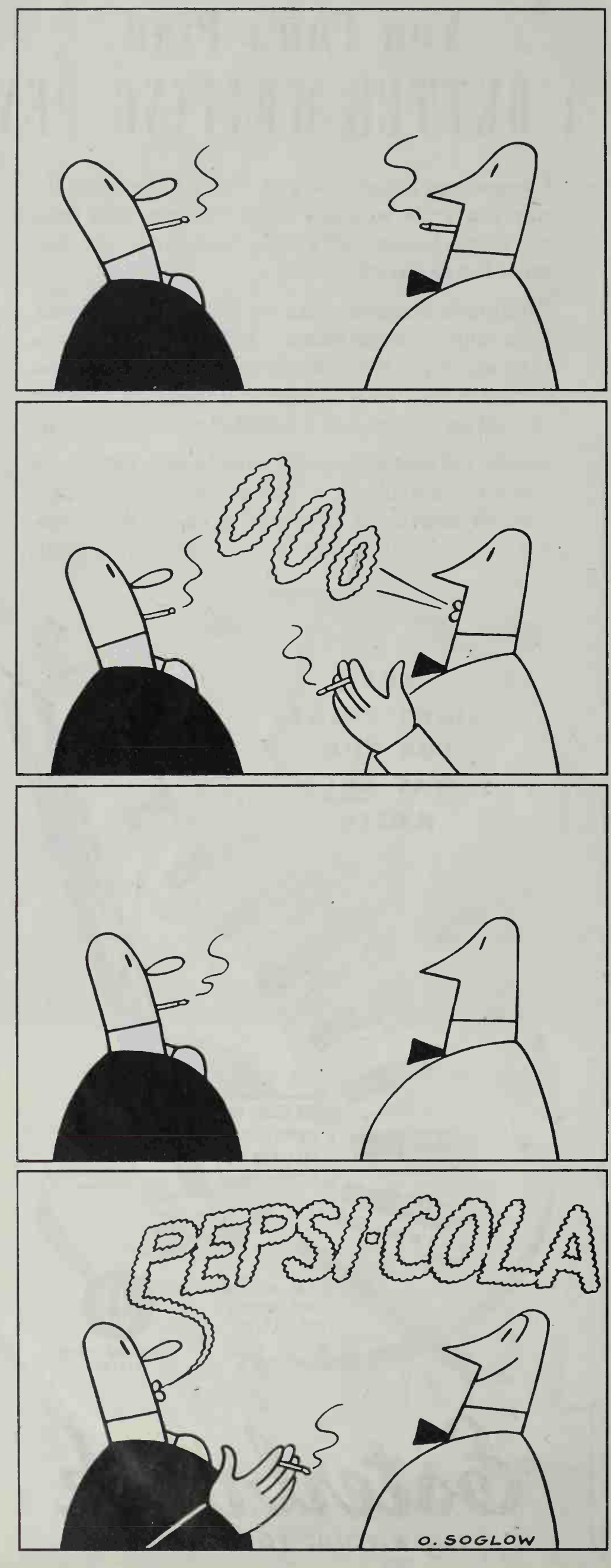
Esterbrook Fountain Pens are different. Esterbrook Pens concentrate on points . . . offer more point styles than any other. With Esterbrook you choose the one point that matches your handwriting *exactly* . . . and fit this personal point into your Esterbrook Pen yourself.

Should you ever damage the point of your Esterbrook Pen you can duplicate it and replace it yourself . . . with an Esterbrook Renew-Point of the same number . . . available at any pen counter . . . no delay.



Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN



Ellen came as near shrugging her shoulders as an English girl could and remarked that her late mistress wasn't one to neglect the buttered side of her bread.

"He is—that is *was*—stuffed with money. She always needs money. She's got seventy-three dresses, five fur coats, a dozen suits, and more nylon stockings than anyone in London. Each pair in its own Cellophane box. And underclothes! You've never seen such lovely things. She's got a Frenchwoman in Acton who works for no one else."

And for twenty minutes, while I made tea and we drank it in the kitchen, she gave me a picture of Charlotte Inwood as seen by her maid.

SOMEHOW it failed to tell me any more about her than I knew already, which was little enough. I realized that this was due more to Ellen's limitations of interest than of opportunity for observation. Clothes filled the girl's mind; she knew much more about that vast wardrobe than the woman who wore it. I tried twice more to find out what she knew of Charlotte's relationship with her husband and met the same rather vague belief that she knew "how to manage" him and get money out of him when necessary. She had "lots of friends" and went out and about continuously, had a "smart, society life," and did not discuss it with her maid. In short, Ellen's attitude toward Charlotte was one of sartorial envy uncomplicated by curiosity.

Hopefully, however, I brought the conversation to the fateful night.

"You were there, of course, when they found him?"

Yes, she had been in bed when the night bell began ringing in the passage outside Mr. Groves' bedroom on the top floor. It rang and rang all the time Mr. Groves had been putting on his dressing gown and going down to open the front door. At first she had thought it was Mrs. Inwood who had forgotten her key.

It had been a policeman at the bell. She had looked over the banisters and had seen him. He'd had a silver candlestick in his hand. She had recognized it at once as one of those from Mr. Inwood's desk. He'd looked funny, carrying a candlestick. She'd known for certain then that something was wrong. A few moments later they had found Mr. Inwood dead on the floor of his room, the back room where he worked when he wasn't at the office.

"They wouldn't let me in, so I didn't see him myself." She was regretful. "But Mr. Groves told us his head was terrible. Thank God I'm going home. They don't murder millionaires in Catford."

She drank two more cups of strong tea while she told me as much as she could think of about the job of being Mrs. Inwood's lady's maid. I listened carefully. It sounded tricky in places. Finally, Ellen went on her way, bubbling with excitement at a proper holiday in prospect, assuring me with her goodbys that even if I found Mrs. Inwood a bully I would surely have a wonderful time with all those beautiful clothes.

Aunt Florence came in shortly afterward and hoped I had had a nice time, but hadn't I started the day rather early, without any breakfast too? I realized that I would have to give her some reason for using her flat as a hotel, even more than I usually did, and said that I was starting a job tomorrow. She was pleased. It would make me less involved with the Commodore. "I'm so glad, dear. I know you don't need the money, but you're quite right to want to be independent. If you're working he can't keep rushing you off in that dangerous boat of his, and so on. What sort of job is it?"

"Well, it's difficult to give it a name. It's a sort of research job. I shall be able to tell you more about it once I've started."

"I do think science is so *useful*," said Aunt Florence comfortably
young man in the drug depa
working for his B.S. in the
enterprising. I've written t
Briggs about him . . ." An
again. I was able, however
the conversation the news
be out to dinner and startin
probably tomorrow. . . .

At twenty past eight, whic
be about the right amoun
tered upon Detective Inspe
Carletta's.

His round cheeks went p
saw me. He got quickly to
ing trouble with his chair, a
for starting his meal withou

"Quite honestly, I didn't
moment you'd turn up."

I opened my eyes at hin
went gratifyingly pinker stil
you I would if I wasn't d
else. And I wasn't."

"Even so," he said, arran
"I didn't think you would.
any real reason," he added
modesty, "why you should."

I did not propose to spoi
or my purpose, by giving hi

We discussed what I sh
decided on wing of roast
potatoes and a green salad.
bottle of wine, quite a goo
ton of '43, which the Gern
sumably overlooked at th
coffee I said that I wanted
a brandy for him and
liqueur, a Benedictine for

I found no difficulty at
to the man and letting hin
as the evening went on tha
danger to Jonathan had in
dred times since last night,
ing like the uneasy hast
yesterday to get him to t
case.

And when he said wit
"You know, I am very g
for bothering to waste y
this," I did not, as I mig
done, despise him a little
"grateful for small favors"
which I do not believe any
likes to have around, even
to put her on that pedesta
always leading herself to b
to be.

If this goes on, I told
begin to have a bad co
making use of him.

MY REWARD for k
subject of the In
finally came. He began on
neither now or ever after
me of trying to pump hi

"We nearly caught Pen

Luckily I had just swal
Benedictine, and I neith
looked as startled as I fe

"Only nearly?" I asked.

"Can you keep secrets?

"I got used to them du
used to drive a car for t
sent agents to organize Fr
Even my father thought
for the Ministry of Food.

He nodded and said
that women did not see
same urge as men to bol
feriority complexes by
when they got hold of
ceeded in principle to pu
same category by telling
Jonathan had been seen
Romford. Unsuccessfull

"He got away, but n
course. We have a bett
him now. He seems to
change of clothing."

"You're sure it was he

"Yes. And we're not
story, because we don't w
we've spotted him. He
constable in Romford
food. The constable w
cious about him in a r
strolled up to have a

cc red to him it might be Pen-
il e man suddenly bolted when
ze someone was taking an inter-
n Very silly thing to do, of
d Detective Inspector Smith
do explain the psychology of
r as it affected both pursuer
l in nearly the same words I
Jonathan a few hours ago.
t the innocent do not run.
retty sure he's making for
t," my friend went on.
s glad he thought so. Only
fool would leave the east
sing he had got to it, in order
ondon where the crime had
tted; only a complete fool
n, and the best of detectives
how how complete that was.
thinking over," continued
ith, "what you were saying
ial types and the crimes they
ely to commit, and I must
at I've learned about this
e seems to show that he's a
not only to architects in
y don't rob with violence, if
ey're a very honest lot—but
aved out of picture with his
r."
ery promising. "Yes?"
brilliant career as a stu-
big second prize just before
a design for a new Argen-
ment building, competing
the best architects in Eng-
erica, and did very well as
gence officer in the enemy-
ranch of M.I. at the War
r, until last night, in fact,
ead rather than his muscles
life. It would be interesting
t changed his pattern. The
harder on him than ever,
hold quite rightly that a
intelligence should have
. He won't hang any faster,
t he'll hang in greater con-

oke, his ordinary eyes
I saw something new in
er more often hidden.
ry keen on your job, aren't
He looked at me shyly.
small boy I wanted to be a
here are quite a lot of us
way I do. We're not police-
ent. It's difficult to put into
et into a kind of hot, burn-
I hear of, or see, one man
age of another and getting
because he doesn't mind
rules while the other tries
ding to them. It outrages
sense of justice; I sup-

langers, though, hasn't it?"
get too enraged by wrong-

doing, mightn't it spoil your judgment in seeking the right wrongdoer?"

"I don't follow."

"I would be afraid of reading facts wrongly in anxiety to satisfy my anger," I explained. "Afraid of trying to prove guilt at all costs, even to punishing the innocent."

"Anything for a prosecution? No, your sense of justice doesn't disappear with the anger. Once you've caught your criminal you find yourself wanting to give him the benefit of the doubt. Naturally, you get the careerists, as in every other kind of job, who think the more successful prosecutions they are responsible for, the quicker the promotion. But it doesn't work, thank God. . . . We *are* being serious, aren't we?"

More serious than he thought. But I did not come down to cases. There would be a time for that, and it was not now. In the meantime I had learned what I had hoped and believed I would learn: that he was an honest man.

He would not shut his eyes to the possibility of Jonathan's innocence if I ever managed to bring him evidence of it.

"Inquest tomorrow morning," he said.

I HAD forgotten the inquest; of course there would be one. Tomorrow morning? I had a moment of panic. I tried to remember about inquests and what happened at them. There had to be a verdict as to cause of death. A coroner sitting with a jury could find that Joseph Inwood had been murdered and name the murderer—couldn't he?—if the police had a strong enough case.

"What will happen at it?" I asked as casually as I could.

"We shall ask for the usual adjournment, after formal evidence of identification. That way, cause of death won't be gone into until the coroner sits again on the case. It's no good going off at half cock, even in an open-and-shut case like this one."

"I see," I said. "So Mrs. Inwood will be well enough by tomorrow, you think, to deal with things?"

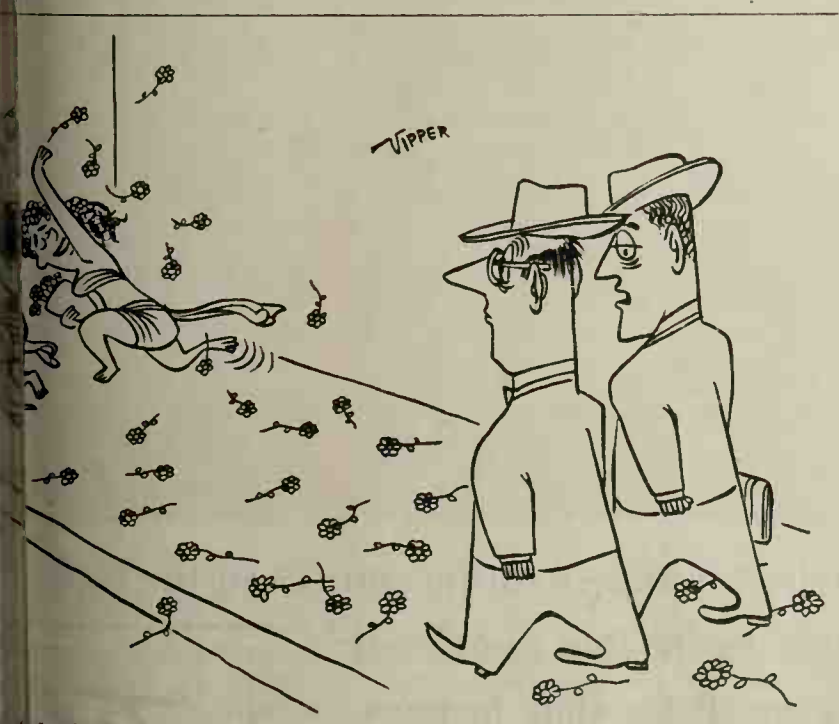
"I doubt it, from her doctor's ultimatum that she mustn't be disturbed for at least a week."

I toyed for a moment with the attractive thought of asking him if the doctor might not be exaggerating Mrs. Inwood's condition, if she was able to interview a new maid tomorrow morning.

It was time to break up the party. He wanted to pay the bill for both of us, but I insisted on paying my share. He wanted to be masterful, but did not quite know how; he gave way to his fear of doing the wrong thing, and the moment passed.

We stood on the pavement outside.

"The Daimler's around the corner," I



don't know them either, but what have we got to lose?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Card Tricks

"To keep from losing recipes,"
Says 'Tex,' the Texcel man
Just Texcel Tape 'em down on cards-
They'll always be on hand."



"And when you have to be away
A card upon your door
Stays put with Texcel Tape-and tells
Your callers what's the 'score'.





"You'll also find that Texcel's tops
For countless office uses;
It guards file cards-and folders, too-
From thumbprints and abuses.

25¢ size shown. Also comes in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.

"You just can't beat this Texcel 'cause
The 'stickum's' bonded on!
It won't creep loose, it won't dry out-
You'll never find it gone.





"But if you want the improved brand,
You've got to make quite sure
The brand name Texcel Tape is on
The roll that you secure."

©I.T.C. 1947

Texcel Tape

TEXCEL REG U S PAT OFF

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.

Magnificent tweeds turned by a master tailor into a beautiful, basic, city-country suit that will live forever. Its remarkable play of color . . . quiet, precise tailoring . . . unobtrusive Talon skirt fastener . . . all serve to emphasize its absolutely perfect quality.



Tailored . . . Tweed . . . and Terrific! Nothing less-than-the-best in this beautiful suit. Even the faster hidden in the skirt placket is a Talon fastener . . . unvaryingly dependable, completely secure. Yet—and this is important to note—the same Talon slide fastener, so carefully chosen for this $225 costume, is so inexpensive, so widely used, it may be had in a 'teen-ager's $3.95 skirt! Actually, it adds extra value to each!

Talon

REG. U. S. PAT.

THE QUALITY SLID

op you at your flat. It's on
o hurloe Square."
an Avenue House he got out
I would like to come in for
H was almost shivering at his

ul to consider the invitation
matter-of-fact way before
thought I'd better be get-
Another time," I added.
re will be another time."
I've enjoyed myself very
so exactly what you mean
of justice. I suffer from it
share a disability, don't we?
f a bond than most."
t know how to get in touch
-said anxiously.
ightly as though that had
o me until then.
Florence," I lied, "won't
ne in the house. The Kes-
ber isn't any good to you
ot there. But if you've a
I can reach you . . ."
tly made do with the slight
t I might actually ring him
me the number of Chelsea
, and that of his flat. He
hat was in his mind, that
on would twitter with un-
ement if he had a private
from a young woman.
numbers on a page of an
notebook, and tore it out.
ble document, but I would
it gladly for Jonathan's
et.

said to myself as I drove
garage behind Thurloe
se Jonathan hasn't de-
doesn't destroy it before
, what will they do when
ey will most certainly, and
course of routine, collect
posited at Piccadilly Cir-
of the crime. A blood-
Whose blood? Whose

t start something rather
ow would Jonathan ac-

is train of thought I came
e reality of that frock as
Charlotte, identifiable as
harlotte, and by whom,
rtainty than Ellen Good,
le on the subject of Char-
?
ad gone to Catford. Just
d, idiot that I was, I had
w before I understood her
t wouldn't she have given
the housekeeper at Num-
etters came for her after
Failing even this, Ordi-
o had interviewed her,
de a note of it, surely?
be able to find her when
ut she mustn't be left too
nory of that wardrobe
forever.
he sense of urgency, of
ying while I seemed to be
ut make endless prepara-
ible action later on. I
raight back to Ordinary
out the whole story. He
it and believe it. He was
rested in me to under-
done what I had done,
him into friendship with
uld understand.
would not. I could fool
again that nothing mat-
ve him. But it was not
I had a remote chance of
out being hated by him, I
it.

now? In some ditch, try-
ortify his strength for to-
r flight? Hunted. Hunted.
se, completely exhausted.
y question of nervous
riven over five hundred
ess than nine hours in the
ast forty eight. But no

daughter of Commodore Rupert Gill should have cried herself to sleep on account of the sound of a word.

But I was young and healthy: I woke up at half past six to a bright morning with a rested mind full of practical considerations. The wheels were at last going to revolve, and the guessing and worrying would be easier once I was at grips with the thing. I had one major thought. I had not given "Dorothy Simpson" the right sort of start-off as far as her appearance was concerned. She was still too much like me.

I could see in the dimness of the future a possibility looming that one day I might have to become Eve Gill among the people who had seen Dorothy Simpson and that it might be very awkward if they recognized me as the lady's maid.

So far only two people had seen me as Dorothy: the policeman who had let me into Number 4, and Ellen Good. The first would shortly drop out of the picture and would be unlikely to reappear in it, and the second knew the secret anyway and, being a party to it, would not give it away. And she had left the scene.

First of all, clothes. This would be all right. I had begun on the right principle of ordinariness. Second, general appearance; I thought I could get into the habit of stooping a little, keeping my head forward, allowing it to droop a little, and let my arms hang rather limply with hands away from my body. I would alter my normal stance without straining muscles which might get tired. Third, facial appearance.

I set to work. I scraped my hair back into a low bun, flattening it and straightening its curls by dampening it; as long as the bun was well pinned together it could not escape easily. Next, I soaped my face well, rubbed it until it shone, and then applied a thin dusting of Aunt Florence's white-mauve powder. By slightly compressing my lips, which without lipstick almost disappeared in any case, I completed the dullest and most unattractive face imaginable. It seemed to me to look like fifty thousand other faces, and that no one would favor it with a second glance.

Fourth, I searched the many odds-and-ends boxes which stood about on pieces of furniture all over the house until I found what I was fairly certain of finding, a pair of Aunt Florence's steel-rimmed reading spectacles, probably discarded years ago as her eyes came to need stronger lenses. Apart from the further great change they gave my face, they made my eyes look larger and rather blank. At the same time they made objects farther than a yard away become blurred enough to cause me to peer rather than look at my surroundings, which would match the drooping head effect.

LOOKING at myself, I was reasonably sure that if Aunt Florence or the Commodore were in the same room with me, I could count on their not recognizing me. Unless, of course, I spoke.

I experimented. I could whisper, or croak, or put my tongue in my cheek as I spoke, but none of this seemed right.

Finally I tried talking through my nose, at the same time pitching my voice high. The result seemed very satisfactory, a series of squeaky and extremely adenoidal sounds which were, however, still perceptible as words and sentences. Moreover, they matched the droopy, dopey appearance.

In the meantime, Aunt Florence's day was beginning. Her daily "Irish Peggy" was letting herself into the basement door, and there would be breakfast and getting Aunt Florence off to Harrods.

I dressed in the black suit, put the spectacles straightly and primly on my nose, drooped, and knocked on Aunt Florence's door with proper timidity.

She stared at me and asked at once if I was Peggy's daughter Iris. I clenched my nose muscles tight and said that that



YOUR passenger train conductor is a familiar figure . . . but did you ever think about a *freight train* requiring the services of a conductor?

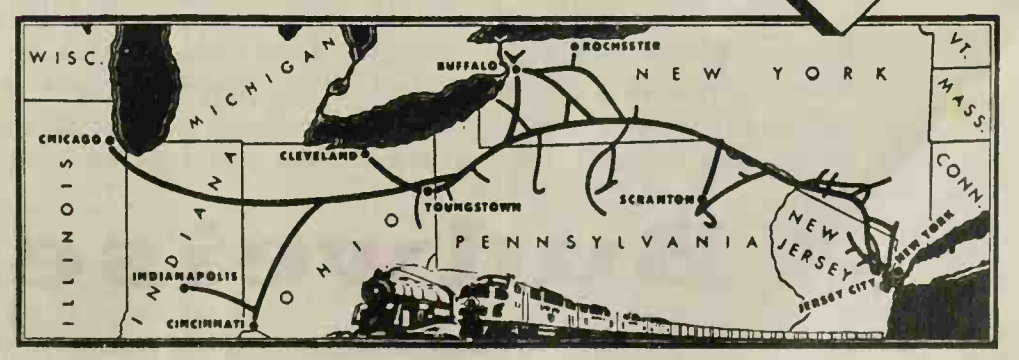
From his "office" in the red caboose, the freight train conductor directs the handling of as many as 100 freight cars that make up his train. He makes certain that cars are dropped from the train at their proper destination and others picked up, that the products they carry arrive safely and in good condition.

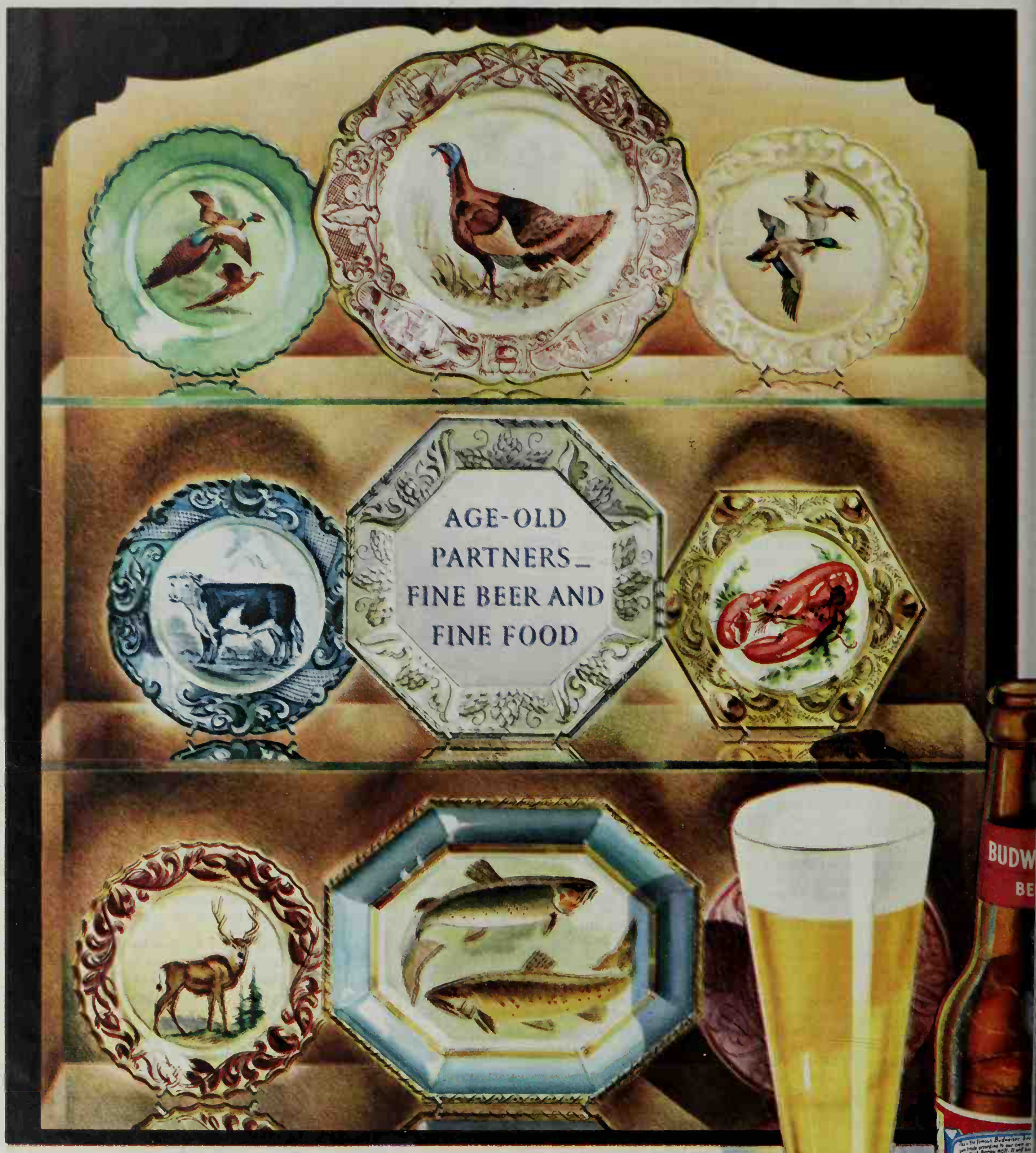
The Erie Freight Conductor gets a quick, concise picture of his train from a teletyped control sheet. This list tells him the contents, consignee and destination of each car. The same information is flashed by teletype to stations ahead, and to a central office in Cleveland.

With this teletype control system, the Erie can quickly tell shippers the present location and scheduled arrival of their shipment.

Modern, up-to-date methods such as this are responsible for the Erie's reputation among shippers everywhere for efficient handling, dependable service.

Erie Railroad
SERVING THE HEART OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA





WHY IS BUDWEISER THE MOST POPULAR BEER THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN?

Where but in America could you find the wide variety of fine foods that add so much to our standard of living? Where but in Budweiser could you find the distinctive taste that brings out the flavor of fine food, yet never loses its own identity? It is the universal association of Budweiser with good living that makes it, even at its premium price, the most popular beer in history . . . year after year after year. Every sip tells you why.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . ST. LOUIS

IT LIVES WITH
GOOD TASTE . . . *EVERY*

hat Mother had a bad head-
rning.
se, if you lay the table, I'll
t. You'll find the cutlery in
d middle drawer and my
e so there'll be two of us.
antry. Three minutes."
on looking at me and asked
sly if I had a young man.
m," and then, in my own
off the glasses, asked if
d me sufficiently like a re-
r to impress a shortsighted
ng for a reliable girl.
d, said it was truly remarka-
t Mrs. Drew (handbags)
led to hear about it as her
ctress too, but was it "quite
, to deceive the poor man
. I was quite a good-look-
ature, and no man would
nd thought if I went about
no doubt even scientists
l in love and married like

firmly that I would never
ist, and escaped.

e he was the same police-
the spectacles in my pocket
opened. He was not, how-
had Dorothy Simpson's
rt list of permitted callers.
e butler, and I put on my
Groves was nearly all that
pect a butler to be: pale-
expression, correct, non-
e, elegant tail coat, black
trousers with knife edges
. But he was on a rather
ou knew at once that he
iked to be at least four
with a thicker chest and
's.
to the first floor, and said
e paused at a white door:
ber that Madam has had a
re shock."
ed," I said. "The poor

he door with deferential
rd her voice for the first
a little tremble of excite-
s the moment for which I
d waited.
ed; the floor was littered
newspapers and opened
t impression was of white-
—walls, carpet, furniture,
Charlotte Inwood herself.
eyes were the only dark
rge room. Later, when I
k at it without Aunt Flor-
he whiteness showed vari-
and even of shade, from
ite to almost cream, so
o monotony. The foamy
or instance, which cas-
folds from the ceiling,
as the telephone, but the
ble on which it stood by
of white roses was a flat
ckest of carpets entirely
or had a creamy texture
there were flecks of silver
cade curtains. It was a
oom to bring out all her

g, however, she had hid-
ely in it, and wore no
rawn from the horrors
the ugly world, her per-
ed that I could see noth-

ing and negative by the
d my name was Simpson,
my friend Ellen had
m about me.
ced at me only briefly
n, and was now staring
at the bowl of white
ide table. She conducted
a voice which was al-
, asking me perfunctory
my age and previous ex-
red her the letter of rec-
ut she waved it away
beautiful, slender hand.

I was to see that she was fighting bravely to avert complete collapse.

"I must have someone. I'll try you for a month. I think I pay £160. Mrs. Marshall will arrange that."

"Thank you, Madam," I said through my nose.

"You may start at once."

"At once, Madam?" I pretended to be a little flustered.

"I told you I can't go on like this. Your friend Good showed a very great selfishness in leaving me at this moment. The least you can do is to realize it and make amends for her."

"Yes, Madam, I understand. If I could have a day off next week, perhaps, to fetch the rest of my things from Suffolk? I have only a suitcase in London."

"I don't care what you do or where you go next week as long as you're here now. Ring the bell—twice. Mrs. Marshall will show you your room and explain things to you. What did you say your name was?"

"Simpson, Madam." The bell push on the end of its cord lay on the bed a foot from her hand. I pressed the button twice.

"Simpson. I must try to remember it. Come back immediately. I have to get



"My grandfather can remember way back when humans started fooling around with the atom"

COLLIER'S — JOSEPH SERRANO

up. At least into negligee," she sighed profoundly and I thought she was going to burst into tears. "Some awful policemen are coming. As if I could possibly be any help. They're *so* inefficient. What's the time?"

She could see the white crystal clock on the bedside table much better than I could; I peered at it, however, and told her that it was ten minutes past eleven.

"He's coming at twelve. Well, he'll have to wait, that's all. I shall never be ready. I'll see him in my sitting room. That's through the door over there. The other door is the bathroom. I like the water at a hundred and four degrees. Tell Groves to keep him in the hall until I send for him. Mrs. Marshall, this is Samson. She's a friend of that girl Good, and I only hope she doesn't prove as ungrateful. Oh, and, Samson, I forgot to tell you. There is one thing I will *not* in any circumstances tolerate. I will not have people trying on my clothes—any of them, you understand?" Her voice was much stronger.

"Of course, Madam." I hoped my tone was the proper mixture of humbleness and surprise that anybody should imagine me capable of such heinous impertinence.

Mrs. Marshall led me out. Her attitude remained formal during the next quarter of an hour while she was showing me my ten-by-six bedroom under the roof and generally inducting me into the belowstairs life of Number 4. Finally she said, "I hope, Samson, you'll be comfortable—and give satisfaction."

I tried to tell her my name was not Samson but Simpson, but she merely observed that as Madam preferred to call me Samson, it would have to do.

In the meanwhile I was thinking that my first impressions of Charlotte were much what I had expected them to be; in short, I had expected to find that she was two-faced and able to get away with it.

Downstairs, however, after I had been introduced to Groves, Molly the housemaid, and a parlormaid with the stern name of Havelock, I found myself alone in the back part of the hall at the door of Joseph Inwood's room. This time it was half open, and since the constable on duty at the front door was sitting with his back turned to me, I went in; I was immediately struck by the way a portrait of Charlotte seemed to dominate the large room.

I took off my glasses and stood for several moments studying it, the cool, assured beauty of the exquisite face, soft, folded hands on the black velvet dress. There was a small plaque at the bottom of the frame with black lettering on gold: The Actress, by George Elmhurst, A.R.A.

I realized at once, although I had realized it upstairs but with much less force, that Charlotte's performances of the stricken widow followed immediately by the spoiled society darling engaging a new maid were of very considerable virtuosity, but they had revealed nothing of the real Charlotte. Her hands, according to Elmhurst, were just as soft and small as I had noticed them to be, but with the strength and ruthlessness of character and personality he had discovered in her eyes. Not "Mrs. Charlotte Inwood" but "The Actress"—she became infinitely more formidable than I had realized.

Jonathan, for instance, crazy about her to begin with, would have had no chance against her.

I saw vividly the kind of woman he had told me about, the clinging, desperate, haunted girl who had flung herself into his arms that night in blind flight from the consequences of a momentary outburst of violence.

My mind reverted to the impending visit from the police. It would be either Chief Inspector Jupp or my Ordinary Smith, and I wanted very much to know how it went. She must be worrying her head off lest they had caught Jonathan; the number and condition of the newspapers around her bed told of more than a mere interest in the world's obituary on Joseph Inwood.

LUCK continued with me. After I had drawn her bath, making sure with the thermometer that it was exactly a hundred and four degrees, and had helped her out of bed, she said, "It's not fair of them. I shan't be able to stand it. Oh, why do I have to *talk* about it—a needless torture. Samson, I want you to stay in here, near the sitting-room door, and when I cough twice—like this—you will knock and say that the doctor is here. The man will have to leave then."

I thought that it must be the first time in history that a would-be eavesdropper had been so neatly made respectable.

While she bathed, I tidied up the bedroom and arranged the sitting room so that she could lie on her cream and gold Empire sofa and have the policeman's chair with its back to the bedroom door. As an afterthought I put another chair close to it in case there were two of them, and was pleased, although a little scared when Groves came through on the telephone (I realized that it must be linked with some internal system) to say that Chief Inspector Jupp was in the hall, accompanied by Inspector Smith.

I told him that I would let him know when Madam was ready to see them, but that she was still in the bathroom.

I watched her at work on her face in the triple mirror of the white dressing table. It was an instructive moment. Her hand hovered over the lipsticks and



Sludge, gum and varnish clog your fuel lines, foul rings and pistons, cause valves to stick and power to sag. What's more, these enemies of motor efficiency block lubricant flow, strip parts of vital protection, cause excessive wear and costly breakdown. So prevent their formation...restore your motor to healthy power with the famous additive...

MARVEL
MYSTERY OIL

Add Marvel to your motor oil and gasoline, too...its amazing detergent action quickly cleans power-catching sludge and gums from all parts *inside* your motor. There's a new surge of power...and longer service life, too, because Marvel strengthens all lubricants and guards against excessive wear. Even top cylinder parts, so often stripped by high heat, get Marvel's tough, protective film. So hit the sludge free road to real driving pleasure...get Marvel Mystery Oil with your gas and oil! It is backed by the one guarantee that means positive results ...more than 20 years of sensational performance. Emerol Manufacturing Co., Inc., 242 W. 69th St., New York 23, N.Y.



Any Birthdays today?



Why not give someone a big thrill
with beautiful fresh Flowers by Wire...
it's so grand to be remembered!



Here's how

Any FTD florist in U.S., or Canada will speed Birthday flowers by wire *anywhere* within a few hours. The Winged Mercury Seal on his window means guaranteed satisfaction.

To make them happy...

Favorite flowers with your personal card message will bring happy smiles. Smart! Inexpensive! A gorgeous $5.00 bouquet can be sent from Chicago (including wire cost) to Philadelphia for $5.68. Very good, too, for Anniversaries, Illness, Holidays, Business or... IN *ANY* EVENT WIRE FLOWERS

Say "Happy Birthday" with

Flowers By-Wire



FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY INTERNATIONAL, 149 Michigan Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.

left them with reluctance; she ignored the rouge pots, and used a minimum of powder. She was torn between a desire to be a beautiful woman condescending to permit two strange men a glimpse of her stricken soul, and a slightly less attractive woman who was in the hands of her doctor and ought not to have this intrusion inflicted on her. I saw her decide with good sense on the latter, and helped her to find a small jar of brown eye shadow which she used with a precise and sparing finger tip under her eyes as well as on their lids. Anybody could see now that she had not slept since the tragedy.

She chose a black negligee, straight and high-necked, which made her skin paler than ever.

I left the sitting-room door an inch ajar, and picked up the telephone by the bedside. Groves answered somewhere below, and I said Madam would see them now.

CHIEF INSPECTOR JUPP had a small, growling kind of voice. He was sorry to break in upon her at a moment like this, but if there was the faintest possible hope of help in shortening the murderer's days of freedom—

Charlotte replied so faintly that I could scarcely catch the words.

"First, then," said Jupp. "Can you tell us what money and valuables were in Mr. Inwood's safe? Was any of your jewelry kept in it, for instance?"

Charlotte was afraid she had no idea what was in it.

"I have my own wall safe in my bedroom, hidden in one of the wardrobes. My jewels are intact."

"You see," Jupp explained, "we often trace a man by the stolen property he tries to dispose of—"

Charlotte sobbed in an anguished voice, "I shan't rest until the man pays for what he has done—for this awful crime.... Oh, Joe, my poor, poor Joe—"

There was a moment of sympathetic silence.

"We're doing our best, Mrs. Inwood, to bring him to justice," Jupp told her. "You may be assured of that."

"But how long will it be—?" Charlotte's voice indicated clearly that she would not rest until vengeance and punishment had been exacted.

"A few days, perhaps hours," said the chief inspector with a certainty which made me shiver; it must have shaken her too, for she was silent.

Detective Inspector Smith spoke for the first time, and what he had to say made my heart turn over.

"Although so far we haven't gone into the possibility," he began in his quiet way, "it seems not unreasonable to suppose that Penrose may have had some connection with Mr. Inwood. Do you remember Mr. Inwood ever mentioning the name?"

That was almost exactly the thought I had been at pains to put into his head at dinner last night. I waited for Charlotte's reaction; it was not a line of inquiry she would care about. It may have been my imagination, but was there a very slight edge in her voice?

"Again, I am afraid I can't help. As I told you, my husband did not discuss his business affairs with me."

"Penrose," Ordinary Smith went on, "you are quite sure you had not heard the name?"

"Quite sure," said Charlotte and to my ear she should have answered a little less firmly and after a pause for memory-searching. But were the detectives' ears as sensitive to these nuances as mine?

Then Jupp came in with the second of my carefully planted seeds. "It's a bit puzzling, not knowing as much about Penrose as we would like at this stage, to find a man of his education and calling committing murder like a common housebreaker who loses his head, or even being a housebreaker in the first place."

Charlotte did not join is on that.

"The more I think abou certain I feel that there m nection," said Ordinary.

"But it *was* robbery witl

"That's how it ended. But begun differently."

"He broke into the hous

"With another motive, p pose he had been refused Suppose he imagined he' some injury by Mr. Inwoo

"You seem to be supp deal," Charlotte put in, there was no doubt about in her voice. It could of been attributed to the imp of her poor Joe. "I feel just do that he had never heard

Did they notice the Two minutes ago she had been a great deal about his her husband had not talke yet now she claimed to had not known a particula

But if they did not notic surely did, for I had scarce discuss this interesting pc self when she coughed twic

I knocked on the doo handle with a rattle as th had been engaged, and pu

"I beg pardon, Madam, is here."

The broad backs of the turned, but neither looked I felt I could stand up fairly closely by Mr. Smith absolutely necessary.

Charlotte reverted to state, murmuring:

"Oh dear, yes—the doct to forgive me."

I moved back into the left the door so that now I c They stood up. Neither any reason for prolonging but it seemed to me that th preferred to leave at thei tion.

Charlotte professed h have had this talk with the her charm on them, all th ing for her pale grief.

"I know now that poor will not escape as long as your capable hands. It's t you could have brought that something is being *do*

THIS speech recoiled o in order no doubt that she was really com the secret about the Ror "So we have been able t the search, to concentrat in a comparatively small said it would be perhaps of hours, you see, I mea wood. And may I again disturbing you. We polic ish this part of our job, I I think, too, we can with from the front door."

"Yes, yes—" breathed C can find your own way o can show you. *Samson*—"

But Jupp hastily affir knew the way, and mustn trouble.

The door of the sittin quietly after them. I stoo watching her as she lay of my interest. Her eyes ing. I could see the un thoughts. She had been a before, but the situation h two factors: The police m for a motive other tha they were far more sur expected that they would

Also I could see now, f with my own eyes, the Elmhurst had painted. Sl ing disaster, but she was Her nerve was intact. I must try to break it dow

Are you there?" Charlotte
lam." I went to the door.
y gone?"
ut the window. "There's a
, it looks like a police car,
."
I shan't need you for a
d better have your lunch.
to bring me something on a
l sole, I think, and fruit—
ttle of the white wine."
l, Madam."
ot moved, and still seemed
her thoughts. She stirred
n, with a secret impatience;
e came to a decision, re-
hen accepted it.
're downstairs, you might
change line through to me
re was another white tele-
ble by the sofa.
am. I dare say Groves will
to do it."
he will!" she snapped at me
animation. "Don't stand
."
wed me the simple mechan-
hone system, which had its
oard in a cubbyhole of a
er the stairs. There was
ne, with an instrument on
rd itself, a dial, and seven
sion sockets to any of
oming call could be con-
tting the plug in the ap-
et and turning the handle
f the box. This rang the
strument concerned. The
umbered and on the wall
he numbers.
ticed, was "Mrs. Inwood,"
wood" took second place
It struck me as significant,
e a different impression of
p between the millionaire
rom that which Jonathan
Undoubtedly Joseph In-
n a tough and selfish egg,
ougher and more selfish
might be debatable.
ained that both "One" and
rallel instruments, so that
could speak either in her
r sitting room, while Mr.
went both to his study
his bedroom. Each paral-
had a bell, so when you
dle the signal went to both
I listened carefully to
g it might be important to
ut the plug into "One"
shed over a small lever,
t Mrs. Inwood was thus
ctly with the exchange,
oard cut out.
he observed with disap-
that the policeman has gone from the front hall, an incoming call would be taken by me here. I hold the call by keeping this control switch upright while I ascertain whether it is desired that the caller should be put through."

I thought I would look deeper into his disapproval. "I see," I said. "And with the plug left in the socket like that, a newspaper, for instance, could get straight on to Madam before it could be stopped. Surely that's wrong, Mr. Groves?"

"It is not *our* place to question the wisdom of Madam's wishes," he said stiffly.

I had a feeling that questioning the wisdom of Madam's wishes was one of the butler's chief preoccupations.

"I am so sorry for her," I went on. "It's impossible to imagine such grief. How can she go on, alone, without him? Such a terrible, terrible death! Oh, Mr. Groves, she's making such an effort—I think she's wonderful!"

Mr. Groves was not looking at me. All he said was "Yes."

At this moment the switchboard bell uttered a small tinkle. We both looked at it, and both heard the very faint noise in the diaphragm of the earpiece, the sound of a dial being swung, seven miniature clickings of different lengths. These were almost immediately followed by a faint ringing tone.

Mrs. Inwood was ringing a number.

THE butler's lips disappeared altogether. He regarded the earpiece with what seemed to me to be an extremely disagreeable expression in which there was also thwarted curiosity.

If I had not been there he would have picked up the earpiece and listened—with difficulty, because it would be very, very faint—listened to whatever conversation took place between Charlotte and whomever she was calling.

And if *he* had not been there, I would have done exactly the same thing.

Secretly, separately, our curiosity in no way appeased, the significant question was in both our minds.

Whom had she wanted to talk to, and why had she seen fit to try to obtain the number herself rather than ask someone to get it for her?

We went decorously downstairs to lunch. It was a serious, ample meal in the basement room where I had had my first talk with Ellen Good. Mr. Groves sat himself at the head of the table, Mrs. Marshall was at the other end. I was placed at the butler's right hand, and properly deduced that as personal maid to the mistress of the house I ranked third in belowstairs society.

Cook, Havelock the parlormaid, and the housemaid Molly were by no means



"I wish she'd stop shouting, 'There's always room for one more,' until we're sure it's a man!" HANK KETCHAM



Are YOU a MITTY?

CAN you, like Danny Kaye, daydream yourself as a daring ace? Can you become seven different personalities in your daydreams? Does the girl of your daydreams ever come true, like Virginia Mayo? How would you like to be frightened by Boris Karloff, hen-pecked by Fay Bainter, pursued by Ann Rutherford, and adored by the gorgeous Goldwyn Girls? You, too, can be a Mitty if you try! Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you "The Best Years Of Our Lives," now gives you *the best time of your life* in "The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty," photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod and sparkling with matchless music.

Entertainment in the Goldwyn manner

SCIENCE WINS BIG BOUT ON WATCH TROUBLE

Newly discovered alloy now used to make a miracle mainspring

Always the mainspring—"powerhouse"—of a watch has been a major source of trouble. For the best steel mainsprings ever made frequently "set"—lose power. Or, weakened by rust, they break.

High humidity with a sudden drop in temperature can cause condensation of a droplet of moisture inside the case. A tiny pin point of rust starts. Soon—"ping" goes the spring!

But now comes the Elgin Watch Company's discovery of an alloy far superior to steel for mainsprings. Elgin's new DuraPower Mainspring* *eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* It retains its original resiliency indefinitely, gives a steady flow of power for lasting accuracy. *And it will not rust!* Only Elgin Watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have this miracle mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also at repair shops for replacement in many previous Elgin models.

*Patent Pending



® BEATTIE *jet* LIGHTER

- Guaranteed jet-action
- Nothing mechanical to get out of order
- All models designed with slip covers for easy fueling

HEAVY NICKEL PLATE $5 } NO FED. TAX
MOROCCO or PIGSKIN $6.50 }

Heavy Gold Plate $15 } Plus 20% Fed Tax
Solid Sterling Silver $30 }

See your dealer or write
BEATTIE JET LIGHTER DISTRIBUTORS
17 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.

colorless women, but it seemed that they were not expected to contribute to what little conversation passed between the head and foot of the table. This could with advantage leave me out also.

There were two roast chickens between the six of us. The housemaid got two drumsticks.

While I ate, I tried to think up a way of getting closer to Groves. Apart from the fact that Dorothy Simpson was not the sort of girl to stir a man's heart, even an elderly man's, he had an ingrowing reticence which came probably from his long habit of discretion as a "good servant." It was tantalizing to sit within a yard of his head knowing that in it there was probably more knowledge of Charlotte in relation to the dead Joseph than could be found anywhere else in London. I needed it badly.

I would value his opinion, but I did not see how on earth I could ever get it except by revealing my identity, purpose, and indeed the whole complicated business. And I was not prepared to go to that extreme; I did not know anything about him, or whose side he was on.

No, if there was any confiding done, it would have to come from him, and that looked very difficult to start. I studied him and could see no chink in his armor.

Mrs. Marshall was the first person to mention the crime. She observed that the inquest this morning had been adjourned.

"Naturally," said Groves, and Mrs. Marshall subsided. The others, momentarily brightened by the turn of the conversation, went back to their plates. Groves seemed a stern man, but why the censorship? I thought I would try to find out, and said diffidently, "I'm glad I'm new here. I wouldn't like to have had to give evidence in a murder trial."

"Begorrah! And who's going to give evidence?" squeaked the housemaid in alarm.

"Well, Mr. Groves for one," I said. "He found the body."

Mr. Groves took notice of me at last. He was frowning at me crossly. "That will be for the prosecution to decide. The police constable was actually the first to go into the study. His evidence should be sufficient. In the meantime, Samson, we do not discuss this very terrible affair any longer here."

"Oh, I'm sorry, I'm sure," I said. The rest of the table looked covertly at the butler, disliking him for his refusal to let them talk about the only thing in the world they wanted to talk about.

I decided I could risk his displeasure in the chance that he had an inkling, at least, of the truth and might betray himself.

"My trouble is that *crime* is so interesting. I wasn't meaning to be personal, so to speak. I say to myself: Why should an architect, a well-educated gentleman like this Penrose seems to be—why should *he*, of all people, want to break in and kill Mr. Inwood? Just for money, for valuables in the safe?"

THERE was a hush of pleasurable anticipation in what might prove, if it was allowed to continue, a deliciously speculative and exciting discussion; but the butler snorted at me with a mixture of anger and something else. It was the something else I wanted to know about.

"A most ridiculous theory!" he said crossly. "We don't wish to hear it. Get on with your lunch, Samson."

I bridled as I thought a timid person roused might bridle.

"My name's Simpson," I said, very much through my nose, "and if it's so ridiculous, why is Inspector Smith asking the same question?"

That got him.

"And how, may I inquire, do you happen to know what questions Inspector Smith is asking?"

"I *heard* the inspector mention the idea to Madam this morning. It was only an idea, I'm sure. He wanted to know if she knew of anything to show the murderer was a friend of Mr. Inwood, or had some *personal* connection with him. *They* thought it was funny too, for an architect—"

"Eavesdropping!" said Mrs. Marshall in a voice of ice.

"That's a very cruel and unjust thing to say!" I protested. "Mrs. Inwood told me to listen at the door, in case she couldn't stand it any more, poor lady, so I could come in and interrupt. I am *not* in the habit of eavesdropping! If this is the sort of thing I'm to expect—really!"

I was watching Groves carefully. He was concentrating on something other than my bad behavior; he had heard neither Mrs. Marshall's accusation nor my rebuttal of it. He looked at me.

"And what did Madam say to the inspector's suggestion?"

"She said she had never heard the name of Penrose in her life, from her husband or anyone else," I said.

He nodded slowly, and I thought I must be imagining the faintest of quirks which moved the corner of his mouth.

"Of course not," he remarked with sudden amiability. "The police are all the same. They're never satisfied with simple explanations. And now we'll finish our lunch, please."...

"Yes, Madam," I replied.

I did not summon Groves to restore the switchboard's s I did so myself. I waited pat two minutes later had my c warded. She tried the num The soft sound of the di reached the switchboard rec time I was able to put it to my been right in thinking there v cient leak from the suppos extension circuit to overhear on this instrument, if one pre ceiver tightly against one's ea

However, there was still n the dialing tone, and it seeme let it ring for some time after hope had vanished that anyon to answer it.

FEELING more intrigued t slipped out of the cupboar to hang around the switchboa to fetch my clothes. I wast about it. I got a taxi to Thu and kept it for the return hurried into the house, wrot Aunt Florence to say that I job, wouldn't be home toni tell her all about it when grabbed the Dorothy Simps and was back in Cary Gar



COLLIER'S

"Before we know it you'll be promoted to university president or Secretary of State!"

Afterward I explored the house in a circumspect way, marveling at the costliness of everything, but found little of interest or importance so far as my purpose was concerned. All was quiet on the Charlotte front and she was presumed to be resting.

Speculating about that telephone call she had tried to make, I went up quietly to the telephone cupboard. The plug was still in the socket of "One" extension. Had she managed to get through? In the hope of finding out, I pulled out the plug and moved the switch to the perpendicular.

Nothing happened just then but after about ten minutes I heard the switchboard bell ringing and dashed to it.

The white disk over Number 1 was down. I picked up the receiver. Charlotte wanted angrily to know why she was no longer connected to the exchange and who was that anyway. I told her it was Simpson. "I mean, Samson, Madam."

"Have you been using the phone?" she demanded.

"No, Madam."

"Well, get Groves and tell him to give me the outside line at once."

"Very good, Madam."

"Have you fetched your suitcase yet? Then fetch it and be back by six."

three-quarters of an hour. Number 1 was still connect change.

I changed quickly into the tied on one of the smal aprons, and went down aga eye—and ear—on the tele reached the hall I heard a letter box. The evening pa it. I was looking at them, there was no stop-press para that Jonathan had been ca Groves found me. He held for them and glanced at t stories of the unsuccessful h

"Madam will want to once," he decided. "Take her, Samson."

"I should have thought it her, in her state, to be remi experimentally, "but you kn Groves, I'm sure."

"I'm glad you think so," and added in a more frien I had heard from him y there's something in what y son, and we worry about he but she gave definite instruc should have all the papers let me know how she takes the man is still at large." H at me closely, as if wonder

You'll save money and oil!



en Your Service Station



Makes this Free AC Oil Test



the Test Pad shows This



Have This Installed...



r Have This Put In

DIRTY OIL wastes gasoline, as well as oil, and clogs vital oil slots in the piston rings. Then, carbon forms faster, valves gum, power is lost. Overhaul expense soon follows. So, get the FREE AC Oil Test, regularly, wherever you see the yellow-and-black official AC Sign. Keep your oil clean with AC Replacement Elements and AC Oil Filters.

OIL FILTER AC SERVICE

Oil Filters

U DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Round-Up at Sundown



Guests register satisfaction
Kentucky Tavern is served.
the world's great Bonds for
generations—its full-bodied
Kentucky character makes any
tastier . . . completely enjoyable

Glenmore Distilleries Comp
Louisville, Kentucky

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

COPYRIGHT 1947, G. D. CO.

sted to bring him an accurate

ht, thank God, that I was as looked, otherwise he would ired, if he wanted to keep it ve me this final evidence of interest in Charlotte's reae- t up to the first floor with the sting this now certain aspect ution. He believed there was murder of his master than could no longer ignore the at he knew about or at least pected her affair with Jona- s thinking that Jonathan had h Inwood because of Char-

uch knowledge as this, why Groves gone to the police? im silent? Loyalty to Char- not think so. Loyalty to the If loyalty were in his con- ely he would see it as his the police of her possible rse, the repercussions might m professionally. Oh, yes, w butler, the man who in- Charlotte Inwood. He had , had our Mr. Groves. papers in to Charlotte, who g on the sofa where I had reached out for them with- Groves would not have criti- any lack of attention. I was the success with which she she was thinking. Of course g too careful not to let me , and overdid it by the dra- e threw the papers on the st.

ot disappoint Mr. Groves. alone in the pantry, polish- es.

Madam the papers as you

he said, and the tip of his red along his lower lip. I in suspense for a moment d that I was probably imag- could Madam possibly be Penrose had not been caught

he said. "Of course she Your eyesight isn't very mson?"

Groves. It isn't," I agreed, ead despondently and add- ght she was, though, and e lady, so it might be natu- be forgiving." I knew now I did not have to look at satisfaction my little piece n had given him. He had would be relieved but evi- effect from me, the silly y girl with bad eyesight, nfirmed his suspicions; if ore been certain about the than Penrose relationship,

he do about it?

ng to wait before I got the one, and it was not at all d.

time I gave some immedi- my own problem of how otte's uncertainty alive. I finally found an idea.

, about dusk, when I was dy for bed, and she was ace at her dressing table, I e window and stood there into the street through the the white silk curtains. It r long to notice me there, me what I thought I was orked out the likely ques- eady with the answers.

Madam, only—"

"

the police had gone away. may be a plain-clothes po- ded doubtfully.

are you talking about, Samson? om that window and find es. I hate these blue beasts. instep."

"Yes, Madam." But I stayed at the window, and made my back more intent than ever. I could feel her eyes on me.

"I'm sure he can't be," I said. "He wouldn't mind being seen if he weren't, would he? At least, he wouldn't hide in those bushes like that, I'm sure. He'd be on the pavement, not in the gardens."

I felt rather than heard her moving behind me, and I went on quickly:

"There! Now he's gone altogether!"

Charlotte stood behind me; she did not come to the gap in the curtains.

"For God's sake, Samson, you're giving me the willies!"

"Oh, he's gone," I said. "He went off to the left. It's too dark to see." Then I added, as if in afterthought, "A tall man."

"A tall man?" she repeated. Her voice was low.

"Without a hat, Madam. A detective would wear a hat, wouldn't he? Quite a tall man. Just one of those snoopers—I think it ought to be stopped."

I turned to look at her. Her self-control was again remarkable. The moment I turned, she did also, and went back to the dressing table.

"If you're a neurotic," she said, "you'd better say so, and I'll get another maid."



COLLIER'S "No thanks, Aurelius, I'm on the chariot" GERALD GREEN

"But, Madam, I'm sure there was a snooper—"

"Brush my hair—"

"Yes, Madam."

I went over to her and she handed me one of her gold-and-tortoise-shell hairbrushes.

"I'm sorry, Madam, if I scared you, but he looked—"

"I said brush my hair, Samson!"

"Yes, Madam." I brushed it, wanting to twist it around her fair neck and strangle her with it. I waited a few seconds before I shot the bolt finally home. Then I dropped the hairbrush with a crash on the glass top of the dressing table and half screamed: "Oh, Madam—*it must have been him!* They say they always come back to the scene of the crime!"

That broke through her defenses, if only for a moment. She snatched up the hairbrush and whacked me across the front of my thigh with it in one furious movement.

"Shut up," she said through her teeth, "and get out of my sight before I lose my temper with you!" In the same instant she took hold of herself and her voice quietened: "My nerves are quite enough on edge without having a hysterical girl on my hands. I'll ring for you in the morning when I want you."

"Yes, Madam," I said, and cowered out of her room, closing the door. I stood holding my breath in the thought that if the police visit this morning had made her want to get in touch with someone outside, this new alarm might make it more necessary to her than ever.

I ran downstairs. The hall was empty and I was able to get into the cupboard and shut the door without being seen. I switched on the light in case anybody came, for to be in there in the dark would be more than suspicious.

I picked up the receiver. She had not wasted a moment; the dialing tone was already muttering its secret summons.

This time it was answered. I glued the earpiece to me until it hurt. But I could just hear a man's voice, thin and far away: "Yes?"

For a bad moment I was afraid I was not going to be able to hear Charlotte's end of the conversation, but I realized she was probably recovering from relief at having managed at last to establish contact, and it was like her not to want to show it.

"I've been trying all day to reach you."

It was his turn to pause. I realized afterward that those two hesitations were almost more significant than what they said to each other. I did not think that his was one of relief, however.

"Are you there?" she asked anxiously.

"Is this—sensible?" he said.

"I'm the best judge of that. In any case, *they* have gone. They had a man keeping out undesirables, but he went too this morning, after I'd seen them. I thought I had better get it over."

"It went all right?"

"Yes, of course. They wanted, naturally, to know if Joe or I had any dealings with him. Of course I said *I* hadn't, even if Joe might have."

"They did, did they?" He was not very concerned. Charlotte, however, reassured him to reassure herself. "It worries me a bit, but it's quite logical that they should have noticed it wasn't a *typical* thing for someone like him to have done. Look. I'm sorry, but there's something else—a reason I *must* see you."

"Not yet."

"Freddy—"

"Shut up!" he said sharply.

Freddy? This was the first clue, and in a moment I had identified him. He was the man she had gone to after the murder, the man she had told Jonathan would support her alibi for the critical time, if she were ever questioned about it.

My first reaction was disappointment: I had expected some factor I had not known. Then, as I listened, I realized she must have told Freddy—wasn't his other name Williams?—must have told him quite a lot more than seemed either necessary or safe.

After his swift reaction to her use of even his first name, she promised him that the telephone was perfectly secure, because not only had she got his number for herself, but she was alone in her bedroom and all the servants were downstairs at their supper. She went on to insist that she must see him, that something had happened for which she had not been prepared.

"Nothing can have happened which hasn't been foreseen," he said.

"How can you say that? You know me well enough. I wouldn't insist if it weren't necessary."

"My dear, what a woman regards as necessary—"

"Let's not argue. I shall come, say, between midnight and half past, after this house has settled down. I can come and go without anyone in the world knowing. Your downstairs door is locked at eleven, when the porter goes for the night. I'll ring your street bell and you can come down and let me in."

"No," he said. "I told you. Not before I am satisfied all the song and dance is over."

"Oh, for God's sake!" Her voice, small as it was to me, was full of urgency.

"Quietly does it," said Freddy Williams. "You say the telephone is safe. Go ahead. What's eating you?"

"No telephone is as safe as that—"

"You're losing your nerve. You've shown plenty so far. Now you're panicking. I know the signs."

"All right," she said. "Listen. *It is certain now that they will catch him.*"

He paused before speaking.

"They promised they would, I suppose."

"And he's making it as easy as possible for them."

"I don't believe it. He's damned intelligent, according to everything you've told me."

"In every respect except one—he can't keep away from me."

"He hasn't much choice about that. He'll have to."

"So you'd think. But then you aren't his type, darling, and you don't know what it feels like."

"I think you're getting windy."

"Am I? Now I'll tell you that he is outside this house *now*, or was, five minutes ago."

That shook him into momentary silence, then: "But *why?*"

"I just said you wouldn't understand. You haven't one of those things in your breast which beats and throbs and is supposed to provide normal people with the emotion of love."

"Quit fooling, Charlotte!"

"Who's to shut up now?"

HE SWORE at her. She laughed. "You mean he's hanging around to see if you're all right, or something?" he demanded.

"Or just to see me."

"He must be crazy!"

"About me. And that is no condition to be in when he has his sort of problem."

"And you have *your* sort of problem."

"*Ours,*" she said.

"So what?"

"So, I want to see you. I think we ought to do something about it."

"All right," he said. "Tomorrow night. At half past twelve, as you suggested."

"No. Tonight."

"I said tomorrow," and he rang off.

She said, "Hullo! Hullo!" and jiggled her receiver so that the bell in the switchboard tinkled. Then she hung up. I waited, but she did not dial again. I put down the receiver and left the telephone cupboard to digest what I had heard.

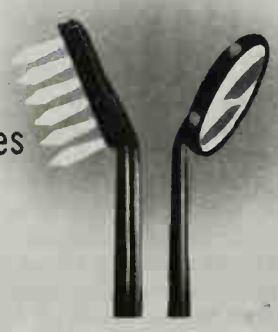
It was, in effect, of considerable im-

this
toothbrush
helps you
take
proper care
of your
teeth



SQUIBB
ANGLE
TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror
to reach more places



portance and it looked as though, all things being equal, I now had twice as good a chance of forcing the truth into the light of day as I had had ten minutes ago.

Freddy Williams. I had almost forgotten him. It was difficult to imagine what he was like from that miniature voice in the earpiece, but one thing was fairly clear. Even if he was ready to help her out of the worst hole in which her kind of widow could find herself, he was no Jonathan to fall a bedazzled slave at her sainted feet. He sounded as if he was accustomed to giving as good as he got.

In the meantime I was elated. I had forced a situation. Charlotte had not doubted for a moment that I had seen Jonathan, and listening to her while she told Freddy Williams about it I had almost believed it myself.

What would she do now? Freddy Williams refused to see her until tomorrow. Would she wait? She had said they ought to do something about it. Was that a vague thought, rising from her anxiety, or had she some plan to counter the danger of Jonathan's imminent arrest?

I would be around at midnight, just in case.

I went down to supper, which had started in the servants' room: kippers, bread and cheese, and cocoa. Compared with the midday meal it was livelier, except of course for Mr. Groves who was dissecting a kipper with characteristic precision and taking no interest in the conversation between Havelock and Hewson, the chauffeur.

I was able to wonder if kipper and cocoa would make me as ill as seemed likely and how Mr. Groves was getting on with his problem. I could see that it was still with him. Twice in the course of one kipper he stopped, with knife and fork idle, to stare unseeingly in front of him. I was impatient. I had not the sort of mind to be content with this method of gradual accumulation of small facts in order to build a big one.

After perhaps ten minutes, the butler wiped his mouth on his napkin and with the air of a man who has made up his mind about something, left the room. Mrs. Marshall watched him go.

"Poor Mr. Groves," she sighed. "He's taken it to heart, I'm afraid. He was very devoted, as a good servant should be."

The others, none of them particularly anxious to be good servants and thus run such risks, agreed with conventional murmurs of approval, got on with their suppers and began to talk about the funeral, which was on Monday. The chauffeur wanted to take bets on the number of cars in the cortege, but Mrs. Marshall was quick to reprove him.

My mind was on Mr. Groves, however; it had no room for anything else.

THE best excuse to leave the table I could devise was to say I was sorry but I wasn't hungry, it must be because I was overtired, and without waiting for Mrs. Marshall's permission I went out after Mr. Groves with the feeling that it was a moment of crisis, and if I could get at him now and somehow make him talk, I would find out what he was up to.

But it was not going to be so easy as that.

The light was on in his pantry and the door was half open. Mr. Groves was brushing his hair at a long narrow mirror fixed to the back of a cupboard door. I stood in the half darkness of the passage between the servants' room and the kitchen, and watched him. He had not much hair, and what there was of it always seemed like the rest of him, to be in a state of utmost orderliness, but he nevertheless brushed it now with slow, smooth strokes until he was satisfied that each hair lay with inescapable exactitude in its proper place. He rubbed the toes of his patent-leather shoes with a yellow duster, straightened his tie, and stood regarding himself critically in
I was fascinated. This was al
decision he had made at th
ble, and I could not guess to
leading. If he were going out
wouldn't he have changed
clothes?

Then as he looked at himse
began to move as if he we
which in fact he was doing;
sound. He stopped, adjuste
sion to an even sterner s
began again. I realized that
hearsing.

He raised himself to his ft
pushed out his narrow chest,
butler and became the man
speech flowed on, his foreh
into a heavier frown. Sudde
out his right hand, forefinger
and came to the final point
rangue of accusation. That
cusation.

His hand dropped. He w
to what the other said, th
other. . . . He made a gestu
eloquent hand, a complete
the answer to his accusati
dismissal, for he knew the tr
was no possible denial of it.

Now he was listening agai
a series of expressions from
ous disbelief, through surpri
to a final thoughtful, carefi
tion in which he put his lef
chin and nodded slowly in a
luctant agreement with a
which was being made to
laxed his forbidding express
mitted himself to smile with
of his shoulders which said
words: "Oh well, in th
course—"

AT LAST, the rehearsal w
He was satisfied with it.
lapels and closed the cupbo
quickly into the empty
waited for him to leave the p

I knew Mr. Groves' sec
tion to his problem. He was
the police.

No, it was really quite sir

Mr. Groves was no lo
Charlotte Inwood's butler;
her particular and private b

I had a faint feeling of
on Mr. Groves' account on
not put a finger, but I had a
feeling of pleasure. This w
This was better than an im
than in the bushes, better
Ordinary Smith's specula
than all the indirect attack
vise. This was tangible a
would deal with it, of course
other, probably by paying u
grace, for she was rich enc
it. Mr. Groves was no fo
know exactly how much a
to turn the screw.

But it would shake her s
to its roots to know, and sh
to go on knowing all the ti
was yet one more person
her link with Jonathan.

I saw Mr. Groves go s
front stairs. I passed him
way to my own room.
him knock on Charlotte's d
on the stairs leading to th
Quietly I sat down close in
banisters. They hid me su
Charlotte's door to see Gr
came out without being see

He was with her nearly a
hour. It seemed an age a
it I was on tenterhooks l
others come up the stairs s
have to leave them at the cr

At last he came out. He c
quietly, his face away fron
turned and stood for a mor
light of the wall bracket
bedroom and sitting room
templating the future. H
showed in a wide grin, a
grin, for his face was not

to a cheerful, slightly more
le, and he went downstairs
whom fortune has suddenly
th favor. Yes, he saw a rosy

, he did not know how short
e. This was Friday. In less
ays from now, almost to the
Groves' future turned from
and ceased to concern him.
was to happen in the inter-

served the butler's satisfac-
n urge to see how Charlotte
The moment he was out of
re, I went to her, knocking
the door at the same time,
if there was anything she
ot-water bottle—a glass of
ps?
anding at the bedside table
nd on the telephone. She
nd and dropped her hand.
ere very dark, her mouth
anger at my interruption
ore ominous than when she
ne with the hairbrush.
g when I want anything,"
Will you please keep out of

door hurriedly. I had learned
could not have guessed if I
o think for a moment. She
riated by this new difficulty,
d telephone to Freddy Wil-
o add another good reason
as soon as possible.
e that she was a strong-
sh and utterly competent
was also true that she could
unless there was a man on
her, to play the scene with
ilate, share and match her
w, in the same way that she
Jonathan onto the stage in
she required Freddy Wil-
second. That is how I read
oment; later, of course, I
e had even more right than
ture's demand to bring
ne drama.
she was going to talk to
the telephone. I ran down-
a time, but on this occa-
self balked. Mrs. Marshall
at inconvenient moment to
weed out the faded flowers from the big bunch in a bowl on the Elizabeth chest in the hall. The sight of her brought me to a standstill, breathing fast and feeling rather silly.

"Well, well," she said, "I thought we were overtired."

"I feel better," I replied weakly. "I was hoping there was some bread and cheese left over."

"Ask Cook."

I HAD to go belowstairs and eat bread and cheese I did not want, while Charlotte had another argument with Freddy Williams to which I was not able to listen.

But I worked it out that even if he went on saying, "No, tomorrow," there was a likelier chance than ever that she would try to see him tonight. She had had a bad evening, and I could understand her almost physical need to see him.

I finished my bread and cheese and inspected the locking arrangements of the basement door. Two bolts and a lock; the lock could be held back by pushing down a button. The bolts moved easily. I would not be able to leave the house until after Groves had locked up, about half past ten. However, I would still have ample time before Charlotte thought of moving. . . .

At a quarter to twelve I was at the wheel of the Daimler parked up the street from Number 4. The car was far enough away from the house to be unconnected with it, but not too far for me to be able to see if anyone came out.

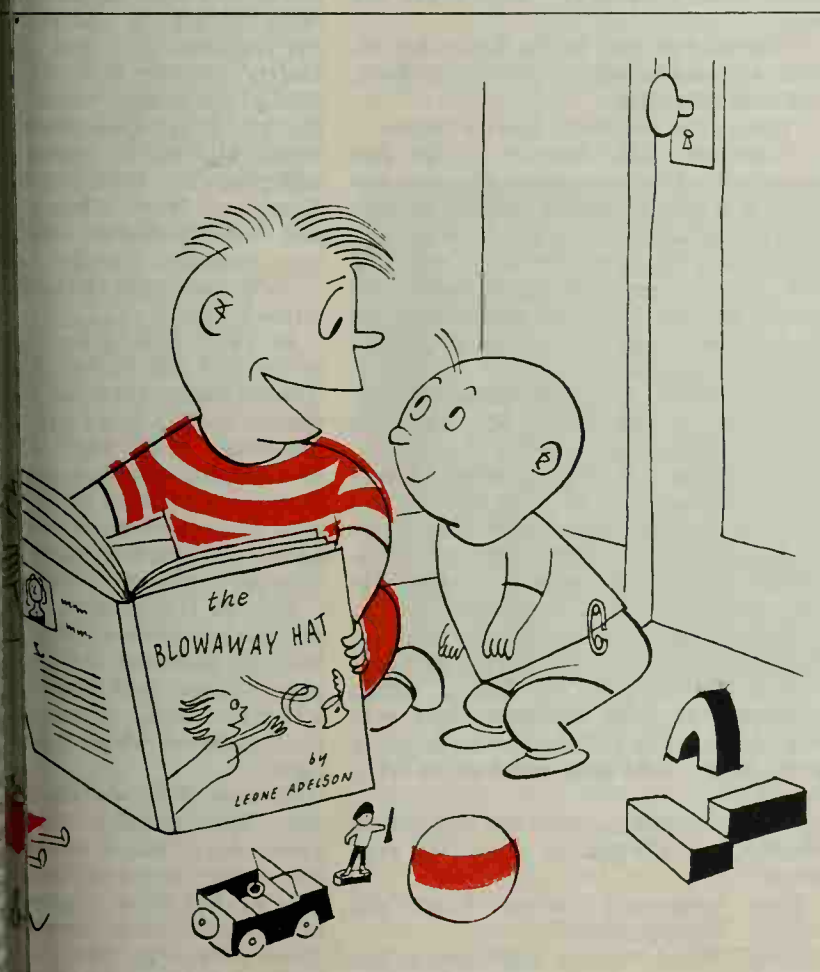
While I waited I loosened and combed my hair, put away the spectacles, and treated my face generously to rouge, powder and lipstick. I spoke a few sentences aloud to get my voice back to normal, and went on waiting.

At ten minutes past twelve I saw Charlotte appear on the pavement in front of the house. She was dressed in black and seemed to be wearing a black scarf over her head and tied under her chin; she made an inconspicuous figure.

She walked away from me toward Fulham Road I let her reach the corner before I started the car and went after her.

(To be continued next week)

by HOWARD SPARBER



anky, the words are for people who can't read the pictures"

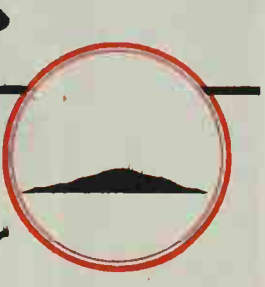


Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot "Bugs" on contact!



Before

This picture, magnified hundreds of times, of the parasitic growth which causes Athlete's Foot was made *before* contact with Absorbine Jr. This growth lives on stale perspiration products and dead skin . . . the real cause of the pain and misery of Athlete's Foot.



After

This is a picture, same magnification, of the Athlete's Foot organisms, *after* contact with Absorbine Jr. See how this parasitic growth has wilted and died. No longer can it irritate delicate nerve endings and cause that maddening "itchiness" and excruciating pain!



Cracks warn of danger

Warmth and excessive perspiration between your toes invite Athlete's Foot! This common summer condition irritates the tender skin often to the point where it cracks and flakes away in moist shreds. Then the ever-present organisms which are the cause of Athlete's Foot, multiply and attack the raw flesh through the open cracks! Every step is agony!



Drench those cracks

Apply Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning, at the first sign of cracked skin between the toes. It kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact. To guard against re-infection: Don't share towels or bath mats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the organisms. Disinfect your shoes. In advanced cases consult your physician.

Absorbine Jr. also benefits you four other important ways:

1. It dries the skin between the toes, discouraging future attacks of Athlete's Foot.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
3. It cleanses and helps heal broken tissue.
4. It relieves itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.



Daily hygiene! You can help ward off Athlete's Foot by applying Absorbine Jr. to your feet *every day!* Cooling and refreshing after bathing. Absorbine Jr. has also been famous for more than 50 years for relieving muscular aches and pains. At all drugstores $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.



There's no Gin like Gordon's

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF 94.4

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH . . .

Gordon's Gin

Temporarily, GORDON'S GIN is being shipped in the round Victory bottle ... 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

HE CLICKED FOR 50 YEARS

Continued from page 23

the business progressed. Lloyd George was congratulating himself on the success of his idea when Hughes suddenly blurted out another question. President Wilson blew up.

"I thought you told me you had straightened him out?" he said.

The Prime Minister went to Mr. Hughes, slapped him on the shoulder and shook his head slowly. "Mr. Prime Minister," he said, "you won't read, you can't hear, and I don't know what the hell I'm going to do with you!" That, says Harris, made everybody laugh, including Hughes, who got the point.

Later, Harris was allotted five minutes to photograph Lloyd George. They talked for two hours. The reason: They discovered they were both born in Wales.

George Harris came to the United States in 1881 from Dowlais, Wales. He was then nine years old. As a youngster he went to work in a Pittsburgh steel mill and joined an amateur theatrical troupe. One day the troupe visited a local photographer for a group picture. When the man arranged the actors, Harris objected that the picture would look stiff and unreal. The photographer sarcastically suggested that Harris pose them himself if he knew so much about it. Harris did. The picture was a humdinger. The photographer was so impressed he hired Harris to get subjects to pose in more natural positions while the boss clicked the shutter.

Followed the Trail West

In 1889, when Harris was 17, he had learned enough about photography to take a photograph of the Johnstown flood for newspaper publication. Shortly afterward he went to Arkansas and opened a small studio. But everybody was heading west in those days, so he soon pulled up stakes and joined the trek to San Francisco, where he landed a job making news pictures for a studio.

In 1902, when the Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa, was due to erupt, the San Francisco Examiner sent Harris to get pictures. "It didn't really erupt, but it boiled over," he says, "and I got the shots."

When he returned to the Examiner offices he found the editor pacing the floor, mad and disgusted.

"What's the trouble?" Harris asked.

"Trouble! Old Senator Hoar just kicked off. I've sent wires all over the country trying to get a picture of him and I can't even get answers!" He paused and shook a finger at Harris. "Look," he said, "if you want to make some real dough, go out and take pictures of all the famous people you can find and sell 'em to the newspapers."

Harris didn't take the advice immediately, but he remembered it. He went to New York and worked for nearly three years as a photographer on Leslie's Weekly. When he had some capital laid aside he communicated with Mrs. Martha Ewing, a color artist in the San Francisco studios where he had worked. He suggested that they go into partnership in a new studio. With Mrs. Ewing he made a survey of several big cities, including Washington, to decide which promised the most business. One evening at dinner in Chicago, Harris tore a menu in two and gave one half to Mrs. Ewing.

"You write the name of the city you've selected, and I'll do the same," he suggested.

They exchanged halves. Each had written "Washington."

They visited various locations in the capital, counting the number of people who passed given points during the day. They settled upon 1313 F Street as the most likely spot. The studio ... ruary 17, 1905, and from ... wherever there was news in ... there was Harris.

In 1911, he got a marvelo... Model F Wright airplane a... on the White House lawn ... Harry Atwood, had just ... record 550-mile cross-count... ceive an Aero Club medal fr... Taft. In 1912, the great Jim... dian athletic wonder, thunde... gridiron to bring Carlisle a ... over Georgetown and to gi... outstanding football actio... stepped-up life of Washi... America entered the first W... recorded through the Har... workers jamming the street... rooms, houses, meals and t... just as they would be doin... years later.

The studio today is a nat... as a Washington institution ... of its historic pictures on p... at the Smithsonian Insti... Ewing lives on a ranch ...



". . . And if I'm e... promise you houses for...
COLLIER'S

and is no longer associated ... ness, though she and Harr... ant reunions now and aga... Harris' pictures flow throu... photo syndicate, which ... thirty U.S. newspapers and ... zines. His studio rooms ... occupied by brides-to-be ... Army and Navy officers, ... and Sunday-clothed child... men, senators, Cabinet off... crats, government clerks an... housewives.

In 1921, Harris broade... to include oil portraits f... wanted them. He hired a f... named Schlereth, a Germa... portraits. Each year Sch... three-month vacation and ... many. In 1939 he sailed f... land and Harris has not h... since. The portrait work ... now performed by a New ...

George Harris says, "Ph... day has gone beyond me." ... his staff, however, say that ... photos now and then—... which for artistic effect and ... beat most of those take... light.

George William Harri... old. Photography itself ... years older. He is wealth... but above all he is happy ... that he has done a good ... talk about it, but he doe... doesn't have to. His pict... for him, are symbols of th... man who has clicked for ...

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ading Do As You're Told and newspaper accounts of the "fly- " I can't help wondering if Mr. have anything to do with peo- these strange objects.
NA M. HOGAN, Phoenix, Ariz.

GOOD SCOUTS

R: Re the Boy Scout cartoon 1. As far as I know there is no hat is worn on the back; there on the belt though. 2. The chief is tied at the ends (not square knot. 3. What is the is worn on the belts next to 4. I'd hate to be the scout ng his merit badge sash other ial occasions. 5. It would be the scouts also wore shoes.
AN SCHWARZ, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LAMENT FROM KOREA

We are not as fortunate as ationed in Japan, as we are in nd of the line. Today, hap- your May 17th issue and my drawn to your cartoon show- myself spending their leisure riental cabaret. This I think eople at home.
allowed to associate with the n, not allowed to consume r beverages, and it is a very ee a white woman or even a d stateside.
town at all, which by the way way and is hoofed back and nothing to do, not even a Red go to, and all native restau- arets are "Off Limits."
HONY J. FEIL, Taejon, Korea

E SPACE SNAIL

: In your June 7th issue the cartoon of two men in the space ship read: "You cer- ense of speed when you're iles an hour." Unless I miss gether 150,000 miles an hour en more like it.
ould be slow. Do I see what s ahead and a spiral nebula o indicate the space ship as nterstellar space? At 1,500 it would take over two years , which is the nearest planet oes come the closest. Mars e as far. One more thing: loose chunks roving around a speed of 50,000 to 180,000 ou possibly make that ship er?
ILL LINCOLN, Cullman, Ala.

int, all right, Bill.

IELIOPHELIO

Messrs. Herrick and Pfeiffer ed a fairly useless article in Myth (July 12th).
n Medical Association rec- ity of sunshine for a low ch as may be suffered by ns and hospital radiologists. is nothing more beautiful American baby (from 3 to ful dark coat of tan, racing sand beach.
Messrs. Herrick and Pfeiffer lexions of a couple of ma- les!
T L. HAY, Rochester, N. Y.

makes a man look younger an look older. As a special- I have found that the drying n emphasizes the pore sizes oman's delicate skin with a e that brings out every tiny rn is accentuated by using p. If you insist on cultivat- own skin tone—use less and p, preferably a thin liquid lotion of the filmiest consistency. Incidentally, the sun's rays help clear up acne.
RICHARD WILLIS, New York, N. Y.

. . . Every year, shortly after Decoration Day, I start to look and feel like the guest of honor at a cannibal picnic. On July 4th, it has long been a family custom for the relatives to gather round and peel me like a banana. From then on, each year, I zealously store up vitamin D until, come Labor Day, I'm fit as a fiddle and twice as brown, secure in the knowledge that no cold germ can touch me in the coming winter.

This year, I'm tanning as usual, but the old esprit d'epidermis is gone. If I catch pneumonia this winter, blame it on those busybodies, Pfeiffer and Herrick. They had to open their big mouths! In a brown study.
PEGGY MURRAY, New York, N. Y.

THE OLD HA-HA

DEAR EDITOR: Thanks for the editorial One Laugh—$2 (July 12th). I've read the facts of this instance (in which a man was fined for laughing) but your publication has been the first to express an opinion of this flagrant disregard of our unwritten, highly prized right of any American doing what he, or she, wants to do, like breathing, snoring or even (tsk, tsk!) laughing.

I'm glad no one got arrested for crying. It could have happened a couple of times while I was overseas if there was such an ordinance.
M/SGT. JAMES F. KUNZE, Barksdale Field, La.

. . . One Laugh—$2 missed the point entirely. If you will underscore the quoted words of the police chief "—when there was nothing funny to laugh about—" I believe you will have the crux of the situation.

Our Federal Constitution guarantees every man the right to make an ass of himself but it does not bestow upon him the right to annoy others with his braying.
WILLIAM A. BELL, Decatur, Ga.

PESKY CRITTER

DEAR SIR: After your Hal Newhouser cover (July 19th) I understand why he baffles so many batters. Obviously the batter can't see the ball—or Newhouser for that matter—behind that big foot he sticks up in front of himself before each pitch. He didn't by any chance get that stance from that half-pint photographer I thought I saw giving Hal advice on a proper pitching pose before making the cover down here last spring?
JOE GONZALES, Lakeland, Fla.



It is not unusual for the modest Peskins to give athletic lights instruction in How To. Inepts like Johnny Lujack and Stan Musial think they Know How until the Peskins show up—with their cameras. In this case, Hy Peskin had every qualification to give Newhouser a pitching lesson. At Brooklyn Evening High this one-man gang was manager and member of the baseball, football, track and soccer teams. Climax of his dazzling career was a 7-0 shutout he pitched for the N. Y. Daily Mirror over the Brooklyn Eagle at Ebbets Field.

NOW IS "TUNE-UP" TIME...



PUT EXTRA POWER IN YOUR CAR

"TUNE-UP" YOUR ENGINE in a few minutes



CLEAN OUT GUM AND SLUDGE

FREE STICKING VALVES



RISLONE
THE OIL ALLOY
Add to Regular Oil in Crankcase—Facilitates "Break-In" of New and Reconditioned Engines.

KARBOUT
CONCENTRATED GUM SOLVENT
For a Quick Clean-Out of Gums—Eliminates "Ping"—Restores Lost Power.

With *KARBOUT* and *RISLONE* your service man can quickly "Tune-Up" your engine and restore last compression and power—free sticking valves—improve starting and acceleration—restore "Peak" Performance and assure a quieter, smoother running engine.

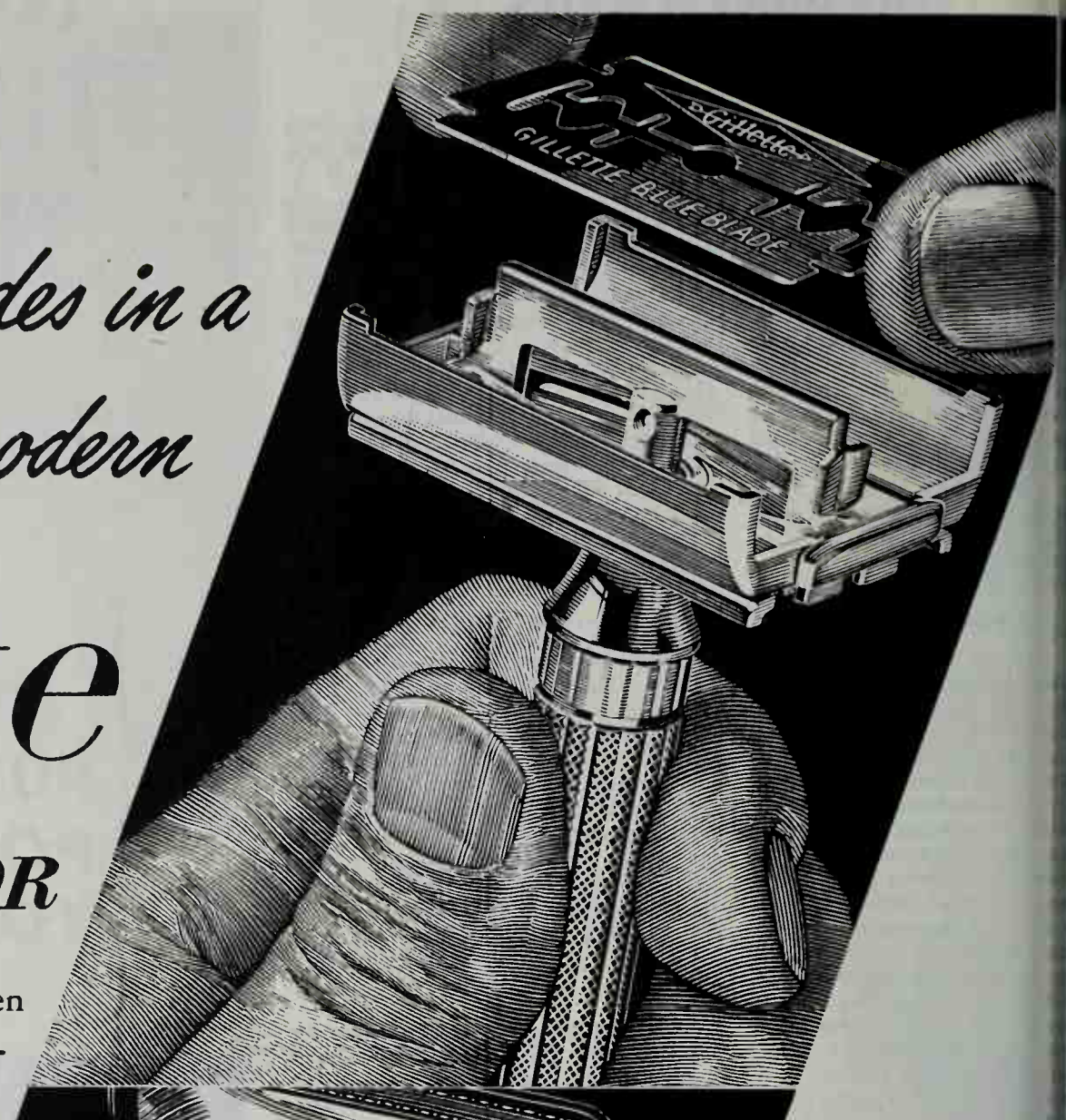
Made by the makers of World-Famous "Hot Potches"—THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wisconsin, U. S. A., and Toronto, Ont., Canada

Restore Lost Compression and Power

You change blades in a flash with the modern

Gillette

ONE-PIECE RAZOR



SHAVING is mighty quick and easy when you use a handy, modern Gillette One-Piece Razor. There's nothing to take apart or put together. You change blades in jig time. Twist . . . the razor opens. Twist again . . . your blade's locked in position. For cleaning both razor and blade just loosen the holder, rinse and shake.

Enjoy utmost shaving comfort and convenience. Get a superb Gillette Aristocrat or Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor. They're the finest shaving instruments money can buy!

Gillette Safety Razor Co.
Boston 6, Mass.



Gillette Aristocrat One-Piece Razor, gold-plated, with Texol-covered case and ten Gillette Blue Blades **$3.79**



Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor, gold-plated, with handsome case and five Gillette Blue Blades **$2.50**





Copyright, 1947, by Gillette S

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH TH EDGES E

NG, she walked up the
of the train. She found
lf a seat alone, carefully
worn, blue coat, placed it
and sat there then, staring
window, smiling.
Alice no longer. On her
into Alicia. There in the
w, palely reflected, Alicia,
ng.
me—" someone said. "Is
en?"
ped, inside. She looked
A lady was there, a stout-
th a little pink chin. And
at once that the lady used
her chin, as well as her
blue on her eyelids, and
r lashes, and blond in her

was anyone sitting here?"
d, louder.
moved her coat to her own
dy sat down and settled

r you going?" the lady

s looking out the window.
," she answered softly.
to see the boy friend?"
ia turned. "Why, yes—
u know?"
patted Alicia on the knee.
es," she said.
iled and looked again out
w.
etch of empty train stood
k across the way. The
ed out bleakly like a row
eyes. And suddenly it
behind each window he
oking out. But she could
see his face very clearly.
of him she felt it again,
mile, spreading through
and within yourself, she
look around. And no
oh, no one knows, what
dream. It was fine to be a
n, with no one prodding
. Fine to live alone in
ng a letter once a week
far away. Fine to work
in the stacks, running a
e dusty volumes, search-
k number someone had
a library slip. There was
, working there in the
time to dream.
to New York often,
dy asked.
looking out of the win-

New York often to see
nd of yours?" the lady

ned. "Just sometimes.
n a Sunday. Sunday is
she added.
id that was very nice.
hile to save the money,"
"When I have enough
for the carfare, then I
to New York," Alicia
him."
inly must be mad in
said. "I had to talk to
re you heard me even."
d.
like a stick of chewing
the lady said.
you," said Alicia, and
o look out of the win-

o wish the train would
ed watching trees and
flip by, with the train
slightly, pleasantly, as
g.
as if her thoughts had
he conductor called,
d the train was under

e the lady said, "Where

SMILING GIRL

BY PEGGY MANN

Alice could dream while on her New York week ends, couldn't she?

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF





He's the fellow who keeps your radio on the beam—your local radio service dealer. His motto is excellent service at a moderate price. Does he live up to it? Well, next time your radio sounds confused, when it begins to deliver two programs at once...give him a call. You'll find that he prefers Sylvania testing equipment and Sylvania radio tubes. They enable him to do the very best job!



SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

Product of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Now you can eat your onions, Sis,
And never lose a single kiss.
Just chew B-Wise, and then "By Gum,"
Your breath is sweet to everyone!

FOR *Kissable Breath...*

5¢ B·WISE (BREATH WISE) GUM 5¢ REFRESHES the BREATH B·WISE·SWEETENS SWEETENS

© G. P. INC. 1947

REFRESHES THE BREATH...
AFTER ONIONS, ALCOHOL, TOBACCO

GUM PRODUCTS, INC. East Boston 28, Mass.

you going, hon, when you get to New York?"

Alicia, startled, said she did not quite know.

"The Music Hall is nice," the lady said. "They got a swell show there. I seen it twice. Maybe he'll take you to the Music Hall," the lady said. She chewed a while busily on her chewing gum. Then she added, "If he don't have much money, you know, you could go to one of them Chinese places to eat. You get dancing and stage show and everything. And plenty of food."

Alicia said that was a very fine idea. But privately she did not plan on the Music Hall at all. Or a Chinese restaurant either.

A small place, rather. Secluded, and French. With checker-clothed tables, and candles. And piano music coming from the back. They would sit and hold hands, in love. And drink wine. A small bottle of red wine, with wicker weaving around the bottom. She would take the empty bottle home.

And when the place began to crowd, he would say, "Let's go, Alicia." Helping her into her coat he might squeeze her shoulder a little. Sometimes he would do that. Then they would walk outside together into the warm autumn evening air. Autumn and evening. And they would sit on a bench in Washington Square Park while night drifted in. They would sit there together, and talk together, and then stop talking. . . .

"Would you care to look at my magazine?" the lady said.

Alicia jumped a little. "Thank you. I prefer to look at the scenery," she said.

Actually she did not look much at the scenery at all. She had made this trip so many times, Boston to New York and back, that the scenery all looked the same. She had stopped seeing it.

But when, suddenly, the train slowed down beside some stretch of water, and stopped, Alicia saw the scenery again. Directly below was a beach, a sad and rocky little strip, but a beach, with gray-yellow sand and a smooth old twisted tree trunk, skeleton-bleached. Very little waves came slipping over the sand. Ashamed little waves, with a faint mustache of foam.

BUT Alicia's imagination began to take hold. The beach became long, and white and empty. And the waves rolled in, green and crashing wild. And then, running down the sand, she came. Her hair flying back with the the wind caught in it. And, of course, he was behind her. Running. And caught her. Caught her, and of course, kissed her. Kissed her.

When the train began to move, Alicia looked back as long as she could, and it seemed that she saw herself standing there, with his arms around her.

"What's your boy friend like," the lady said, "if you don't mind me asking?"

"He's—very nice."

"Tall?" the lady said. "Tall and dark, maybe?"

Alicia looked straight ahead, frowning.

"Or maybe blond?" the lady said.

Alicia said, "Excuse me." She got up, holding her coat like a child in her arms, and walked down the aisle toward the cubicle at the end of the car which said: WOMEN.

Women. Looking into the mirror then, bracing her feet in the shaking car, and combing her hair, she saw herself not as a girl at all. But as a woman.

The face staring back at her out of the mirror, plain. A plain girl. A pity. But, remembering him, she smiled, and there in the mirror, smiling, was suddenly—woman.

Always before when she thought of herself, thought of herself in his arms, or walking along on the street beside him, always before she was—girl.

Carefully she combed her hair. She felt tall inside, being woman.

After a while she unlocked the door and went back up the aisle, walking tall. She saw how the men looked up at her. All the eyes of all the men in the car, it seemed, were staring at her. A strange excitement rose within her.

She walked on past where the lady sat, reading her magazine, chewing her gum, and went instead to the end of the aisle where a seat was empty. She folded her coat very carefully, placed it beside her, and turned to the window, smiling.

The smile stayed with her until the train reached the station, then it sank away.

The lady passed by her and bent over. "Have a good time," the lady said.

"Thank you," said Alicia.

"Your fella be at the train to meet you?" the lady said.

"Yes, he will," said Alicia softly.

"I'd like to get a look at him," the lady said, warming a little. But Alicia sat there, saying nothing. The lady shrugged and went away.

When the car stood empty, Alicia rose, and, walking tall, she went down the aisle, out of the train, up the long and crowded ramp into the station.

She went straight to the information booth.

"When does the next train leave for Boston?" she asked.

"Five minutes, miss, track thirty-two."

So Alicia walked over to track thirty-two, down the steep flight of stairs from the station, and into the train.

Smiling, she went up the aisle, walking tall, seeming not to notice the people around her. She found herself a seat alone, folded her coat very carefully, placed it beside her, and sat there staring out of the window, smiling.

And as the train started to move, she began remembering, sweetly remembering. How he had kissed her there at the station. Right in front of thousands of eyes. Kissed her. And the smile spread through her, shivering, del
train rolled on, out of the
from the city.

The conductor came by
ticket, "Have a good time
miss?" the conductor said.

Alicia, startled, looked u
nodded.

"I knew, the way you w
the conductor said. "In t
friend, I'll bet."

"Yes," said Alicia pleasa

The conductor winked.
her return-trip ticket bac
Then he moved on.

And Alicia sat there all

But soon she got up and
the aisle to the cubicle at t
car. She stood staring up
WOMEN.

Then she went inside, lo
behind her.

She started to comb her h
she combed it, trying hard
chilliness which was creep



"I wish some feeble old millionaire would take me away from
COLLIER'S

for like the rain on a qu
the chilliness carried tear

She looked into the mi
Alicia, softly smiling. Bu
mirror was Alicia no long

Then, from the girl loo
mirror, there came a sof
sob.

"No," said the girl loo
mirror. "No," and she be
cried there for a long ti
rolled on, back to Boston
the cubicle, softly crying

But it seemed that the
on the wind, cleaned as
after a while she wipe
washed her face in cold
and dried it on a rough p

Then Alice unlocked th
tall, she went out among
sat in the train.

THE END



From kindergarten to college you show off your fashion knowledge with Bear Brand socks. They rate you top-of-the-class for ankle appeal!

- You'll strut on "clouds" in these whiff-soft socks of angora, wool, spun rayon. White and heavenly pastels.
- Bright as a lollipop – these candy-stripers of cotton and spun rayon with elastic tops.
- They're young and bright in saucy stripes with elastic tops. Smooth, soft cotton with a talent for wear.
- New blazers for the smart young man. Scuff-Stop* heels make them extra long on wear.
- She toes the fashion mark in these ankle-huggers with turn down cuffs. White, dark and rainbow-bright colors.
- For the teen scene, smartly ribbed cottons to wear straight up or cuffs down. White and colors.

BEAR BRAND HOSIERY CO., CHICAGO

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



He's the fellow who keeps your radio on the beam—your local radio service dealer. His motto is excellent service at a moderate price. Does he live up to it? Well, next time your radio sounds confused, when it begins to deliver two programs at once...give him a call. You'll find that he prefers Sylvania testing equipment and Sylvania radio tubes. They enable him to do the very best job!



SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

Product of Sylvonia Electric Products Inc.

Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Now you can eat your onions, Sis,

And never lose a single kiss.

Just chew B-Wise, and then "By Gum,"

Your breoth is sweet to everyone!

FOR *Kissable Breath...*

5¢



© G. P. INC. 1947

REFRESHES THE BREATH...
AFTER ONIONS, ALCOHOL, TOBACCO

GUM PRODUCTS, INC. East Boston 28, Mass.

you going, hon, when you get to New York?"

Alicia, startled, said she did not quite know.

"The Music Hall is nice," the lady said. "They got a swell show there. I seen it twice. Maybe he'll take you to the Music Hall," the lady said. She chewed a while busily on her chewing gum. Then she added, "If he don't have much money, you know, you could go to one of them Chinese places to eat. You get dancing and stage show and everything. And plenty of food."

Alicia said that was a very fine idea. But privately she did not plan on the Music Hall at all. Or a Chinese restaurant either.

A small place, rather. Secluded, and French. With checker-clothed tables, and candles. And piano music coming from the back. They would sit and hold hands, in love. And drink wine. A small bottle of red wine, with wicker weaving around the bottom. She would take the empty bottle home.

And when the place began to crowd, he would say, "Let's go, Alicia." Helping her into her coat he might squeeze her shoulder a little. Sometimes he would do that. Then they would walk outside together into the warm autumn evening air. Autumn and evening. And they would sit on a bench in Washington Square Park while night drifted in. They would sit there together, and talk together, and then stop talking. . . .

"Would you care to look at my magazine?" the lady said.

Alicia jumped a little. "Thank you. I prefer to look at the scenery," she said.

Actually she did not look much at the scenery at all. She had made this trip so many times, Boston to New York and back, that the scenery all looked the same. She had stopped seeing it.

But when, suddenly, the train slowed down beside some stretch of water, and stopped, Alicia saw the scenery again. Directly below was a beach, a sad and rocky little strip, but a beach, with gray-yellow sand and a smooth old twisted tree trunk, skeleton-bleached. Very little waves came slipping over the sand. Ashamed little waves, with a faint mustache of foam.

BUT Alicia's imagination began to take hold. The beach became long, and white and empty. And the waves rolled in, green and crashing wild. And then, running down the sand, she came. Her hair flying back with the the wind caught in it. And, of course, he was behind her. Running. And caught her. Caught her, and of course, kissed her. Kissed her.

When the train began to move, Alicia looked back as long as she could, and it seemed that she saw herself standing there, with his arms around her.

"What's your boy friend like," the lady said, "if you don't mind me asking?"

"He's—very nice."

"Tall?" the lady said. "Tall and dark, maybe?"

Alicia looked straight ahead, frowning.

"Or maybe blond?" the lady said.

Alicia said, "Excuse me." She got up, holding her coat like a child in her arms, and walked down the aisle toward the cubicle at the end of the car which said: WOMEN.

Women. Looking into the mirror then, bracing her feet in the shaking car, and combing her hair, she saw herself not as a girl at all. But as a woman.

The face staring back at her out of the mirror, plain. A plain girl. A pity. But, remembering him, she smiled, and there in the mirror, smiling, was suddenly—woman.

Always before when she thought of herself, thought of herself in his arms, or walking along on the street beside him, always before she was—girl.

Carefully she combed her hair. She felt tall inside, being woman.

After a while she unlocked the door and went back up the aisle, walking tall. She saw how the men looked up at her. All the eyes of all the men in the car, it seemed, were staring at her. A strange excitement rose within her.

She walked on past where the lady sat, reading her magazine, chewing her gum, and went instead to the end of the aisle where a seat was empty. She folded her coat very carefully, placed it beside her, and turned to the window, smiling.

The smile stayed with her until the train reached the station, then it sank away.

The lady passed by her and bent over. "Have a good time," the lady said.

"Thank you," said Alicia.

"Your fella be at the train to meet you?" the lady said.

"Yes, he will," said Alicia softly.

"I'd like to get a look at him," the lady said, warming a little. But Alicia sat there, saying nothing. The lady shrugged and went away.

When the car stood empty, Alicia rose, and, walking tall, she went down the aisle, out of the train, up the long and crowded ramp into the station.

She went straight to the information booth.

"When does the next train leave for Boston?" she asked.

"Five minutes, miss, track thirty-two."

So Alicia walked over to track thirty-two, down the steep flight of stairs from the station, and into the train.

Smiling, she went up the aisle, walking tall, seeming not to notice the people around her. She found herself a seat alone, folded her coat very carefully, placed it beside her, and sat there staring out of the window, smiling.

And as the train started to move, she began remembering, sweetly remembering. How he had kissed her there at the station. Right in front of thousands of eyes. Kissed her. And the smile spread through her, shivering, del
train rolled on, out of the
from the city.

The conductor came by
ticket, "Have a good time i
miss?" the conductor said.

Alicia, startled, looked u
nodded.

"I knew, the way you w
the conductor said. "In t
friend, I'll bet."

"Yes," said Alicia pleasa

The conductor winked.
her return-trip ticket bac
Then he moved on.

And Alicia sat there all

But soon she got up and
the aisle to the cubicle at t
car. She stood staring up
WOMEN.

Then she went inside, lo
behind her.

She started to comb her h
she combed it, trying hard
chilliness which was creepi



"I wish some feeble old millionaire would take me away from

COLLIER'S

for like the rain on a qu
the chilliness carried tear

She looked into the mi
Alicia, softly smiling. Bu
mirror was Alicia no long

Then, from the girl loc
mirror, there came a sof
sob.

"No," said the girl loo
mirror. "No," and she be
cried there for a long ti
rolled on, back to Boston
the cubicle, softly crying

But it seemed that the
on the wind, cleaned as
after a while she wipe
washed her face in cold
and dried it on a rough p

Then Alice unlocked th
tall, she went out among
sat in the train.

THE END



From kindergarten to college you show off your fashion knowledge with Bear Brand socks. They rate you top-of-the-class for ankle appeal!

- You'll strut on "clouds" in these whiff-soft socks of angora, wool, spun rayon. White and heavenly pastels.
- Bright as a lollipop—these candy-stripers of cotton and spun rayon with elastic tops.
- They're young and bright in saucy stripes with elastic tops. Smooth, soft cotton with a talent for wear.
- New blazers for the smart young man. Scuff-Stop* heels make them extra long on wear.
- She toes the fashion mark in these ankle-huggers with turn down cuffs. White, dark and rainbow-bright colors.
- For the teen scene, smartly ribbed cottons to wear straight up or cuffs down. White and colors.

BEAR BRAND HOSIERY CO., CHICAGO

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FEVER

Continued from page 21

not necessary," the young man answered.

"We'll do our share. And she's my wife."

The young man wheeled the barrow into the tunnel. He'd noticed, on climbing down from the attic that morning, that both bunks had been occupied during the night. . . .

The young man gave up his night-cap cigarette, for fear the gleam shining through the crack would warn her that she could be seen. He liked to watch her brush the lush hair, and when she moved out of view he waited a little breathlessly until she reappeared in her nightgown. He knew that the old man, kneeling at the bunk facing the wall with eyes tightly closed, never had had the pleasure of watching his wife prepare for bed.

The first night the young man had done the human thing in watching. The second night he told himself he wouldn't. Within a few days it was part of his life, and each night he noticed little things about her he hadn't seen before. She was beauty; he had almost forgotten beauty during the long summer and fall when the gold fever ate up all other emotions.

Her eyes, he'd found, were a deep blue-gray.

DRESDERLEIN'S lost mine was one of a thousand legends in the California gold country. Twenty-seven years ago, he and a young fellow from the city named Walser had spent the summer prospecting together. Walser furnished the grubstake, Dresderlein the experience. On their way out of the mountains that fall, they made the strike—an overhanging outcrop of sandstone, granite below, and between the two a stratum of gravel from an ancient creek bed.

The gravel carried gold, and the fever came on them. They ran out of food and shot a bear for meat. It wasn't until snow fell that they realized they weren't prepared to winter it. They cached their gold, concealed the diggings with tree branches and leaf mold, and started out. In those days there were no roads within forty miles.

What they went through became a story known to everyone in the mountains, for Dresderlein told it often: How they got lost in a blizzard. How they ran out of food. How their matches got wet. How Walser wanted to lie down and die. How Dresderlein kept him going. How Walser finally collapsed.

When Dresderlein stumbled into a ranch house he was raving, a walking skeleton. He was put to bed, and the rancher followed his tracks through the snow up the creek and into the hills to Walser's body. The tracks showed how the two men had wandered in circles.

On recovering, Dresderlein became a pest talking about his experience. It was on his conscience that Walser had died. Nobody blamed him. He left the country. It was six years before he returned to look for his mine. Because of Walser's death, he'd turned to religion.

He found himself allergic to poison oak—he hadn't been previously. He took the allergy as a curse. And he didn't find the mine. With the passing of years it joined the thousand other legends of lost gold.

Ray Brighton had teamed up with Dresderlein for a summer of prospecting partly because of the old man's experience, partly because Dresderlein was down and out. Brighton had stumbled onto the old diggings entirely by accident; from that day he knew what the gold fever could be. A man begrudged the time it took to sleep and eat. The thrill of finding the old rawhide pokes had little to do with their value. Gold was an end in itself. For the first time he felt that he understood Dresderlein. The memory of having made a strike would keep a man going forever. . . .

Ray Brighton didn't have much to say to the girl. Watching her prepare for bed night after night had made her, in a curious and remote way, his wife. He shared the intimacies of the preparations with her. Yet she didn't share them with him. He felt he knew her very well, but she didn't know him at all. She was part of his secret dream world.

For her part, she was reserved. She wasn't a person to make small talk easily, and neither was he. One day when she brought the wheelbarrow into the tunnel to be loaded he noticed that her eyes were on the stub of the cigarette he'd just tossed away.

"Cigarette?" he asked.

She shook her head. "He doesn't approve."

She wheeled the barrow out, and he lighted another cigarette. He saw her silhouette appear against the light of the tunnel mouth as she came in again, stooping under low places of the rock ceiling, trailing the barrow. She delivered it and stood aside, and he handed her the cigarette while he shoveled the barrow full. She gave it back to him, moist from her lips, and took the barrow out. This became a habit, and a secret between them. Ray Brighton didn't feel guilty about fooling the old man; the girl was having a tough enough time of it.

He did, however, come to feel guilty about the touch of her fingers as the cigarette changed hands. He had no business touching her, even that much. The touch would mean nothing to her: it was his own fool fault if it meant something to him. He'd have to quit watching her at night. He'd been away from girls too long. He wished he hadn't worn his gloves out. With gloves, their fingers wouldn't touch.

By the middle of December they had exhausted the reading matter in the cabin (except, of course, that Dresderlein had his Bible). There was nothing to do in the evenings. The young man played solitaire; Dresderlein read his Bible; the girl mended socks and sewed buttons on clothes. One night Brighton asked her if she played gin rummy. Her eyes came alight, and then the lashes lowered and she turned to her husband, timidly hopeful.

Dresderlein's eyes had come up from his Bible. He looked at her steadily. Then he said, "You need some amusement."

Soon she was laughing, squealing with delight as she went down for six and caught Brighton with thirty-eight points in his hand. He hadn't realized that he'd never really seen her smile before. He hadn't known how pretty her mouth was when she was happy, or how her eyes could sparkle.

THAT night broke her reserve. She had a quick mind and was fun to talk to, once he was past her stiffness. Now they knew each other. But Brighton didn't have any foolish thoughts. She wasn't for him. She was company. He'd been lonely. There was no companionship in Dresderlein. The old man had two subjects for conversation; he would talk mining, and, if given the slightest opening, would drift into a religious tirade. Effie was a human being. That was all. Brighton would have liked any human being, right then. . . .

They ran out of salt in January.

It wasn't so bad for a few days, and then food didn't seem to satisfy the appetite. The young man split a willow from the creek, bent the halves into snowshoe frames and strung them with strips of deerhide.

"I'll hike up to the highway in the morning and catch a ride in."

"No," Dresderlein said. "I'll go for the salt. My own blamed fault we run out."

He couldn't be argued out of it. There was no reasoning with him when it came to a matter of proper division of labor, of each doing his rightful share; Brighton had concluded the only reason Dresderlein had married Effie was to keep up his end of the work at the mine.

Dresderlein started off next morning. "I've got to admit he can handle snowshoes better than I can," Brighton said. "He'll make the highway in time for the afternoon bus, and he can ride it back in the morning and be here tomorrow afternoon before dark."

He hadn't had to say that; she knew it as well as he did. He and Effie went to the mine. He mucked the gravel, wheeled it out to the apron, and she sluiced it. In midmorning she came into the tunnel and borrowed his cigarette. As she handed it back he caught her eye and they both smiled self-consciously. She had come into the tunnel to smoke, as if Dresderlein were watching outside.

That afternoon as they put the day's gold in the honey can he thought of the pocket he'd struck while the old man had been away. The can was there behind the stove, containing all the gold, the old man's dream of a lifetim... lein had left it without a sec... And he'd left his wife.

They played gin rummy ... He couldn't keep his mind ... Once as he handed her th... hands touched and he lo... eyes. She seemed almost fr... lowered her lashes. He fe... *She doesn't have to fear me*

"How about some taff... gested.

"Brother! Can you mak...

"Sure; if you'll pull it. I... any because he—well, his t...

"Why did you marry hin... out, and he said quickly, "I... your business."

She got up and went to ... nailed on the wall. She w... candy on the stove when s... know about me. I wasn't... I had a baby."

"That's your business, t...

"You were in the Arm... what it's like. He was ... when I met him. We w... married but there wasn... Maybe that sounds silly, t... he just couldn't get time o... county seat for a license. I... for overseas and sent back ... got a pass, and we arran... but we never did. We misse... and he went overseas." Sh... didn't come back. Maybe ... say I am, but my only r... the baby didn't live. I do... I'm telling you this. I hav... body else. Even *him*."

Brighton was laying the ... solitaire. He felt he shou... thing, but didn't know wh...

"You asked why I mar... said. "He was different. ... me. A girl with my reputa... place, well—I came to hat... man thinking you're easy. ... ferent. And he needed ... worried about you doing ... work. He had to have a w... his end."

"But you didn't know ... be."

She bent over the cand... she was blushing. He arc... to the stove. She turned h... sidewise, looking up at ... "Oh. You mean the g... married him I didn't kno... You two have kept your ...

He felt she was tell... "You're okay."

"Thanks, Ray. It does ... I wanted you to know. O... matter."

RAY pulled the taffy. Sl... plate and marked it o... a knife. When she tool... cool, he went out with her ... looking at the white stars, ... while the candy cooled in ... she brought it in, broke i... they ate some of it, laughi... hung to their teeth. T... silent again, and finally ... it's time to hit the hay."

"Yes; it's getting that ...

"You'll be worth a ... money by spring. You ar...

"I suppose so," she sai...

"Haven't you made ar...

She shrugged. "It's ju... a honey can, yet. And h... what gold means to him ... lifetime getting it, he's d... long. I don't think it m... him. It's a goal in itself."

"He's a funny duck," ... absently. "I didn't mea...

"It's all right. I know ... gets up in the middle of ...

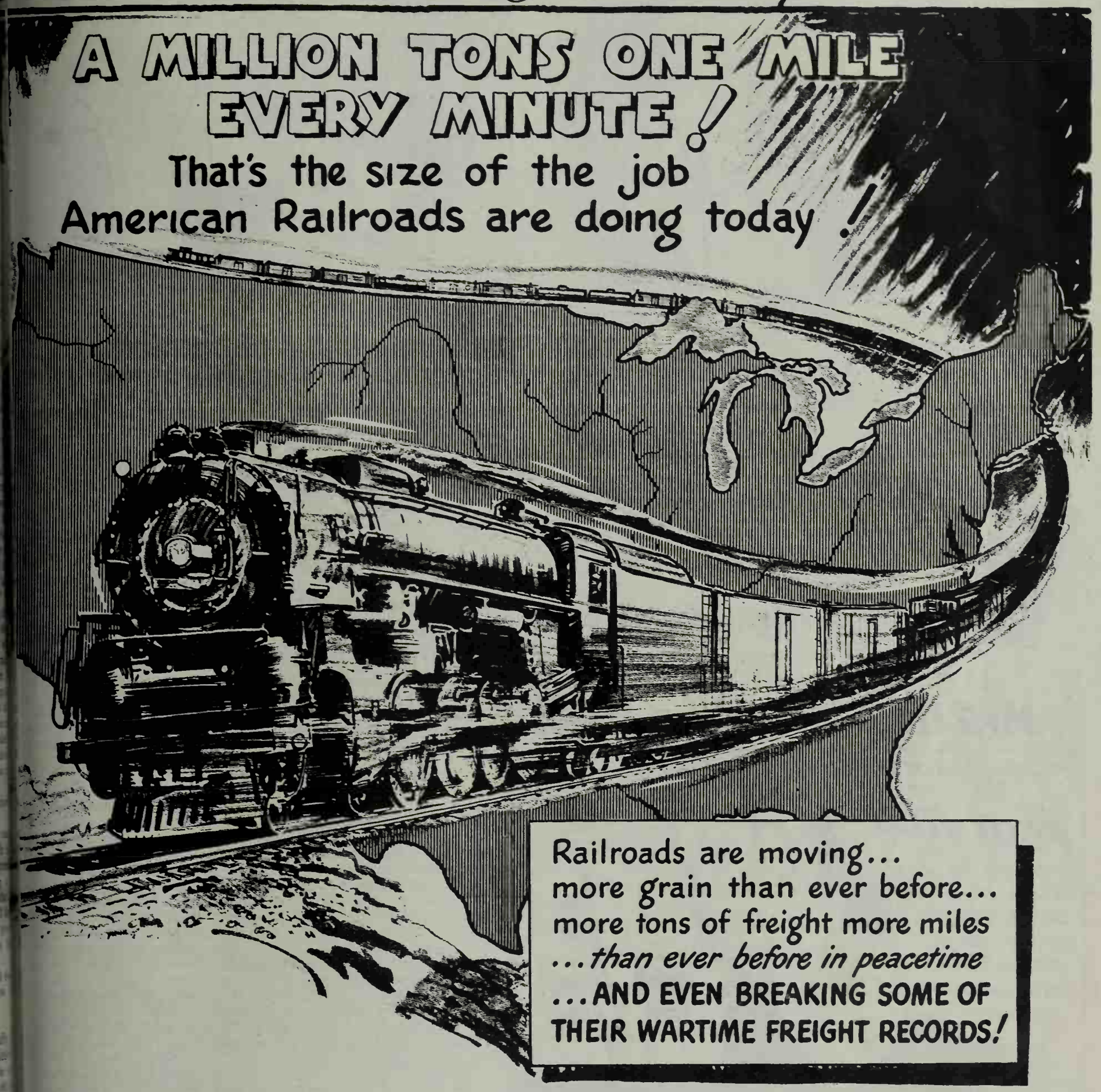
SPORTING ODDS

Back in 1914 the football rules required that a player once taken out of the game must stay out until the end of the subsequent period. Lehigh was playing Haverford and having a rather hard time of it. Chenoweth, the Lehigh quarterback, had been taken out in the second quarter but was back in the line-up at the start of the second half. In the first five minutes of the half, Lehigh scored; the ball was kicked off again and play proceeded merrily, until suddenly on the side lines the gyrating, yowling, maniacal figure of Jack Keough, the Haverford coach, was seen. The game was stopped and Keough was asked what the hell. He pointed out that Chenoweth had been substituted illegally. Lehigh pondered, thought hard and conceded that he was right. But now what to do? A penalty wouldn't hurt Lehigh since they already had the touchdown. So they decided to start the second half all over again. They did so. Lehigh won.

—Kyle Crichton

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

elieve It or Not! by Ripley



s are moving an almost unbelievable
ght across the nation. In the first four
h year they topped even their wartime
ords! And more tons of freight are
miles than *ever before* in peacetime!
e carrying this greater tonnage with
though thousands of new cars have
vice, and 100,000 are still on order,
oming fast enough to replace those
artime.

This record-breaking volume of freight is being hauled at charges which average just a little more than one cent for carrying a ton of freight one mile. This is less than 15% above 1939 levels.

But railroad wages are more than 50% higher than in 1939. Fuel and material costs are 60% higher than before the war.

As a result, in this year of biggest peacetime business, railroads are earning an average return on their net investment of only about 3%.

That's just about half the earnings the railroads *need* if they are to keep on making the improvements in cars and engines, tracks and terminals, signals and shops, which will keep freight moving at a rate to meet the nation's needs...to bring better service to *you!*

★

Send for a free copy of the new booklet, "You and Your Railroads." Association of American Railroads, Room 951, Transportation Building, Washington 6, D. C.

AMERICAN RAILROADS

THE NATION'S BASIC TRANSPORTATION

PLATTER PATTER by Anne Cleveland



"We'd better go to your house . . . they want to be alone with that new Alfred Newman Album!"



FOR YOUR CLASSIC AND SEMI-CLASSIC LIBRARY: "*Alfred Newman Conducts*"—operatic and light concert music with full Hollywood Symphony (Album M-201). "Melodic Rarities of Chopin"—seldom-heard selections brilliantly played by *Earl Wild* (Album MZ-2).

Majestic RECORDS

MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION, ELGIN, ILLINOIS

AMAZING THING! By Cooper

SENSATIONAL NEW TING FOR FOOT ITCH

—REGULAR USE HELPS RELIEVE ITCHING—SOOTHES BURNING BETWEEN CRACKED, PEELING TOES—AIDS HEALING AMAZINGLY!

TING SURE IS A HIT!



DURING WAR USED IN HOSPITALS NOW RELEASED TO DRUGGISTS, GUARANTEED, TING MUST SATISFY YOU IN A WEEK—OR MONEY BACK!

IN LAB TESTS TING PROVED EFFECTIVE IN KILLING SPECIFIC TYPES OF ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON 60 SECOND CONTACT!

EVEN IF OTHER PRODUCTS HAVE FAILED, TRY AMAZING TING TODAY! GREASELESS, STAINLESS! ALL DRUGGISTS ONLY 50¢



...ALSO AVAILABLE IN THE NEW 89¢ ECONOMY SIZE.



"Mrs. Crandall, down the street, wants you to play the Blue Danu

COLLIER'S

flashlight and opens the honey can and just sits looking at the gold. The look on his face. The first time, it sort of gave me the creeps."

"I didn't know that; I guess I'm a heavy sleeper. Say," he asked, "do I snore?"

"Sometimes, a little. And you talk in your sleep."

"Do I? What do I say?"

Her eyes lowered. "Oh—just foolish stuff."

He knew, then. "I talk about you."

"I didn't say that."

"You don't have to. I dream about you." He drew a deep breath. "Well, good night."

"Good night."

He sprang up and caught the rim of the ceiling edge. But instead of swinging his legs up and over onto the shelf, he hung there by his hands a long moment, then released one hand and swung slowly around toward her. "Then *he's* heard me talking about you, at night. He must have, if he gets up."

"I suppose so," she agreed. "But what a man says in his sleep doesn't mean anything."

He dropped to the floor, staring at her with such intensity that she moved back a half step. He said with slow certainty, *"He killed Walser!"*

"What do you mean?"

"It adds up. The whole thing makes sense, finally. Why did he bring you here, except for me to fall in love with you? He hasn't touched you. You were bait for the trap. He knew it had to happen, with us marooned here for the winter. He's watched us falling in love. He's heard me talking about you in my sleep. And tonight he left us here together."

"Ray, I—think we'd better not talk any more tonight."

"He left you here with me!"

"He can trust me. He left the gold here, too."

He put his hands on her shoulders. "You know how I feel about you. And you feel that way about me."

"Please, Ray," she pleaded. "That's unfair."

"You do!"

"If I do, there's nothing to do about it. Maybe that's why I told you about myself. I didn't want you to have the wrong idea. I'm his wife."

"You've got a piece of paper which says so. You were married to the soldier without the paper. You've never been his wife."

"He trusts me, Ray."

He laughed harshly. "Like hell he does! That's why he married you, because of what people say about you! He wanted a girl who was easy, stranded for the winter in a cabin with a young man. I tell you it's all part of it!"

"Ray, I don't like to hea like this. There's no sense t

"There's sense to it if h gold! I know what gold And he's been after it all *He's going to kill me, and y*

"Ray, you've no reason–

"We'll soon find out." arms about her and kissed mained motionless, unresi was more of a rebuke t struggled; and then with a she yielded to him and th gether; and then gently she away. He reached for the table, put his hand over The flame gulped and went darkness the windows sl against the snow outside.

"Ray, it has to be good r

"Be quiet," he said sharp fool I've been! What a blin do what I tell you. Go ov of the room and sit down I'll show you how much h and just why!"

HER silhouette passed t she went to the stove. onto the ceiling shelf. As hi accustomed to the gloom, room grew into shape. sound, no sound at all, unti door burst open and with Dresderlein charged in.

He was holding a flash hand, a revolver in the oth of light fastened accusingly bunk built against the left- strode toward the bunk, b fury, and was almost to stopped, realizing it was em moved to the other bunk, forth from one to the othe

"Back so soon?" Brighto

The light came upward i man's eyes. "You dirty rat! yelled. "You've got her u

As the revolver came u out. The old man hesitat swung around the room upon her sitting beside th

Brighton swung down fr kicked the door shut. He table and lighted the lamp. stood spread-legged, his fi bewilderment in his eyes, dangling loosely from one volver from the other.

"Did you get the salt?" H

The old man's eyes ca dered. "But—I—"

"But you saw me kissing

The old man stiffened. you! You've broken up r revolver came up.

"That was just to b Brighton said. "I didn't w ing pneumonia out there

re there. You had to be. e crouching in the brush at e hollow, watching through low. You didn't go to town ver intended to. You were l me—just as you killed

groped for a chair and sat " he muttered. "Walser ept on. I was almost gone. ry him—"

at side of the story. Let's her. Curious, isn't it, that u wandered in circles *until* And then your tracks went stream and followed it as from the city. He was you. He followed you in were stronger. You wore *hen* you followed a stream an with experience knows low a stream if he's lost. at, while you led him in fell.

ldn't let yourself think tried to justify it to your- a lot of praying. If it r conscience, why did it ars to start looking for the

y," the girl said. The old led on the chair, mumbling

ime he looked himself in ton said savagely. "He's ing lying to himself for years. He tried to hide It all came to me tonight. ld fever is. It's made me that I wouldn't like to the fever's burned every- of him."

," the old man muttered. hose years. I'd found it. nly—"

me suddenly," Brighton . "When you told me he to gloat over his gold. He g about you in my sleep. fall in love, and that's the brought you here. That he married a girl with a. It explained why he d you; his conscience m. It explained why he the salt. He knew we'd e'd insist on going for it together. No jury would fore than that, it justified wn mind. And he got the

e old man brought the his temple. Moving his arc, Brighton knocked it t blasted loudly in the single room. The young man put the weapon in his waistband.

"That's no way out," he said. "But there is a way. There's one way to clear yourself and get peace. Confession. Admit the whole thing, if only to yourself. Get it off your chest. That's something good for the soul. It isn't so much telling others as it is facing yourself. You wouldn't let yourself admit you were consciously planning my murder. You arranged the circumstances and refused to think about the inevitable result. You knew I loved your wife, yet you insisted on leaving us together overnight. Yet how did you justify not going to town? You refused to face things. The fever was on you. . . . Effie, get him that notebook and pencil. I think he'll feel better when he gets it all down."

While the old man sat at the table, writing, Effie said to Brighton, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm pulling out, with my share."

"Could you make another pair of snowshoes? I'm going, too."

"Will you want—this?" asked Dresderlein brokenly, indicating the paper.

Brighton looked at the girl, at the pain in her eyes. "I think not," he said. "You keep it."

WHEN they left, late that night, the old man was on his knees praying happily, out from under the burden of his secret at last.

Ray Brighton and the girl pushed awkwardly through the snow on the homemade snowshoes, following the brushed strip indicating the road. An hour later they were on the ridge above the hollow. The lamplight showed yellow in the windows of the cabin below.

"I think he can live with himself a little easier, now," Brighton said.

"I was glad you didn't take his confession, but—why?"

"He's paid quite a price all these years. As long as he's admitted to himself that he as much as murdered Walser, the thing is washed clean so far as I'm concerned. Let him get whatever it is he wants out of the gold—it's already cost so much." They trudged on through the soft, dry snow.

"Are you going to divorce him?"

"Of course." Then her eyes came up. "Do you want me to?"

"You know I do. It will take a year, but I can wait. I'll do that much penance for some of the thoughts *I* had. The gold fever is a terrible thing."

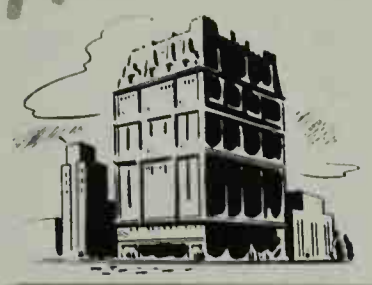
They pushed on together toward the highway.

THE END



"The Ice Follies are all right, but for year-round insulation, give me Agdorp's Circus" JACK MARKOW

How to make

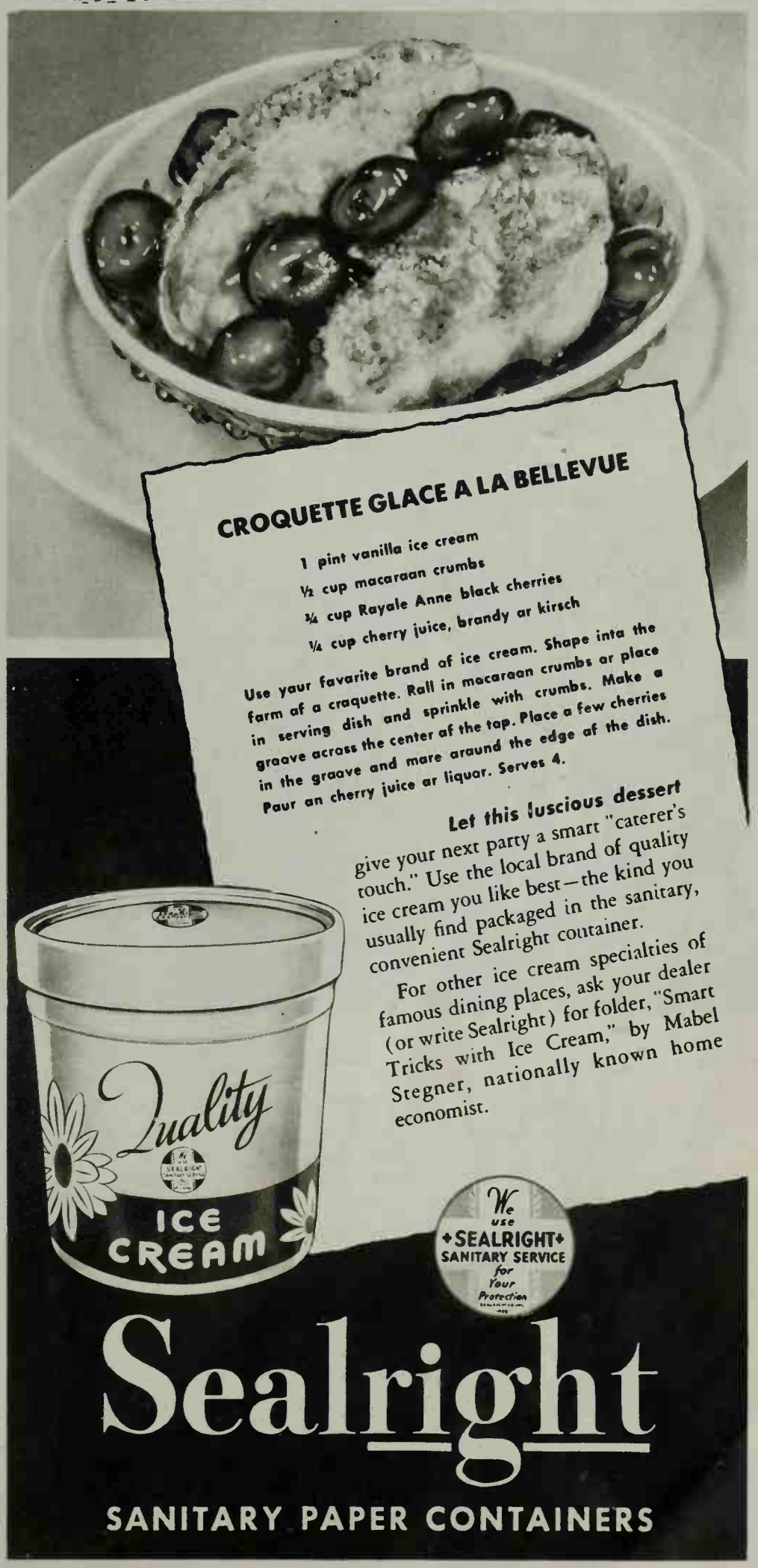


CROQUETTE GLACE A LA BELLEVUE

as served at

The Bellevue-Stratford

PHILADELPHIA



CROQUETTE GLACE A LA BELLEVUE

1 pint vanilla ice cream
½ cup macaraan crumbs
¾ cup Rayale Anne black cherries
¼ cup cherry juice, brandy ar kirsch

Use yaur favarite brand af ice cream. Shape inta the farm af a craquette. Rall in macaraan crumbs ar place in serving dish and sprinkle with crumbs. Make a graave acrass the center af the tap. Place a few cherries in the graave and mare araund the edge af the dish. Paur an cherry juice ar liquar. Serves 4.

Let this luscious dessert give your next party a smart "caterer's touch." Use the local brand of quality ice cream you like best—the kind you usually find packaged in the sanitary, convenient Sealright container.

For other ice cream specialties of famous dining places, ask your dealer (or write Sealright) for folder, "Smart Tricks with Ice Cream," by Mabel Stegner, nationally known home economist.

We use +SEALRIGHT+ SANITARY SERVICE for Your Protection

Sealright

SANITARY PAPER CONTAINERS

Sealright Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y. • Kansas City, Kansas • Sealright Pacific Ltd., Los Angeles, Cal.
Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario, Canada
SPECIALISTS IN SANITARY PACKAGES FOR FOOD PRODUCTS

Preferred... *for mellow moments*

When the chef turns about and proudly proclaims to hungry onlookers that it's time to begin picnicking in earnest . . . then you're on the brink of a mellow moment.

And what better way is there to get the last full measure of contentment out of such a rare moment than to enjoy the smooth and mellow flavor of HAMM'S BEER?

For HAMM'S is made for mellow moments—made smooth and mellow the way you, and millions more, like beer. HAMM'S has been this way for 82 years—the favorite of those who want nothing but the finest.

Ask for HAMM'S Preferred Stock BEER. See for yourself how truly smooth and mellow it is.



Theo. Hamm Brewing Co., St. Paul 1,

DEMON FROM THE DOLDRUMS

Continued from page 28

r, to moan, and then, as the gale itself around a definite vortex, monster roars with insane glee. as hatched. The whirling devil

westward by the trade winds cd to fury by the earth's rota- monster lurches through the ics, weaving and bobbing like runk boxer. He smacks an is- his wanton fist, scattering palm es and people like dry leaves. that area of low-pressure calm maelstrom—sucks up a great green water and sends it thun- ead, and heaven protect what- ens to be in the way.

ast 60 years, during which ac- ords of hurricanes have been e Weather Bureau, some 380 whirling demons have been n the doldrums and in the sec- tchery off the coast of Yuca- nately only about half of the ave reached the United States uctive force.

Hurricanes Strike Hardest

ricanes—those which occur in come from the Caribbean or Mexico. The most dangerous wever, are those which form in c doldrums in August or Sep- hese storms swerve northeast- y drift out of the clutch of the s and meet the prevailing west- eir average pathway cuts e Florida Keys and hits land Pensacola—one of the most mmered cities in the nation. blows wander vaguely about n, on rare occasions, make a oop. Cold, high-pressure air d them off. Warm, low-pres- ttract them.

the vicious speed of its cir- , the hurricane travels very whole. The average forward nly 12 miles an hour, whereas f the revolving funnel may 200:

knows how many thousands have been killed due to ig- the physical make-up of a After the first half of the eeze passes over and the eye ging a stifling, windless calm, come out of their houses, e hurricane has departed— struck by the second half of g funnel, from the other di-

is the danger from high wind debris, the hurricane's most pon is the "storm wave"— g mountain of water which under the center of the blow pressure at the eye. This referred to erroneously as a " (tidal waves are caused by arthquakes, not wind), races arning.

eat Hurricane of 1780 which est Indies from end to end, ve swept over the island of rowning 50,000 people. In of hurricane water boiled coast of Texas at Galveston receded 6,000 people were

ly, the big wind always loses e force soon after striking sea-born monster and gen- ower by feeding on moist sphere which it turns into the whirling wind. Once por and broken up by land the hurricane begins to ie.

l fearsome things sometimes wever, before the monster During the last century a tropical cyclone pushed all of the water out of the northern reaches of Florida's Indian River, held the bottom bare for hours while inhabitants scrabbled busily in the mud gathering stranded fish, lost anchors and gear from sunken hulks.

Maxwell Hall, a veteran U.S. weatherman, writes of a hurricane he observed in the Lesser Antilles which drenched the countryside with hot water—a phenomenon which Hall attributed to the terrific temperatures built up at the vortex of the gale.

Buys Ballot, a Dutchman, formulated the rule by which all hurricanes operate. It is called the Law of Storms and is based on the fact that any person standing with his back to the wind in the Northern Hemisphere will find the pressure slightly lower on his left. For this reason all hurricanes north of the equator spin in a counterclockwise direction. You can observe this phenomenon yourself by watching water swirl down the drain or smoke rise from a campfire (they twist counterclockwise).

Another old-time hurricane specialist describes the law in a slightly different way: "Any body moving on the earth's surface is deflected toward the right." The basic force which makes both of these "laws" operate is none other than the rotation of the earth. Since rotational forces in the two hemispheres cancel out at the equator, no hurricane has ever been known to cross over "the line."

The hurricane is a ubiquitous creature, with hatcheries in various parts of the globe—but always within the hot calm zones close to the equator. Carib Indians call the monster *Hurakan*, God of the Great Wind. Filipinos call it *baguio*, Australians *willy-nilly*, Chinese *tai-fung*—the word from which our modern "typhoon" has been derived.

Wherever you find this revolving monster or whatever you choose to call him, he operates in the same way. He is borne over water in the shape of a giant invisible doughnut. The low-pressure center, or eye, is a calm windless hole which varies from 3 to 50 miles across. The rim of the doughnut may be 50 or 400 miles thick, with wind velocities between 75 and 200 miles an hour. The wheeling winds rise 30,000 feet above the earth's surface.

Sitting snugly at home in Chicago or Buffalo—far out of the path of the big breeze—you can't get very excited about a hurricane. But if you were living on a lonely Caribbean island you would know what a Miami woman meant when she said: "Waiting for a hurricane is like sitting in an electric chair for hours, wondering when the current will be turned on."

If your island retreat didn't happen to have a radio, it would pay you to study up on hurricane lore—or you might wake up one morning and find the monster breathing down your neck.

First come the storm swells, powerful oily undulations which roll out swiftly, many miles ahead of the wind. They cross the horizon in long unbroken ridges and strike the beach with ponderous slow-spaced crashes, often in the midst of a calm. Storm swells come every 20 seconds, thus differing from ordinary ocean waves, which break only 5 seconds apart.

After the arrival of the swells the tide begins to overflow its normal limits. Strange flotsam clots the beaches.

The actual coming of the storm is heralded by torn-up scraps of cirrus clouds, which come winging over the horizon at great altitude. A luminous gray haze builds up underneath, grows dark and coppery as it approaches, and the sun turns smoky and red.

This is the hurricane! You are lucky indeed if you can observe it from a snug cellar on a high ridge, safe from the screeching wind and the boiling water.

Fortunately for people who live on the United States coast line, the U.S. Weather Bureau has organized the most perfect hurricane warning defense in the world. Their matter-of-fact promise that "no tropical disturbance of serious proportions will ever reach our coasts without being reported well in advance" has always been fulfilled.

During the hurricane season—June to November—meteorologists send up radio-equipped balloons from strategic islands which bracket the path of any possible storm. These balloons carry delicate instruments which transmit temperatures, pressures and humidities aloft by dot-dash code. When indications of trouble are detected, the word is instantly flashed to a network of weather stations from Brownsville, Texas, to Washington, D.C., by teletype.

If the disturbance is not severe, or if it wanders out to sea, the Bureau wisely confines its public statements to routine "advisories." But if the low-pressure area creeps across the weather map toward the U.S. coast, the trackers instantly spread the alarm. Newspapers and radio stations are given precise information on the intensity, rate of forward motion, and extent of the storm. Citizens who live in its path are urged to take all possible precautions. Storm warnings are hoisted by the Coast Guard. Red Cross units are alerted. Weather planes are dispatched into the storm area—or even into the eye of the monster—to collect data of value to coastal defenders.

Phone Rings and Rings and Rings

And then, just as the harassed weatherman is practically cross-eyed from staring at his isobars and barographs, the telephone begins to ring.

"This is Miss Ida McTwitty," bleats an anxious voice. "I live in Sandcrab Junction and I was wondering if I would have time to take my dog out for an—er—airing, before the storm arrives."

A moment later another befuddled character calls up to inquire if there is any way of tying on the roof of his house so the wind won't blow it away.

From now on, the phone jangles like a fire alarm.

Finally, mercifully, the wind blows the telephone lines down.

Meanwhile, in cities, villages and farmhouses for hundreds of miles around, the populace goes on a wholesale wing-ding. Bars and liquor stores do a sellout business. Flashlights, lamp oil, candles and groceries disappear like magic from shelves and counters. Enterprising salesmen scurry around shantytown peddling "hurricane pills," which, for a dollar a bottle, are guaranteed to produce immunity to any sort of atmospheric disturbance.

Some people fear hurricanes as they would the devil—particularly newcomers who've been filled full of horrendous yarns—but the great bulk of Florida folks really get a kick out of the big breeze. They wouldn't admit it, of course.

But when the radio begins to crackle its warnings, and the red flags with the black centers go up, you don't find Floridians weeping and gnashing their teeth. You find them peeking expectantly through their storm shutters. They've grown used to the old demon from the doldrums. He scares them and sometimes ruins them, but they can't deny he's a great showman. Nobody has ever yet complained that the old hellion put on a dull performance.

THE END



It's time for a dog-to-man talk.

THERE's nothing wrong with a dog's life as long as he stays well, but lately I've been feeling lower than a dachshund's knee. My difficulty is worms, and I need your help.

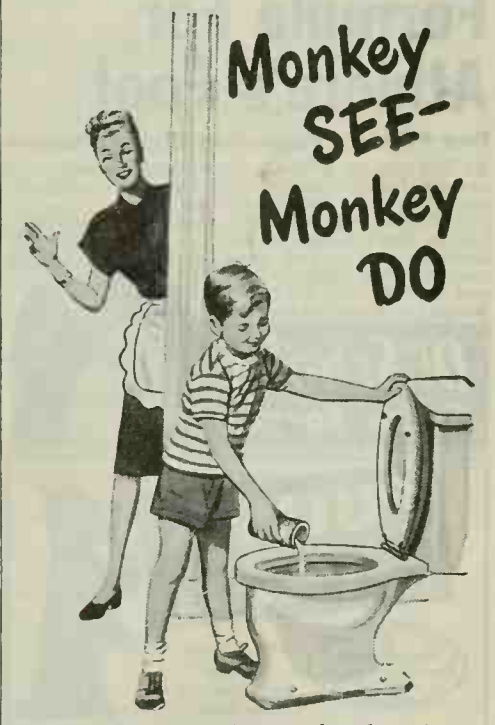
My pals tell me that the fast, reliable way to clean out those critters is to use Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. They're thorough, safe—and sudden death for worms.

Puppy Capsules are specially made for worming pups and small dogs weighing less than 10 pounds. They are another of the 19 dependable dog care products made available by Sergeant's continuing clinical research.



• Do you have a copy of the new Sergeant's Dog Book? It's full of good ideas on dog training and care – and it's FREE. Get it at any drug or pet store, or write to Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG CARE PRODUCTS



Sonny seems to know already what Mother's known for years. He's getting the toilet bowl clean the quick, easy, sanitary way—with Sani-Flush. A clean toilet bowl simply can't have an odor. Sani-Flush removes stains and film that harbor germs and cause odors. It disinfects—works chemically. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush.

Good in hard or soft water. Won't hurt septic tank action. Sold everywhere. Two economical sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

EVERY HOME NEEDS IT



New Advertising Machine

Prints & Illustrates 1c Post Cards

FREE! Learn how thousands of merchants and business men are boosting sales in spite of product shortages *with 1c messages*—printed in a few minutes on gov't postcards—with amazing new, patented CARDMASTER. Your "todays" ideas for specials, read by prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy, advertising machine, built to last many years. Low price, sold direct. Guaranteed, five years.

SEND NAME We'll send free illustrated book of money-making ideas for your business and complete, unique advertising plans. Rush your name today.

CARDMASTER COMPANY
4546 Ravenswood, Dept. 38-C, Chicago 40, Ill.

"UNBLOCK" your DIGESTIVE TRACT

And Get Genuine Relief That Makes You Feel Really Good Again

Don't expect to get relief from headache, sour stomach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalizers if the cause of your trouble is constipation.

In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when the lower part gets blocked food may fail to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is something to "unblock" your lower intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively—help Nature get back on her feet.

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as directed. They gently and effectively "unblock" your digestive tract. This permits all 5 of Nature's own digestive juices to mix better with your food.

You get genuine relief from indigestion so you can feel *really* good again.

Get Carter's Pills at any drugstore today. "Unblock" your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.

New Sulfa Drug Formula For Athlete's Foot

New Powder Preparation Highly Effective

At first sign of Athlete's Foot—itching, cracked or raw skin between toes or on the feet—use Dr. Scholl's Sulfa Solvex. It contains the miracle drug, Sulfathiazole. Quickly relieves intense itching, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing of red, raw, cracked skin between toes and on feet. Only 50¢ everywhere. Use exactly as directed.



Dr. Scholl's SULFA SOLVEX



SUFFER MISERY of SIMPLE PILES?

Read This Good News

Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

**Pile Ointment and Suppositories.*

THEY'RE STILL EXPENDABLE

Continued from page 19

of veteran job holders are dissatisfied and don't know what they want to do."

The result has been a long siege of "job hopping" which further weakened the veteran's security in his job. One automobile plant reported recently that out of 14,000 veterans it processed over a two-year period, only 2,300 remained on the pay roll, and 85 per cent of these had been company employees before the war. Last year, industry as a whole counted 1,500,000 veteran "quits"—a turnover rate 2 to 30 per cent higher than among other workers.

Now that new employment is getting harder to find, job hopping is on the wane. But its effects will begin to show as the labor market contracts still further and foot-loose employees find themselves automatically the first to be laid off. When this happens, many a veteran will have few special benefits to fall back on.

Already 7,500,000 have drawn on the unemployment allowances they're entitled to at the rate of $20 a week for 52 weeks. Over 300,000 veterans have exhausted them altogether, and expirations are now running as high as 40,000 to 50,000 a month.

The million-odd unemployed veterans are about 7 or 8 per cent of the total veteran labor force—not bad at first glance. But it's 2½ times the unemployment ratio for other workers, and the difference is costing taxpayers over half a billion dollars a year in extra unemployment benefits.

The nearly 2,000,000 veterans now enrolled in school are working hard, but they haven't begun to earn a living. Since the war, prospects for college graduates have been excellent, and this has encouraged many a veteran to postpone present employment in hope of better jobs later.

Many large corporations who prefer to hire college-trained beginners for executive and managerial jobs have been filling openings that accumulated during the war. These first two years, they've scooped up just about everything that flowed from our fountains of knowledge. But their cups are filling and near to running over—just as graduating classes are beginning to swell with ex-G.I.s.

Employers Demand Experience

As early as last March, the Veterans Administration reported employers were requiring more experience and were "particularly reluctant to hire recent school graduates." Only top honor men or specialists had their pick of jobs last June. Placement bureaus in most colleges and universities reported the rest had to take what they could get, and average or below-average students were beginning to find the pickings pretty slim.

Most of the G.I. students still enrolled in schools will hit a labor market already saturated with college graduates—many with a year or more head start in job experience. Even if good times continue, they'll be lucky if more than half are absorbed within a year after graduation.

Another great pool of potential unemployment is the 750,000 veterans taking on-the-job training in farming and industry. Officially, they're counted among the gainfully employed. Actually, they're still candidates for regular jobs. For not less than three months and not more than two years, the government adds up to $65 a month to the pay of single trainees, $90 to trainees with dependents. The most a trainee, single or married, can collect from both the government and his employer is $175 or $200 respectively.

The idea, of course, is to ease young and inexperienced veterans into a regular job. But the employer is under no legal obligation to keep him on at higher wages, once the government checks stop coming in. The assignment of trainees to employers is in the hands of state, not federal agencies, and their zeal in protecting the trainees' best interests has been uneven at best.

Often they have been used as "cheap labor." Veterans assigned to learn the cleaning and dyeing business have been found still pressing pants after months in "training." On farms, trainees out to learn farm management are often used as mere hired hands.

The Veterans Administration keeps no record of how many trainees finally wind up on the regular pay roll, but research experts doubt that more than half of them do. For the rest, job training has merely postponed unemployment.

The real unemployment, then, hidden and apparent, is not a million-odd but closer to 3,000,000. How to provide jobs for these men, how to keep the employed veterans working, that is our readjustment problem. It is, by all odds, the greatest postwar challenge to "free enterprise."

So far, we've been lucky. With business booming and jobs plentiful, there didn't seem much to worry about. There wasn't either—up till a few months ago, when people began talking "recession" so hard it became an obsession. About the same time, veterans' centers all over the country began reporting a growing sense of disillusionment and frustration among veterans, a reopening of old wounds between ex-soldier and civilian.

"We go away and the country is a hell of a lot better off without us," gripes one G.I. whose filling station had just gone on the rocks. "When we get back they say nothing is too good for the boys. What they mean is 'Try and get it, sucker.'"

Over at the Veterans Administration, General Bradley, who does not panic easily, admits the very idea of a recession, "mild" or otherwise, scares him to death. In a recession he sees the very palpable danger of throwing down the drain the tears, sweat, and billi spent on readjustment, of turnin erans into "economic DPs," and the country into political fact could make a shambles of ou racy. "We cannot," he has r warned, "let the veteran fall economic disaster without risk ble results."

These words reflect the sinki tion experienced throughout the Administration at the very m the word "recession." After the precarious position of the business, industry and agricul of General Bradley's top econ visers reported: "It would see especially before the widely a recession sets in, for V.A. to aid of other interested agenc than bear alone the public on having solved the veterans' em problems."

May Ignore Ideologieal L

Right now, it is performance tics, that interests the veterar danger is that he may not care whether the label reads "demo not—so long as it works. Mos grew up during the first d About the time they were s strike out on their own, the po "Greetings from the Presid wonder they griped.

"Many objected to the Ar first place because they never l they were in it," says Genera who ought to know. "'Defen mocracy' was simply a politica we had so seldom made it fo economic expression of life."

Those same men came out with very little savings, and they spent every cent of it on n and furnishings and the acc of civilian life. Since they've b ing, high prices have more tha with their earnings. They we to the hilt to buy homes, businesses, often at twice their It's not going to make any sen to be asked to go on meetin ments on these inflated homes, businesses out of reduced inc income at all.

Federal spending is not th Already the V.A. is costing 000,000 a year—about the s national budget in 1939 and every tax dollar we pay. Even cession would hike this tax bill billions.

"We cannot appropriate pr veterans," says General Bradl welfare and their readjustmen directly to the economic well whole country." Nor would a of government benefits bribe t iceman to take the brunt of ment. The maximum we co taxes to dole out among six t lion veterans could never give than bare subsistence. It coul for them the kind of living th earn for themselves—and can given more time without a g nomic setback.

Economically, many vet found "you can't go home least not in two short years. integration into the nationa can be measured by facts a these breadwinners for a thir tion are still on the outside Give them time and the chance to try and to fail and and they'll do all right. So only gotten one foot throug There's going to be hell to door is suddenly slammed sh

THE END

COLLIER'S

will report on two years of Veterans Administration under General Omar Bradley. How has the great field commander come through the toughest battle of his life? Who is sniping at his leadership? Can politics defeat his aims? Read:

CAN GENERAL BRADLEY WIN THIS ONE?

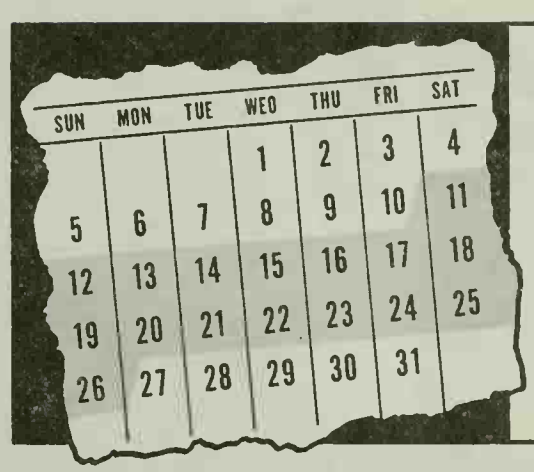
BY DICKSON HARTWELL

NEXT WEEK

I HAD ONLY 2 WEEKS FOR MY TRIP BUT I SPENT 15 WONDERFUL DAYS IN EUROPE!"



Read this typical experience of an American Flagship passenger.



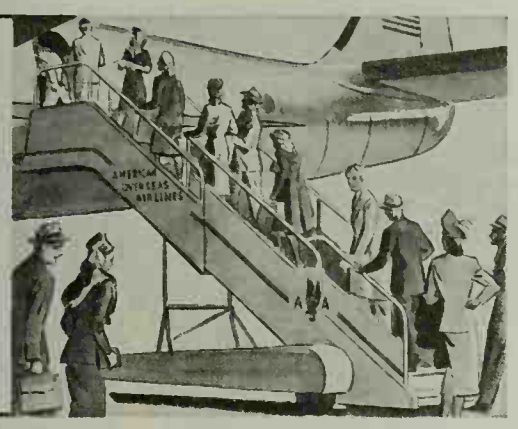
Here's how it works!

He boarded Flagship at N. Y. Friday afternoon, arrived London Saturday morning. Returned Sunday, two weeks later, arrived in time for work Monday morning. Had 15 full days in Europe.

". . . and imagine! I saved more than $100.00"

NO TIPS! NO EXTRAS! FREE MEALS! FREE COCKTAILS!

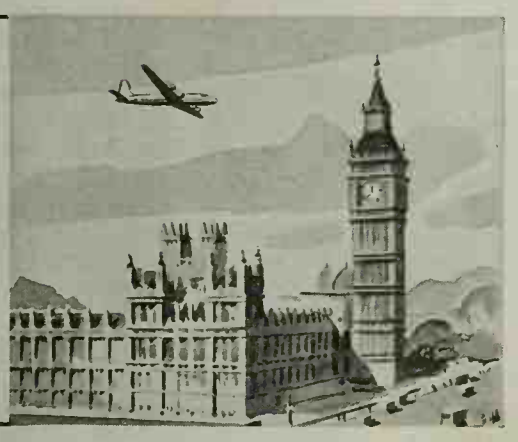
when you go the American Flagship way



YORK FRIDAY! morable expe- ime passes ou'll enjoy the of before-din- ils . . . your dinner—all a erican's per- and compli- rvice.



DON MORNING! You e change of below . . . you asant nap . . . to see Europe beneath you. ed and ready he most of te abroad!



S . . . Lots of and *do* Eu- nybody with s vacation— w days—can sure-full trip es are aston- . Choice of convenient —every day .

• Yes, thousands are discovering that Europe is merely a few short, pleasant hours from the U.S.A.—via American — the airline with experience of more than 14,000 transatlantic flights. It's so much faster! You save at least a whole week on your round-trip travel time.

You'll enjoy every minute of your American Flagship journey. For you travel at the *comfort level*—"above the weather." It's the *smoothest,* fastest way to cross the ocean—in wintertime—or anytime!

This new, fast way to Europe now makes it possible for you to spend your two-weeks vacation abroad. It's ideal for quick business trips! See your travel agent or American Airlines for full information and help in planning your Flagship trip to Europe—now!

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Valuable international air travel guide. Tells you how easy it is to make a European trip by air. Answers all questions about reservations, baggage, clothing—everything you need to know in planning your trip. Send for it today!

American Airlines, Inc., Department C
100 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me your complimentary booklet, "The Easy Way to Europe."

Name_____
(PLEASE PRINT)

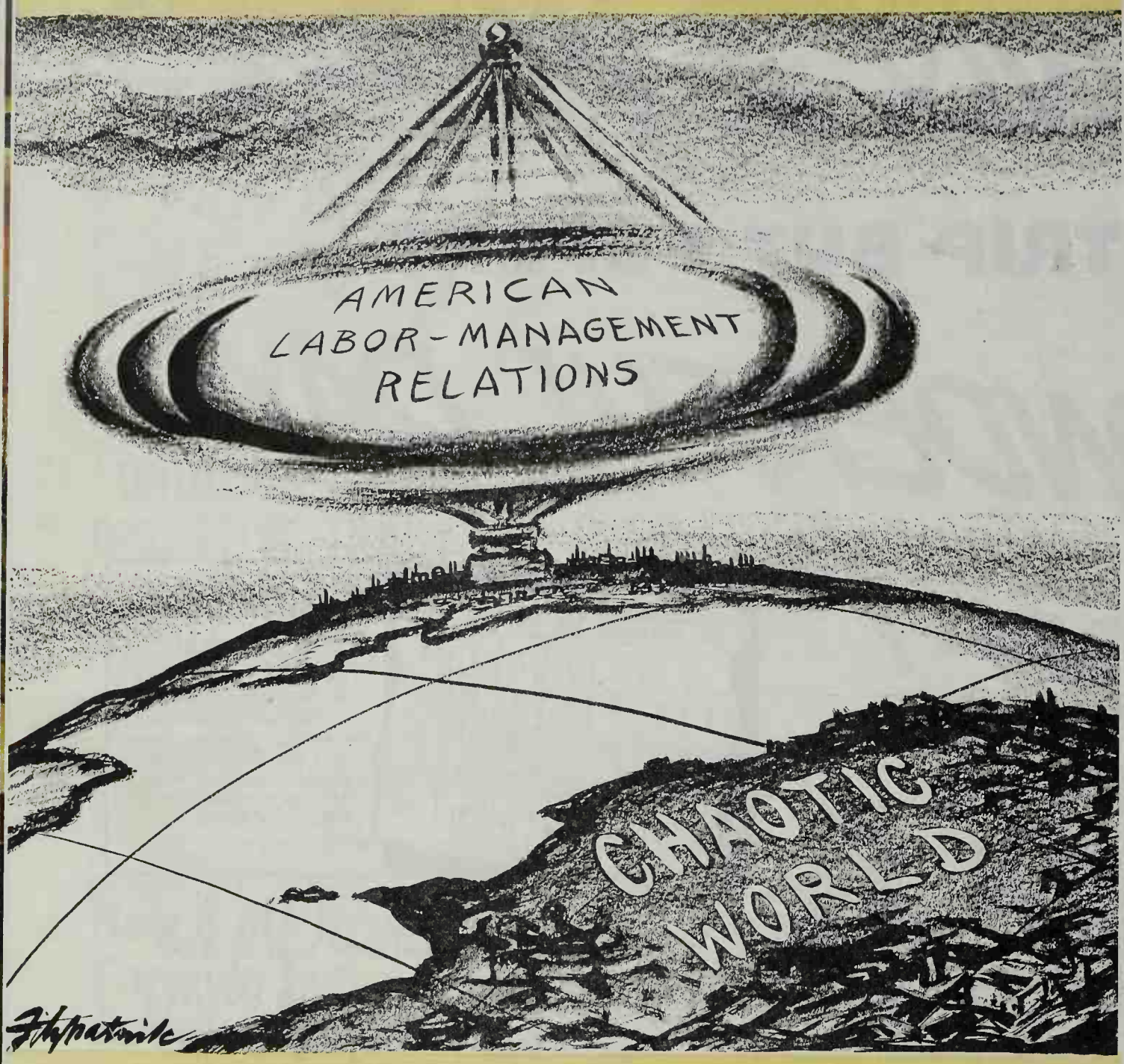
Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES

AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. • AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES, INC.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT, Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS, Managing Editor



THE VITAL STABILIZER

NO DOUBT about it—a new era in American capital-labor relations began when Congress overrode President Truman's veto of the Taft-Hartley labor bill and thereby made it law. Already you can notice a change in the economic and social weather.

We think it will prove to be a change for the better. What the new law does is to put employers and labor on an equal footing when it comes to bargaining about wages and working conditions, and to cut down some of the powers given to labor leaders by the Wagner Labor Relations Act of 1935—powers which too many of their possessors had taken to abusing.

Now that the atmosphere has been cleared to this extent, how can all of us best adjust to the new era?

Nobody that we know of is suggesting that the labor moguls and their lobbyists and attorneys haven't a perfect right to fight for repeal, revision or court weakening of the Taft-Hartley Act. We're glad, in fact, to see them putting up these fights, while forgetting the wild talk about general strikes and civil wars with which they peppered their conversation before Congress voted on the bill.

That gives a cue to all the rest of us, we think. How about letting the new law have a fair chance to prove that it isn't an overly harsh piece of legislation; and, more important, how about getting rid, as rapidly as possible, of the notion of the class struggle which has been preached in this country for so long?

This idea that there is an irreconcilable conflict between employers and employed has done more than any other one thing, we'd guess, to impede production, foment and prolong needless strikes, and stir up senseless hatreds among Americans.

The worst of it is that it is a false notion. The truth is that the interests of capital and labor are identical at almost all points.

Capital craves profits, true. But capital must have profits if labor is to get better and better pay and working conditions. On the other hand, it is to capital's life-and-death interest to keep labor well paid, so that labor can buy capital's goods.

The class-conflict idea is an ancient Marxian importation from the Europe of 80 years ago. It is now preached most enthusiastically in this country by the Communists. The more enlightened labor leaders realized its falsity and danger long ago, as did the more enlightened employers.

In this new and, we think, healthier industrial climate brought in by the Taft-Hartley Act, let's do ourselves the supreme favor of giving the class-conflict hokum the final boot. We'll never regret it.

LET'S HAVE BRIGHTER BANK

WE HOPE the banking fraternity seriously certain goings on at t Square, Long Island, New York, Natio

This institution, which does family distinguished from business banking, in some startling innovations.

The old-time dreary and awesome was thrown overboard. In its place, t Square Bank installed, among other th dren's department, featuring a lollipo child making a deposit; a parking lot baby carriages; carillon music to cheer tomers; and a television hookup, for c signature confirmation, between bool tellers.

Our reaction is: Why not similar refo provements in family banks everyw should any bank have a funereal air puss tellers and officials who make yo you were committing some kind of sac proaching them for a loan?

We aren't bankers, but we have a that kind of stuff has scared huge amo and profitable business away from n bank, down the generations. Stores c customers by bulldozing them, or mo by making them uncomfortable, or ba pretending that barbering is some kin art.

We can't see why banks shouldn themselves, too, and get informal—whi remaining as shrewd as ever in the con affairs.

TAXES AND TH URGE TO WOR

A MR. E. B. TILTON, president Manufacturing Company of Mi something sensational the other day. a combination salary and bonus that paid him a total of about $36,000 for suddenly notified the company that he no pay for the last two months of 194

His reason: "Additional compensat centive where a large portion of it mu over to governmental agencies wher will be wasted."

Warming up to the subject, Tilton th this dance:

> Too large a portion of the income of payers is being used for governmental p
>
> For example, under present tax regul with two dependents who earns $5,000 wo one month each year to support the polit and dead beats of the entire world.

We have to have taxes, and we have politicians. Not all politicians are lo beats, and by no means all governmen wasteful or unnecessary.

Nevertheless, we think that Mr. Ti something which needed to be said dramatically.

Taxes can go so high that many a m to feel that it is useless for him to ex and energies to the utmost. Society los some able man comes to feel that way, himself loses.

In vetoing the recent tax-cut bill, P man got off some remarks about how just piecemeal tax reductions, but an o our entire tax system. Let us hope th gress and the Treasury Department this job they will bear the E. B. Tilt sistently in mind. Incentive-crippling around the corner in this country—if are not already here.

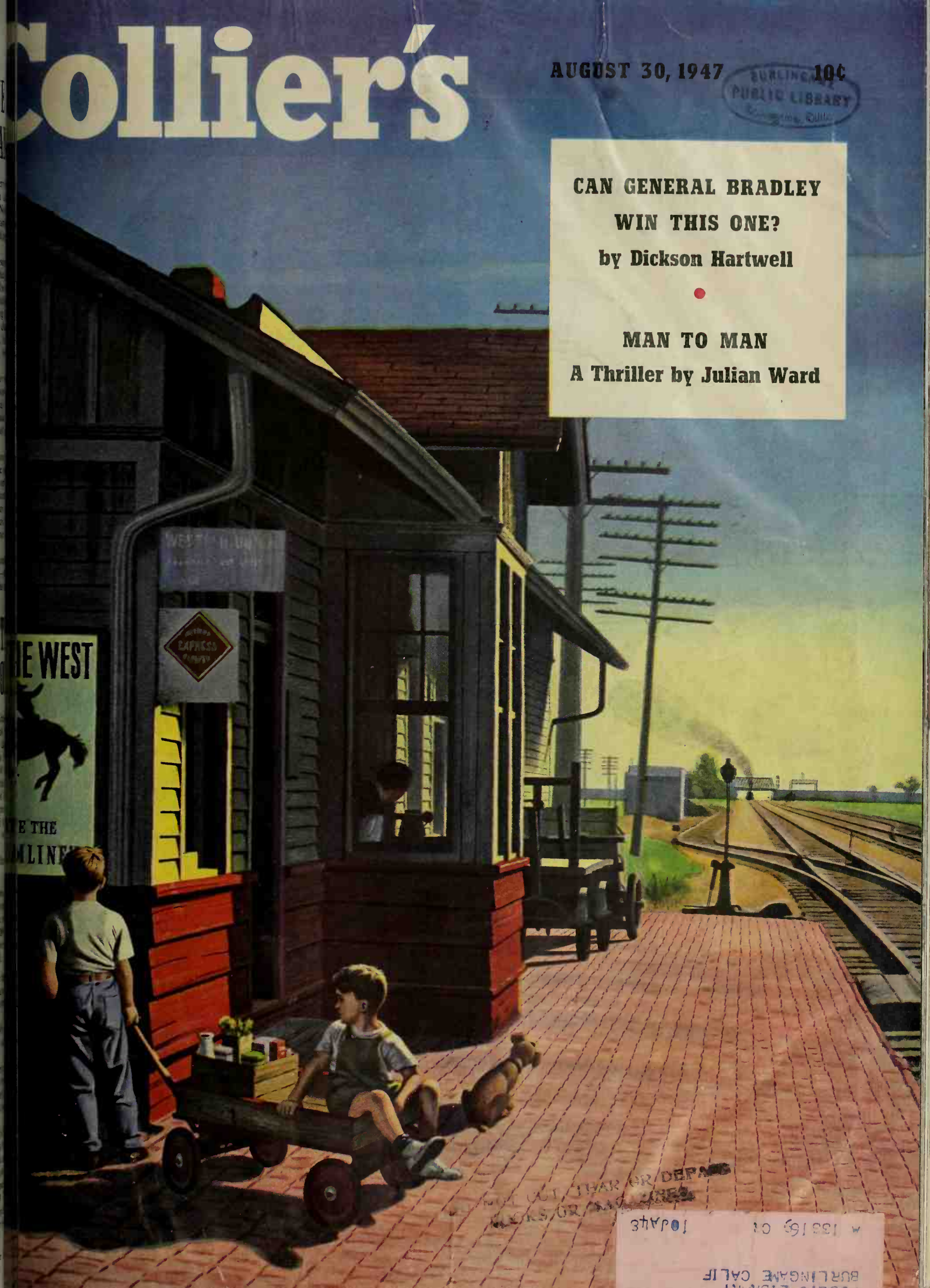
Collier's

AUGUST 30, 1947 10¢

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

CAN GENERAL BRADLEY WIN THIS ONE?
by Dickson Hartwell

MAN TO MAN
A Thriller by Julian Ward



BURLINGAME CALIF
PUBLIC LIBRARY
M 15316 C1 10JAN48

The cop took a ticket from me!

"I think I'd make a good cop," I told Officer Riley, "because every Doctor of Motors has to do some sleuthin' now and then.

"Take your car, f'rinstance. An open and shut piston ring case. There were plenty of clues—gray-blue smoke, high oil consumption, dirty plugs, and no pickup. Fortunately, it was an easy case to solve!"

As he took the job ticket from me, I said, "You're getting off easy this time. If you'd driven much further you might have burned out the bearings and scored the cylinders—that's *real* trouble.

"However, Perfect Circle Piston Rings solved this case completely. I know that you and your car are all set for thousands of trouble-free miles."

WARNING TO CAR OWNERS

Your car needs good, regular care. So see your Doctor of Motors soon. Let him prevent as well as cure its ills. Your favorite mechanic—your Doctor of Motors—recommends Perfect Circle Piston Rings, available at any automotive repair shop. Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Indiana, U.S.A. The Perfect Circle Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.



Your Doctor of Motors
restores power . . . saves gas
. . . saves oil with . . .

PERFECT CIRCLE PISTON RINGS

COLLIER'S

August 30, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art I*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Ph*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHA	

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

KATHARINE PAUL

HEPBURN · HENREID

ROBERT WALKER

in "SONG OF LOVE"

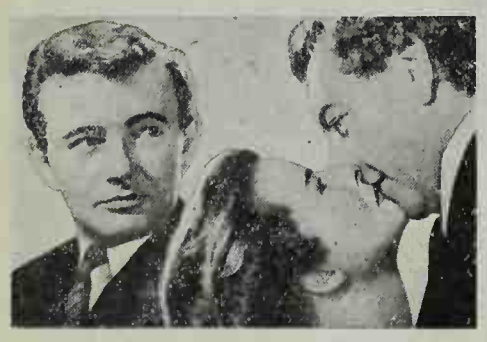
A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

with

LEO G. CARROLL · HENRY DANIELL

HENRY STEPHENSON

Screen Play by Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube and Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey
Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN



This month finds us in a romantic mood, for the screen has given us a brilliant and sensitive enactment of one of the most wonderful (and certainly the most lyrical) love affairs of all time.

In "Song of Love" M-G-M brings us the story of the devotion of two young and ardent composers for the loveliest and most gifted piano virtuosa of her day. She was Clara Wieck (played by Katharine Hepburn), and the young composers were Robert Schumann and Johannes Brahms (played by Paul Henreid and Robert Walker).

For her ears both geniuses wrote immortal music; for her heart, both men would cheerfully have given their lives. Yet their three-way friendship was often incredibly gay.

When you get a vital threesome like that together in an absorbing triangle, you're very likely to have something exciting, something touched with greatness. This has it.

Katharine Hepburn is sincere and convincing. Paul Henreid is at his suave and continental best. Robert Walker does a superb job.

"Song of Love" would be a triumph even with a minor cast of supporting players, but M-G-M largesse has given it Leo G. Carroll, Henry Daniell (as Liszt), Henry Stephenson and many others.

Possibly other directors or producers might have done great things with "Song of Love", but M-G-M gave it to none other than Clarence Brown, whose sensitive and beautiful talent was so wonderfully evidenced in "The Yearling".

To the quartet of screen writers—Ivan Tors, Irmgard Von Cube, Allen Vincent and Robert Ardrey—go our felicitations.

"Song of Love" is far and away the Picture of the Month—and that makes this the most romantic month of the year.

THIS WEEK

FICTION

OLD SNAKE IN THE GRASS — By JAY WILSON — 12
What with women, it's a wonder there are any sailors at sea.

STORMY WEATHER — By ANN MAULSBY — 16
Their marriage grew damp and mildewed in the everlasting rain.

MAN TO MAN — By JULIAN WARD — 22
The murderer was stiff with fear. The victim whistled a tune.

MAN RUNNING — By SELWYN JEPSON — 26
The Serial Story. The fourth of six parts.

THE GRAY HAIR — By LOUISE LEE OUTLAW — 55
Like the sword over Damocles, her future hung from a single hair.

THE GREAT EXPERIENCE — By WILLIAM FULLER — 59
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

CAN GENERAL BRADLEY WIN THIS ONE? — By DICKSON HARTWELL — 11
The Veterans Administration chief is endangered by bureaucracy and politics.

WHO TIED A KITE TO FOOD PRICES? — By LESTER VELIE — 14
An inquiry into the causes of the housewife's devalnated dollar.

FLIGHT INTO THE FUTURE — By CAPT. CALEB B. LANING and LIEUT. ROBERT A. HEINLEIN — 18
How space ships could maintain world peace.

BROTHER JAZZ — By EDDIE CONDON and THOMAS SUGRUE — 20
The second of three parts. The author and his fellow musicians please some and shock others in high society.

THE GEESE ARE FLYING — By HANS GROENHOFF — 24
A visit to James Bay, Canada, where they rest en route south.

GOOD AS GOLD — By RUTH CARSON — 34
A swim suit of this new fabric will glamorize any gal's figure.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

WING TALK: FLYING MIDGETS — By FREDERICK R. NEELY — 38

EDITORIAL: *$100,000,000 Worth of Cancer Research* — 74

COVER — By *STANLEY EKMAN*

THE WEEK'S M.

GRIPE

DEAR EDITOR: We, by luck, got ... Collier's of May 17th and I am fed ... all these comments and cartoons ... The people in the States think it ... joke being over here.

The Congressional Investigati... mittee only went to Seoul; didn't ... the outposts farther south such a... Korea. At one time we were d... starving. Our water supply was te... to each company per day and tha... the mess hall. We didn't get ... showers till March and then you ... at home came out with this stuf... sit in lounge chairs and drink ... We are allowed three cans of b...



"It's really funny to think ... I worried during the ... about my old job bac... the Brownsville cement ...

or three shots of liquor. It ... now and it sure is hot. We have ... in the club and it is still not w... are serving hot beer.

There isn't any place to go, t... ing in town. Our movies, when t... breaks every five minutes. We c... Red Cross Club. And when we ... show it comes about once ... months. And they are going t... because they say they can't affo...

Our Snack Bar opened ... and they only have ice cream ... week, and last, they ran out c... mix.

I suggest you redraw the ca... unshaven ragged soldier sunk... in a rice paddy licking the m... from the Officers Club.

Yes, we have baseball and ... We have no swimming pools a... of water are "Off Limits."

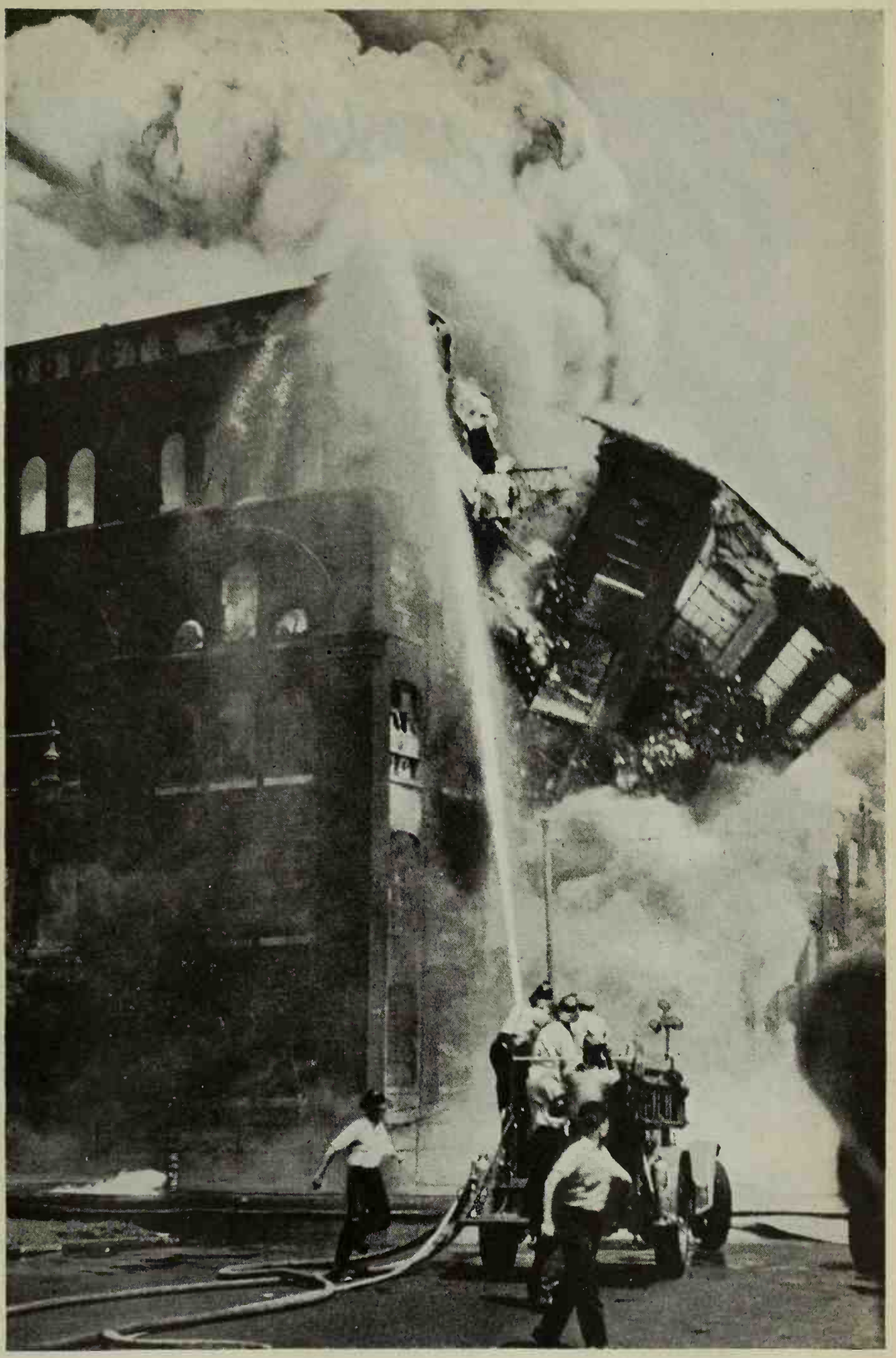
E. M. STEWART, Ta...

(Continued on page

Vol. 120, No. 9. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents n copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Cuatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., ... Changes in address should reach us five ... of the next issue date. Give both the ... dresses. Entered as second-class mat... Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act o... and at the Post Office, Toronto, Can... or art submitted to Collier's. The ... should be accompanied by addressed ... turn postage. The Publisher assumes ... for return of unsolicited manuscripts o...

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

ou'll have
e news
efore
e flames
e out!



Speed is a creed with newsmen. They flash the news to you as fast as it happens.

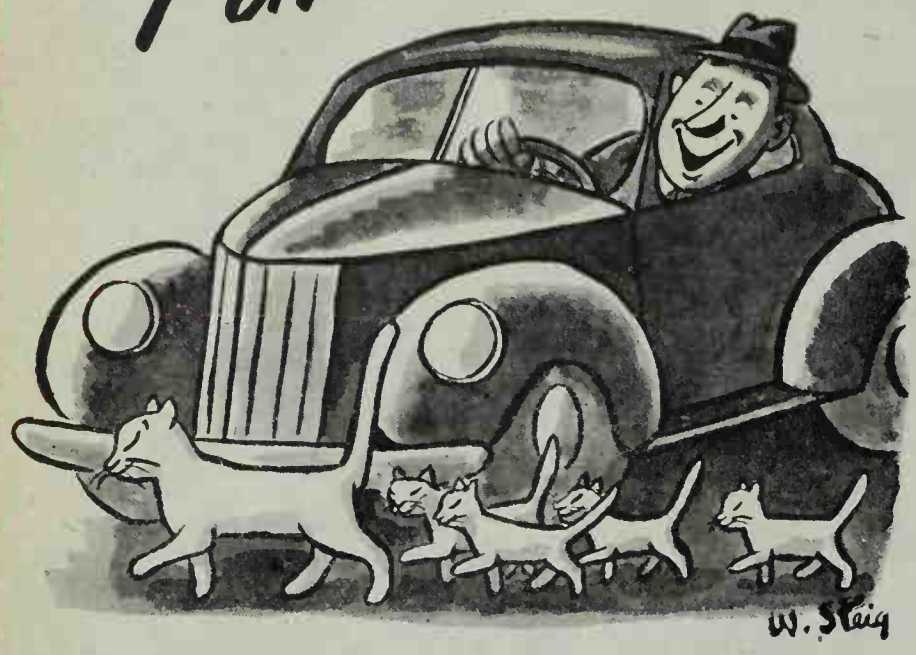
The Bell System helps make that speed possible. It provides the local, long distance and radio-telephone, telegraph, teletypewriter and wire-photo facilities over which the news is channeled to presses and microphones.

Keeping these facilities in top condition is the job of skilled telephone company technicians. They work 'round the clock and the calendar with the newsmen in order that you may have a "front-row seat" for the passing parade of world events.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

For radiator PURR-FECTION...



Clean out rust with

DU PONT Cooling System CLEANSER

Here's a safe, sure way to clean out rust and scale — to avoid engine overheating. Just pour a can of DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER into your radiator, run the engine for 30 minutes or more, and drain. No reverse flushing needed. No fussing with the hose or flush gun. A clean cooling system paves the way for top engine efficiency.



Then keep out rust with

DU PONT Acid and Rust INHIBITOR

After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID AND RUST INHIBITOR. It prevents rust forming, and keeps out acid, too.



Avoid radiator leaks with

DU PONT Cooling System SEALER

You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and make the cooling system LEAK-PROOF—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator.



DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY



KEEP UP WITH THE WOR

BY FRELING FOSTER

To attract tourists as in prewar days, Scotland is reviving the tale of its Loch Ness Monster, a giant dragon-like animal said to inhabit this Highland lake. Since its "discovery" on May 1, 1933, a thousand persons have claimed to have seen the monster. Yet an organized group of 20 men spent six weeks in a fruitless search for some trace of it. Today, a circus still offers $100,000 for its capture, and a newspaper will still pay $500 for a genuine photograph of the alleged creature.



The magic mirrors, which distort images—making short people tall, thin people fat, etc.—and which are found in amusement parks and penny arcades, are complex optical instruments. By the scientific arrangement of numerous curves on their surfaces, they are made to produce hundreds of odd effects, the most incredible being that of one such mirror when two people stand before it. One is reflected normally right side up, while the other is cut off at the waist, the upper part of his body being replaced by a second pair of legs extending upward.

As late as 150 years ago, England considered suicide a crime as serious as murder and, therefore, a person found guilty of an unsuccessful attempt to take his own life was liable to execution by hanging.—*By Pauline Hathaway, Pelham, N. Y.*

The covered wagons in pioneers of the West beg the continent in the 1840 made obsolete, as comm posed, by the coming of th In fact, until 1924, the sa grant Wagon Covers" enough to justify their incl catalogue of a Chicago house.

Owing to the method by were sealed, bottles found tombs have sometimes much of their original liqu Among recent cases, a bo discovered in a 1,700-ye in Germany was one-thir bottle of honey found in a old tomb in Egypt had u change whatsoever.

A baby weighing seven three ounces (3,259 gra weighed, during its fetal d two grams at the end of month, 30 grams afte month, 180 after the four the fifth, 875 after the sixth the seventh and 2,375 gra eighth month.

The most decorated ma Army is Colonel Edgar E who is connected with the Division of the War Since 1914, he has receiv and other decorations— United States and 44 fro nations.

Since 1874, the mints States have been making for foreign governments, bined orders have at tim the volume of domestic For example, during Ja our mints produced 190,- 60 per cent of which w countries.

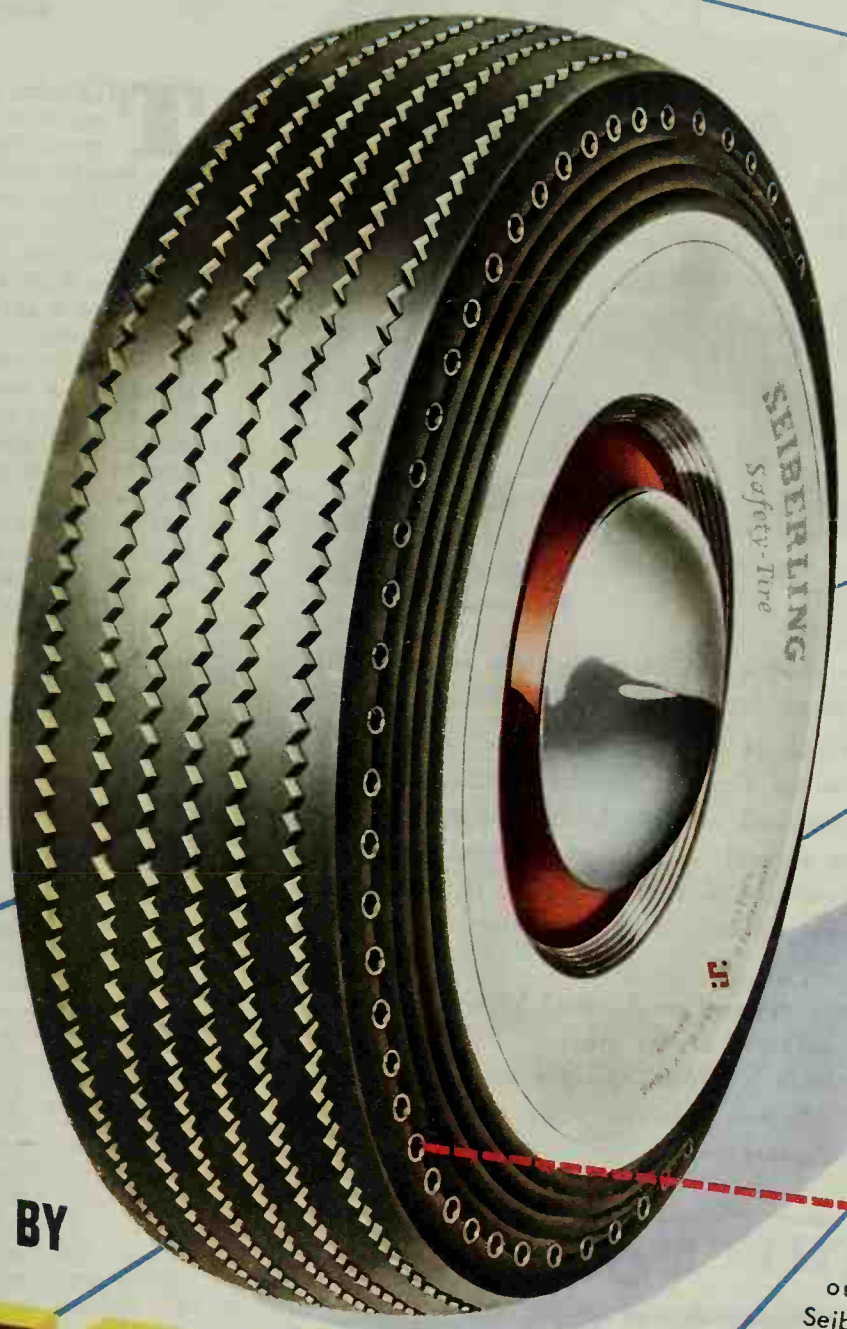
At the present time, including the United St gaged in atomic-energy which, it is estimated, some 125,000 scientists a ing about $500,000,000 a

Ten dollars will be paid fo cepted for this column. Co be accompanied by their sou tion. Address Keep Up W Collier's, 250 Park Ave., N N. Y. This column is copy items may be reproduced wi

SAFETY of exclusive Seiberling Heat-Vents*

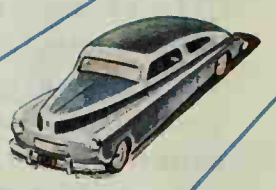
The **SAFETY** of extra strong Rayon Saf-flex Cord

The **SAFETY** of skid resisting Saw Tooth Tread









nouncing the

EW SAFETY TIRE BY

SEIBERLING

NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER

HEAT-VENTS*

Patented, proved, heat outlets that make the Seiberling SAFETY Tire run cooler, longer, safer.

SEIBERLING TIRES

See it at your Independent Merchant displaying this sign of quality.

ELING RUBBER COMPANY
RON, OHIO, U.S.A.
ONTO, ONT., CANADA

What you should know about keeping *your car Safe*



STATE reports indicate that a defective vehicle is involved in at least 15 per cent of all fatal motor car accidents.

The way to keep your car out of this "danger class" is to have a complete safety check—*now!* Brakes should be checked and adjusted, brake linings inspected, and the hydraulic system put in good order. Headlamps should be properly aimed, with replacements made on all worn or defective parts. If shock absorbers are causing a rough, uncontrolled ride, they should be serviced.

Safe drivers know they can depend on United Motors Service stations for automotive service at its best . . . *competent mechanics, approved methods, original-equipment parts.* Look for the friendly United Motors sign in your neighborhood. Make it your service headquarters.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN UNITED SERVICE MOTORS *IT'S RIGHT NEARBY*

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Harns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes



Keene Crockett assumes the role of Knight in Armor

THE other day the Collier's typists were typing at summer speed, the editors editing, and Miss Maggie Miles, Mr. Walter Davenport's most able secretary, was on the phone saying sorry, Mr. Davenport was filled up on articles about the Mean Rainfall in Ethiopia, when in clanked a knight in armor. There was a scream, contributed by Miss Miles, and the great publishing wheels ground to a stop, while everybody took a delayed double-take. What the disappointed contributor talking to Miss Miles said on hearing her scream is not known.

When everybody gathered around, it turned out the gentleman in the iron pants was Keene Crockett, an actor, and he was modeling the very latest in Middle Ages metallic cloth, so Mr. Jumbo Karger, the photographist, could get some contrast shots for our magnetic article on the twentieth-century variety: Good as Gold, p. 34, by Ruth Carson.

It seems that Mr. Karger had rented the Personal Tank, which weighed 50 pounds odd and was worth $1,700 (cheap considering its wearing qualities), from a theatrical costumer. He chose Mr. Crockett to model it because of Crockett's knightly patience, humor, and husky 185-pound frame. It took him over two hours to install Mr. Crockett in the glorified tin can, the armor having nine pieces, which fitted over a 10-pound suit of chain mail, which in turn fitted over Mr. Crockett's unmentionables. "There were no zippers," Karger explains.

Proudly, Mr. Karger then decided to show Crockett to the boys at the office. He hailed a cab. When the cabby got his eyeballs back into place, he assisted in pushing and shoving Crockett aboard, no mean feat since modern cabs aren't built to lug knights to the lists. Crockett crashed in finally, sprawled catty-cornered across the cab. Karger sat on the floor.

Followed a long series of passers-by registering double-takes and fleeing for Bellevue, and a battle at 250 Park Avenue with an unarmed elevator man who insisted Crockett would have to ride the freight lift. "A freight elevator for Sir Lancelot?" snorted the statuesque Karger. "Nuts!"

Crockett, while he did find the clothestrophobic confines of armor like a Turkish bath (he lost 5 pounds on the job), cited advantages. He sees armor excellent for elbowing through crowds; and the helmet can be removed to make coffee in. The entire ensemble might house a homeless veteran, after attaching a l for stormy weather. A should be carried to avoi Armor might be just the Joe Louis in, provided a escape hatch is cut in th way, Joe can be kept swin utes without knowing t had fled.

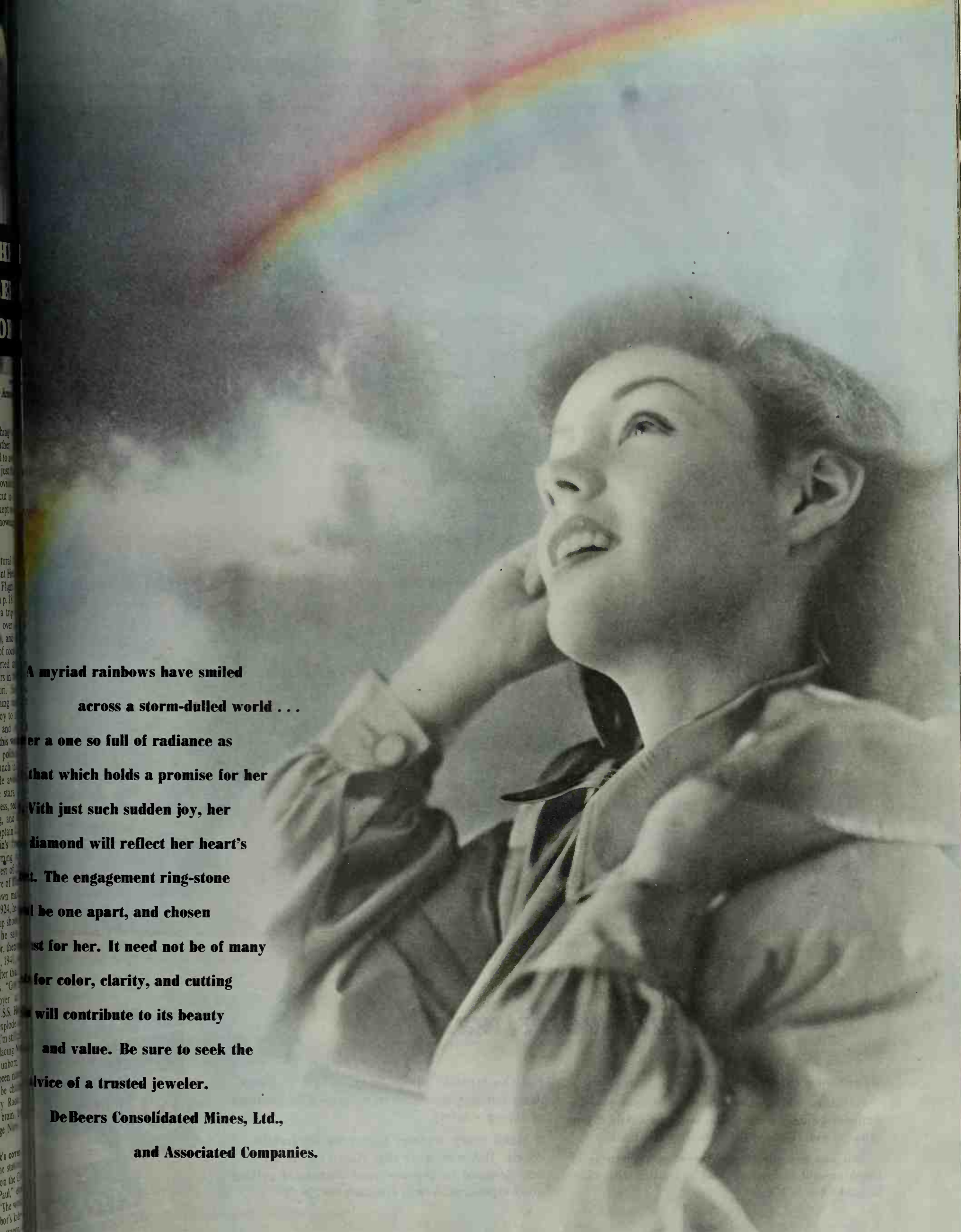
IT IS only natural Ca and Lieutenant Heinle lot you on that Flight in by space ship on p. 18. B planning such a trip ev hood, talked it over as Annapolis ('29), and are in the subject of rockets

Heinlein started drea ning up to Mars in his h Butler, Missouri. Since ridden everything earth a breeches buoy to a b was disabled and retir Navy before this war. ver miner and politico, lances on a ranch in th California. He avoids tography, the stars, ser theorizing, chess, red Pe figure skating, and he' talk about Captain Lani

The captain's from gave up farming in when a harvest of 2,50 from one acre of Illinoi broke the town market In August, 1924, he joi and wound up shooting entifically," he says, a Pearl Harbor, then sper December 7, 1941, patr tle line. "After that I p he confesses. "Got the own destroyer at S watching U.S.S. Hutchi torpedoes explode on At present I'm still plug this time placing Navy horses still unborn."

He has been nomina Forces to be chairman Army-Navy Radar C brass-hat brain trust Atomic-Age Navy.

This week's cover: G Men. "The station is township on the Chica and St. Paul," explai Ekman. "The would-b my neighbor's kids—R pulling the wagon, and taking it easy. The 'See is not on the station w vention of mine. Other is just as is.". . .



A myriad rainbows have smiled
across a storm-dulled world . . .
er a one so full of radiance as
that which holds a promise for her
Vith just such sudden joy, her
diamond will reflect her heart's
t. The engagement ring-stone
l be one apart, and chosen
st for her. It need not be of many
for color, clarity, and cutting
will contribute to its beauty
and value. Be sure to seek the
lvice of a trusted jeweler.

DeBeers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.,
and Associated Companies.

N. W. AYER & SON

S-QUARTER CARAT $95 TO $210 ONE-HALF CARAT $230 TO $500 ONE CARAT $600 TO $1165 TWO CARATS $1400 TO $2900

The prices above for unmounted quality stones were averaged from a great many stores in April, 1947. Add 20% Federal tax.



Wind won't wait !

Opportunity knocks *once* with a picture like this!

Nothing—not even a picture opportunity—ever happens twice in exactly the same way. And if you miss . . . well, it's unfortunate, but it's final.

You can measurably increase your chances of catching split-instant pictures by loading with wide-latitude Ansco Film.

For this latitude – this ability to "get an image" despite minor exposure errors—gives you a margin of exposure safety.

Make every attempt to expose accurately, of course. But remember that Ansco's wide latitude was designed to improve your chances of getting good exposures. Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.



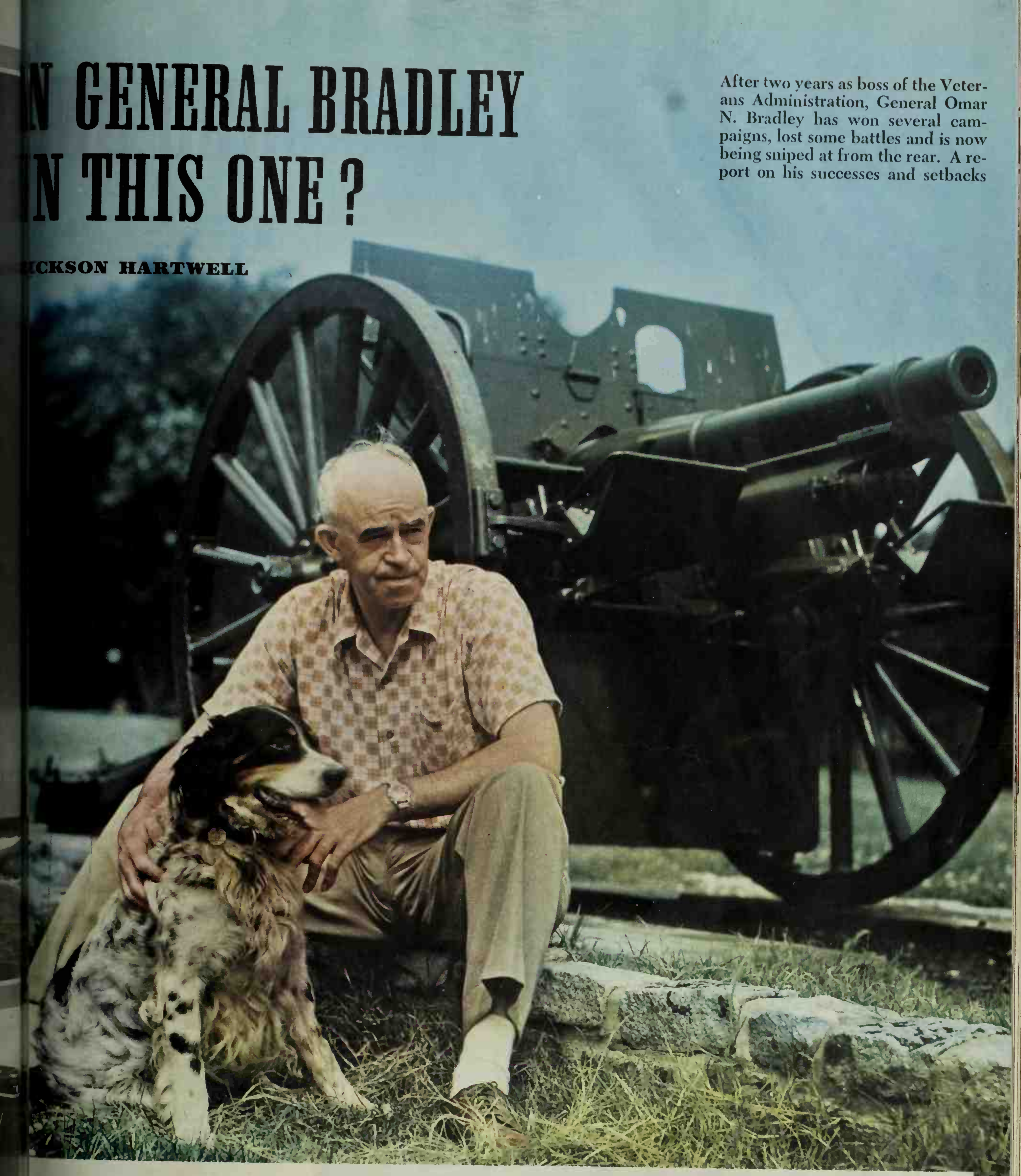
The Ansco
Now available in

ASK FOR *Ansco* FILM & CAMERAS

N GENERAL BRADLEY N THIS ONE?

ICKSON HARTWELL

After two years as boss of the Veterans Administration, General Omar N. Bradley has won several campaigns, lost some battles and is now being sniped at from the rear. A report on his successes and setbacks



V-J DAY, mounted on the white charger of public opinon, with the backing and of Congress and the Presi-star General Omar Nelson charged headlong into the Administration to attack ittedly was the finest exam-inistrative breakdown seen me. Bradley was hailed as of the G.I.—the veteran to be. A man of courage, integrity and brilliance, he was a top field commander in Europe, and one of but three names on President Truman's list—the others were Marshall and Eisenhower—with sufficient prestige to undertake the task.

Today, two years later, king-size Bradley has been cut down to a man-size, harassed administrator who has been struggling with a job about as impossible as teaching a herd of elephants to ice skate. No longer is Bradley so apparently the heir apparent to our highest military post: Chief of Staff. Congress still believes in him, but with some reservations. His prestige with the ex-G.I. is still inspiringly high—except among those thousands who have been caught in the V.A. snafu. His personal staff is still loyal; if he resigned in protest or disgust, three fourths of the key V.A. personnel probably would leave with him.

But the honeymoon is over. Glory, honesty and a chest covered with fruit salad are no longer enough. There is now forthright and mounting criticism of his handling of the affairs of 18,300,000 veterans, who with their dependents are one fourth of the people. And even more significant are

(Continued on page 28)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD



OLD SNA

IT BEGAN on a warm, sunny mor commodore was sitting on the y porch looking over the delightful sparkling water and trim sailboats stirrin moorings. He sighed with deep content. followed the club launch plowing out t thirty-foot cutter and he nodded app the man brought his launch neatly alon boat.

The commodore knew that the tall figur on Slick Chick's deck talking to the launch Jerry Downes, a sound young man wh that there was no purpose in devoting any to business than was necessary to support More young men, the commodore felt, sh Jerry had done; get into a business tha only an occasional executive decision an cient secretary to run it the rest of the tim a man more time afloat. How was it the worded it? Men must go down to the se there was a clear call that could not b Basic, the commodore mused. Absolute mental.

A puzzled expression came over the con benign features as he saw Jerry jump launch. Now why was he coming ashore? like Jerry to forget anything that would getting away for the day in his cutter. launch came to the float beneath the porch modore saw a scowl on Jerry's face.

"Forget something?" the commodo down.

Jerry looked up and nodded. "Linda from the office to remind me that I have to meet some people interested in the Ho dammit."

"Farm?" the commodore snorted in d

Jerry sighed. "When I'm not there Lin anything."

"Indeed? Then get rid of her, my bo of her immediately. A yachtsman canno girl who keeps him too busy ashore."

Jerry looked as if he had just been sta good friend. "Get rid of Linda?" he bleat cow, if I can ever make a human being o want to sign her up as mate for life!"

The shock of Jerry's words on the c was considerable. He did not believe in patibility of women and boats. Beca younger years the commodore had also b with and engaged to a beautiful girl. A lovely girl named Clarisa. At the time th dore had also owned a very lovely yaw wont to recall in reverent detail the fine that yawl, the sweet turn of her bilge, the she showed her heels to larger craft and seemed she would almost try to slip he and sail up to the float when the comm peared. The commodore had loved his man should love his boat. Nothing h more natural than to try to teach Clarisa yawl too.

So he had persuaded the girl to help w fitting-out. Clarisa had mended one j thumb twice with a caulking mallet, fall freshly varnished deck and otherwise ju get the feel of the varied richness of a y life, when, to the commodore's amazeme told him in words not altogether customa fined young lady of the period to take l boat and go marry a sailmaker's dau wanted a briny honeymoon. The com course, had made the only decision a t man could make. In vindication he coul that Clarisa had subsequently married a yer, who had been compelled to devote h everlasting struggle to become a promine tion attorney in order to support the si Clarisa had borne him. To clinch his arg

Linda balanced dangerously against t motion. "Hey!" Jerry said. "Where are

THE GRASS

BY JAY WILSON

The power of love being what it is, 'tis a wonder there are any sailors left on the seas. Or any women left waiting on shore

lore always emphasized that this unfortu-
an considered himself completely happy.
proof of the fool's paradise in which a
could keep a man was unnecessary, he con-

the commodore looked down into the up-
ace of Jerry Downes and felt a vast pity
cern grow within him for this fine but mis-
oung man. He spoke softly and gently, as
ld to avoid further unbalancing an already
mind.

s a very great surprise to me, Jerry. Uh . . .
aware of your sentiments?"

owl returned to Jerry's features. "The only
t girl is aware of," he growled, "is that life
t and life is real. Eary to bed and early to
s a man healthy, wealthy and . . ."

kill a man," the commodore said.

could only get her to come sailing," Jerry
. "It would open her eyes to what living
ke."

p sadness came over the commodore as
lked away. He, too, would have liked to
da go sailing with Jerry—but for an en-
ferent reason. Land was a woman's ele-
a woman could keep a man ashore she
snare him and mold him to her way. 'But
man got a woman on a boat, all the flaws
ne nature came to the surface and he could
she really was.

the commodore would have been the first
nt it he would have been the last to deny
a had eye appeal. She was diminutive and
She had soft brown hair and wide gray
filled a sweater so pleasingly that one was
erlook the firm set of her small chin.

Jerry arrived at his office, Linda greeted
a smile that was almost bleak. The com-
ould certainly not have accused her of at-
sorcery or subtle wiles.

ght you'd try to slip away again," she said.

ch thing," Jerry muttered. "I just forgot."
orget everything except that damn' boat."
ghed. "We're doing all right here at the
n't we?"

eak smile became a little bitter. *"We're*
right? When are *you* ever here? The sign
ay say that you're in the real-estate and
business but it should have a little one
eneath it that says, 'Ha-ha!' "

are the Williams arriving to go out to the
lace?" Jerry asked hastily.

illiams phoned that he couldn't make it
orrow," Linda said sweetly.

headed for the door. There were times
man needed to be alone. "In that case,"
think I'll . . ."

ad him by the coattails. "Oh, no you
u'll sit right down at your desk and go
eed to the Ferguson place. Then you'll
see Mr. Fuller; he wants to review his life
After that you'd better drop over to the
and see if they've recorded the Hodge-
yet. And this afternoon you can check
ose fire insurance renewals to see where
recommend increases."

g. Jerry sat down at his desk. In a mo-
a's typewriter began to clatter trium-
erry glanced sideways at Linda. Her lips
pressed in a complacent, self-righteous
. She sat quite erect in the approved typ-
e; both feet square on the floor, spine
ith both her stern and her bosom thrust
in their respective directions. She was
fetching. Jerry sighed heavily. If only
ld relax a little. If only she would see
pleasant chap who only wanted to enjoy
ay that harmed no one.

topped typing and frowned. Her eyes
length of Jerry's lean, disconsolate figure
finally on his rumpled, sandy hair. For a
e weakened. For a moment she thought:
l with it, I'll take him the way he is. Then
her lips compressed again. She wasn't going to make the mistake Beryl Whitaker had made.

Beryl had been soft and had taken Freddy Whitaker along with his boat. It hadn't been long before Beryl's warm, buoyant nature had changed. "There's a patented galley ventilator on the piano, a spinnaker under the desk, and nine miles of Manila rope in the clothes closet. It's like having him bring his mistress home," Beryl said bitterly, "except that I can't shoot her." Two months later Beryl, coming home from an afternoon bridge party, had tripped over a hatch cover Freddy had left in the front hall during her absence. When Freddy returned home a little later that evening Beryl had gone. Arranged to resemble a human body under the covers of her bed he had found the galley ventilator, the spinnaker and the rope. The note on the bed had read, "Try sleeping with these, too. Forward mail to Love's End Hotel in Reno. Beryl."

A girl, Linda thought grimly, had to be practical. Love was love and fun was fun but there were also such things as eating and a home to be built and security for the future. She wanted her small feet planted firmly on solid ground, she didn't want to bounce around on something that stood on end every time the wind blew.

At this moment the commodore entered the office.

To all outward appearances he was a genial old gentleman with not a care in the world. Linda could not help but return his smile. Jerry regarded him curiously.

"Jerry, my boy," the commodore said, "I've decided to sell Smugglers Reach. Will you handle it?"

Jerry grunted and shook his head. Smugglers Reach was a desolate stretch of shore some twenty miles down the coast. "Sorry, Commodore. We couldn't touch it."

Immediately Linda bristled. "Why can't we handle it?"

"What would be the use? No one would buy it . . . at least not at a price that would make it worth the effort."

Linda sniffed. "In real estate today," she pointed out, "there are very few Louisiana Purchases. Small agencies that are successful take what they can get and as much of it as they can. I think we should accept the listing."

"Look," Jerry said, "there isn't even a road to the place so you can get a prospect out to it to show him around."

"Still, someone might be interested if you advertised it," the commodore interrupted. "And you could sail the prospects down on Slick Chick, couldn't you?"

Slowly Jerry smiled. "Why—yes. I could at that, couldn't I? I hadn't thought of it quite like that."

LINDA was regarding the commodore thoughtfully. She thought she could see what this was all about. Snide, that's what it was. And Jerry sitting there making believe he hadn't known the commodore would come in and then gilding the lily by putting up a little resistance. It would be the easiest thing in the world to get phony prospects to say they would like to see Smugglers Reach and then sail them down . . . or say he had sailed them there. As if Jerry didn't have enough excuses to go off in that boat as it was.

"On thinking it over," Linda said, "I think probably it wouldn't be worth our while to accept the listing. It probably would be just a waste of time."

Jerry grinned. "In real estate today there are very few Louisiana Purchases. Small agencies that are successful take what *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



To all outward appearances he was a genial old gentleman with not a care in the world. Linda could not help but return his smile

WHO TIED A KITE TO FOOD PRICES

"Not I" says the food processor—the packer and canner.

"Not I" says the middleman—the wholesaler.

"Not I" says the storekeeper.

"Not I" says the farmer.

BY LESTER VELIE

The Yankee dollar buys less than half the pork chops and roast beef it bought before the war, and about two thirds of the bread and milk. The American market basket (food for three based on national average prices) now costs $635 yearly as against the $340 of prewar. How come, since the land swims in abundance—more beef, more wheat, more dairy products than in the best war years—the sort of abundance that should, according to the rules, spell lower prices?

Let's call the middlemen and the farmers on the carpet and find out.

The meat packer speaks up.

"Suppose we start with a thousand-pound steer. In Chicago last June, it cost me 26 to 28 cents a pound on the hoof. But I don't sell all of the steer as meat. I dress out (i.e. reduce to meat) about 55 per cent of the carcass. Of course I sell the hides, and glands, everything I can, even the fine hair inside the steer's ear—for paintbrushes. But when I'm through, believe it or not, I'll be getting about $44 per hundred pounds for meat which cost me (after dressing out) about $45 a hundred. No, I don't lose a dollar on every hundred pounds of meat I sell. My returns from hides and by-products make up the difference and give me my profit.

"The profit? About 1½ cents on each dollar of sales. Here's proof: Last year Swift and Company sold $1,300,000,000 worth of meat and other products and made, after taxes, $16,000,000—which means 1¼ cents per dollar of sales. It isn't my profits that put your prices up," the packer concludes, "you do it yourself when you bid against others for the farmer's supply of meat."

Let the middlemen speak up.

"We're going to show you who got those price rises of the last year," they say. "Take butter, for instance. In January, 1946, the average cost of a pound of butter was 54 cents. Of this, 42 cents, or 77 per cent, went to the farmer. Last May, the price of butter was up to 68 cents a pound, a 14-cent rise from January, 1946. Where did most of this advance go? To the farmer. He got 10 cents of the increase, and we got four. And if you're good at figures, you'll probably see that he was still getting 77 per cent of the price. The 23 per cent of the dollar we middlemen got covered the cost of assembling the butter or milk, transporting it to market, delivering it to door or store, all of which required a variety of increasing wages.

"Let's take some other price increases," continue the middlemen. "The retail price of milk rose from 15 cents to 18 cents a quart from January, 1946, to May, 1947. The farmer got 2¾ cents of that increase. I got a quarter of a penny. Want to look at some more? Meat prices, for instance? The price of pork products, including lard, rose 18 cents a pound between January of last year and May, 1947. Who got most of it? The farmer, of course. He got 12 cents of that 18-cent rise."

How about the storekeeper?

"Look at me," says the A. & P. in ads in 2,000 newspapers. "My net profits over the last five years haven't averaged more than a cent on the dollar."

But many dollars make many cents. So huge is the dollar volume that profits for storekeepers, packers, bakers, middlemen are the largest in history. Here and there some wholesalers and storekeepers are making a killing with the highest prices the traffic will bear. Yet, on the whole, the food distributors can defend themselves against charges of profiteering.

Can the farmer?

Retail food prices have jumped about 90 per cent since 1939, but the prices the farmer gets have leaped 150 per cent. Of the dollar you spend in the grocery store, the farmer got 40 cents before the war and the middlemen and retailers, 60 cents. Now the farmer gets 55 cents.

The farmer has never had it so good, not even during the high-cost-of-living days of World War I. His net cash income is more than three times that of 1939. Since 1940, America's farmers have been squirreling away money in the bank at the rate of a billion dollars a year, and now have deposits of 10 billions plus some 5 billions more of savings in government bonds. Soaring rural real-estate prices have doubled the value of farm property. The farmer has less to fear from the sheriff than at any time in his history, for in addition to these higher farm values, he has sliced $1,500,000,000 from his mortgage debt.

And besides, the farmer has the peace of mind that comes from knowing he can't lose—no matter what—for another 17 months. To encourage the farmer to produce without stint and without fear of price collapse, the government pledged itself to support basic farm prices for two years after the official end of the war. (The support program has resulted in at least one screwball situation. When farmers used several hundred thousand dollars' worth of DDT to blitz potato bugs last year, it cost the government $80,000,000. So great was the potato yield, that the government had to buy up 100 million bushels to support prices. Then it destroyed part of what it bought. On most other farm products, prices are so high above support levels that a repetition of the potato episode in corn, wheat or hogs is unlikely.)

Here the farmer comes to his own defense.

"Why pick on me when the good old law of supply and demand is going my way? What do you expect me to do when 60,000,000 employed Americans and hungry foreigners bid up the prices for my products? And besides, you know darned well that war or peace, we farmers dance to the tune the government plays."

Here the farmer has put his finger on a basic cause of the postwar food debacle. If you watched government officials handle our food during the war, you wouldn't have to be a star-gazer to predict a clean-up for the farmer and trouble for everyone else during peace.

Boiled down, wartime food handling came to this: Officials so feared a food glut and tumbling pr[ices] the war (remember World [War I] that they kept their eye on o[ur] to end the war with empty [stomachs] bare shelves.

Looking back, it can be [seen] four grave strategic errors [were] mitted which, added up, [led] wartime aftermath of high [prices] America. Worse still, war [profiteering] bungling forced us to [break] promises to feed allies and [liberated] peoples after the war and [practi]cally spiked our chief politi[cal] food—in the nonshooting [war] being waged to save weste[rn civilization] from Communism.

Fear of surpluses was the [basic] calculation from which the [fatal] errors stemmed. They wer[e]

(1) We failed to build sto[rage] to carry over surpluses fron[t] wartime production of m[eat], tables and other produce.

(2) We waged a great dr[ive] up our unprecedented grai[n] by feeding them to hogs, ca[ttle] ens.

(3) We failed tragically [to] postwar relief needs would [be] than those during war and [plan] for them.

At Atchison, Kansas, ther[e is a] cave. As a scenic wonde[r] class all of its own, but n[ot] of its stalagmites and its [stalactites]. The cave's scenery consist[s] storage lockers and rusting [refrigera]tion machinery—$2,000,0[00]. Desperate War Food Adm[inistration] officials started to make a [refrigerator] box of the cave in 1944 wh[en] time flood of fruits, veget[ables] and meats swamped priv[ate] facilities. But they started t[oo late]; today the cave is a monum[ent] of the great food bungles [of] war.

The cave-icebox was th[e] result of the following dev[elopments]. With Pearl Harbor, some g[overnment] food officials urged that th[e] to do was to build more st[orage] to prepare for the great wa[r] production that was to co[me]. private storage and wareh[ouse] try remembered (like all c[ountry]) the great surplus of st[ored]

prewar days, and being prac- quelched these planners as ggglers and theorists."

When the country's farmers p their sleeves and began to record quantities of meats, oducts and vegetables in 1943 , there wasn't enough storage carry over surpluses for a ay. There was nothing for ns to do but store the food in llies. Which they did. Even reds of cars of eggs and other were left over—and were to fertilizer.

r later we couldn't fulfill our iveries to our allies. Desper- British sent Herbert Mor- America to scrape up meat ungry country. But when he the cupboard was bare. A ional committee reported:

of the fundamental mistakes r food program was the fail- xpand cold-storage space in vith the increased production rmers were asked to make." e cold-storage bungle, costly , was a minor-league boner l with the big-time food of the war: the studied, single-minded determination of wartime food administrators to use up all our grain, all our meats as we went along and to finish the war with bins and shelves as nearly cleaned out as possible.

Tables of statistics, particularly on farm production, don't make best-seller lists. But to the sleuth who's trailing the villain who made food prices what they are today, the wartime farm figures provide fascinating clues.

Take wheat. In the fall of 1942, our bins groaned with a record "carry-over" (surplus left over from a year's harvest) of 630,000,000 bushels. This was a precious nest egg, the size almost of a normal prewar harvest. Conserved, it could have provided postwar food for the hungry abroad and a drag on price inflation for Americans. What happened to the nest egg? In two years it was cut in half, and by 1946, it had all but vanished. All this, while a phenomenal run of good weather was providing us with the greatest wheat harvests in our history (well over a billion bushels yearly).

Where did the wheat go? Shockingly enough in the light of the later need, the wheat went down the gullets of livestock and poultry.

Livestock are usually fattened on corn. I asked a leading government livestock expert why wheat was fed to cattle during the war.

"Impossible!" he said indignantly. "Wheat is never fed to livestock."

Cattle, Hogs Feast on Wheat

And yet government statistics now disclose that in 1943 we fed almost half a billion bushels of wheat to cattle and hogs. And in 1944 and 1945, about a third of a billion bushels went down animal gullets yearly. (We built up huge numbers of livestock during the war, 40 per cent more hogs and 30 per cent more cattle.)

How did this gorging on grain by animals come about? Government officials planned it that way.

Farmers were subsidized to feed grain to cattle to provide more meat. From the fall of 1943 almost to V-J Day, the government bought wheat at the going market price, and sold it at 50 cents a bushel less to farmers to encourage such feeding. Farmers also received a price premium for producing bigger steers and hogs.

In vain a minority of food officials pleaded, "Spare the grain. You can feed four to six times as many human beings with grain, as grain, as you can with grain as meat—and you'll need grain after the war."

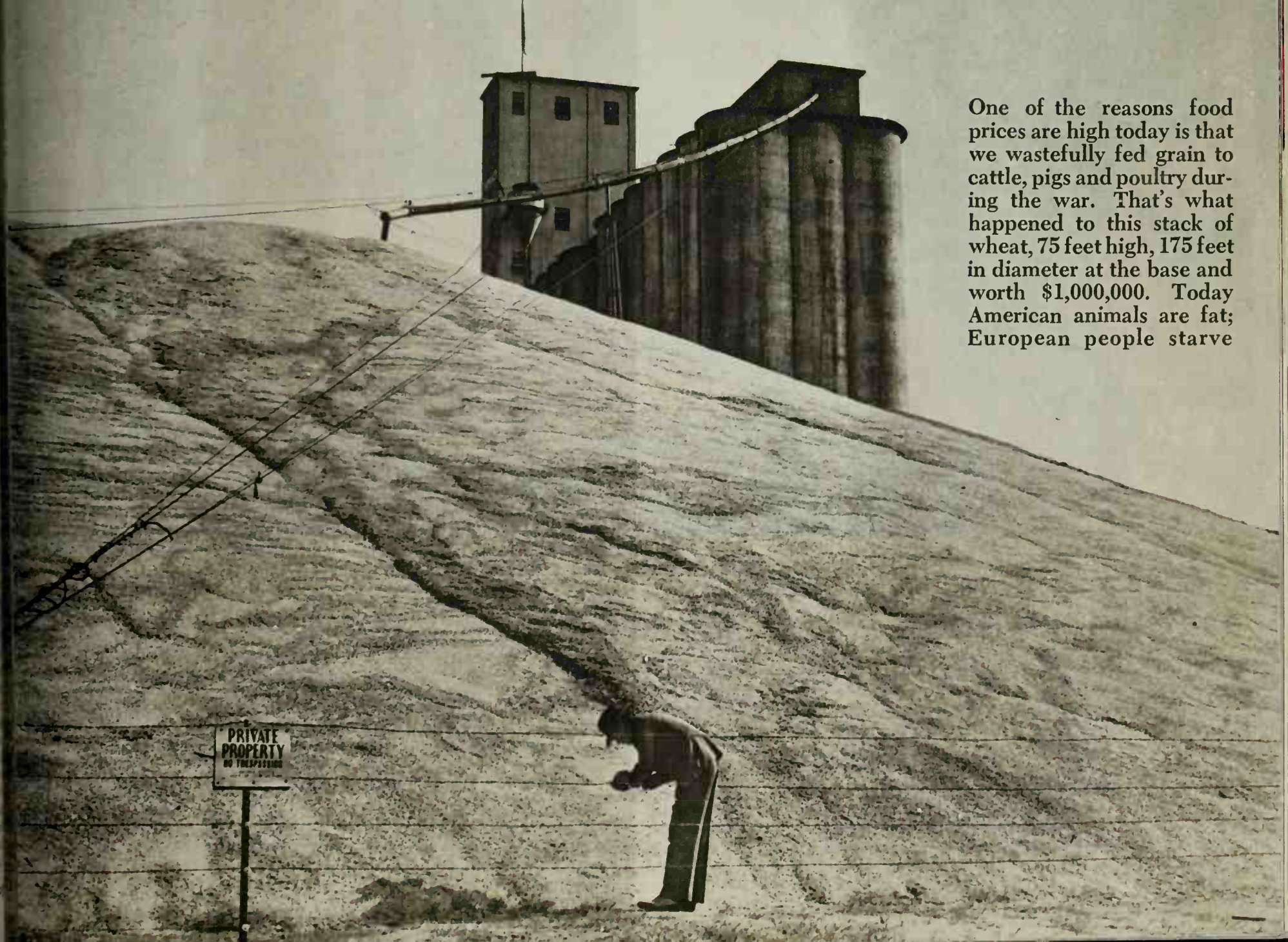
Policy makers paid no heed; instead encouraged civilians to eat more meat with subsidies which kept prices down. (The government spent $2,000,000 daily when price ceilings were on to absorb higher livestock costs and keep retail meat prices stable.) The result was that Americans ate more and more meat, consuming 150 pounds per capita as against 123 pounds before the war—when the American diet was already the envy of all the world.

From this bare-shelf policy followed the third great miscalculation: "Relief after the war? Why, there'll be so little need for it, we'll be able to do it with our leftovers. And anyway, where's the money coming from?"

But postwar relief needs went beyond anything our food administrators dreamed. This time it wasn't only

(Continued on page 62)

ACME

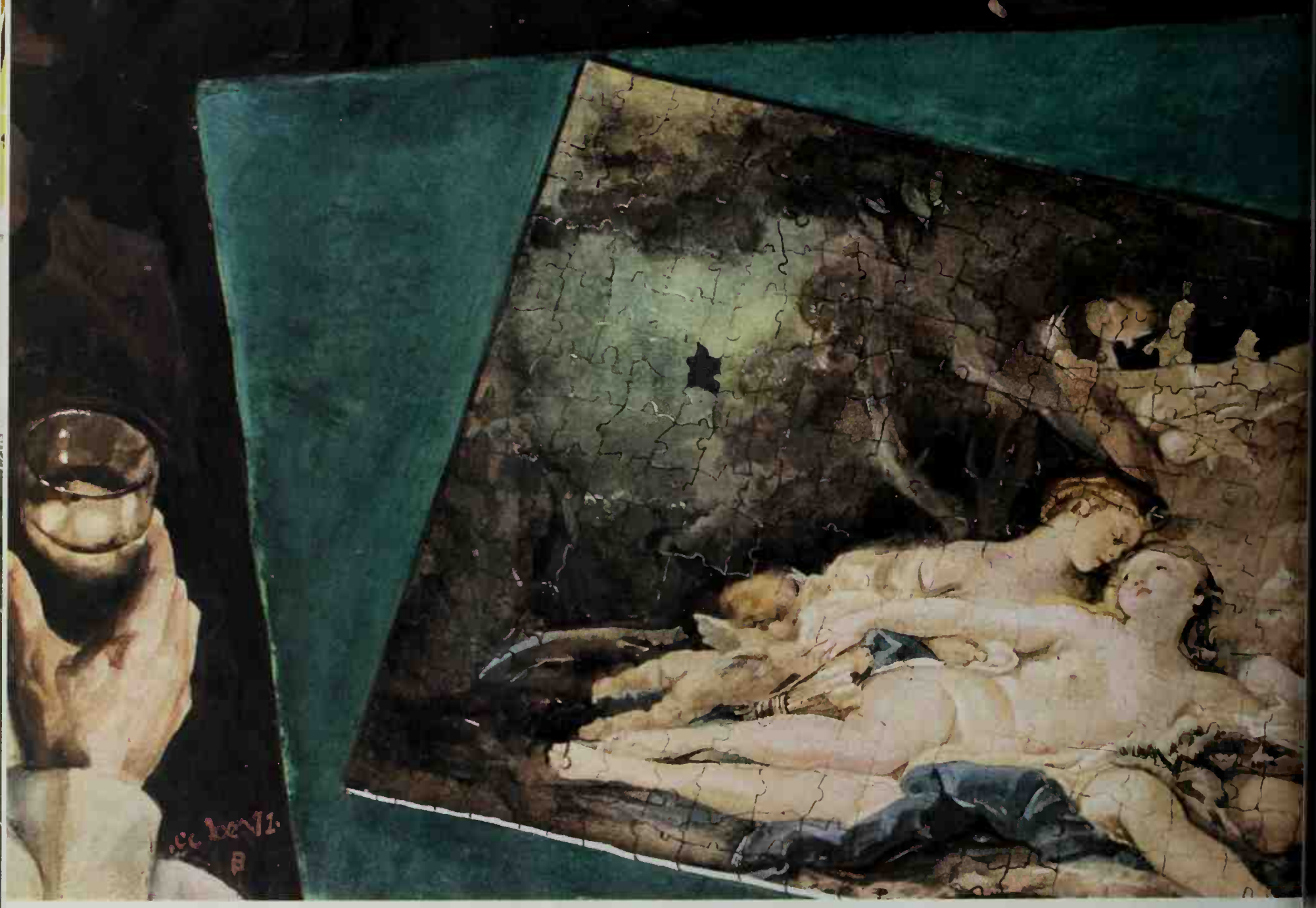


One of the reasons food prices are high today is that we wastefully fed grain to cattle, pigs and poultry during the war. That's what happened to this stack of wheat, 75 feet high, 175 feet in diameter at the base and worth $1,000,000. Today American animals are fat; European people starve

STORMY WEATHER

BY ANN MAULSBY

The skies were dark above their marriage



THEY remembered the island as a perfect jewel far out in the ocean, all sparkling sapphire water and golden sand. They loved islands; they told everyone there was nothing like an island for a vacation. Nowhere else could one get such a complete sense of isolation. And this was their favorite island of all, completely unspoiled. They had spent two weeks there three years in a row, but last year Charles' brother had got married and they'd gone to Wisconsin for the wedding, and the year before, they had gone to Canada.

So this year they were returning to the island full of happy expectation, almost as if they were going to a dearly beloved home. It was a disappointment, of course, that the Brookses had backed out at the last moment; the Brookses were such fun. But perhaps it was just as well, Helen thought. With the Brookses along, they'd be staying up late every night and drinking too much, but alone—oh, it would be like a second honeymoon. Helen pictured them lying languorously in the sun all day, communing silently together, their city-white bodies drinking in health and vitamin D. Charles would go back to New York full of renewed vigor for his work, more in love with his wife than ever. . . .

It was a pity that it wasn't fair weather when they left New York. Helen never boarded a train without vague thoughts of possible collisions; signals could get out of order, she thought, as ea of her household gadgets. The day they l was pouring down. It lashed at the win train, and the lush green countryside co only through a translucent curtain. Hel of washed-out culverts and short circui would naturally have considered her fea so she kept them to herself and began crossword puzzle, although she found i cult without her reference books.

The rain was almost a cloudburst walked from the train to the boat, and ing into one corner of their stateroom years they had been with congenial co



Helen hoped that working the puzzle together, they might be able to recapture the thing that had gone

Helen had a sudden impulse to make a drink for herself, just out of irritation, but the thought passed quickly, and she looked at her husband fondly, thinking how too bad it was that the weather wasn't fair, poor Charles deserved better weather than this for his pathetically short annual holiday.

There was a kind of pact between them that either could interrupt the other's reading at any time. Charles often interrupted her to read a paragraph that had particularly amused him, and Helen always put down her book to listen, even if she were in the middle of a sentence. And sometimes it was Helen who found something she couldn't resist passing on to Charles. So when she now spoke to Charles, it was with no sense of being tiresome.

"I just can't wait to get there," she said brightly.

"H'm," said Charles without looking up.

HER remark, she realized, did not deserve an answer, but she did wish Charles would talk to her. She wanted them to be gay and merry together on this first day.

"I wonder if those cute people from Connecticut will be on the island this year," she remarked some time later.

He looked up this time and shrugged his shoulders. Why was it she couldn't think of anything more fascinating to say to her own husband?

Years ago, before she had even dreamed of being married, she had wondered what two people could have to talk about together year after year. She had an appalling thought that she might run out of conversation after she'd been married a week. But she'd forgotten about it long before she married Charles, and had remembered it only some months later when she realized with what pleasure she and Charles read together, Charles stretched out on the sofa, she curled up in the big wing chair. Why, it was easy!

Of course these evenings of reading had become more and more infrequent during the last few years. This was the sixth year of their marriage, and during the last two their social life had doubled and tripled and quadrupled as Charles went up in the firm and spent more time with the partners. So-and-so would invite them to dinner, and they would invite So-and-so back, and they would meet new people at the dinner parties and would be invited to more dinners, and their circle of acquaintances had thus grown larger and larger like the waves made by a stone thrown into a pool.

In odd isolated moments it occurred to Helen that it would be pleasant for them to have a little more time to themselves, but she was so busy with little things all day that there wasn't much time to think about this. Besides she was rather proud that Charles was so popular, and that she perhaps had helped him. In spite of the fact that she had no special gifts—she played the piano a little—it was evident that other people liked her, and the fact that they did made her feel lively and gay when she was with them. The men liked her liveliness and gaiety, and their wives liked her because they saw in her no threat to their homes. She was no glamor girl, and besides it was clear that she was in love with Charles and had no designs on their husbands.

She loved Charles, and he had the most wonderful disposition in the world. It was actually true that they had never quarreled, even at the bridge table where she must often have tried his patience—for she was timid about bidding and never dared go to slam unless she had all four aces and practically all the kings and queens under them. Neither of them played tennis or golf; neither of them was a strong swimmer. All their tastes were sedentary. Of course Charles liked popular music better than any other kind, and on the radio preferred dance bands to symphony orchestras, but he was a darling about asking her to play the piano—even sometimes when they were alone. She didn't practice much any more, but she could still perform The White Peacock and some Brahms waltzes quite well, and Charles was obviously proud of her when people complimented her. He could never get it through his head, though, why she couldn't play a popular song and make it sound like Cy Walter or Teddy Wilson. She tried, but she had no talent for improvisation, and her attempts always sounded flat and dull.

Charles finally put down his book and smiled at her. She smiled back lovingly.

"We must be almost in," he said, looking at his watch. "We're three quarters of an hour late."

"I suppose it's all this rain."

"It's certainly been a dismal trip. We'd better fly back when we go."

"But it used to be such fun! It would be different if it were a nice sunny day. Let's go out and see if we can see anything."

The island was there, straight ahead, and Helen had a small perverse feeling of elation, of imminent joy in the two weeks ahead. But the little island which had always seemed to hold out its arms to them in welcome stood forlorn, dour and drenched in the downpour. No little bright-sailed boats scuttled across the harbor; they were tied drearily to their moorings. No dungaree-clad vacationers stood on the Point waving to friends on board.

Helen and Charles went soberly back to the stateroom and put on their raincoats.

"Nice weather for ducks," said Helen laughing, in an effort to strike a cheerful note. She had a way of repeating bromides deliberately, putting them in quotation marks to make sure it was understood that she knew they were bromides and was saying them to be funny.

But, although she had been doing this for years, she realized only now, from Charles' perfunctory laugh, that it wasn't amusing at all. It was a poverty of language, an inability to think of a new comment to make, that made her repeat these old saws.

The hotel room was small, and everything was damp and cold to the touch, but Helen flew around unpacking the suitcases, hanging up clothes.

"Maybe they're getting all the bad weather over today," she said hopefully.

"That trip was an awful punishment," Charles said, coming over to her and putting his arms around her. "It got me down for a while."

She knew he was apologizing for his mood on the steamer, and the cloud lifted from her spirits. She hugged him.

"It's the weather, too," she returned. "Let's go over to the Oceanside bar before dinner."

"Right. Maybe a drink would cheer us up."

THE Oceanside had been their favorite bar in the other years. There were many more attractive bars on the island, and several less expensive. They could never have explained the charm the Oceanside held for them, but after trying most of the other drinking places they had returned there for good; it had been the scene of many a merry evening with the Brookses and the Coverleys and dozens of other people. Lee (for Leonora) Brooks had, in fact, told them just before they'd left New York, "Go straight to the Oceanside and have a drink for me!"

You walk down a ramp from the street to a dank, airless room which, when they had last seen it, had been decorated like the cabin of a whaling ship. But this year they found it unpleasingly redecorated. The walls had been painted a garish Italian blue, and there were "cute" touches in the lamp shades and the bar itself, and on the doors of the retiring rooms were painted the words *His* and *Hers*.

"Never mind," Helen comforted. "It still smells the same."

The Martinis weren't as dry as they used to be, but Helen didn't care. She was excited. She and Charles hadn't been in a bar alone together in years, and with the warmth of the Martini she felt that the two of them were bathed in a sweet, loverlike intimacy that made her want to tell him all kinds of things about herself that they had never got around to discussing. The trouble was she couldn't think of anything just yet; it would probably come.

"Isn't this fun?" she asked him delightedly.

"Yes!" The enthusiasm might be spurious, but she appreciated his trying.

They looked around at the other people. One young man at the next table—he couldn't have been a day over twenty—was holding forth on the subject of the bringing up of children. At another table a mother was fishing a piece of orange out of her old-fashioned glass and giving it to her four-year-old daughter. There were several tables of girls with no men, and Helen's heart went out to them.

"Darling," she told him, "every time I see groups of girls taking their vacations together, I want to jump up and down because I have you!"

Charles squeezed her hand.

"Now look at those three over there." She nodded toward a table in the corner. *(Continued on page 69)*

eys the first year and the Brookses the third—and they had spent the four hours trip playing bridge and drinking. If it sunny day they could have sat out on ing the sun and the wind and the lapping water against the steamer. But, as it was, nothing to do but remain in the state-amuse themselves as best they could. esumed his reading while Helen recalled ss of other crossings. A couple of hours suggested they get that pint of bourbon suitcase, but for some reason Charles like drinking. And somehow Helen in-e considered the suggestion in bad taste.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

18

FLIGHT INTO THE FUTURE



Space ship (upper center) has left base on moon (upper left) to service interceptor rockets and is now speeding up to overtake rocket in 24-hour orbit. Rockets are similarly serviced in 12- and 6-hour orbits, these figures indicating the time it takes each rocket to circle the earth. For illustrative purposes this drawing is deliberately out of scale since the relative size of the earth actually would be much smaller

CAPTAIN CALEB B. LANING, U. S. NAVY

LIEUTENANT ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, U. S. NAVY, RETIRED

Calm scientists report this is no fantasy, that within our generation a space ship, based on the moon, could be used by the United Nations to patrol the world and stop future wars before they start! Here is a preview of such a patrol.—The Editors.

assume that you Ameri- ns continue to back rocket ence twenty years. We ace ship trip from a base on —or, rather, *in* the moon. is airless, therefore it is con- live underground, in air- d, pressurized rooms, for ection against extremes of old. Air, water and food t to the base from earth. d water are used over and , the air being renewed by s grown in tanks under sun

already? All of the tech- essary to such a base are use; there are half a dozen firms that would contract ch a base if transportation is provided.

displays the banner of the tions. The commandant is rders of the Security Coun- gardless of his nationality. along on a routine patrol of the space ship corps. andant has ordered our eve a space cruiser which ling the earth. We enter e U.N.S. Jupiter.

h only a glimpse of it, port in the waiting room, r it through a tube which m an entrance of the base air lock of the ship. Our vaguely like a submarine d swept-back wings. The seless here, but the Jupiter f entering the earth's at- necessary—hence wings. looks even more like a a profusion of dials and , spaghetti masses of wir- ing. Even the acceleration k like the bunks in a sub. gned to couches and told n. When the rocket ship e find ourselves pressed s with a feeling of extreme oppression. Actually the is not very great, only ; the captain and his navi- king it sitting up; but it nous to us after enjoying of the moon. The surface oon is so little that a 180- weighs only thirty pounds

eration continues for less inutes, the roar of the jets we are suddenly in free htless.

and at first—you are light . You unstrap and float s the compartment. Then ch rebels (it's as if you elevator that was falling d you are suddenly sea- acesick."

lasts three days, the nau- nd we even begin to en- derful freedom of being n like a fish through the ody, mass or vehicle in ightless, no matter how vitational field it may be is being accelerated by

cquainted with the crew. is in his middle thirties, AF jet-bomber pilot. His as an Oxford accent and y an assistant astronomer at Greenwich. The chief engineer speaks Basic with a strong Brazilian accent. There are many accents aboard—Russian, French, Texan—and as many backgrounds.

There is one odd uniform aboard and you have trouble placing the wearer's accent. His uniform actually means "Ph.D in physics"; he is an inspector for the U.N. Atomic Commission.

The Jupiter was doing a mile and a half per second when she went into free flight. After that she slows—you can't feel it—as she rises up to the change-over point where the pull of the moon eases and the earth takes charge. From there on she falls toward the earth—and you still can't feel it; you continue to float "through the air with the greatest of ease." By the time we are close to the earth, we are doing about five miles per second. You feel heavy again, for short bursts only, while the captain uses his rocket jets to bring her into a circular orbit around, and only a few hundred miles above the surface of, the earth.

Radar recognition has been exchanged, both with the ground stations and with the U.N.S. Saturn, the ship we are to relieve. The Saturn goes on her way, accelerating from her orbital speed of about five miles per second up to a speed of seven miles per second necessary to make the long, hard climb up to the moon base. The Jupiter takes over the routine of patrol.

Her main job is to service the free-orbit, guided missiles which circle the globe just outside the atmosphere. These guided missiles are unmanned rockets, looking much like the German V-2s of World War II but carrying in their war heads atom bombs instead of TNT.

The Jupiter is atomic-powered; these atom-bomb rockets are not. Their jets are fired with old-fashioned chemical fuels, possibly liquid oxygen and wood alcohol, for they need less power and cruising range. Their jets are fired only in testing, in minor corrections of course and speed, or—God forbid—should the Security Council find it necessary to order them to blast an aggressor nation off the face of the earth.

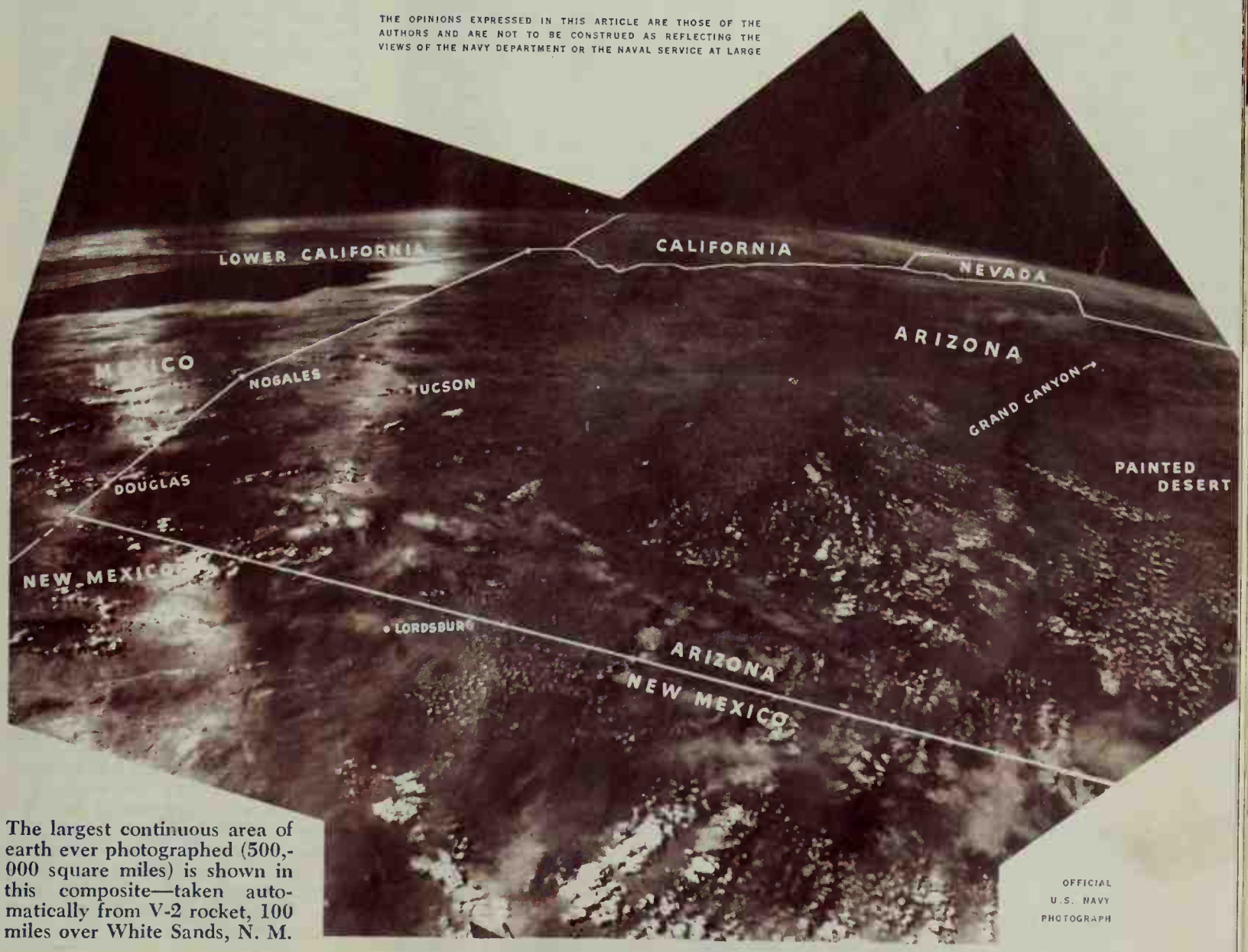
These rockets circle through the sky *without power of any sort.* This may seem strange, but they are actually artificial satellites, tiny moons of the earth. What holds the moons up? What power drives them? Once in place, with proper heading and speed (about five miles a second near the surface of the earth, less as you go farther out) a body will circle the earth indefinitely without using power.

These rockets are the "prowl cars" of the peace patrol. As few as a dozen of them can form so tight a network over the globe that no spot on earth is ever more than an hour away from the swift punishment of the Security Council.

The shortest time in which a satellite can circle the globe is about an hour and a half, but we can select any longer period we wish by placing the satellite—or "prowl car" rocket—farther out (higher "up" from the point of view of people on the ground). Let's consider a rocket with a two-hour period and let's arrange it to circle north and south from pole to pole, instead of around the equator.

(Continued on page 36)

THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS ARTICLE ARE THOSE OF THE AUTHORS AND ARE NOT TO BE CONSTRUED AS REFLECTING THE VIEWS OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT OR THE NAVAL SERVICE AT LARGE



The largest continuous area of earth ever photographed (500,000 square miles) is shown in this composite—taken automatically from V-2 rocket, 100 miles over White Sands, N. M.

OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

ATION BY ROLF KLEP



Tony Parenti and Georg Brunis at work. This sort of uninhibited playing caused one society matron to mutter: "Extraordinary demonstration of the freed libido!"



"Pee Wee" Russell's facial contortions (above) are said to fascinate the crowd almost as much as the notes he forces from his clarinet. Jam sessions usually include jazz musicians from all parts of the city. Below, Ed Hall does a clarinet solo, backed up by "Wild Bill" Davison's trumpet and Eddie Condon's guitar



JAZZ BROTHER

THE STORY OF EDDIE CONDON

Jazz had a hard struggle in New York. Amid high jinks in Harlem and falderal with the 400, the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans managed to stay alive—but it was a perilous living even with the help of Fats Waller

BY EDDIE CONDON AND THOMAS SUGRUE

II

RED McKENZIE, of the Mound City Blue Blowers, brought me to New York in 1928. We lined up a night club job and sent for some of the boys we'd used on records back in Chicago: Frank Teschmacher, Bud Freeman, Jimmy MacPartland, Joe Sullivan and Gene Krupa. We called ourselves the Chicagoans. But the club job never materialized.

We didn't realize how little chance we had in New York. Violins and soft saxophones were the fashion. The only place we could play was in our rooms, at our own request. Krupa set up his drums and we played every night until the complaints began.

One day Pancho, a society band leader, said he was sending Jolly Coburn to interview us about a job.

Coburn arrived and seemed glad to see us. "Pancho is going to Newport to play for the debut of Princess Miguel de Bragança's daughter," he said. "He'd like you to come along as an alternate band; he thinks it would be an interesting novelty."

"I think it will," McKenzie said. "It will be the most interesting novelty Newport has ever had."

The Eastern seaboard must have been drained of blue blood for the Bragança party. Every name was a foot long; I was surprised that anyone ate with his own hands. The affair was held in the country club; the only common things there were champagne, caviar and musicians. Even the servants were pedigreed.

The Bragança guests were all out-of-towners; those born in the United States were pretending it was a sordid mistake, an unhappy mischance. The musicians were supposed to help the pretense with Viennese waltzes. I looked around; Krupa was adjusting a tom-tom. The artillery was ready. "Well," I said, "let's give out with some of that old-world atmosphere—Clarinet Marmalade."

Eight seconds later every room was staring at us. P smiling; he liked it. So di The guests couldn't talk were playing too loud; be we pushed them out of the at the champagne. "Ex demonstration of the free heard one matron mutter.

"Lady," I said, "will yo glass while I get some cavi

"Extraordinary creature but she took the glass and I got some eggs.

Next day I met Pancho lobby. "How did we do?"

"You were a hit," he sai smiled. "One of the ladie was just like having the town again.

"She was old enough to she was talking about," h

Back in New York our out. Musicians came to brought liquor but never f then I discovered a simple modern society: You can self to death on your fri for one thing—you'll die tion first. When you're br get all the whisky you v anywhere you go, but do sandwich; it lowers the sc friendship.

Five nights a week I w lem, early or late, whether ing or loafing. I stumble called Pod's and Jerry's, at 133d Street and Seve which specialized in fried piano players.

One night I went there Tough, who was in town "Who's the piano player me.

"Joe Sullivan," I said. livan, sitting between us, cently at Tough. Tough arm. "Every light has he said. "I like both."

The Negro Joe Sull

unique style. After his
ork at the Cotton Club was
ke Ellington dropped in to
James P. Johnson was often
ce, eating fried chicken, lis-
d beating time.
a "cutting" joint—by five
the morning, pianists from
wn were taking turns at the
each trying to outplay the

ine or ten in the morning be-
yone left; hitting daylight
r hours of smoke and gin
, was like walking into a
quently I went broke in the
had to ride the subway
I had a job I would be in
clothes—tuxedo—and the
ns on their way to day la-
ne hard looks.

Date for Recordings

l's Paradise on 135th Street
arlie Johnson's band, with
Davis on trumpet, Happy
on tenor saxophone and
fford on drums. Somebody,
ought to put this music on
s too good to miss. I went
eer, of the Southern Music
then a subsidiary of Victor.
dubious when I outlined
I want to use Davis, Cauld-
tafford," I said, "with some
mine—Jack Teagarden,
n, and Milton Mezzrow."
gave in and set a date.
e I'm Gonna Stomp, Mr.
and That's a Serious Thing.
masters were cut, Mr. Peer
ed me. "You were right
music," he said. "It is ex-
in all I should say this has
teresting experiment." It
l I got out in the street
ed what he meant. We had
irst mixed recording date
nal label, using both white
musicians.
fterward Mr. Peer called
ffice and introduced me to
. Mr. Adams had a mus-
a problem. The problem
Valler, my favorite piano
Southern Music Company
rest and an investment in
who was having alimony
become indifferent to his
rding dates—he didn't get
ned, so he didn't care.
has recommended you as
and enterprising young
ent on. "We would like
rtake the task of finding
delivering him to the stu-
well-rehearsed band."
d difficult. I hadn't yet
why should he let me dis-
for the sake of the South-
ompany?
y you seventy-five dollars
o it," Mr. Adams said.
oment I would have at-
produce Herbert Hoover
lar for seventy-five bucks.
I said.
r. Adams said. "We know
an locate Waller. He's at
in Harlem rehearsing a
how. You can find him
ternoon. The date is four
w; that will give you time
band and rehearse it."
s at Connie's Inn as pre-
floor show, Hot Choco-
ing rehearsed. The score
and Andy Razaf, and in-
Misbehavin' and Black
ater it went downtown to
with Waller and Louis
n the cast.
r a pause in the rehearsal;

then I introduced myself to Fats. "Earl Hines told me to look you up," I explained.

"Ol' Earl?" Fats said. "Well, that's fine. How's ol' Earl? I'm so glad to hear about him. Sit down and let me get a little gin for you. We'll have a talk."

He was so amiable, so agreeable, so good-natured, that I felt ashamed of my mission; but I performed it. A recording date? He'd be delighted, he'd be proud; just any time. In four days? Fine. At Liederkranz Hall? Wonderful. At noon? Perfect.

I telephoned Mr. Adams.

"Very good," he said. "We shall expect you at noon on Friday. You had better stay close to Waller."

I did, but every time I opened my mouth to say something about getting the band together or discussing the numbers to be played Fats said, "Fine! Wonderful! Perfect!" and handed me another belt of gin. We were in perfect accord on everything. Nothing happened.

At the end of the first day I was not overly worried except in the matter of my capacity for gin. Obviously it was suicide to match Fats drink for drink. I began to duck and sidestep. All during the second day and the second night I kept trying. "Fine! Wonderful! Perfect!" Fats said whenever I mentioned the recording date. "Now let's have a little gin and talk about it." The third day I was desperate; as night came on I kept talking and Fats kept handing me drinks. There was still no band. "After we get the band together what shall we play?" I asked Fats.

"Why, we'll play music," Fats said. "Now let's have a little drink and talk about it."

Things grew faint and finally dark. When I woke I was lying on the wall cushions at Connie's Inn. It was half past ten in the morning. On another cushion Fats was curled up. I staggered over to him. He opened his eyes and smiled.

"It's half past ten," I croaked. "We're due at the studio at noon."

He sat up, stretched and yawned.

"That's fine! That's wonderful! That's perfect!" he said. "Now we've got to see about that band. Look around for some nickels so I can make that telephone go."

Fats Finally Gets Busy

He went to the phone booth and made three calls. By the time we finished washing and straightening our clothes three musicians had arrived: Charlie Gains, a trumpet player; Charlie Irvis, a trombonist; and Arville Harris, who played clarinet and alto saxophone.

"What are you going to play?" I asked, though by now I figured it didn't matter. Mr. Adams would throw me out on arrival.

"You mean what are *we* going to play?" Fats said. "Man, you're with us. Where's your banjo?"

"But I'm not supposed to play with you," I said. "I only came to make the date and help you get the band together."

Fats looked hurt. "You mean you don't want to play with us?" he said.

"I would love to play with you," I said. "My banjo is at the Riverside Towers."

"We'll stop and get it," Fats said. "Charlie, get a taxi."

We piled into a taxi and headed down Seventh Avenue.

"Now here is what we are going to

(Continued on page 56)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS



Jack Teagarden, trombonist, and "Hot Lips" Page, trumpet player (above), share a really joyful appreciation of jazz music. Teagarden was one of the group which made the first mixed recording date on any national label, using both white and Negro musicians. The rhythm section (below) often takes solo breaks when a man like Johnny Blowers cuts loose on his drums. His accomplice in this paroxysm is Morey Raymond, who plays bass. Both are regular players at Condon's night club





The quiet English countryside was to play host to an appalling murder that afternoon

MAN TO MAN

BY JULIAN WARD

N usually commit murder ecause it is the only thing eft that they can do. They everything else first and a last resort.

ooper certainly tried ev- e first, but it was no good. there was only one thing to do. He had no choice. m Willett said, "Well, I I have to go over to Hill- hnny Cooper felt his heart . He knew now that he it murder. And so he got chair and said, "I'll walk u, Tom," and took up his window seat where it was ew then, at that moment, the sun set he would be a nd it meant nothing to was nothing left for him t it. It was something he oid.

lett said to him, "That's d boy," and took up his d, "Well, thanks for the 'll be seeing you around days. Be good."

Lucy," said Johnny. the tea."

he two men went out of into the afternoon sun- alked side by side down e with the scent of cab- nd drying hay sharp in .

walked, Johnny Cooper imself: If he had not said g to Hillbourne I might one it. But now I shall worked out that I do it. hin, slight man, perhaps a an average, and about as Willett, though much ight. He was a thinker, e liked to read books be- or in a deck chair in the e liked to hear violins on was, in fact, usually too g ever to make much he world. He was not at f man you would expect nurder. . . .

own the lane, Tom Wil- im, "What time does the n? Seven, isn't it?" And per said, "Yes, seven. ndays."

them walked on side by the high, dusty hedges, Cooper noticed tall fox- ng like patient onlookers of the road. He noticed, there were blackberries hem out to Tom.

tt said, "Yes. A good kberries. I'm very fond and apple pudding. I usually make at least one each year."

Johnny Cooper nodded. He said, "I'm very fond of them myself."

He was thinking about his feelings for Tom Willett. He decided that he did not hate Tom Willett. At least, he did not particularly dislike him for what he was or for what he did. He was all right in his own way.

But he hated him for being there. It was his presence there which made Johnny's life impossible. He thought: Why can't you go away? You don't belong here. Why can't you go somewhere else and leave me alone?

The two men walked on down the lane and Johnny felt Tom Willett walking by his side and hated him for it. He felt the hatred burning like a small fire of red-hot coals inside his mind. At the end of the lane the two men climbed a stile and took a footpath that led away upward into the hills.

As soon as they were clear of the road Tom Willett began to sing in a loud baritone.

"Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daugh—ter! A-a-way, you rolling riv-er," he sang—and, in a clear, thin tenor, Johnny Cooper joined in; he had a good sense of harmony. They slowed down their steps until they beat the time of the slow tune, and Tom Willett swung his stick and slashed at the heads of the wild flowers as they passed.

He was a big man, with heavy arms and legs, and a big, barrel chest which seemed to make him walk with a heavy, pounding, slightly bowlegged strength as though he were crushing down the ground beneath his feet. He had a plump, reddish face and a brown mustache which gave him a sporting, horsy air. His expression was contented and seldom showed any change.

By profession he had something to do with engineering. It was a good job and he seemed always to have enough money in his pockets, and to be able to take Friday or Monday off to make a long week end whenever he felt like it.

He walked up the hillside now with an untiring, steady tread which spoke of determination and capability. Johnny Cooper, a little out of breath himself, was aware of it. He felt Tom Willett made him look a bit of a dope—perhaps one might even say a failure. But, he said to himself, there was a way of wiping that out. When they reached the place on the hill he was going to make things equal once and for all. He said to himself: I will do it. I've got to do it now.

When he thought about doing it he felt his stomach contract into a hard knot inside him. It was a terrible thing to do. It was a terrible and amazing thing to do to take another man's life away from him. It was the most terrifying thing that anyone could ever do. It was one of the things which towered above ordinary living like a great, cloud-topped mountain. It was as huge and terrible as Mount Everest. Death and Mount Everest—two vast, majestic things which soared beyond the sight of man, unknown, unknowable, and magnificent. Johnny Cooper saw himself standing far above the earth, the world spread out far below his feet, alone, remote, and powerful. He held death in his hands.

They walked on, climbing higher and higher up the hillside. There were no fields here, but only spiky grass, rabbit warrens, and small wind-swept bushes, bent and twisted by the gales of bygone winters. Tom Willett said, "Jackson, the baker, wants to sell me a pup from his litter."

Johnny Cooper said, "Does he? What are they—spaniels?"

Tom Willett said, "Yes, spaniels. But I don't want a spaniel. I want a mongrel. Mongrels make the best house dogs. I had one once, a cross between a collie and a terrier. It was a wonderful house dog. But of course mongrels are a tossup."

"Yes, I suppose so."

JOHNNY COOPER thought: I shall come back down this hill alone—walk back down this slope alone. There will be no one with me. I shall leave Tom behind me and he will never come back, and I shall never find Lucy talking to Tom again. Lucy will talk only to me after tonight.

He began to make his arrangements inside his head. He knew exactly the spot where he was going to do it. He could see the spot in his mind. He could see it as clearly as if he had a photograph enlarged to an immense size in front of him. He could see the gate which led to it, and the pathway, and the stiff grass growing up between the loose stones. If he concentrated he felt that he could even count the stones themselves. There was no detail which he did not know.

He knew the time too, the precise moment at which he must do it. He knew it to the smallest thousandth part of a second—the one swift, isolated instant at which he must shoot out his hand and finish it, finish Tom Willett forever.

As he thought of it his legs trembled and the sweat stood cold upon his forehead. He took off his hat and walked with it in his hand, letting the wind blow through his hair and breathe upon his flesh.

He thought, then, of what he must say afterward. There would be questions—hundreds of hostile, traplike questions. But he knew what he would say. He had only one thing to say. It was an accident. He would just keep on saying the one thing. It was an accident.

They would say he had a motive. That was true, but a motive was not proof. And there would never be proof. No one would ever be able to say for certain what had happened up here in the hills. Only he would know, and he would say that it was an accident. He would say that it was an accident as long as he lived.

They plodded on up the hillside. They were nearing the top now and the wind beat upon them and pushed against them so that they had to walk leaning forward against it. They passed scattered groups of moss-grown rocks which seemed to have pushed themselves up through the earth like great lizards seeking for air. Higher up a soiled-looking sheep looked down at them, seeming lost but uncaring. No doubt one place was much the same to it as another.

Tom Willett looked at his watch. He said, "I shall take the bus back, I think. It gets dark earlier now. I shall have walked far enough—I don't walk enough these days."

Johnny Cooper looked down from the hilltop over the countryside below. The village lay there, sheltered by elm trees. The trees lifted their feathery tops above the slate roofs and hid them. Only the church tower stood out hard and square among the soft leaves of the trees. The road wound between the open fields and disappeared in among the trees and houses and emerged again like a snake on the other side. There was a market square in the village, but from the hillside it was hidden. Johnny Cooper worked in the market square. He worked in an office on the first floor of an old building facing the church. He sat there every day writing out details of life policies, and fire insurance and annuities and what have you. It was a good job in its way, quiet and steady, but it got you nowhere really. There was no quick money in it, and life was a little disappointing sometimes compared with what he had once thought it would be. But then there were always books for consolation.

A few minutes later the track that they were following turned round the

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY CONCETTA CACCIOLA

THE GEESE ARE FLYING

BY HANS GROENHOFF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Armed with his camera, a photographer flies to James Bay for a rendezvous with the greatest concentration of wild geese in the world

WHEN the brief arctic summer draws to a close, great flocks of blue geese rise from their nesting grounds on Baffin Island, north of the Hudson Strait, and begin the long migration across Canada and down the United States to their winter quarters in the delta country of the Mississippi.

So far as naturalists know, they make but one stop; they drop down by the thousands at James Bay, at the southern end of Hudson Bay, and feed for several weeks in the lush marsh grass of the open tidal flats. During this period the James Bay area has the greatest concentration of wild geese in the world. Most of them are blue geese, or "waveys," as the natives call them, but there is also a large sprinkling of the more common white Canada goose.

Canadian and American sportsmen have long known of this gunners' paradise but did almost nothing about it because James Bay is uninhabited and virtually inaccessible except by canoe in the summer before the geese arrive, and by dog team in the winter after the geese have gone. No one hunted there except the Cree Indians who spend their summers near the Hudson's Bay Company posts.

A couple years ago, however, Tom Wheeler became interested. Wheeler operates a small fleet of airplanes out of St. Jovite, Quebec, about 80 miles north of Montreal, with which he flies hunters, trappers and prospectors, with their equipment, in and out of the Canadian bush. When he has spare time, he's out in the bush himself on hunting trips. Wheeler decided to have a go at the geese in James Bay. He loaded food, sleeping bags, guns and ammunition into a seaplane and with two friends set out for the north. Five days later they returned with a planeload of geese and thrilling tales of their hunting adventures.

Last year Wheeler set up camp of three tents on Goos six miles upstream from Jan and far enough inland to b reach of the tidal floods. A stove, sleeping bags, canned f other supplies were flown in. Forbell, an experienced han bush, and Palma Denis, an camp cook, were placed in ch four Indians were brought Rupert House, a Hudson's B pany post 40 miles away. Indians became guides for only because they were his and were not to be treated ants.

They were proud hunters o race, and whatever game t they would keep.

The party I accompanie camp included two other N ers besides myself—Dr. Galvin, a noted surgeon, an Post, a Wall Street banker. T after geese; I was after pict

From New York the tri easy. We made Montreal Guardia Field in two ho reached St. Jovite from Mo one of Tom Wheeler's plane an hour. Tom's brothe Wheeler, a serious hunter, at St. Jovite, and at dawn n ing we took off in a seaplan fueled at Lake Deserren, de bush, and again at Val d'Or ing gold mining camp on th frontier. After two more ho ing, during which our pilot the course of the Harrican we set down on Goose Cree high tide.

Next morning before Harry Wheeler aroused us to for the six-mile trip to Ja which can be made by can high tide. While the others lo their guns and stuffed thei with shells loaded with num



The Indian guides make their own decoys, shaping them of mud with their hands and placing a single white feather at an angle on top of the mass



The guides build blinds of willow boughs and marsh grass, and squat down in them until the geese have been lured in. Then

6 shot, I readied my camera
l my pockets with film.
ndians helped us slide down
dy bank to the canoes, and
ff in the cold, murky dawn.
ere the guides pulled the
p on shore and set out briskly
the swamp. We followed as
ould, but it was tough going.
e finally caught up with the
ney were at work. They built
ls out of willow boughs and
ass and made decoys of thick
l, shaping it with their hands
ing a single white feather at
on top of the mass. Here
they stuck a willow bough
ground, bent it over and
t with a pointed white bag.
istance of fifty feet the setup
actly like a group of white-
lue geese and a few snow
ling in the grass.
the blinds were ready we
to them and sat down with a
tremendous splashes. The
dians squatted on their
in the deep grass off to one
only their heads showing.
ut the time mud and water
verflow the top of my rub-
, a big flock of geese ap-
ing some 500 yards off to the
e Indians' heads vanished,
certed cackling came from
y had been, with now and
of them letting go with a

ough, the geese were re-
o the call of the Indians and
straight for our blinds. As
ared overhead I lifted my
camera, and Doctor Galvin
round and raised his gun.
m Post, and everybody ex-
y Wheeler, an old hand at
, began shooting. But no
from the sky. The Indians
nd Harry Wheeler yelled,
must have moved." I care-
fully put my camera back on the one dry spot on my lap.

"You see," said Harry, "when the geese answered the Indians' call they came in high to look the place over. But someone moved and they were scared away. Besides, they were much too high when you started shooting."

The Indians ducked into the grass again and began cackling and hooting, and another huge flock of geese appeared, coming in low from the north. Somebody fired, and two birds were dropped. The others wheeled, but the Indians broke out in a perfect frenzy of yapping, hooting and cackling, and three of the birds turned and glided in over our blinds. I snapped my camera like mad, the others shot rapidly, and all three geese were added to our bag.

This sort of thing went on all morning. There was never a long interval between flights, and enough birds were on the wing to satisfy any hunter.

All of us except the experienced Harry Wheeler thought we had had an excellent day, but Harry said no, the wind had been from the south, which doesn't make for good goose shooting. The best time is when a cold wind blows from the north under an overcast sky. We had that on the third day of our stay. Flock after flock of birds came in on the norther, some flying in the undulating V formation so familiar to goose hunters, others flying in a long single file. Thousands sailed overhead in a never-ending procession, cackling and hooting.

Toward the end of the day we saw what all hunters of wild fowl long to see. A great throng of geese rose from the marshes and swept low over our blinds like a howling storm. To a man the hunters stood up in the grass and fired shot after shot until the whirlwind had passed.

This single day well repaid the discomforts we had undergone. Geese hung high in the trees around the camp, and we were ready to return on the plane, which was scheduled to pick us up at high tide next day. But the airplane failed to arrive, and for five days we paced the short stretch of dry land between our camp and Goose Creek, while the cold became more penetrating and our spirits sank lower.

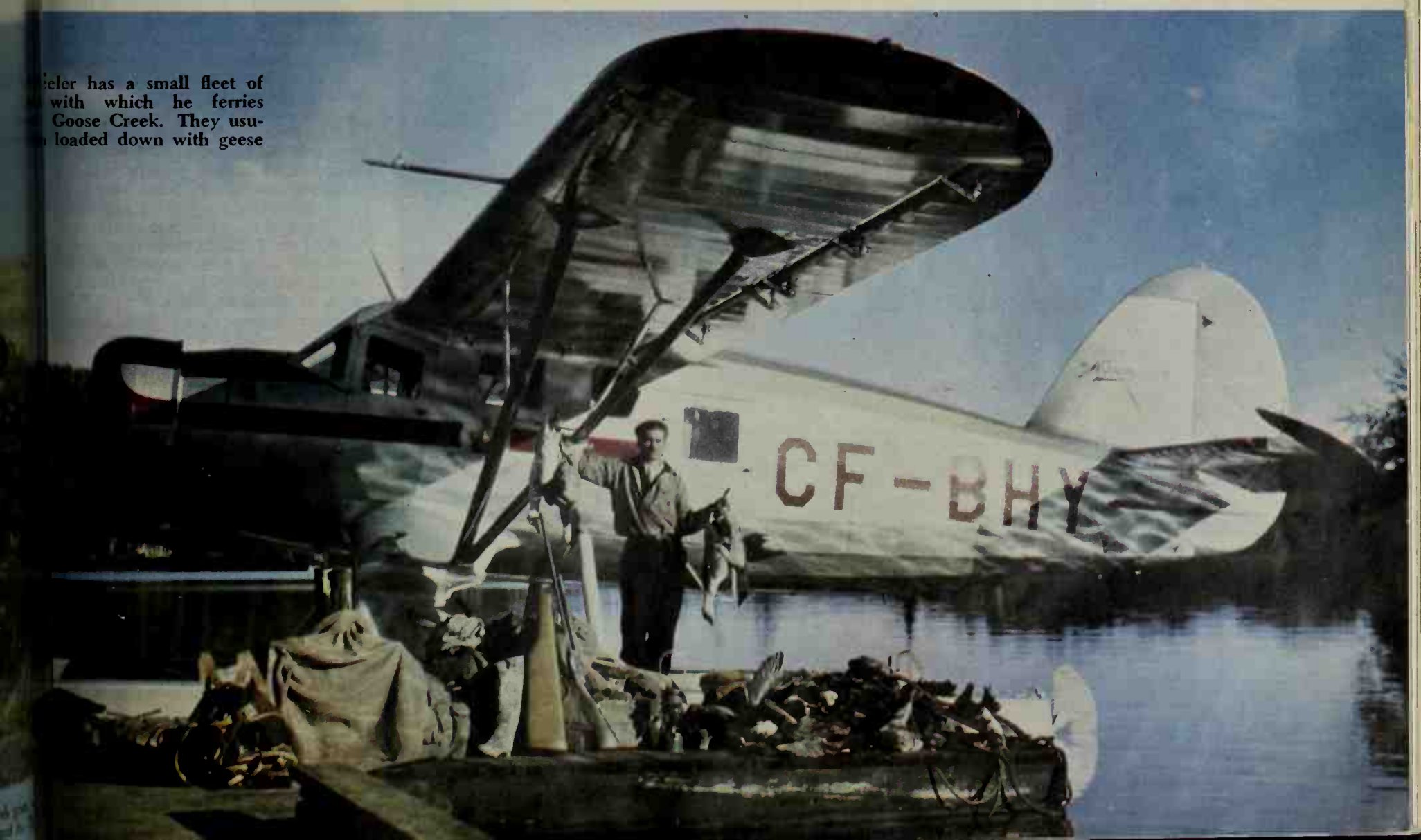
Finally, on the fifth day, the plane appeared. A fresh party of hunters emerged, well dressed, clean and eager for the shooting. While our plunder was being loaded we grabbed at whatever cigarettes they could spare and gave them a lot of expert advice.

We landed first, on the return trip, at Rupert House, the Hudson's Bay Company post only 40 miles across the marshes from the camp on Goose Creek. There we refueled and took off for Val d'Or. And when we arrived at St. Jovite to spend the night in Tom Wheeler's popular but unpretentious hotel, Gray Rocks Inn, the little town looked like a metropolis and the hotel like a palace. That night we feasted on some of the wild geese that had fallen to our guns, roasted by Mrs. Wheeler according to her own recipe:

"Skin the birds, don't pluck them. Stuff them with a dressing of dried bread crumbs, salt, pepper, butter, finely chopped onions, some raisins and some chopped walnuts. Fit the birds into as small a pan as possible, and sprinkle lavishly with chopped bacon. Place the pan in a hot oven and cook for 15 minutes at 500 degrees. Then pour in dry sherry until you can see it between the birds. Cover the pan, reduce the oven heat, and cook for 45 minutes. Use the pan juice for gravy, and serve the birds with this orange sauce, cold: Take six tablespoonfuls of currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls each of orange juice, lemon juice and port wine, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the grated rind of two oranges. Add salt and pepper to taste." ★★★



Two of the Indian guides display a beautiful specimen that was bagged at James Bay



eler has a small fleet of with which he ferries Goose Creek. They usu- loaded down with geese

MAN RUNNING

BY SELWYN JEPSON



CONTINUING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM THE NOOSE

The Story:

Crusty, eccentric COMMODORE GILL prev
lovely daughter EVE to steal a valuabl
which he feels should belong to him—from
sister-in-law. Attempting to sell the painti
don dealer one evening, Eve encounter
PENROSE, who is fleeing from the house
JOSEPH INWOOD—and from the police.
murdered in his library; a witness has se
leaving the house. Actually, Jonathan h
gaged in making the murder seem the work
in an effort to shield Inwood's wanton
LOTTE, with whom Jonathan is in love. Or
Eve drives Jonathan to the Gill country p
singland and hides him.

Finding no market for the stolen paintin
the Commodore takes it aboard his yacht
Holland, where he believes he can sell i
who was to go with him as a seaman, disap

Rightly suspecting that Charlotte Inwoo
complice in the murder of her husband,
Jonathan quite ruthlessly, Eve poses
Simpson" and, disguising herself, goes to
wangles a position as lady's maid to Char

While the hunt goes on for the lovesi
Eve learns more of the truth concernin
wood's murder and his wife's character.
on an extension, Eve overhears Charlotte
one FREDDY WILLIAMS; Eve realizes that
cold and heartless man, is Charlotte's real
GROVES the butler, suspecting Charlotte'
Jonathan, threatens blackmail, Charlotte
pay a midnight call on Freddy William
out of the house and her disguise; her
down the street. Slowly she follows Char

IV

CHARLOTTE walked quickly f
was prostrate with shock. Afte
she hailed a taxi, got in and sh
It set off at a fair pace, with me after
mental note of its number, ADP 995,
several times to make sure I would re
case it might be useful one day.

Brompton Road, Park Lane, and righ
distance, then left into North Audle
stopped at a small block of flats. She
the driver as I drove past, turned the
pulled up, and a moment later put an ey
edge of the wall of the corner house.

She stood on the pavement in the lig
lamp looking up at the flats; then she n
put out her hand to ring the bell—fo
time, I decided. If Freddy was expec
was in no hurry to open the street do
course, his flat was near the top and l
way to come down.

The next moment she went right in
way and out of my sight. I waited, bu
reappear. I walked briskly past the
long windows on the third floor had li
and one single one on the top; the r
the front of the place was concerned a
dark. I strolled back to the door and wi
managed to read the names by the side
or ten bell pushes in a brass plate set
arch of the door, the name "T.F.W.
appeared against Flat 3. Well, I knew n
lived. But otherwise I had come to ano
inconclusive moments which so irritat
were up there discussing matters whi
much my concern while I had to stan
on the pavement in a state of ignorance

Just as I was about to turn away fr
the latch clicked, making me jump, f
by the surreptitious way the door began
it was Charlotte already on her way o

But it was a blonde who stepped in
an angry, sobbing blonde.

It is queer how quickly one's mind
sometimes it knows a thing for certain
real evidence to support it; I knew
been with Freddy Williams when C
arrived and spoiled her evening; s
turned out, to hide in a passage som
Charlotte had been safe inside the fla

I did not make way for her, so she
at me. She glared. I said *(Continued*

I was listening to their conversation w
an alarming shaft of light froze me ag

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDEL



ok at it this way

hrough knotholes is one way to save money. But buy trucks, there's a better way.

trucks that fit your job . . . "*Job-Rated*" trucks built For proof, look at the facts:

ch Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck (175 basic chassis designed to fit a specific hauling or delivery job. It's e loads it will carry.

insure performance with economy your Dodge have "*Job-Rated*" power . . . the right one of seven e truck engines.

r safety, and for long brake life, your Dodge truck *Job-Rated*" brakes of the right type and size.

r lasting dependability your Dodge truck will have a " frame, transmission and clutch. Axles, gear ratios, tires will be "*Job-Rated.*" All will fit your job.

s add up to benefits you can't afford to overlook: ing operation . . . and dependable, *longer-lasting* trucks. And, to enjoy these benefits, see your Dodge dealer now . . . for the truck that fits your job.

TRUCK SERVICE, TRUCK PARTS . . . IMPORTANT, TOO!

Your Dodge dealer is interested in your continued satisfaction: *First*, by selling you a truck that fits your job; *Second*, by giving you dependable Dodge truck service; *Third*, by providing you with truck parts that are identical with original Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck parts. This is the Dodge way . . . your protection against costly delay.

Remember ONLY DODGE BUILDS "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS
175 BASIC CHASSIS MODELS TO FIT 97% OF ALL HAULING NEEDS
(LIGHT DELIVERY UNITS TO BIG, HEAVY-DUTY HAULERS)

DODGE "*Job-Rated*" TRUCKS
FIT THE JOB . . . LAST LONGER

CAN GENERAL BRADLEY WIN THIS ONE?

Continued from page 11

the small, backbiting anti-Bradley stories which now fly unchallenged around the Washington buzz-buzz.

Because he is head of the biggest agency of our government—disbursing seven billion dollars a year, 20 per cent of federal income—Bradley is on the hot seat automatically. No man in such a position could avoid criticism even if he had not inherited the effects of a thousand mistakes—some almost calamitous. Indeed, the remarkable fact is that until a few weeks ago Bradley was rarely censured. Then suddenly it began to snowball.

Recently Bradley has been accused by the House Appropriations Committee of presenting sloppily prepared, "unrealistic" budget estimates. He has been criticized for not providing better arms and legs for amputees; for inability to get rid of bumbling bureaucrats who infested the old V.A.; for failure to streamline clerical work with modern office equipment; for his unwillingness to let the American Legion "help out" with his problems; for failure to build new hospitals; for not sending checks to thousands of G.I. Bill college students; for creating a blizzard of paper work and for "criminally mishandling" the vital records of hundreds of thousands of veterans.

Less often now do you hear Bradley praised for the magnificent improvements he has made in V.A. medicine, and for withstanding heavy political pressure from everyone but President Truman.

The V.A. is big and rambling and hard to control. Figures illustrating its size and complexity could be used to frighten junior statisticians. There are now about 1,300 offices staffed by more than 200,000 employees. Last January, an average month, the V.A. received 12,927,522 pieces of mail. That month 4,000 V.A. contact representatives held 2,394,786 personal conferences and kept an additional 178,000 outside appointments, a total average of more than 30 a working day. In addition they answered questions on 928,727 phone calls. One day 17,000 veterans came to a single office to ask questions.

The V.A. is so immersed in paper work, as Bradley's critics like to point out, that there are 15,000 separate forms on which information can be compiled. If each form could be filled out in five minutes it would take a competent worker a month to get them all filled in. "It's the world's greatest paper pachyderm," said one circus-minded critic.

Good Record in Tape-Cutting

To speed service to the veteran, Bradley and his deputies have done some notable tape-cutting. It once took two weeks to certify a vet as eligible for education or on-the-job training; now it requires two days. The paper work required every time a patient entered a hospital has been reduced from three or four hours to 60 minutes or less. Dependents of World War I veterans entitled to death claims formerly had to wait months for an exhaustive investigation before receiving any payments. Now minimum payments are made within a week and additional payments made retroactively if investigation proves they are deserved.

Tops among Bradley's achievements is the V.A. medical program, which is so revolutionary as to be unbelievable. Three years ago V.A. medicine was a joke in the profession. In one Army hospital a poll of the medical and surgical staffs failed to secure a single affirmative reply to the question, "Would you take a postwar position in a Veterans Administration hospital?" Today every one of these men would be proud to practice V.A. medicine. One Minnesota specialist recently remarked, "If I don't get tied up with the V.A. I'm going to lose professional standing." This miracle was wrought by the considerable persuasive powers of Major General Paul R. Hawley, V.A. medical director. He crusaded the medical profession and convinced it that Bradley had the green light from President Truman and Congress, that he was willing to set medical standards as high as the profession would provide personnel for, and that he and Bradley would cut their own throats before they would cut those standards by so much as one degree. Physicians were at first skeptical, but gradually they were persuaded that this was a real opportunity.

Here is the way Bradley's program works: The V.A. employs as part-time consultants leading specialists and pays them $50 a day (peanuts for many of them) with a $6,000 annual ceiling. When one of these consultants visits a V.A. hospital he examines the patients in his field and instructs the hospital staff in his diagnosis and the reasons for his prescribed treatment. In addition he gives lectures to the staff on recent medical developments, using patients—to the great delight of the vets—as subjects.



COLLIER'S "Boy, oh, boy! I can hardly wait until next season!" R. KRAUS

Key V.A. institutions are large enough to include a wide variety of cases, and the hospital staffs thus have access to advanced medical knowledge which heretofore was available only to a limited number of doctors in the largest cities. With such instruction our younger doctors should become among the best equipped in the world.

A great surgeon said the other day, "A doctor can learn more medicine in one year in a 250-bed V.A. hospital than he could in five years in general practice." And there is a further important dividend. When these clinical sessions are held by the selected consultants, practicing physicians in near-by communities attend. Thus the results of improved knowledge are immediately translated into hospitals throughout the country.

The results of Bradley's medical program have occasionally been spectacular. In Minneapolis, for example, with 1,800 beds the pre-Bradley regime treated some 4,900 patients annually. In the first year under Bradley, through better and more efficient care, 12,527 patients were treated, a jump of 250 per cent, with exactly the same number of beds. To have built new hospital facilities for these additional patients would have cost $17,000,000. The average V.A. general medical and surgical patient used to be hospitalized 40 days; now it's 20.

The part-time consultant is the key to the extraordinary care which the V.A. is able to provide. To provide them costs $10,000,000 a year, or around fifty cents per year per veteran. But to replace these specialists with full-time but run-of-the-mill doctors would cost at least $14,000,000 annually. Despite this there are ominous signs that already this medical program is in danger.

Each co-operating medical school appoints a Dean's Committee of prominent physicians to supervise without charge its relationship to V.A. Among other functions these Dean's Committees screen and select the young physicians who are to have the advantage of a year or more resident work in V.A. hospitals.

In June, the Dean's Committee of Vanderbilt University sent an emissary to Washington to inform Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, head of V.A. medical research and education, that they wouldn't deliver a single resident doctor for the 500-bed Thayer Hospital in Nashville on the agreed date, July 1st, because the V.A. was not living up to its bargain. The 500 beds required for the projected resident program had shrunk to 370—because the hospital staff had been cut from 700 to 540 and thus could not handle 500 beds. This was the result, said the V.A., of essential economies. But rather than compromise with its standards Vanderbilt abandoned the project.

Today the V.A. has 6,500 such beds, which it says it is unable to operate and it claims to have no staff for 7,878 new beds which soon will be ready.

Congressional economy drives pose the greatest threat to the V.A. program; politically it is more important to see that a lot of people get something than to insure that a smaller number get something worth while.

Conditions charitably described as unpleasant are not new to the V.A. When President Harding, in March, 1923, picked Bradley's predecessor, Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, to run the Veterans Bureau, he cautioned Hines to watch the pennies. Hines was conscientious to a fault.

In 1939 Hines was boss of a $600,000,000 program which cost only $87,000,000 a year to administer. But
rate in his T.B. hospitals d
able comment from the
Life Insurance Company;
had racketeering concess
nurses and doctors were cyr
brutal in treating patients, o
of whom was cured.

When the U.S. had 1,00
pre-Pearl Harbor training
warned that these soldiers
day be veterans and that h
pare to provide hospitals fo
replied that he wasn't going
building for a war he wasn
late as October, 1943, Hine
proposals that he take steps
backlog of work piling up
charge of servicemen. W
took office it wasn't appa
neath the surface the entir
the V.A. was in danger of b

As Hines was a master
evitably the V.A. was run w
gard for politics. Jobs w
anyone unrecommended
people. Personnel was not
out due regard for the w
organizations whose poli
was desirable. Most of this
ley has wiped out.

Scouting Patronage I

When Bradley-man Da
ceeded flinty Oliver Gotts
uty for the New York
politicians hoped that t
drought of the Gottschalk
To feel out the situation,
gerling approached Pag
"Say," he asked, "what so
is this Page?"

The assistant made with
and fumbled, "What d'you
"Oh, you know. What s
is he?"
"I don't get you."
"Well, you know he's g
to hand out . . . and we co
"Oh, if that's what you
sistant said, "you can tak
he's a distinct s——o——b

Bradley's ability to resist
sure has also been clearly
in the vast construction p
V.A. and in the operatio
The First National Bank
que once estimated that th
there meant $5,000,000 a
city. A 1,000-bed hospi
least $5,000 a day in lo
In addition, every patient
age of one visitor a wee
more locally. Governmen
definite community assets
of Congress and chamber
are unanimous in their e
cure such blessings for t
ties. It is a strong traditio
political folklore that gov
tals shall be located "on
surrounded by votes." T
the patient has usually b

It was, therefore, som
tionary when Bradley anne
new medical and surgical
V.A. would be constructe
cal schools—or at most 2
from them—where the be
tors would be available to
When this intelligence was
the Capitol, one Sou
warned Bradley if he put
where in his state withou
approval, the V.A. app
would "never come out
The senator was ignored.

Surprisingly, this was a
pork-barrel reaction. So s
Congress backed Bradley
senators and three congre
tempted to high-pressure

TASTE SO TEMPTING...

Because every bite of a Milky Way is a luscious treat . . .
rich with the combined flavors of the thick milk chocolate coating . . .
he golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and the soft,
ougat center abundantly flavored with real malted milk.
her to make each enjoyable mouthful a real taste thrill . . .
down to the last delightful flavor that lingers in your mouth.
u crave good candy, eat a **Milky Way**



pital program. This is a remarkable record, marred only slightly by the personal intervention of President Truman in changing several proposed sites.

There is, however, a constant show of political pressure, and it cannot always be dissipated. In the vast reaches of New Mexico is a town named Silver City where there is located an old Indian outpost, Fort Bayard. Here, with great reluctance, the V.A. operates a T.B. hospital. Nurses refuse to work in such an out-of-the-way place, and the V.A. is able to keep it staffed only by promising that no tour of duty will exceed 30 days.

Political Heat Defeats Plan

The V.A. is enlarging its T.B. facilities at Albuquerque and recently announced that it would close the hospital at Fort Bayard. Immediately there was turned on a blast of political heat which caused Bradley quickly to change his mind about the undesirability of Fort Bayard. This hospital will continue to be operated, under the most difficult of conditions, until things cool off. But Bradley doesn't often lose.

Where critics find Bradley really vulnerable is in his handling of veterans' insurance. Here Bradley is caught in the middle between loyalty to a subordinate and the inheritance of what proved to be the biggest paper-work snafu in the history of government. If there is any single factor which could shake the confidence of World War II vets in the ability of the V.A. it is the handling of National Service Life Insurance. For most of them it is their single lifetime hope of safe-guarding the economic security of their families.

There are scores of thousands of vets at this moment who have been paying premiums regularly but who have been notified that their insurance has lapsed—some, like John C. Berron of Greenwich, Ohio, after paying a full year in advance. There are men who have died and whose beneficiaries have been paid but who are still being dunned for premiums.

There are thousands upon thousands of men who have written asking what the hell, and then waited two, three, and four months without receiving a reply. These conditions prevail today, two years after Bradley took over! The latest available figures show that the V.A. has piled up 1,187,262 separate payments from vets which haven't been identified or matched with any known insurance policy. This could mean that some $6,000,000,000 worth of insurance policies was balled up.

A few veterans are screaming bloody murder, but not threatening—not yet. Indeed some of their most piercing yells lay bundled in the unanswered letter files of the V.A.—where they are aging into mere burps of indignation. On May 15th, letters, other than current correspondence, which were waiting to be answered totaled 358,719.

The manipulator of this singular enterprise is Harold Walker Breining and he has been in the insurance end of the veterans' organization and a civil servant for twenty-six years.

Breining has been unkindly described by one of his detractors as a "plush-bottom bureaucrat." "Plush-bottom" is an unnecessary slur on his *embonpoint* and does not reveal the heartily cheerful disposition beneath. His standing as a bureaucrat, however, is without peer. As one observer put it, "He has that essential faith which enables him to rise above a crisis, knowing that if he hangs on long enough eventually everything will come out all right." Recently Breining gave typical reassurances to a reporter who was inquiring with some concern into what he believed to be the most unholy governmental mess of all time. "It isn't as bad as it seems," Breining smiled. "We'll have it all cleared up in a few months."

If everything goes well, Breining will get it cleared up, of course. Between March 15th and May 15th, with the aid of a special and intensive effort, the national backlog of unmatched records was reduced by some 200,000. At that rate they should certainly be out of the way fairly soon, if it wasn't for the sad fact that improvement isn't universal. In New England, for example, instead of gaining on the pile in two months of effort, they somehow fell behind by 3,000. This unhappy circumstance occurred in a number of centers. Only amazing efficiency, such as shown in New York, where the backlog was reduced by nearly 50 per cent, made the national picture one to which Breining could point with optimism.

To listen to the V.A. apologists, the blame for this and other conditions of snafu rests in large part on the Army and Navy, which in response to pressure from parents and wives stepped up planned discharge rates from between 300,000 and 672,000 a month to 10,000,000 in a year. In addition, the armed forces did such a thorough job of informing dischargees of the rights of veterans that practically every man discharged came out hollering to the Veterans Administration to give him his due—one out of four filed a pension claim, for example. Another reason—and this is certainly valid—is that the bottom of the man-power barrel had been scraped several times before the V.A. got around to hiring personnel—what was left wasn't much and wasn't good.

Bradley's famed decentralization program is also blamed. When Bradley took over he broke up the country into thirteen branches, which he compared to Army corps commands, and declared that henceforth his deputies in those branches would have complete operating authority within their areas. The Central Office in Washington would be responsible only for policy making and supervision. It seemed like a great idea but snipers inside and outside the V.A. unfairly contend that all Bradley did was to create thirteen more places for papers to accumulate. Nevertheless the insurance inundation was so great that it had to be decentralized or face a breakdown.

The problem of veterans' insurance is complex beyond belief, not merely because it involves records for some 20,000,000 people but because it is different from ordinary insurance in that premiums usually are paid once a month instead of once or twice a year, a fact which magnifies the work, and the chances for error, beyond ordinary comprehension.

But, experts maintain, it could be improved if Breining would permit changes. He could call upon any insurance company to help him solve his problem but he does not do so. He has two committees of insurance executives but he has been largely content to admire the imposing names on one, the insurance advisory committee. He has utilized the second and smaller committee—a group of actuarial specialists—to assist him in preparing mortality tables.

When the American Legion proposed in the fall of 1945, and again in January, 1947, that a team of experts from insurance companies advise local V.A. installations in the handling of their vast insurance problems — with insurance companies bearing the entire cost—the idea was turned down. The V.A. had its own specialists in the field.

What really throws insurance operations into a tail spin is the receipt of payments from veterans who send a money order with a letter reading, "I'm enclosing $7 for my insurance for June," signed, Bill Smith, with no other information. Bill Smith may even have moved several times in the past year and sent such payments to different V.A. offices. Without knowing the policy number and other simple data it is a difficult and in some cases an impossible job to match these payments up with the policy and properly credit them.

When told of this situation, one of Breining's insurance-committee members, an official of a large private company, snapped back with: "Just put such payments in an envelope and return them to the sender with a card saying that the V.A. will accept no remittances which do not include complete data. That will show vets you mean business. Then they won't treat you like a piggy bank."

What Breining did was somewhat different. He devised a four-part form with three inserted carbons. Two of these pieces of paper go to the veteran telling him politely that the V.A. has his money but doesn't know where to put it and requesting that more information be returned on the second form. The third is an index card and will, if the vet complies, be used eventually to match his remittance with the master premium card. The fourth form the V.A. appropriately calls a dummy card. It is placed in a special file as permanent evidence that the V.A. on such and such a date received a payment from one Bill Smith.

More than 10,000,000 veterans have dropped their insurance—not a few because they feel the V.A. is too inefficient to entrust with money. Recently the V.A. has been urging these vets to reinstate their insurance. The American Legion has disclosed cases of men who have repeatedly tried to get their insurance reinstated and have received no reply. One man tried for seven month... by mail how to go about it. ... killed in an auto accident ... and three small children ... poorer today because of V...

Such occurrences are ba... tragedy, though, is that bec... surance muddle the confide... eran is being shaken, not o... important asset he can get ... —the insurance itself—bu... hopeful structure of the ... ministration. He is still ... General Bradley won't let ... he's beginning to wonder i... ley isn't in over his head.

Not the mildest of Br... are the service organizatio... can Legion, the Veteran... Wars, and the other smalle... of which are effectively a... veterans get their due, a... more. The largest of these ... are against Bradley fund... cause they don't want a ... eral—or any other general ... service—running the V.A. ... civilian—a veteran, of cou... erably one whom they wo... choice in nominating.

The American Legion, ... believes that the V.A. is ... in its hospitals on a divisio... services, through which a... co-ordinated the work of t... teen, post exchange, ch... and entertainment and n... patient services. It includ... of co-ordinating the effor... unteer groups as the Red ... can Women's Voluntary S... Aid societies and a half-c... organizations that stumb... selves to "serve" the h... with whatever they thin... him. The American Le... willing to operate this for... would permit it.

How Legion Supervisi...

When the V.A. was hea... Hines the Legion supervi... hospitals—in fact, ran son... to the point of deciding ... tory patients would be gi... to attend movies.

The Legion assisted so... one Southern hospital wa... a single medical officer ... central office in ten years ... visited only twice in ten y... ative did such assistanc... post commanders—and t... other veterans' organi... would dictate the me... given some patients. Th... to Legion headquarters p... but it happened just the s... larly. When Bradley took ... that a post commander l... out a surgeon in front of ... cizing his technique. Br... the veterans' organizatio... would be no more of that.

Under heavy fire at ... Bradley's hospital-constr... The record is bleak. It sl... past two years construct... on only seven of 74 ... hospitals.

Only one hospital has ... and that was begun befo... over.

If all Bradley had war... struct some buildings ... operating rooms, labora... ties such as kitchens an... didn't care in whose c... them, he could have had ... pitals running by now. ... over he found a belate... program under way. Pla... institutions were based ... dated ten years ago. H... changing rapidly with ... velopments. A decade ... rooms were used main...



COLLIER'S "A table near the waiter, please" JACK MARKOW

People are saying—

"It's the *best-looking* automobile we've seen!"





this beautiful new Chevrolet will convince you d-action matches its appearance. There's solid very part. It's designed, engineered and built to ar performance, Big-Car comfort, BIG-CAR AT LOWEST COST, over a long period of years!



have heard men and women every- h *special* enthusiasm of this bigger- ooking Chevrolet for 1947!



Ask them why they prefer it to other cars, and they will tell you that one reason is the surpassing *Big-Car beauty and luxury* of its Body by Fisher—a feature found elsewhere only on much higher-priced cars.

They will also tell you that Chevrolet rides more comfortably, performs more efficiently, and serves more dependably than any other automobile in its field. And, of course, this is because it's the *only* car in its field combining such Big-Car features as the gliding Knee-Action Ride, Positive-Action Hydraulic Brakes and Valve-in-Head Thrift-Master Engine.

Moreover, they will tell you that Chevrolet gives them these Big-Car advantages at *substantial savings* in purchase price, operation and upkeep, which is the real reason it is famous all over the country for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST.... Yes, people *do* speak of the new Chevrolet as the *best-looking* automobile and the *best automotive investment* they've seen. And that, in itself, is mighty good proof that it will pay you and your family to make this car your own!



eople are saying— ***"IT'S THE NEW CHEVROLET for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!"***

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN



"ESSIE"

"If you want to learn about Chemistry, pack the books—
if you want to learn about women, pack the Essley Shirts!"

EVERY young man should know that a good "line" is more than verbal.

SHOULDER-LINE, chest-line and waist-line speak for you, too—and in an Essley they say flattering things!

HAND-CUTTING, the traditional way to make fine shirts, is a secret of Essley's success. Sanforized* fabrics, tailored by Troy Craftsmen, is another. But here's a clincher . . .

THE TRUBENIZED* COLLAR keeps Essley flattering—right through your longest day or date! It can't crumple, won't wilt—and is *twice* pre-shrunk to *stay* true to size!

AND YOU DON'T have to give the shirt off your back for an Essley . . . $2.95, $3.50 or $3.95 will do!

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



ESSLEY SHIRTS

SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS

© Essley Shirt Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City

tively brief surgery such as an appendectomy.

Today, perfection of surgical techniques makes possible single lifesaving operations which tie up an operating room four or five hours. One of the most modern hospitals in New York has only half the operating space it needs; when it opened, it had more than enough. The use of streptomycin, penicillin and scores of new compounds and tests requires much more elaborate laboratory facilities than were considered necessary even five years ago.

So Bradley courageously scrapped the old plans and organized a committee of architects and doctors to establish criteria for the new hospitals. He called on the help of Army Engineers, who proved to be unduly optimistic about pushing through the building program. Meanwhile, he got caught in an ascending price spiral and had to ask Congress for more money. To get reasonable bids he had to advertise as much as three times with four months elapsing between each ad.

But the most serious delay was caused by the fact that to design and draw the plans for a major modern hospital takes ten to twelve months.

Alibis Don't Build Hospitals

The mumbo jumbo of official explanation covers these facts, of course. It doesn't build any hospitals. But this is not so serious as some of the veterans' organizations might have you believe. The Legion has loudly complained that many thousands of vets are without medical care because Bradley's construction program has bogged down. That isn't true.

Latest available figures show that 106 veterans with service-connected cases were waiting to get into hospitals on April 1st, along with another 5,000 whose cases were presumed to be service connected. Many of these were waiting, not because there were no facilities but because they wanted to enter a particular hospital. Nevertheless, Bradley could care for all of these hapless vets if he were willing to cut quality. Rather than do this he is taking the rap for construction delays.

Rumors that Bradley has spent millions on impractical artificial limbs are false. One really encouraging aspect of the V.A. program is the invention and perfection of new prosthetic devices—artificial limbs—which will be of great value to vets. Most people have the impression that a new arm or a new leg is in fact just that. It isn't at all. Artificial limbs become helpful only after long and patient schooling in their use; they are invariably cumbersome and often painful. Only the most rudimentary progress had been made in their development in the last generation.

Financed jointly by the Army and the V.A., and starting from scratch, a committee of the National Research Council has been co-ordinating and supervising experimental work involving, among others, Northrop Aircraft, Incorporated, University of California, and University of California at Los Angeles. After less than two years—at $1,500,000 a year—the tangible results appear negligible. But much of the essential and undramatic basic research is completed and the next twelve months will likely produce developments which will be hailed as miracles.

For the first eighteen months Bradley operated the V.A. with the freedom of a man who has been given a blank check on an unlimited treasury. The only thing he didn't have to worry about was money. But with the new Congress he was abruptly checked. He was asked to explain why he was spending what. This abrupt shift has caused considerable whimpering among Bradley men in the V.A. Suggestions of inefficiency, of failure to meet scheduled goals, are answered with dark but v
the "economy wave"
blame. This is only partl

There are also comp
V.A. lacks the personnel
that ceilings placed on
V.A. employees by the
Budget have made nec
cuts and the closing of ho
the ceilings imposed up t
example, were never reac
which was also free to e
of personnel needed.
people indicate otherwi
bed has yet been closed s
personnel ceilings.

The V.A. has a financ
the debatable question
pleasantries as movies,
canteen and post exchan
in V.A. general hospita
available in private hosp
the V.A.'s 1948 approp
have been severely cut b
cuts were made, but
twelve months the V.A
gram will have more m
and more employees t
past year.

Friends of Bradley h
cerned lately lest the
similate him the way th
thousand years assimila
vaders. The most alar
they claim, is the break
ley's Division of Co-ordi
trol, a reporting office
Bradley with accurate a
formation on the vast
tivities of the V.A. Origi
was set up to report dir
and the excellent an
monthly analyses which
described by manageme
vital importance in ena
maintain efficient V.A.

Control Division

Bureaucrats who fou
Division's searching inc
operations somewhat e
cried it as unnecessar
They kept up the pre
Control functions. Soo
reporting direct to Bra
an intermediary. Next
ports were discontinue
dinate executives were a
Control Division's repor
tions before the report
in a confidential month
nally the division's repo
duced from monthly to
one observer, "The bur
Bradley now. They've b

Bradley is no politicia
what he thinks and so
He has repeatedly beer
antagonizing Congress
taliatory cuts in his
doesn't hesitate to remi
it wasn't *his* idea to spe
a year on veterans. No
the benefits the money
sists he won't cut qualit
for blow-hot, blow-cold
propriations. Efforts to
whipping boy for Con
of the painful duty
money are likely to fai

When Bradley took
mandate: "Get the j
something new has bee
another word, and so fa
per, but it's a portent.
appears, "Get the job d

There is real dang
anxiety to do the job
accept unfortunate cor
ley once said, "I don't
job in the country I'd
nor any job in the wo
better. For even thou
with problems, it give
do something for the
much for us." He stil

THE E

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

ALKING TURKEY

n How Are Things on Oki- 12th) Mr. James writes, and I ve still got tons of boned tur- sland,' said a young military fficer. 'It's good food, and we Okinawans at a penny or two l what do you think happens? it, laugh a little, thank us —and use it for fish bait!' " you! Boned turkey! Tons of r two a pound! And they use it! Who is responsible for ne people who destroy thou- of potatoes in this country! ng on for a voyage, most men make a few purchases . My purchases along this nerally of a few tins of my e and one or two tins of . And what do I pay for the s, not pennies, a pound! And and I *EAT* it!

President Truman, Secre- , General MacArthur, and

MERICAN MERCHANT SEAMAN

THER WHIPPER

Greetings from a state fa- rodeos, in fact, this year showing of the "Daddy of ut, boy, howdy, that rodeo must be the great-grand- 'm referring to Dark Horse 9th).

e a fair rider, but I've never at I could rake a bronc and especially if I were wearing your boy had on in the il- ad of the usual Paddy Ryan Also, we boys out here out with a pad under an dle. One more favor, please. o see his friend, the arena isqualify our hero, Slippers, ithout his chaps. The rules ou know, and how did that into his right hand?

LARABEE, Cheyenne, Wyo.

SOME CHANGES MADE

You Buy Their Dreams, ll Davidson listed a lot of by industrial designers to ured items more useful to I have a little list of my

Messrs. Loewy and Drey- ttention to a cheap, foun- cleaning-fluid reservoir to om your clothes? I'd like t hear) noiseless freight at about a train air-condi- that *doesn't* go in reverse, in in winter and warm it

gazine printed in luminous the dark when the other sleep? A toaster that pops removing the hazards of Either that, or one that can s on the ceiling and do a like an electric razor with zer to apply lotion as you zz, an ash tray that empties furnace, and self-launder-

ion one of those postwar uipped with a driver who ing for it on rainy nights; he sawdust left in pencil I suppose they are in the , along with a dictionary lling so ignorant people up.

NCE AND CLAUDE STROUD, New York, N. Y.

RESS PITCHER

he photographer who took Newhouser (page 16, July 19th) chose an unfortunate fraction of a second to squeeze the shutter release. It looks as though Newhouser's arm were off at the elbow!

H. D. BARLOW, Manchester, N. H.

That was the day Hal threw his arm still clutching the ball.

MAGAZINE OF THE AGES

THE EDITORS: Andrew Roberts' Stay East, Young Man, Stay East! (July 19th) about the real-estate beating the veteran is taking in Los Angeles is a wonderful article.

I have read Collier's since I was eighteen years of age and consider it one of the great magazines of this century. As long as you continue to print subjects related to the suffering of the little man, you shall command the trust of your great mass of readers.

GEORGE D. WATERS, Los Angeles, Cal.

CASTING DIRECTOR

DEAR EDITOR: Your serial Merchant of Valor is the best story that I've read in a long, long time.

Three cheers for its author, Mr. C. B. Kelland. His clever manner of writing packs romance and excitement into a sixteenth-century setting. *Incidentally*, Mario Cooper did a most beautiful job of illustrating Mr. Kelland's novel. If skillfully produced and directed, it could become the best picture of the decade! How about Cornel Wilde or Vincent Price for the screen part of Peter Carew, June Haver or perhaps Veronica Lake as Betsy, Elizabeth Taylor as Beatrice, Errol Flynn as Giovanni De' Medici, and Basil Rathbone as Christoforo?

CHARLES L. FELLENCER

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

DEAR EDITOR: In Unmasking the Mosquito (July 5th), Nina Wilcox Putnam says, "Here are the lurid details of the private life of the gallinipper." I always thought the gallinipper was different from the mosquito, that it was much larger and had longer legs and was harmless.

Re Spear That Tiger (June 28th), there are no tigers in Brazil and the picture shows a jaguar that has spots. Tigers live in Asia and wear stripes.

MRS. F. M. LE PLA, Palatka, Fla.

Webster: Gallinipper. A large mosquito or other biting or stinging insect. The Brazilians refer to their jaguars as tigrés. Spots or stripes, what does it matter, if you've been eaten by one? Besides, stripes are all the mode this year.

KFRU SHALL RING TONIGHT!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re your interesting City Without Secrets (July 19th): May we let you in on a Columbia secret? Although radio news writing has only recently been made a part of the curriculum at the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, we will attest to the fact that students at the school have been preparing radio news for station KFRU for the past 12 years. The news bureau at KFRU is entirely manned by journalism students.

Full college credit is given students for their work in the KFRU news bureau.

C. L. THOMAS, Sec'y, Station KFRU Inc.

BURNED UP!

SIR: "There is no such thing as wind burn; it's plain sunburn slightly accentuated by the absence of protective perspiration," says the debunking physicist of NYU (Debunking Expedition by W. E. Farbstein, May 31st).

Please ask him if he ever experienced a prolonged night flight in a fast open cockpit airplane sans windshield, or canopy. Would HIS face be wind burned?

H. C. DRAYTON, Cambridge, Md.



Of America's leading cigarettes, PALL MALL—and only PALL MALL—is "Outstanding"!... For PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke ... filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos ... gives you outstanding smoothness ... mellowness ... mildness.

OUTSTANDING

-and they are mild!



"Times have changed!" says the knight he admires the golden background and ladies of today. He is fascinated by the uses of this new nontarnishable metal

GOOD AS GOLD

This new thread looks like real metal but is much better for dresses, bathing suits and draperies. It's rather expensive now, but watch for the gold rush

BY RUTH CARSON

ROSE MARIE REID, a popular California designer of bathing suits, has a man-bites-dog story about a movie star and one of her suits. The star is Rita Hayworth, and the suit is plenty glamorous, too, looking like spun gold and making even an average figure look divine. The news about it is that Miss Hayworth's movie studio telephoned Mrs. Reid's design studio and said, "Please, may Miss Hayworth be photographed in that suit?" thus reversing the usual order of requests, since stars are constantly besieged with pleas to pose in this creation or that.

The thing that made this suit desirable above all others is simply a thread. But such a thread! It is as golden and beautiful as the gold in the most perishable evening brocade you ever owned. But it isn't gold. It takes to water like a fish, it can be dry-cleaned, it can be used in a hundred different things from tablecloths to bathing suits. It's still as good as gold; in fact, better—for it doesn't tarnish.

The gold mine from which this thread comes can also yield silver and copper, or any color, for that matter. The trick is a thin strip of aluminum foil, coated on both sides with clear plastic, stuck to the aluminum with an adhesive tinted in any of these precious colors. The results are threads that look like metal, though the only metal thing about them is an aluminum core that doesn't show. They're touching up a lot of things with glamor, but they came about in a most unglamorous fashion.

A firm named Dobeckmun (for the g that its three founders were the Mess Becker and Munson) specializes in ma aging material from films like Cellophan like aluminum foil. Having worked thei plain cigar pouches through gaily print hold anything from your moth balls to y they invented the zip tape on your ciga age. This involved laminating, or press films together.

Experimenting further, they disco aluminum foil, sandwiched between tw transparent plastic film, could be slit in narrow as 1/64th of an inch, making an metallic-looking thread for weaving. W besides the silvery look of aluminum, produce gold or copper with no more alc coloring the adhesive used to glue the sa gether. So they added metallic threads to ness, selling them for embroidery wor making braids that went into belts, trit such.

The war slowed further progress for a since the war, designers have snatched ball and started running in all directio Rose Marie Reid was one of the first. B of the gold thread for embroidery, she it was seaworthy enough for bathing promptly talked a manufacturer into r her twenty yards of gold cloth and twen at equally fabulous expense. The result suits, making you glimmer like a minnow fish as you slither through the water, a headlines, as well as the figures of su Rita Hayworth and Lucille Ball.

Several movie studios have stocked th first suits sold by the hundreds even a \$89.50. Now at a mere \$25 per, Mrs. R tically in volume business, making suits fabric overlaid with gold.

It used to be that anything with a met it was strictly for winter and for for wrapped in black tissues between wear be prayed over on opening, in the hope t be no tarnish. Metallic fabrics had other too. They were expensive. They had unpleasant odor. The metal threads in abrasive to the other threads, and they in weight.

The new miracle yarn having wipe handicaps, even to lowering cost somew ers have become light-handed with it fo son of the year. Fleck a white tweed you have a handsome co or winter. Put a fine h gold in a beige cotton, material for a lovely s ning dress, or a distinc any time. Clare Pot Simpson, Howard Gre Capezio—name a Who American designers, an most of them gilding so whether it's slippers, n or dinner gown.

Your house can have glitter, too. Twenty or ture makers have used it in their new fall upholst years Dorothy Liebe weaver, and setter of fab has used gold, silver threads in her weaving, mixed with "There's nothing new about that," "Through the ages, metals have been fabric. Look in any museum. But I hav appetite for gold in my stuff. I've spent France for metal yarns, only to have t I've even written to China, trying to ge

So when Dobeckmun asked her to be for them, bribing her with a guarant metal thread she could use, she took was like putting candy in a baby's han

The refurbished Royal Hawaiian Ho lulu has Liebes shades at the windo colored half-round slats of wood la with brilliant yarns of *(Continued*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

nderful Stars of "It's A Wonderful Life" and "The Yearling" Magically Together for the First Time!

JAMES STEWART
JANE WYMAN

in

Robert Riskin's

MAGIC TOWN



THE MAGIC OF A SUDDEN KISS... A LOVE THAT JEOPARDIZED THE HAPPINESS OF THOUSANDS!

with KENT SMITH · NED SPARKS · WALLACE FORD

Written and Produced by ROBERT RISKIN · Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

A William A. Wellman Production · Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.



. . . may I suggest you ask for this precious pre-war Bottled in Bond Kentucky bourbon now?

J.W. Harper

bottled in bond



Distilled before the war and bottled in bond under the supervision of the U.S. Government.

it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

the gold medal whiskey

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF
BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

FLIGHT INTO THE FUTURE

Continued from page 19

Each time the rocket makes one lap the globe turns through one twelfth of its daily rotation. If it passed over New York at noon, by 2 P.M. it would have gone completely around the earth and would then pass over Kansas City; two hours later it would pass over Salt Lake City. In the same four hours it would have patrolled over portions of Siberia, China, Burma and India, not to mention Little America and the North Pole.

We can select orbits of longer periods by using, for example, 24-hour, 12-hour and 6-hour satellites. The 24-hour orbit rocket has the amusing trick of staying always on the same side of the globe! It lives a life of permanent frustration; if it starts a lap over Ecuador at noon, then at midnight it will be on the far side of the globe—only to find that Ecuador has swung around there to meet it!

Moon Base Could Direct Rockets

These prowl-car rockets can be directed by remote control from the space cruisers, from ground stations or even from the base on the moon. Security doctrine calls for them to be controlled by the space cruisers, under the orders of the Security Council's military general staff chief.

The Jupiter is now in an orbit just outside the orbits of a spaced group of prowl-car rockets; her speed is a trifle slower than that of the rockets. One of them slowly overtakes and passes her. The space ship captain uses his jets to increase speed slightly. He jockeys his ship, using radar, automatic pilot and sheer talent, until the speeds and courses of the ship and the rocket missile are perfectly matched, with the rocket a scant hundred yards away. The general alarm sounds and the loud-speaker shouts, "All hands! Recovery stations."

They are about to bring the rocket into the ship. Space-suited men in fishbowl helmets float in a cluster around the air lock. One of them, carrying a sort of crowbar, enters the lock. Outside—you watch him through a viewport—he doubles up against the side of the ship, then shoves off, as if from the side of a swimming pool, and dives toward the rocket. There is a line on his waist, the other end fastened to the ship.

The man inserts the crowbar gadget in the war head of the rocket and locks it in place. There is now a mechanical obstacle stopping the sequence of events necessary to trigger the atom bomb. Then he hauls over a heavier line and makes it fast to the rocket. He waves and reports "Ready" by walkie-talkie radio built into his suit.

The bomb-bay doors are open; the rocket is warped inside. The bomb bay is itself a giant air lock; once the rocket is inside, men can work on her without space suits. Apparently there isn't much to be done. Some of her fuel has escaped through relief valves and must be replaced; there are routine checks and tests of all her gadgets, mechanical and electronic. This is an "honest" rocket; her radar ground checks have shown her to be on time and on station since her last inspection, save for minor variations easily attributable to the disturbing pull of the earth's tidal bulges. They prepare to cast her adrift again.

When the bomb bay is open, a giant lazy-tongs nudges the missile away from the ship until she floats free, and clear of the Jupiter's jets, secured to the ship by one line. There is a wait, until the navigator assures the captain that the rocket is tracking on station in her proper orbit, then the line is cast loose and hauled in. The Jupiter's jets are fired briefly and she drifts away, to rendezvous with and service the missile in orbit B-16.

Let's leave the space ship a to earth, and to 1947. Who space flight—who is *now* de What are the U.S. Air, (Naval Forces doing about it

For that matter, why h corps at all? Why not let alone, leave such things to The answer is curt, inescapab have space ships to preserv

In a period in which space nically possible it is also i *we* don't develop space shi else will. Once developed, can and will be the source military power over this over the entire solar syster is literally *no* way to strik ground, sea, or air, at a whereas the space ship armec weapons can wipe out anyt globe.

The proof lies in the phy gravity. Space—space here does not permit detailed tecl sion, but consider an analog one at the bottom of a 200-f at the top, each equipped jagged rocks. Who bashe head?

Suppose we don't have a guarding the skies and an in from space on New Yor enemy space ship comes cu the globe a thousand miles ing around five miles per natural speed of the orbit. the navigator precisely inf position. The ship launch bomb rocket; the "gunner missile by radar and applie rections by remote contro rocket bomb is on its cor Manhattan, the "gunner" se the space ship scoots out haps to wipe out San Fr minutes later.

Difficulties of Defend

The defenders of New Y best that brains can devise can buy, try to fight back. perfect warning system, n of spotting and tracking a sand miles and more awa *might* have as much as tw which to locate the enem fire interceptor rockets an him out of the sky. But th rockets would have to build once to speeds several times the space ship's five miles pe

However, if you can bui ceptor rockets (counters to warfare" are being worked day), then faster attack roc be built. The advantage is "at the top of the well," o ship—he's higher up.

We want peace. We o forces, as human beings w homes of our own, most es peace, for we know how fri strophic another war woul can make the United Natio the space corps, when it c the backbone of the U.N. S —and it will be up to the te most advanced member na ply that backbone. If we c U.N. work, then we've got space corps to enforce a because the big cities o States can't survive an ato

There are other reasons ple survival, for developin There is the high moral re tific research and exploratio and the antarctic, in the str

What can we expect to what is on the other side Whence come the cosmic ra

rs are there in major
s? Is there life on our

corporations are today
bouncing radio messages
s an aid to world-wide
; satellite radio relay
t like the "prowl car"
d earlier, would be worth
mercial radio as far bet-

side issues. We must
ause our children must
orps to *stay alive*.
graphs say that we shall
our first space fleet in
fore we have "push-but-

pply atomic power to
he liquid-fuel rockets of
re too much fuel for re-
ssor J. R. Dunning, of
project, thinks that it is
irst large-scale applica-
power to transport will
oing ships. It is logical
tion should become the
Bureau of Ships. The
airplane is an aim of
designers. This is much
use of the great size and
to shield the crew from

rojects converge—in the
ay as well build it large
the weight of the anti-
eld will not be a too-
n of the total weight,
will have to house the
or eating and sleeping
that will last weeks,
—for deep space explora-

e the Bureau of Ship's
ig ships, add in all that
ns about power plants
x in Army Ordnance's
ig rockets, call in the
Aeronautics, the Army
Department of Com-
ny skilled commercial
the already participat-
This sort of joint op-
ing on at White Sands
in New Mexico where
handles the over-all co-
any related projects in
V-2 rockets.
ve job at White Sands
is a preview of the first
t. Its story starts in
held at the Naval Re-
y to discuss uses for
rockets. Some alert Army Ordnance officers, picking through the debris of German factories and dumps after V-E Day, had found enough parts of V-2 rockets to assemble a goodly number. When they examined the cleverly engineered jet engine, they realized that we were years behind the German rocket experts; we had whole new techniques to learn before we could build our own first long-range rocket. The Ordnance officers promptly shipped a hundred V-2s to White Sands.

Progress in Conquest of Space

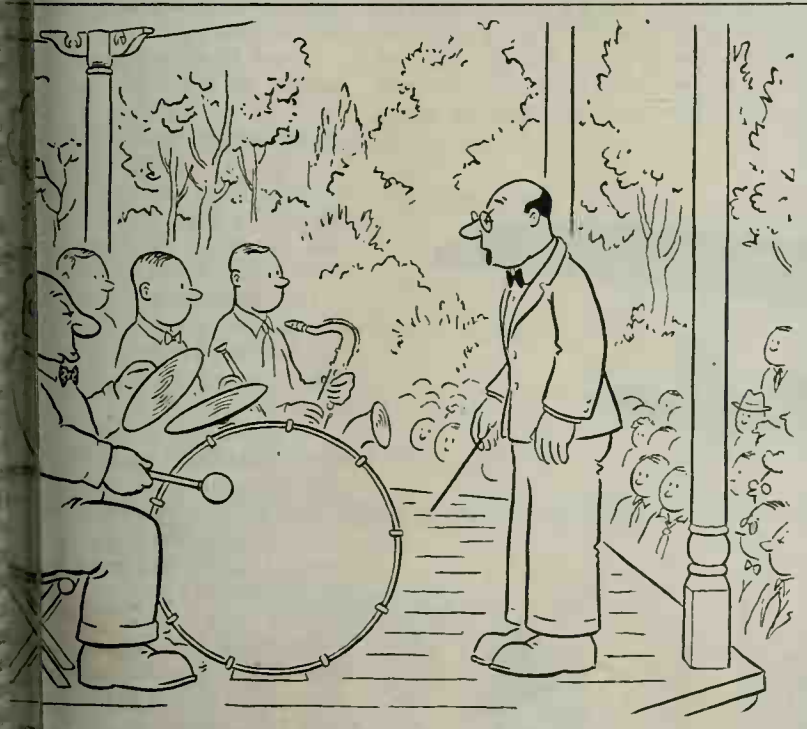
Army Ordnance hired General Electric to do the engineering of assembly and firing, thus neatly and quickly educating one of the country's major engineering staffs in the subject of big rockets. Then they invited the brother services to join in the firings. The empty war head, or cargo space, was offered as a high-altitude research laboratory, and Dr. E. H. Krause, head of rocket-sonde development at Naval Research Laboratory, with its 20 years of high-altitude pioneering behind him, was asked to organize the joint effort. Krause called in scientists from universities all over the country to meet with officers of all services, their civilian scientists and contractors.

This collaboration enabled the Army and Navy to proceed along complementary lines in developing the super-rocket leading to the conquest of space. When we run out of V-2s, sometime in 1948, the Navy will be ready with a better rocket, the Neptune, built for research—not bombardment. It will have a top speed of better than a mile and a half per second—enough, you will remember from the account of the mythical U.N.S. Jupiter to make the trip from the moon to the earth. It will carry scientific instruments twice as far out into space as the best the V-2 will do.

Thus the joint operation started only two years ago has already produced a better rocket than the V-2. Following the Neptune, the Air Forces can be expected to offer a still better space prober. Each service is developing and testing guided missiles, at Wendover, Nevada, at Point Mugu, California, at Wright Field, at the Naval Air Material Center at Philadelphia and in the laboratories of many contractors. From the 3,000-mile missile, we progress to the ocean-spanning missile, then to the permanent-orbit round-the-world missile—at which point *these* lines of development also converge on the space ship.

THE END

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Yes, I admit I've never heard the bass drum played with such artistry and depth of feeling, Alfred. Now if you could only manage to hit it at the right time"



FLYING MIDGET



NEXT Saturday, Sunday and Monday (the Labor Day week end) something new in aviation will be born at the 21st annual running of the National Air Races at Cleveland, Ohio—genuine midget airplane racing. The races were carefully planned and will be carefully controlled; they are under capable, experienced management and high-class and dignified sponsorship. They are intended to fulfill the need for more thought for light-plane design and to provide spectators with the opportunity of witnessing skillful piloting at its best around a tight, two-mile course.

Programmed as the Goodyear Trophy Race and carrying a total of $25,000 in prizes with $8,500 as the winner's take, the contest, since its announcement last fall, has liberated pent-up talent all over the nation. Through the winter, spring and early summer, pilots and engineers, obscure and prominent, have been at work in back yard and cellar designing and building sleek, tiny 200-mile-an-hour single-seaters. At least 20 are due to show up at Cleveland. Another score, planned for the event, couldn't be finished in time. The inducement stands for at least three years, however, and the sponsoring Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company doubtless will extend the trophy's life if the initial objectives appear to be in sight at the end of that period.

The Professional Race Pilots Association is working closely with Goodyear in preparing the specifications for eligible planes and pilots and exercising control so that the midget-plane development program will be constructive as well as entertaining.

Art Chester, of Los Angeles, an old hand at building and flying small racers, is president of the outfit and is right in there with a homemade midget of his own named the "Swee' pea." It weighs 520 pounds, cost $5,000 to build, and is 15½ feet long, with a wing span of 17 feet 5 inches. It has a butterfly V tail like the new Beechcraft Bonanza executive plane eliminating the need for a rudder and it cruises at 120 miles an hour. Art, like other builders in Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, Ohio, North Carolina, Iowa, California and Maryland, is shooting for 200 miles an hour.

Art and his group have laid down hard and irrevocable rules for the midgets. Right off, they specify the engines must be government-approved types and must not exceed 85 horsepower. Furthermore, they are not to be monkeyed with. This keeps out the "hot rod" artists. The PRPA doesn't want engines flying to pieces in the air before, during or after the race.

While dubbed by one segment of aviation as wild men for risking their lives for a prize, racing-plane builders and pilots are credited by racing fans with having brought about many innovations and refinements in their never-ending quest for more speed.

For the further development of landing gear design, the wheels and struts must be fixed, not retractable. This eliminates weighty mechanism that sometimes fails and necessitates a precarious landing on one wheel or no wheels at all. To prevent some pilots from using office-chair casters to cut down weight and resistance, wheels must have a minimum diameter of 10 inches. To preclude any possibility of a pilot skimping on his fuel supply, all contestants must have at least 10 gallons in the tank at the start.

Pilots must carry parachutes, safety belts, shoulder straps and crash helmets, little items left out in the past by some skippers because of weight and space problems. And to prevent courageous but inexperienced prize-money seekers from giving the new little "industry" a black eye, no one will be allowed to compete if he has less than 200 solo hours. Further, all midget-racer pilots must have had at least two hours in the ship and must have made at least five take-offs and landings. If the midget-plane pilot has never raced before, he must fly his plane at least eight consecutive laps of the prescribed course.

The midget race, to be spread over three days with four 20-mile heats on Saturday, two 30-mile semifinals on Sunday and the final 50 miles on Labor Day, is limited to men only. This was regarded as "discrimination" against women pilots by Miss Marge Hurlburt, of Painesville, Ohio, about whom we wrote in the May 17, 1947, Wing Talk in reporting her world's speed record of 337 miles an hour made in a Navy Corsair fighter.

Marge had ordered a mosquito built for the race and, if prohibited from flying it herself, would have designated a male pilot and would have continued to work for women participation or for a separate race for women midget-racer pilots next year. But Marge was killed on the Fourth of July at Decorah, Iowa, while stunting before a holiday crowd as a member of an aerial circus she had just joined.

DOWN in Santiago, Chileans and foreigners are welcoming "home" the *Caballero de los Andes*. It has been several months since big Americano Warren B. Smith has been seen in that attractive South American metropolis or at his favorite fishing spots where he was usually to be found when not in the pilot's chair of a trans-Andean air liner.

In 1942 the Chilean government bestowed upon Captain Smith the title "Knight of the Andes" on completion of his 1,000th crossing of the Andean Cordillera. Then on April 17th last year, another big crowd gathered at Santiago's Los Cerrillos Airport to hail "Smitty" on the completion of his 1,500th flight over the highest mountain range in the Western Hemisphere. But in March of this year, after his 1,608th trans-Andean flight, Smitty went North to get acquainted with the new Douglas DC-6s his air line, Pan American-Grace Airways (Panagra), had ordered and also for a long overdue vacation.

Now he's flying the new Sixes for Panagra out of Miami on the new through service to Buenos Aires via the west coast of South America, but his stay in Santiago is short. He must keep the 21-hour schedule established for the Sixes between Miami and Buenos Aires and get back home in Miami to Mrs. Smith, even though, after twenty-one years, she is now used to the life of a wife of an air line pilot.

Once upon a time, the crossing of the Andes was a high aeronautical achievement for both machine and man. Under clear skies and in calm air, it can be made at 14,000 feet if you know your mountain passes and don't turn up an inviting canyon like some less alert and less fortunate airmen of the past. In turbulent air or on a cloudy day it meant and still means the crossing is made at around 19,000 feet, but for many years now both man and machine have been well equipped to meet and overcome the challenge of the terrific Andes.

For passengers, too, it used to be a great adventure. Flying in trimotored Fords, the east-west crossing, in particular, had its limitations. Head winds of more than 100 miles an hour often caused Captain Smith's Ford not only to stand still but even fly backward. W happened, Smitty just turned a sat down at Mendoza, Argen the winds relaxed to a reasona ity.

Smitty has hauled more tha fare-paying passengers betwe Aires and Santiago (your repo of those statistics, having ridd Smitty eleven years ago in a l since he always made it a prac oxygen on every crossing, he has consumed more of the stu other pilot. The only noticeab he traces to the abnormal (oxygen) bottle has been on it being his theory that b spurred on to produce a bump cavities.

A high trip over Andean cloudy day is a great loss fo time passenger. If the weath and calm, he'll go *through* the and there will be unfolded a equaled on any established the world. Almost as aweso Aconcagua reaching 22,835 sky is the statue of El Cristo d at a pass 12,500 feet above sea impressive work of art stands der of Argentina and Chile an of the Andes proclaims a con ing on a peaceful life for the those two nations.

Warren Smith, now forty old, is a native of Minneapoli foremost authority on met phenomena in an area of the w much closed to the surface t to forget his being the champ tain flier airman and a respec ity on fishing.

He is a survivor of that group of resourceful, despe less, nomadic band of barnst peddled rides in stick-and-w for whatever the people woul end of the other war, who de and common sense in thei flights and lured the morbid t ing on the village outskirts wi antee of a crash and a broa that someone might get kille commercial aviation then; t only way flying could produ clothing.

When it no longer becam for him to risk his life for the of the public, Smitty joined out to be a short-lived air lin in Latin America to compete panding Pan American Airw that line was acquired by can in 1930, Warren was ta one of the assets and late in tled down in Santiago, where Andes almost daily for Pan A Pan American-Grace airwa few months ago.

About 10 miles west of the Andes, as you fly from A Chile, is a waterfall, a very that drops about 1,500 feet fi of origin at 11,000 feet. In hours it falls normally, but noons the high wind whips and the water is picked up back higher than its source.

This phenomenon occurs the South American sum (November, December and J remainder of the year the fal over.

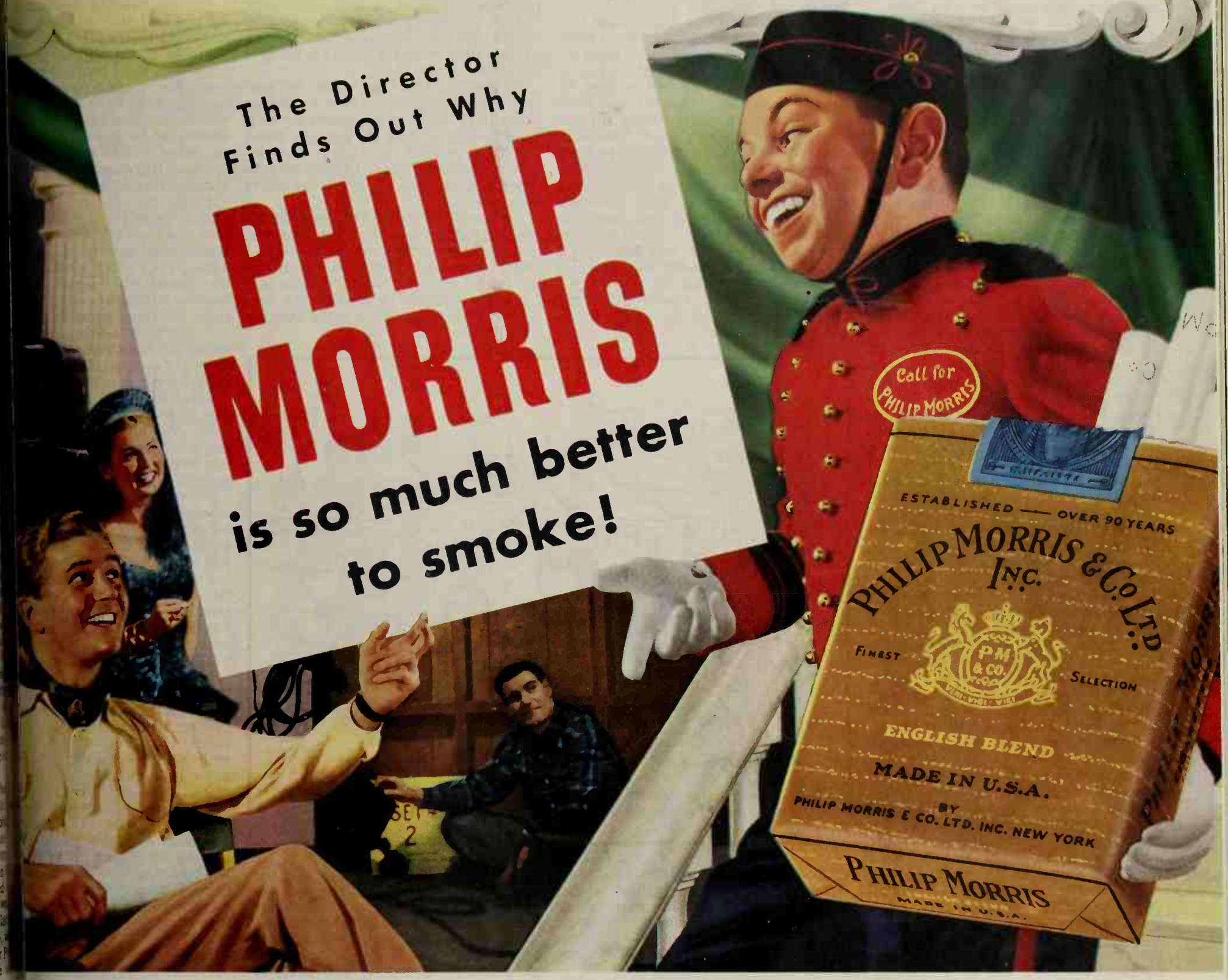
When taking a new copil familiarization runs, Smitt asks the youngster at the en if he saw the "Upside-dow The copilot never does; he's bewildered by the grandeur ery. So Smitty explains that a thing. The copilot invaria a fishy eye, but is respectfu Old Man of the Andes. Us a matter of hours before wo back to Captain Smith that pilot had confided in a frie tain Smith has been flying t a little bit too long." F



An Andes crossing in a Ford trimotor was grim

DRAWINGS BY JC

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



The Director thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is PHILIP MORRIS so much better to smoke?"

"Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. "**Less irritation means more enjoyment.** That's why the PHILIP MORRIS smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.

TRY A PACK TODAY!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 26

softly: "So our Mr. Williams has been up to his dirty tricks again?"

Her blue eyes would have blazed if the melting mascara would have let them.

"What d'you mean?" she demanded sharply. "Who are you?"

"Oh, nobody in particular," I said, "except I've had my disappointments, too."

"Maybe you're another of them? Who was that woman?"

I shook my head. "I'm not one of the party. She was no friend of mine."

"She is of his, all right. The moment he looked out of the window when she rang and saw her, he went into a positive jitter—for him, that is. He doesn't show what he's feeling, much."

"That's the first thing a wolf has to learn."

"Threw me out like last week's washing. Oh, for heaven's sake, why am I talking to you!" she said, returning to her anguished heart and outraged vanity. "You go to hell," she added and strode off down the street with her head in the air and her high heels smacking down on the pavement. She had magnificent legs.

The main point she had made for me during that brief encounter was Freddy Williams' interest, and the kind of interest, in our sex. I had used the word "wolf" almost without thinking; it seemed to me I could not have chosen a better one.

I DROVE the Daimler back to the garage, spent a few minutes in the scullery at Aunt Florence's getting rid of make-up (which always goes on easier than it comes off), and reconstituted as Dorothy Simpson, returned to Number 4. The basement door was as I had left it; once inside, I released it and shot the bolts top and bottom. No one could know the new lady's maid had been anywhere but in her attic since bedtime.

Passing the first-floor landing on my way up I saw that I had a better opportunity than I would get again to search Charlotte's rooms.

The obvious point of interest was the bureau in the sitting room, a modern but delicate piece in some smooth-grained whitewood. Its flap was down, as I had last noticed it. I pulled the heavy inner curtains as quietly as possible and lighted the reading lamp on top of the bureau.

I went through the papers methodically, drawer by drawer, keeping them in their original order. And in order they were, which told once again of the organized mind behind her exhibitionist temperament.

Unpaid bills, paid bills, broker's letters about investments, personal letters, insurance policies on jewelry, passport (which told me she was thirty-two), a small packet of letters dated two years ago from a woman called Elise.

Only one drawer, at the bottom of the right-hand pedestal, was locked. Without much hope, I pulled the drawer above the locked one completely out, to find to my delight that there was no division between them and that the contents of the lower one were as accessible as if I had the key to it.

There were, I suppose, about fifteen to twenty bundles of letters of different thicknesses, tied neatly with the traditional ribbon, each a love affair, each a record of this or that period in her career as an attractive woman. I went quickly through the bundles, taking out the top letter or so of each for a clue to the writer's identity, and closer reading. "Joe's" bundle held only five. They were short, and more businesslike than loverlike; they came to the point without any nonsense. The shortest said: *"Dear Charlotte, if you will not live with me without marriage, you had better marry me."* Occasional paragraphs in letters from other packets suggested that she had not often insisted on that condition. Poor Joe! He had married her and look where it had got him, besides her bed.

Finally I came to a thin packet of four letters from Jonathan. My fingers trembled as I turned it over and then put it in my pocket. I could not, of course, read them. Silly of her not to have destroyed them after the murder, such complete evidence of the one thing she was trying to hide; Groves would have liked them. Well, when she remembered them and looked for them, she would think he had got them and they would have an acrimonious discussion on the question.

I checked the bundles once more for anything from Freddy, but if it was that way with him and her, and I thought it probably was, he had not so far—sensible man—written to her about it.

I left the bureau as I had found it and turned to the rest of the room. There was nothing more of any interest.



"You mean you've stuck it out here for three years just to get material for a book? My dear—prepare yourself for a shock!"

COLLIER'S LARRIE HARRIS

Satisfied that I had searched the rooms as far as my amateur methods would take me, I went up to the attic, taking off my shoes at the top of the stairs, where the carpet ended and the linoleum began. That was at twenty-five minutes to two. . . .

I woke up, not completely, at four (a church clock struck a few seconds later) listening to something, not in the house but outside in the road—the sound of a car. So far as I could tell, it had just driven past the house as I became aware of it. The sound receded, then the car turned at the corner; I heard it reverse once, and come back, again passing the house, and halt with the engine running, some way up the road. Then the engine stopped, and I lay there in a kind of half-asleep state, wondering why that engine had sounded familiar. I knew I was not in my bed at home, but at the same time was not quite alive to where I actually was. For a moment, that is. When I realized this was Number 4 Cary Gardens, I decided the car might have brought Charlotte home. If that was so, she had had a long session with Freddy. But she knew where she lived, and while the car might have stopped at a discreet distance from the house it wouldn't first have been driven up and down the road like that. And anyway, why had it waked me up? A dozen cars must have passed since I went to sleep. *Had* it a familiar sound? Lots of cars sound alike, don't they? But why had I thought I was at home? Natural enough. Habit. Or had the car made me think I was? . . . *Yes, it had.*

I knew that car. It was *my* car. It was the Austin. That slight rattle of a brake rod or something which even Charlie hadn't been able to trace, and the ticking of the valves when the engine is idling—of course I knew it!

By this time I was out of bed and putting a dressing gown over my pajamas in the dark. More or less feeling my way, I barefooted it along the passage, down the stairs, and into the late Joseph Inwood's bedroom which I chose because it had long windows and a balcony above the street.

I opened one of the windows without making too much noise. The light was not good, but it was not so bad that I could be mistaken about the car. It was the Austin all right. It stood there perhaps fifty yards away, almost to a foot where earlier I had waited in the Daimler for Charlotte.

First of all I thought it must be Charlie, looking for me. Something had gone wrong. So much could, while the Commodore still lived the way he did, with things like the Rembrandt occupying his nefarious mind. But if it were Charlie, he must have done some remarkable detective work to have found me. No. Couldn't be Charlie. Couldn't be.

It wasn't. It was Jonathan.

Jonathan, after a period of circumspect waiting, began getting out of the Austin, my Austin. First his long legs swung out on to the curb, then the tall, thin rest of him. On the way his hat was knocked back from his bony forehead and if I had been in any doubt, that was the end of it in the brief moment before he pulled it over his eyes.

"Oh, my God!" I said almost aloud. *"Now what?"*

I watched him come slowly along the pavement toward the house while my heart thumped and thudded. He looked over his shoulder only once on the way; in his cautious, indirect approach he had satisfied himself that the road was empty. He seemed to be wearing clothes I had not seen before. He was not at all the figure of a fugitive I had been imagining, the exhausted, bedraggled, hunted sleeper in ditches. In fact he looked almost natty. A new suit, a car, papers as John Hobhouse. I thought if the police could see what I was seeing, they would not be so confident that they were going to catch him. True, it was a stolen car, but only if *I* said so. When had he taker Austin's stall in the stable gar have been empty for days—

He was standing down ther up at Charlotte's windows at end of the balcony. If I had whi name in the quietness he w heard me. But I thrust down t tion. His reaction to finding house would have been inte watch, but Charlotte's, if and discovered he was here, woul so. What was he going to do come all this dangerous way ju at her darkened windows?

He had not. He had even ha sight to bring small stones wit took one from his pocket now it accurately upward. It hit the a sharp click which must have way toward waking her. Jonat another stone, then after a sh third. Nothing happened.

It suddenly occurred to m might not have come back ye midnight outing. It was begin light; people would soon be a

Jonathan threw the fourth taxi stopped at the bottom of dens. We both heard the pi flag going up, and a moment l one began walking quickly up ment, a woman by the sound o

Now Jonathan had stoppe stones; he crossed the road int ter of the privet bushes on the gardens, and Charlotte in her and head scarf came in sight.

I would have appreciated t the situation more under oth stances. My fictitious Jonath bushes had suddenly becon crouched below the balus watched between the stone su

He recognized her and ca the privets as she reached the did not scream; her nerves we perhaps. I heard her startle voice. They were out of my under the porch roof. I alsc voice, low and indistinct, ther of her latch key. It was risk him into the house, but she ternative; she certainly coulc view him on the steps. I m landing and the top of the stai not turned on any lights yet. bring him up to her rooms? crept down the first flight, to t looked cautiously over the b

THE hall was dark, but I again; they seemed to be s inside the closed front door chance the danger, which I t past for the moment, that sh on a light; putting my weigh the thick carpet of each trea to it, I went down half a d Charlotte was saying son which I heard the end:

"—no, darling, no. I pro must know where I can find get in touch with you if nec

"I don't know where I s long," he whispered. "But I place at the moment, really More important still, that functioning if ever you ne manage to come, somehow. the personal column of the addressed to 'John' making a I must be able to see you—"

"Ssh—not so loud, darlin derful to know you're all righ graph—addressed to 'John.' so sure you will be able to

"Only one thing can stop that happens, I dare say it w papers. . . ."

"—so frightening, all this you, all those policemen e darling! You mustn't take

key vs Fizz vs Collins

a short story about tall drinks

Reading time: 20 seconds • Pleasure time: all summer

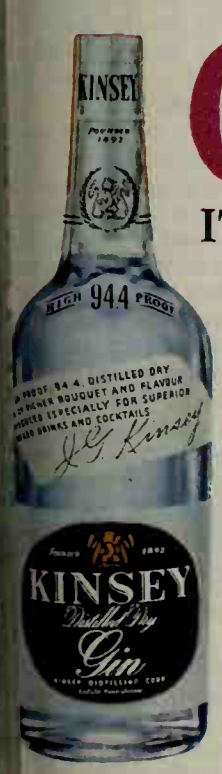
Why wonder which is best? *It's a long summer . . . so try them all!*

But for a smoother, more delicious, more cooling rickey, fizz *or* collins, be sure to use Kinsey Gin. Because Kinsey is the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth. The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming over with extra flavor.

Happy beginning . . . happy ending! That's the story of summer drinks when you make them with Kinsey Gin.

KINSEY GIN

IT'S 94.4 PROOF

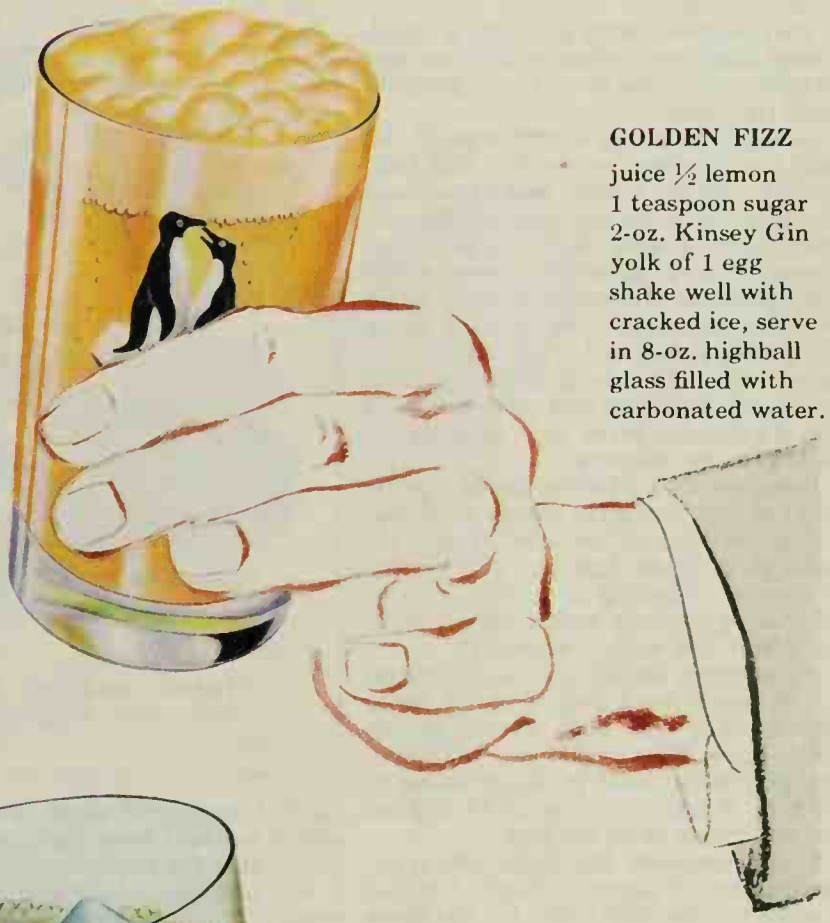


's GENIAL
It's DRY





GIN RICKEY
ice cubes
juice ½ lime
1½-oz. Kinsey Gin
fill 8-oz. glass with carbonated water.



GOLDEN FIZZ
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
yolk of 1 egg
shake well with cracked ice, serve in 8-oz. highball glass filled with carbonated water.



TOM COLLINS
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
serve with carbonated water in 10-oz. glass, decorate with slice of lemon, orange and a cherry.

• Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

coming like this. Promise me, never again. But when I think it's safe—"

"South America!" I heard him say.

"Why not?" she said softly. "Now, please dear—"

She opened the door, letting in an alarming shaft of predawn light that froze me against the wall of the stairs. But neither of them was looking in my direction. Jonathan looked up and down the road and went out. She began to close the door very quietly while I leaped upward into the harboring gloom of the landing and my place against the banisters at the foot of the second flight of stairs. I waited until she was in her bedroom before I went down again to the telephone cupboard.

The dialing tone was loud. After a moment Freddy answered it in a filthy temper. She had waked him up. What the hell was it this time?

"I've seen him," she said. "I know how to reach him."

"Then that's going to be all right too," he said with a swift change to amiability. "It's going to be all right."

"Yes. I thought you'd sleep better for knowing."

"I shall."

"Good night again, darling."

"Good morning, you mean—and it *is* a good morning."

They laughed, both of them; a small, distant laughing together to confirm their certainty and relief that it was going to be all right now.

Going to be all right now, was it? All right for Jonathan, so she had told him; and all right for Freddy and herself and all concerned. I did not quite see, though, how it would work out; it seemed too general a state of all rightness to be quite practical. However, nobody could deny the excellence of her playing in the hall scene. It had had verve, attack, and never once had she let control pass from her hands. Jonathan had not even asked how she came to be out and about at four o'clock in the morning.

Jonathan . . . ! I twisted in my narrow iron bed and consigned him to perdition. I never wanted to see him again! He could go to South America with her for all I cared. Pinching my car to come to her, facing capture and a rope just to make sure she wasn't worrying!

A damnably irritating brute of a man. . . . It was a good thing I didn't really care for him and only wanted to see justice done. How could I care for him—wrapped in her arms in the darkness of the hall? A fine reward for all I had done and was trying to do for him.

South America! She hadn't the faintest intention of going to South America or anywhere else with him. He was like a child in a happy dream which must become a nightmare before he awoke.

I wondered where he had managed to hide himself so safely. . . .

THE next morning about eleven o'clock, Groves had another private session with Charlotte. This time he was a bare five minutes with her, and he left the house almost immediately, his bowler hat at a jauntier angle than suited either him or it.

As for Charlotte herself, in Mrs. Marshall's acid tones, she was "becoming more herself." She rang her bell often and made everyone, including me, jump through their various hoops.

Mr. Groves did not come back until a quarter to one; he was so deliberate in the way he mounted the stairs, as if he were walking through long wet grass, and so definite was the smell of whisky in his wake, that I felt he must have spent quite some while celebrating the sudden rise in his income. Indeed, only a fairly drunken man would have chosen so unoriginal a hiding place as under his mattress for the large Manila envelope containing two hundred pounds which presently I counted (very roughly) while he was at lunch in the basement.

After lunch I helped Charlotte survey her wardrobe, bringing out frock after frock.

The only comment Charlotte made in the course of this which could be said to have had anything to do with the death of her husband was, "Thank God I've enough black to see me through."

If she had any contact with Freddy Williams that day or the next, Sunday, I did not know about it.

The next day, Monday, the day of the funeral, she remained incommunicado all day, saw nobody, ate sparingly, and in short resumed her stricken widowhood for a while.

I EXPECT Groves was disappointed with the will, which gave him a measly fifty pounds after ten years' service, but since Charlotte was the residuary legatee to the tune, according to belowstairs gossip, of nearly half a million pounds, I did not suppose he was worrying.

So they buried Joseph Inwood with suitable pomp, drank a noticeable amount of his liquor, and life went on. For Charlotte this meant another after-bedtime outing. I did not learn about it until next day, when I found a pair of black lizard court shoes under the bed which had not been there the night before. Also she slept soundly until noon. I felt safe in assuming she had spent some of the night with Freddy Williams.

In the meantime Jonathan was still news. The police were "redoubling their efforts." There was a second leader in the Morning News on their lack of success. Were there too many constables in motorcars and not enough on their feet, pounding the pavements? And so on.

The only other point of interest worth recording for that day was a little piece of information I learned from the housemaid, Molly. Molly's Irish nose was out of joint because Mr. Groves had suddenly taken against the way she made his bed.

"I told him in that case, why, he could make it himself, maybe, and he said he would indeed, and that's what he is doing —making it hisself. Now what do you say to that!"

I did not say anything to it; the real reason for the butler's fussiness was his secret; and mine, of course.

At last the evening came, and with Charlotte's permission and the rest of the household's knowledge, I went off to fetch my trunk from Suffolk on the understanding that I was to be back not later than six o'clock tomorrow, Wednesday, evening. I left the house a little reluctantly, afraid I might miss something and feeling that perhaps this trunk fetching just to substantiate my Dorothy Simpson character was a waste of precious time.

How wrong I was!

Before I left London I rang up Detective Inspector Smith at his flat; it seemed a long time since Eve Gill had had dinner with him, and I did not want him to forget me.

We had a friendly talk, which began with an earnest plea on his part that we should meet at Carletta's, and ended by my saying that perhaps before the summer disappeared he might like to come up to Kessingland for a week end, if he could spare the time. He thought it a wonderful idea but wouldn't count on it, because nice things like that didn't happen to him. In between these two points I said I hoped he was not working too hard and it was remarkable, wasn't it, how long that man Penrose was keeping out of sight? But perhaps the papers weren't fully in the picture?

"I'm afraid they are," he said. "I wish we could publish his picture."

"Can't you find one anywhere?" I asked sympathetically.

"It isn't that. We've constructed a fair enough likeness, but we aren't allowed to do more than circulate it to police stations. You see, if a person sees a picture before identifying a man in the flesh, his evidence wouldn't mean much. The defense would say he was recognizing the man from the picture, not from his memory of him."



"Bessie's son Ralph would be perfect for your Edythe. . . . They're both crazy about Bach, and each was a Yeoman, Second Class!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"Oh, I see," I said. "You've got a witness who saw him near the scene of the crime? I was being very dense."

I heard Mr. Smith catch his breath.

"Dense!" he said. "If the criminal classes were as dense as you are, my friends and I would be out of a job. Will you please forget what I said, and you said, about witnesses?"

"Of course," I promised, and we said goodby.

I had taken a risk, but the jolt I had given him removed any danger there may have been that he would forget me. I still had a strong feeling that I would need him; the Kessingland week-end idea had been more than a casual piece of conversation.

AS EVE GILL again, if only for a day, I drove home, arriving just after eleven that night. This time, since I put the Daimler away in the stable instead of leaving it in the covered yard, I saw the empty stall where the Austin should have been. It reminded me most uncomfortably of Jonathan. But what did I care? Somewhere, he was managing quite well without me.

Mary was still up. Her f
brought me to a mental stand
"There! I knew you would
Mr. Bull said you had forgot
me he was coming, you bad gi
all right—he rang up this mo
said the Commodore had said
be able to give him breakfast."

By this time I was remem
promise to look after Billy Bu
came over to shoot snipe on W
—which was tomorrow.

"Can you manage fresh b
for him?" I asked her. It was
I did not want to have to cope
Bull or anybody just now.

They say he is very efficie
they judge him by the amoun
perceptible in East Suffolk, th
right, or again it may be that E
has lost its capacity for crim
know whether he is a simpl
genius—or both.

Until that morning I had no
to decide whether his month
weekly trips to see us were
attractiveness of our marshes
shooting or were part of his r
trol duties, he knowing more
Commodore than he let on or
modore realized. The thir
reason I was always doubtful
though he announced someti
fifteen-year gap between twen
forty is not too wide for
among modern men and wom
never given him encouragemen

HE CAME punctually at ei
much too small for him,
big man. With him was a dog
seen before.

He shook me warmly by the
ing, "Good morning, good r
smell grilled bacon how are
Eve you look lovely in white th
dore's away I understand but
no matter at all. . . ."

He sat down opposite me a
stood disrespectfully just insid
dow, staring at us. Billy Bull s
sit," whereat it curtsied slightl
tinued to stand, no less disre
To be named Fido cannot hav
its disposition.

"If," said Billy Bull, sudd
rupting himself in a recital o
hunting experiences in Kur
would content himself with
sional case of brandy, a bolt
a few dozen pairs of nylons—
dropped as he saw mine rev
prehension I could not hide.

"*He?*" I said very stupidly.

"Please don't try, Eve. I
have a swine of a time with hi
sort of thing. Look, I'd get
they knew I was talking to y
—if they knew what I know."

I waited patiently, not look
If I did not yet know much ab
Superintendent Bull, I thoug
at least that he could not be
long. But I was wrong again.
quietly as I did. So finally I s

"I know when I'm being st

"That's good," he commen
don't as a rule. Tigers always

"I'm no tiger."

"And no dove either. Ever
look like an angel."

"Who has gone wrong, of
I look very depraved?"

He broke cover at that, an
me not to try to be clever-cle
it didn't suit me, and anyway
did I want than a plain hint?

"Am I to tell him 'All is di
fly at once'?" I asked.

"You can."

"Don't be a silly Billy Bull
take the slightest notice."

"All right!" he said energeti
him that my chief constable
letter from Lady Harvey Gil
hurst in the County of He
Tell him that the chief consta
it over to his chief superinte

Top Performance



kes HAVOLINE, in Motors

It's to your advantage in many ways to let Havoline *keep your motor clean.* You get more power, more gas-miles, more pleasure. With carbon and gummy sludge *out,* every part works better, wears longer. Your nearby Texaco Dealer is ready to serve you. Change to the New and Improved Havoline today!



. . . CLEANS as it lubricates

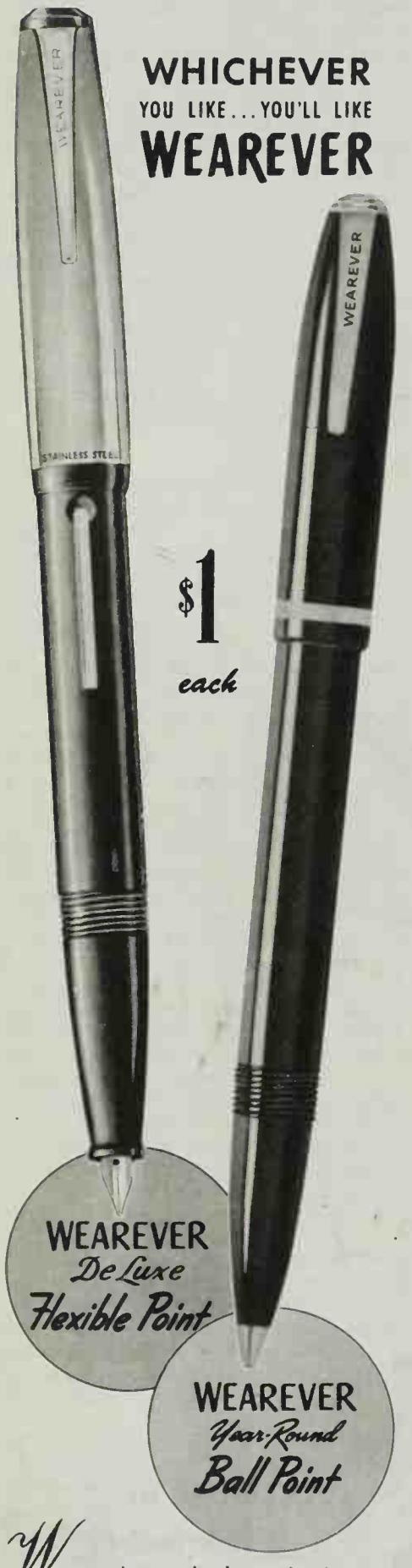


THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

THE SMART *BACK-TO-SCHOOL* PENS



WHICHEVER YOU LIKE... YOU'LL LIKE **WEAREVER**

$1 *each*

Wearever's new back-to-school pens — ball point or conventional point — are the talk of young America. They're the brightest, writin'-est pens ever, precision built inside and out by America's largest fountain pen manufacturer. Yet priced so low that most youngsters can afford 'em out of their own allowances. For smart value, ask for Wearever. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J., founded in 1896.

© 1947 David Kahn, Inc., *Reg U.S. Pat Off

WEAREVER*

William Bull, O.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.—that's all me—with instructions which went: 'I dare say the woman's mad but you'd better look into it for what it's worth. You know Gill, don't you?' I said, 'Yes, I know Gill and of course the woman's mad.' But I didn't tell him how well I know Gill and how likely it is the madwoman has hit the nail on the head. And I didn't tell him either that I like Gill very much indeed and his daughter better. I suppose he has taken the damn' thing to the Continent and is selling it for as near twenty thousand quid as he can get. That's what they say it's worth."

I FELT sick but I managed to say it had always been regarded as a mistake on my Uncle Harvey's part to marry again, and it was generally felt that in doing so he had found himself in the family vault sooner than might have been expected; so soon, in fact, that he had not had time, apparently, to make a will.

Billy Bull interrupted me:

"In which will, according to Lady Gill, his brother Rupert—according to his brother Rupert—might have been bequeathed The Old Woman in a Shawl, by Rembrandt van Rijn. It seems," he went on, "that this point of view has been expressed by the Commodore on more than one occasion since his brother died; regretfully it is not shared by Lady Gill. The reluctant conclusion must be reached that stealing the picture would be precisely what he would do after cajolery, importunity and threats had failed to achieve his purpose."

"All very good evidence," I said, "to prove all over again what a horrible woman my poor uncle died of."

"An absolute shocker," Billy Bull agreed, "but in her P.S. she wonders why her niece Eve should spend the night of June twenty-second in Pakenhurst village in secrecy, for that niece did not consider it necessary to pay her respects to her aunt at the Grange during the time she was there."

"I was staying with Nanny Brown! I never go near Aunt Harvey Gill if I can possibly avoid it. Anyway, the picture was taken on the twenty-third."

He looked at me and shook his head.

"You oughtn't to have known the date," he said.

"I've got a good memory. I read the papers."

"Won't do, Eve, won't do. I know you, and you're not much different from other women when it comes to dates. But apart from that you were in Pakenhurst on the twenty-third if you spent the night of the twenty-second with your Nanny Brown. There were fingerprints on the metal reinforcing plates at the top of the ladder—and on the window."

"Not my fingerprints," I said.

"No," he agreed, smiling amiably at me, "you wore dark brown doeskin gloves. The local man found a few fibers from them in rough places on the rungs of the ladder. Wonderful thing, modern microscopy."

My mouth was dry. Brown doeskin gloves . . yes. Where were they now? I felt dizzy with the dangerous implications of this thing which I had practically dismissed from my mind with the coming of Jonathan Penrose. It had seemed so unimportant . . . doeskin gloves. Oh, my God, I said to myself. If he arrests me, what will happen to Jonathan? I shall be absolutely finished. . . . Please, *no!*

"Shall I answer it?" asked Billy Bull conversationally.

What was he saying? I stared at him. Then through the turmoil of near panic, I heard the telephone ringing in Father's room.

"No—it's all right. I'll answer it," I said, and added with a miserable attempt to appear able to continue the fight, that I wouldn't try to escape.

At first I did not register what the exchange was saying. The words did not convey anything at all, until I heard "Rotterdam." I came to, and said I hadn't quite understood, would they please repeat what they had said. My heart was in my mouth.

A personal call for Miss Eve Gill from Rotterdam—was Miss Gill available, please? I said she was speaking. Would I please hold on. I held on, turning to look into the other room. Billy Bull was lighting another cigarette.

Father seldom uses a telephone unless he has something important and immediate to say. I hoped he was at his brightest and quickest, for he would have to do a lot of reading between the lines of what I would be able to say with Billy Bull within earshot.

"Eve?" exploded his voice in my ear. He might have been telephoning from the village, so clear was it. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Are you alone?"

"No." My relief was heartfelt; he was in a security-minded mood.

"Billy Bull?" he asked. "All quiet?"



"If you had it to do all over again, would you still marry me?"

COLLIER'S CHAS. MACDONALD

"Yes," I said. "No."

"What?"

"No."

He paused, then said: "Is it bad?"

"As can be, I think."

"Guesswork?"

"More than that."

"Well, it doesn't matter," he said.

"I'm glad you think so. *I* don't. From where I am it seems quite the other way."

Then he said something which made me gasp, and the blood began to circulate in my limbs again.

"I see," I said. "Would you like to leave the next bit to me?"

"Why?"

"Oh, just because. I like to see a thing through to the end."

"Just as you like, my dear. Give my regards to Billy."

"I shall do no such thing," I said roguishly. "Someone's listening."

"I thought he might be. Well, there it is. Head him off. You'll know how." My parent's tone held that characteristic note of carefree confidence which is particularly noticeable when I am meeting his troubles more than halfway.

On this he rang off, and I addressed the dead telephone with: "Well, goodby, darling, and I meant what I said at the dance, you're too young and I'm not old enough."

I went back to Billy Bull, hoping that my end of the conversation had sounded sufficiently innocent to have put out of his head any notion to check the call.

"I've been thinking," I said, "about the brown doeskin gloves theory. It might be that you have a case, what with dust and other things."

"I'll finish where I began, and remind you what all this has been in aid of: I've got to shake him out of his belief that he can get away with any jiggery-pokery he has up his pens to think up. As things are, he'll come unstuck one day, there'll be a mess, and you'll be somewhere in it." He paused, and took my hand. "If that happened, and I was officially involved as I certainly would be since you live in my division, I think I—well, I—"

I could not do much more after that than hold his hand tightly to me and promise him I would do my best with the Commodore.

"I'll tell the chief that one can't be certain of anything but I think he's right in assuming Lady Gill must be nuts."

We went out of the French window toward the car, Fido reluctantly making way for us.

"Or," I said, "would it be possible for the chief constable to write to my father and say that he has looked into the allegations—that's the word, isn't it?—and finds there is another explanation which he feels she should have given weight to before committing libel to paper—"

"He might say something like that if there *is* such an explanation," said Billy Bull cautiously.

"Oh, I was going to give it to him. Suppose, for instance, my father had become sick of her constant refusals to verify the picture examined by expert valuers and decided that he had the right to have his mind put at rest, and so took the picture into his own hands and submitted it himself to the three best judges in Holland."

"That's quite silly, I'm afraid. How would it put his mind at rest, or make him less likely to be guilty of stealing it—to know it was worth eighteen, instead of twenty thousand? It might turn out to be worth twenty-five."

"But if he found, as he had suspected, that it was worth ten?"

"Ten thousand is a hell of a chunk of money. He would still cry his eyes out, surely."

"I didn't say thousand. I said ten pounds, or perhaps thirty. I don't know what a Rembrandt fake is worth. Not as much as a good copy of an actual picture, I dare say."

Billy Bull had stopped in mid-step. "A *fake?* Why should the Commodore think—"

"Rembrandt," I said, with the Commodore's words still in my ear, "painted altogether about seven hundred pictures in the course of his life. There are a thousand of them in America alone. That sort of thing would make me suspicious, wouldn't it you?"

BILLY BULL swore fiercely. "One of the damned ingenious cock-and-bull stories I ever heard! The only possible chance he'd have of getting away with *that* would be if it actually did turn out to be a fake. Pipe dreaming won't help. You haven't a thing to laugh at."

"But I have. You see, it *is* a fake."

"What!" He glared at me. He was relieved, glad, but felt somehow he had been tricked. "How did you know? I swear you didn't know when I began to you. *You*—that was it—the telephone."

He shook me. I could not control about that.

"You deceitful, beastly girl! What did he tell you?"

"That three of the best men on the subject have just agreed independently that if Rembrandt had ever done a picture of an old woman in a shawl, which they doubted, that certainly wasn't it."

He dropped his hands from my shoulders and then laughed. He looked

dog, he looked at me and then at the marshes stretching away to the estuary and the sea.

"Snipe!" he said.

Fido watched him with foreboding while he took his things from the car. I said I would walk as far as First Mile with him.

We set off, Fido drooping along at our heels.

You would have thought that that had been enough for the morning but something else came up.

Billy Bull, of course, took no notice of the sound of hammer on metal coming from Charlie's workshop by the side of his cottage. Billy Bull didn't know, as I did, that Charlie was on board the Peacock in Rotterdam harbor, and that the noise was odd, to say the least of it. No one but Charlie ever used his workshop.

FOR a moment I thought Charlie must have stayed ashore, but in the next realized that even without a man short in the crew, he was essential to the engine room.

Billy Bull was telling me about a new member of the Watch Committee to whom the chief constable objected as an intellectual with too great a fondness for planning; I was listening half to him and half to the hammering. It was a noise so typical of Charlie that it continued to make me uneasy.

When we were level with the cottage, and about sixty or seventy yards from it as we walked along the dike toward the broad track called First Mile, I caught sight of the back of a car through the half-open double doors of the workshop. I do not know how I kept on walking when my impulse was to turn round and start running to the cottage. But I was with Billy Bull, I was with the Chief Superintendent of the East Suffolk Constabulary. I had to continue in outward calm by his side.

There was not the faintest chance I was mistaken. It was the Austin.

I managed to keep my eyes off the cottage, but I could not shut my ears to the sound of hammering nor my mind to the significance of the Austin being there instead of in its stall in the garage.

It was like walking on the edge of a precipice, with soft ground crumbling at every step. Very vividly I could imagine Billy Bull's reaction if he ever found out what I, whom he thought he was rescuing from a parent's evil influence, was doing. I wondered if the Commodore had ever reached such heights, or depths as this—had taken an important police official within fifty yards of a murder suspect for whom the whole country was searching—and said no word.

I had an idea the Commodore would be envious if he ever heard, but that was no comfort at all.

At the beginning of First Mile I stopped and said, "Well, good hunting." Billy Bull took my hand affectionately and said he would be back by half past one, not a minute later.

"I wish," he said, "there were more like you, Eve."

I tried not to flinch.

Somehow I managed to keep my feet from running, and approached the cottage as nonchalantly as I knew how. Between my shoulder blades I could feel Billy Bull's suspicious eyes as he watched me, as he cunningly allowed me to betray not only my guilty knowledge but the man they hunted. . . .

At the workshop door I dared to look back. He was a distant figure almost lost in the haze which still lay like white muslin on the green velvet of the marsh.

I stepped inside. The Austin's nearside front fender was perched on the bench while Jonathan in overalls was straightening a large dent in it with a round-headed wooden mallet. He was whistling a tune just recognizable.

He looked up, saw me and dropped the hammer.

"Good morning," I said. "Did you hit something?"

He muttered vaguely about a gatepost, and went on looking at me guiltily. I wanted to burst into tears, either because I was so furious I could scarcely see or so relieved to find him here.

"I owe you a lot of explanation," he said. "I couldn't find you anywhere. I didn't like to question Mary about you. She would have wondered what business it was of mine. Charlie said he was sure you would approve of my staying here instead of the Holland idea."

"Oh," I said. "Charlie did, did he? I presume he's in a position to judge?"

"Yes. I think so. I—well I told him about—er—"

"About everything?"

He actually laughed. "I had to. He said if I didn't he would strangle me and drop me into the estuary and no one in the world would give a damn. I saw he was concerned about your part in it; otherwise I think I would have let him go ahead. He's a very good friend of yours, you know. He said that since you had made up your mind to help me, he wouldn't question the sense of it."

Charlie had been right, up to a point. But he had not realized the extent of Jonathan's weakness where Charlotte was concerned, had not known he was likely to try to keep in touch with her. I could see how easily Jonathan must have agreed with this change of plan which allowed him to stay in England.

"You do understand, don't you," I



COLLIER'S "My, it's thirsty! This is the third cupful!" REAMER KELLER

Trim Performance

FINE FOOTWEAR . . . SETTING THE PACE FOR DISTINCTIVE STYLING

SEWANEE

$8.50 to $11.50
DISTANT POINTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER

Write for Name of Nearest Dealer

American Gentleman SHOES

AMERICAN GENTLEMAN DIVISION • Craddock-Terry Shoe Corp., Lynchburg, Va.



Two for the Show...

A horse-show might or might not be *your* idea of the *best* way to spend a day...
Only *you* can say—for your tastes in entertainment are quite properly your own.
And so are your tastes in whiskey! That's why Hunter's very *different* flavor might not taste "best" to you. For no whiskey in the world can possibly taste "best" to everybody.
Yet you *should* try it! Its very difference may be exactly what you're after. For thousands of men who have tried Hunter once, have liked it instantly—and today prefer it to all others.

HUNTER
SINCE 1860
First over the Bars

HUNTER-WILSON DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY. BLENDED WHISKEY, 92 PROOF, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

said, "that *her* safety depends on no one discovering that she knows you, and you know her?"

"But of course. That's the essence of the whole thing."

"Will you promise me something?" I asked, and at once wished I had not; it is a bad line to take with anyone.

"I owe you more than a promise."

"Call it a suggestion from me. Look, don't do it again. You might hit something larger than a gate post—and it would take more than a mallet to straighten out the damage."

He was standing close to me. I met his eyes as steadily as I could.

"How did you know?"

I countered with a question, a question of more importance than any I had asked anyone since the thing began.

"Did you ask her where she had been at that hour, whom *she* had seen?"

He stared at me; a jaw less firm than his would have dropped. "Good God!" he said. "What *don't* you know—? I—well, I assumed she couldn't sleep, had gone for a walk. Most natural thing to do. But what do you know about this? About my seeing her?"

"Much more than I wanted to know, for your sake, and very much less than I hope to know before I've finished, for mine," I said, and realized that I had brought our relationship to a point of danger which I had known from the beginning must one day come.

He sat down on the running board of the car and looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time.

"What *have* you been up to?" he said.

"I'm not going to tell you—yet."

"You're interfering in something that doesn't concern you! I know that! And won't have it! You—you—"

"My name's Eve—"

THERE was a pause. If I was not red in the face, I felt I was. He was, certainly. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't pretend to understand. But I've a right—"

"And I've none," I spoke quickly. "It is only that I think I see something, the truth of something, more clearly than you do—more than anybody else does, at the moment. Of one thing, though, I am absolutely sure. You won't hold it against me in the long run, although between now and then you can and will hate me, but there it is. I'm working for you—"

"As long as you're not working against Charlotte."

There came the flat faraway bang of a shotgun. He glanced questioningly toward the marshes.

"That's a policeman," I said. "He's had breakfast with me and is now shooting snipe."

"Snipe? A *policeman!*"

"Exactly. And he has no more idea who is staying in Ship Cottage than the man in the moon."

"Charlie said you generally know what you are about."

"What else did Charlie say?"

"Quite a lot. Among other things, that when you had decided to lend me a hand it was no good trying to stop you."

"Then you have no further objections?"

"I have a thousand, but I realize I'm not in a position to raise them. You've done all that can be done for me."

"I'm glad," I said.

I felt better still when a few moments later I had left him I found the cloakroom ticket I wanted so badly. It was where I had hoped, in the waistcoat of the suit he had been wearing that night at the which now hung on a nail behind the door of Charlie's attic. The date was on it, too, scribbled in pencil but perfectly legible.

Jonathan was still busy in the workshop, but I left the cottage by the back door just in case he saw me.

I was learning some perfectly horrible habits.

Sam Page was coming along the road from the village with our newspapers; he saw me, stopped and asked if I would mind taking them with me if I was going up to the house. His rheumatism was better, thank you. There was one paper still in his basket—the Telegraph. He rode on to the cottage with it.

I unfolded the Marsh House copy of the same paper; there was no message for Jonathan in the personal column, but one day there would be, one bright morning like this she would send for him.

IF I had not come straight from Kessingland, from home, and known that Jonathan was securely hidden away in Ship Cottage there, I would have been alarmed at the sight of the police car outside Number 4.

As it was, I was only acutely curious. The house was in a buzz of excitement about something. I heard Havelock's voice raised higher than was seemly, and Mrs. Marshall's only a shade quieter in tone, coming from the kitchen. Somebody, a woman, was shouting on the telephone in the front hall. I wondered what Groves was thinking of, to let such disturbance run riot unchecked. I pulled off my hat, made sure my hair, encouraged by twenty-four hours' freedom, had not crept loose, and went into the kitchen.

"Suicide—!" I heard Havelock saying. "What troubles did *he* have, I'd like to know? An' he didn't love the old boy all that much, if that's the idea."

Four white faces turned to me; Mrs. Marshall's, Cook's and the two maids'. Mrs. Marshall had been crying. I looked from one to another.

"She doesn't know," said Mrs. Marshall.

"I've just got back—"

It seemed to me they all spoke at once, each wanting to be the breaker of the tragic but nevertheless dramatic news, and out of the spate of words I seized on a few which made sense, which told me why Mr. Groves was failing to keep order in the household.

Mr. Groves was no longer here. Mr. Groves was dead. Mr. Groves had fallen in front of a train at Leicester Square station. Last night. At half past ten. He'd seemed so much more cheerful the last two days— The police had just been able to identify him, with Hewson's help. Madam had notified the police just after lunch that he was missing, when everyone was so worried he hadn't come in last night, hadn't slept in his bed . . .

"I feel awful," I said, and left them.

"Hadn't slept in his bed," had given me a thought. I hurried up to Groves' room, leaving the door open since it would be more suspicious for me to be in there with it shut, and slid my hand under the mattress. I explored from top to bottom, first from one side and then from the other.

But the Manila envelope was no longer under the mattress.

As I stood there, wondering, I heard quiet footsteps coming along the linoleum of the corridor.

I went to the open door in two strides, and stood a few inches inside the room, with my back to whoever was coming, as if I had just arrived there myself and had gone no farther in.

To my instant alarm, a voice I recognized said:

"Who are you and what are you doing here?"

I swung around, keeping my back to the window, which faced west and was full of dangerous sunshine. I blinked at Ordinary Smith through my spectacles and said adenoidally: "Oh! You made me jump, you did! I'm Mrs. Inwood's maid—I—I was just standing here, thinking he'd never sleep in that bed again, poor man, or brush his hair in front of that mirror—" I sniffled and put a handkerchief to my eyes and nose.



"I could even put 'em on tighter than that if I wanted to!"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

"Sit down and tell me about it," he said with a dreadfully put-on sympathy, undoubtedly a vital tool in his trade.

"Sit down *here?*" I said. "Oh no, sir, not here, I couldn't!"

Thank God he was not looking at me with any particular interest. Perhaps my disguise was really good; perhaps he was thinking hard about something else, about Mr. Groves, of course.

I dared to interrupt:

"Surely it—it wasn't suicide—the police—you *are* the police, sir? *You* know it wasn't suicide—"

"Do we? We haven't had much time to find out about him."

"No, of course not—what with the first murder still on your hands, as it were."

He looked at me now.

"First murder? Is there a second one?"

"Oh, dear, I didn't mean that—" I sniffed hard and long, keeping the handkerchief busy. "Of course, it must have been an accident if it wasn't suicide, mustn't it? There have been cases, though, haven't there, sir, of people being p-pushed under trains?"

"Why on earth should anyone want to push this wretched man under a train?" he demanded.

"Perhaps he knew too much about Mr. Inwood's murder. I thought—I—oh, sir, don't take any notice of me. There'll be lots of witnesses to say how he fell, won't there, sir?"

"There's only one man who could tell us anything worth while—" He stopped again.

"I don't think you can help us," he went on, dismissing me.

"Thank you, sir," I said, and escaped, my knees so weak that I was glad my room was near. I locked the door and sat on the bed, lighted a cigarette and tried to calm myself.

That sudden meeting with my Mr. Smith on top of the news about the butler had nearly broken my nerve. My heart felt as though it would never beat normally again.

That money. The envelope had gone with remarkable rapidity considering that the news of his death had only been known a very short time.

It looked as though Charlotte had known earlier than the rest of the household that her butler was dead.

I was shivering. Of course she had had to get the money back. She could not leave it there for anybody—Mr. Smith, for instance—to find.

She had not written that check until the second interview with Groves, the day after he had first shown her what was in his mind. Between those two interviews she had seen Freddy Williams. Even as she wrote it, she had known how temporary would be the inconvenience and expense of being blackmailed by her butler.

The muscles of my jaw were tight and aching. I had wondered, hadn't I, what they had meant by their phrase, "It's going to be all right"?

Well, I thought I knew now.

But how sure was I, from the police point of view? Evidence? They would say, "Where's the *evidence?*" A man rehearses a speech in front of a mirror, but of course you don't *hear* what he says. He spends fifteen minutes with Mrs. Inwood and comes out looking pleased. Next day he sees her again. He goes to the bank with the check. He puts two hundred pounds under his mattress. Did he? Where is it? It would be my word against hers. And when all is said and done, who are you? I fancied someone asking. Not "Dorothy Simpson." Oh, your name's Gill? What are you doing here, pretending to be a maid?

I dared not imagine what they would say—and do to me when I tried to explain *that.* I would be nearer the dock of the Old Bailey than either Charlotte or Freddy Williams, and Jonathan would be in it with me.

I realized with an awful frustration that to know a thing is not necessarily to prove it, and in spite of everything I had done so far to pull Jonathan's chestnut out of the fire, it was still in it, hotter than ever, and my fingers had already been badly burned.

The fact that in Groves' murder was promise of the same fate for Jonathan himself was beginning to put me into wild alarm. Charlotte had told Freddy Williams, hadn't she, that it was *going to be all right* about Jonathan because now she knew how to get in touch with him?

A KNOCK on the door set my overstrung nerves in a jangle; I asked in a strangled voice who was there. Mr. Smith answered, there was a word he wanted to say to me.

"I'm all undressed!" I cried, nasally, and pulled off jacket, blouse and skirt in a frenzy. I could not face him.

"I won't come in," he said. "I can say it from here just as well."

"Yes, sir—"

"It's this. I am giving you advice as a police officer. You might find yourself in trouble with us if you go about spreading rumors with regard to the way this man met his death. It was either suicide or accident. There is no possibility of foul play."

I had a spark of satisfaction. If there was no possibility of foul play, why this heavy warning?

We shook a chandelier... and look what dropped out!



YOU'VE SEEN what striking colors emerge from the prisms of a chandelier when the sunshine hits it?

Well, sir, we've scooped up those magnificent colors and stirred 'em into a sparkling new group of Arrow Ties, which we call (appropriately enough) "Prism Prints"!

Included in this moiré all-rayon group are a wide variety of patterns. Colors are *bright, lively* as a new yoyo on a string!

Like all Arrows, these new ties knot perfectly, drape superbly, and resist wrinkles as Willie resists Castor Oil!

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



ARROW

Prism Prints

$1.50

Look for the Arrow Trade-mark



"Want to see a race for the national championship thrown into complete chaos"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCH

"Yes, sir," I said. "I didn't mean any harm, I promise. I quite understand."

"Be sure that you do," said the voice of the law, through the closed door.

I sat in my underthings and stared at the wall while it dawned on me that although I might not have exhausted the possibilities of close contact with Charlotte, I might be spending the precious time in other ways to greater profit.

For one thing I must keep watch over Jonathan—and the personal column of the Telegraph.

And there was Freddy Williams, looming so largely now that his shadow lay everywhere I looked. It was no good pretending to myself. If I wanted to get quickly to the heart of the business, it was through him now, rather than Charlotte, that I might do it.

It was obvious from every point of view, in fact, that Dorothy Simpson had done her job.

This brought me to Dorothy's trunk, still sitting by the unpaid taxi driver outside, and I hurriedly put on skirt and jacket again. I was glad that in my eagerness to find out the meaning of the police car I had delayed paying off the taxi. Having decided that Dorothy Simpson must go, she could go now, instantly, in a matter of moments.

I GATHERED up the few bits and pieces of her modest belongings, threw them into the suitcase and ran out of the attic, along the passage to the stairs. Mr. Smith heard the commotion and put his head out of the butler's room.

"I'm not staying in this house another minute!" I shrieked at him hysterically. "People dying right and left! It's not safe!"

"You know best," he said, and returned to his searchings.

Relieved to know that he meant what he said about my being unable to help in their inquiries, I hurried down the stairs, banging the suitcase now and again against the banisters to emphasize a panicky departure. I hoped Charlotte heard me; it would lend color to what she was told about it later.

I burst open the kitchen door.

"Mrs. Marshall," I cried shrilly, "I'm giving notice here and now and I'm off, and if you girls know what's good for you, you'll do the same! Who's going to be next? Have you asked yourselves that? Personally, I don't care because it's not going to be me! House of Death, that's what it is! A House of *Death!*"

I slammed the door before anyone could do anything about it, and ran out of the back door and up the stone steps to the pavement. The taxi was still there, the driver seeming glad I had returned.

"Liverpool Street!" I said loudl... case anyone had followed me to the ...ment door, and jumped into the cab. ...back of my nose was hurting abomi... on account of having had such ... noises forced through it while half c... I put the spectacles in my handbag.

When we were safely in Fulham ... I told the driver I had changed my m... and gave him the Thurloe Squar... dress.

"Don't blame you, miss, clearing ... there."

I realized that the tragedy of G... would be in the evening papers by ... and that Dorothy Simpson's views ... spells and "houses of death" were ... shared by large numbers of people.

The taxi driver helped me up the ... with the trunk.

A minute later Aunt Florence a... home from Harrods. She said, "... dear, don't tell me you've lost th... though I'm not surprised. I felt s... wasn't *you.*" I said I was afraid I h... it and here I was again to use her ... like a hotel.

"Eve, I think you are splendid ta... so bravely, with such unconcern!"

But am I splendid enough? I wo... dered.

I had some sort of a plan formi...

After dinner I dressed up to the ... my ability, in my nice gray evenin... over one of Miss Vandelte's fri... rangements. I shook a pair of ... from their Cellophane wrappin... added luster to my legs. My hai... its twenty minutes' brushing, had ... ered nearly all its natural efferve... in fact it was a little beside itself ... let out once more, and produ... aureole effect that I had not noti... fore.

I quite liked the look of my fa... that it had been brought out from ... the veil of mauve powder and give... ble assistance in the matter of col...

It was getting on for ten o'cloc... would have to be moving. I tried ... cognac. The trouble lay in the ... that there was any bliss in my ig... about Freddy Williams. I kne... that was definite. I tried to add it ... was nocturnal of habit in that h... love and killed butlers and g... seemed to be more active after d... before. He lived in a bachelo... North Audley Street and he c... quite without consideration for ... finer feelings.

That was about all. It was not p... picture, even through the gol... cognac; however, if I chanced ... and my few last shreds of virtue, ... probably manage.

I went upstairs for my even...

nd purse, kissed Aunt Florence good ight, and walked around to the garage or the Daimler.

I drove to North Audley Street and arked in the same place as before, just round the corner.

Lights showed that the room on the ird floor which I believed to be his sitng room was tenanted. The two winows were wide to the summer night, the rtains undrawn. I could only hope at he was alone; if he were not, then e whole plan would fail.

The fatefulness of the moment was incapable. The musical pings as I opped two pennies in the public teleone across the street were like the first gnals after zero hour of the first battle my small war.

I dialed the Inwood number, and ped Charlotte would answer it herself r I was working to a close timetable. it I heard Mrs. Marshall's voice.

"This is Simpson, Mrs. Marshall. ease put me through to Madam."

"Mrs. Inwood is unable to speak to yone, I am afraid, Simpson, and cerly not to you. She was very upset en she heard about your exhibition s afternoon."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said, "but important that I should speak to her."

Mrs. Marshall sniffed.

"I suppose you've changed your mind out leaving. Well, I'm sure I don't ow what Mrs. Inwood—"

cut her short, saying in Dorothy's nnest, nosiest voice: "I don't care what know or don't know, and I haven't nged my mind. Connect me with s. Inwood—"

Really!"

Don't bother to go off the deep end, put the plug into the socket marked e' and tell her I have something very ent to say. Very *urgent*. And I shall on ringing her up until she *does* speak ne, see?"

Well, I've never heard—such a way alk! You'll be in serious trouble if dare to threaten us!"

Not as serious as you'll be in if I 't speak to Madam at once."

ne muttered angrily, and I heard the r click as she held my call and spoke Charlotte on her extension. After a nent she came back on the line.

Madam will not speak to you," she with satisfaction, and rang off.

ursed her, although I was not unpre-d, and had two more pennies ready op of the box. I put them in the slot and dialed. She had to answer it. I gave her no time to ring off again before she heard enough to make her think twice about it.

"It's a police matter concerning *her*," I said, "which she might prefer to talk over with me."

She digested this indignantly, but spoke again to Charlotte. There was a click, and then Charlotte's cool voice, "Yes, Samson?"

"I can't talk as long as Mrs. Marshall's still in the telephone cupboard."

"Oh? And why not?"

I explained very briefly about the switchboard's weaknesses and added, "Poor Mr. Groves knew about it."

THIS produced the desired effect; she paused before she said, "I have rung for Mrs. Marshall. Well, Samson, I suppose you want to apologize for your ridiculous—*and* selfish behavior."

"Yes, Mrs. Inwood, in a way. I was never one to shirk my duty, I hope. You see, it's about that Mr. Penrose."

"About—whom?" she said calmly.

"You know who—Mr. Penrose."

"Oh, of course. The—the murderer—" she said the word with the right amount of horror.

"You see, I feel I *ought* to go to the police—"

She interrupted to speak away from the telephone, "Mrs. Marshall, I wanted to tell you not to wait up any longer. I am quite all right now. You go up to bed." After a pause she said, "You were saying, Samson?"

"I thought it only fair," I said, "to let you have a chance of deciding for me what I should do about it."

"About just what?"

"About knowing how they could find him."

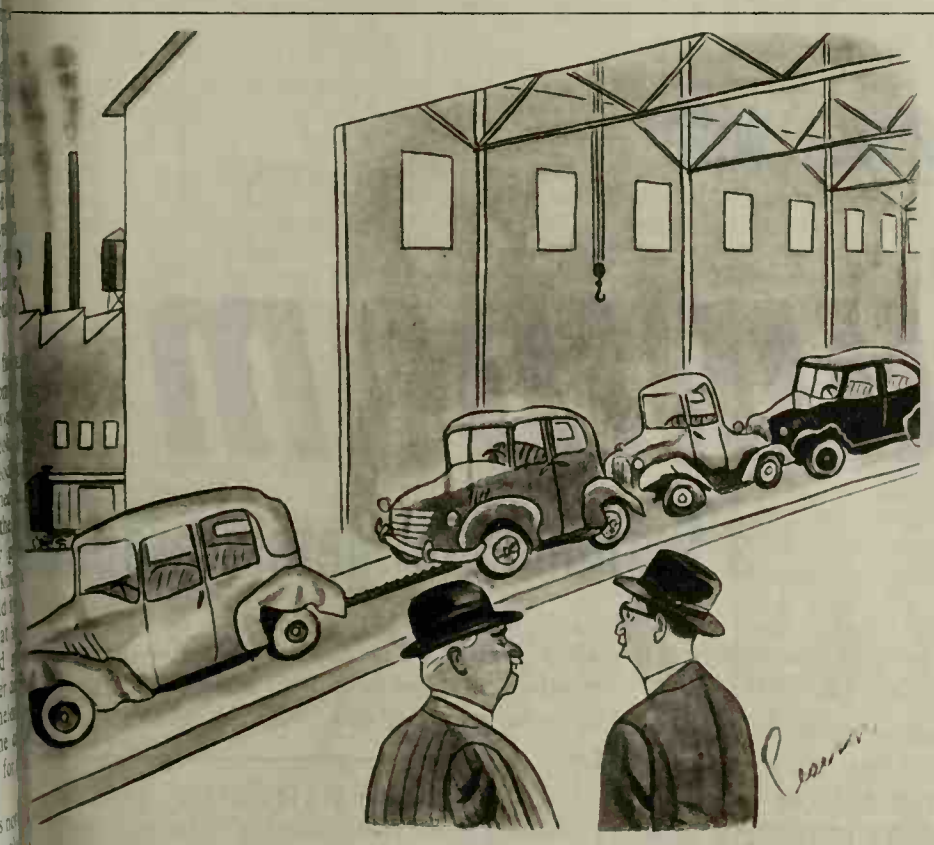
"Good heavens! That *is* important information, isn't it? Surely you should tell the police at once, instead of discussing it with me?"

I had never admired her so much.

"Yes," I said. "I suppose I should. Thank you, Mrs. Inwood. I'm most relieved, really I am."

If I had been she I would not have dared leave it so long before I took up the conversation again. Suppose I had left it at that and rung off? But she knew I wouldn't, and even she would want a moment to recover from the discovery that she had a second blackmailer to deal with.

Finally she said, "As a matter of inter-



"When we found out how much of a demand there was for used cars we started manufacturing them as a second line"

LIER'S CHAS. PEARSON



Behind every bottle is the quality-tradition of Park & Tilford and the knowledge gained in over a century of experience. That is why it is—

"the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America!"

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

It's sooner than you think...





. . . when you may step out of an aluminum house . . . to commute on an aluminum bus . . .







. . . work in an aluminum office building . . . then home to relax on aluminum furniture . . . or work in the yard with aluminum to

More and better aluminum products – *today*... with

Kaiser Aluminum

a Permanente Metals produc

THESE ALUMINUM PRODUCTS are not just idle fancies—manufacturers are making them right now.

They're better products—better looking, longer lasting—because of light, strong, weather-resistant *aluminum*.

And helping to speed them your way is Permanente Metals' integrated aluminum operation . . . which controls the production of quality aluminum through huge processing plants at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and Spokane and Tacoma, Washington.

In but *a single year of operation* these plants have accounted for 175 million pounds of plate, sheet, and strip aluminum. Almost as much as the entire industry produced in the most productive year before the war!

Under the spur of such vast production—and a management which welcomes challenges and invites "the jobs that can't be done"—the alun products you see here, plus hundreds of othe come to you in greater volume, better made

Get the Manufacturers' names

For the names of manufacturers nearest you who m the aluminum products pictured above, write:

Permanente Products Company

Consumer Service Division, Kaiser Bldg., Oakland 12, Californi

t, Samson, how will they be able to
d him, in your opinion?"
"Well, I think if they advertised in the
wspaper—in the personal column. Of
e Telegraph, for instance. A message,
mean, addressed, say, to 'John,' asking
m to be at a certain place at such and
ch a time. I think he'd turn up all right
the sap."
There was another pause.
"I see," she said. "What am I sup-
sed to say to that?"
I laughed as unprettily as possible.
"It's rather for me to say, isn't it? Mrs.
wood, I've been thinking. You remem-
r you said how you hated other people
aring your clothes? I thought at the
ie, it's easy for her. For why? Be-
use she's got all the nice frocks and
ats and suits and underclothes as any-
dy could possibly want. Now I'd like
be in that position, Mrs. Inwood, I
lly would. Then again, Mrs. Inwood,
en you hit me with that hairbrush, I
ught, if that was *my* hairbrush, my
ely gold and ivory hairbrush with my
st on the back and all, I wouldn't use
or beating my can't-answer-back la-
s maid—but then, I had to laugh to
self, even if my leg was hurting cruel,
ause after all it wasn't my hairbrush
n into the street. He pulled the cur-
s across both windows and came back
me with his thick black eyebrows
n together. He looked at me a mo-
t, then said quickly, "I am afraid it's
night for us. I'm very sorry. It's
minably rude of me, but you'll have
n along."
handed him my glass and got up from
ettee; he put down the glass by the
of the other. I said nothing, making
expression blank. He stared at me
ously. I picked up my coat and purse.
f it weren't that a very large sum of
ey is involved," he explained, "the
of money one could use to put on
shows and not notice it, I wouldn't
his to you."
Or to yourself?" I asked brightly.
er mind, you forget I shouldn't be
at all."
e was returning my brandy glass to
ocktail cabinet.
That's nonsense," he said. "Will you
me a telephone number or some-
?"
ll have yours in case," I said, and

But she hung up before I could finish. I took it as a good sign.

I had to move quickly. She was still connected directly to the exchange line and would not have to go downstairs to the switchboard before being able to ring Freddy Williams, but she would give herself a few minutes to collect her thoughts and decide how to handle him. One thing she would be quite certain about, he would raise all kinds of hell; a man who is just recovering from one murder is not in the best state of mind to hear that he may have to commit another. I thought I could bank on that.

However, I did not walk but ran across the road, and slowed down only for the short time it took me to get past the porter of the flats, which I did with an assured but friendly, "Good evening," conveying the impression that not only did I know to which flat I was going but that I was expected there. The clock in his little office pointed to ten minutes to eleven.

I stepped into a small self-operating elevator and pressed the third-floor button.

It arrived with a grunt at the third floor and I crashed back its doors with relief and found Freddy Williams' door kept waiting."

I STARTED off for the top of the stairs, he just behind me to the elevator, leaving the door of the flat open. His arms came around me, his lips seeking mine. I kept my head back.

"Telephone me at ten o'clock tomorrow morning," he said, "and if you forget the number you'll find it in the book. When I said this was a matter of money, it was absolutely true. I *might* be able to do a show."

He stepped into the elevator, closed the doors and rattled downward. I turned and went quickly back to the flat, through the door, across the hall and the width of the sitting room and stepped behind the drawn curtains, squeezing myself flat against the wall in the corner by the side of the open window.

I heard the street door below open and close. The first sounds of them came from the elevator, and then, startlingly near and sudden, Charlotte's voice ten feet the other side of the curtain.

(To be continued next week)

important than any other subject or combination of subjects.

"You mean, this isn't Izzy Brown's?"

"It is not." His voice was a heavy voice, like the rest of him, and it reached into me as I think it was supposed to do.

"Oh, my God!" I said, turning from him abruptly. "Not Izzy's? But this is Flat 3—22 North Audley Street?"

He shook his head. He had decided, I saw with great relief, that I was the sort of girl whom he didn't mind making a mistake about an address.

"Not 22," he said.

"But, oh dear, what must you think of me, stamping in like this!"

His eyes and his rather full lips smiling assured me that he was thinking I was a nice piece of goods. He had the cruelest mouth I had ever seen.

"Well, now," he said, "I wouldn't think badly of you unless, of course, you felt you couldn't wait even a minute before you set off to find Number 22 and Mr. Izzy Brown. If you did that, without even a short drink for the road as it were, I should immediately think very badly of you."

While he was making this little speech of welcome he brought a cocktail cabinet into action by opening its lid, so that an intricate array of glasses, bottles and decanters sprang into the ready position.

"Oh, my!" I said. "What an elegant affair!"

"Neatly accepted," he returned. "What shall it be?"

I STOOD by his side, close by his side, and surveyed the battery. "I see a beautiful bottle there," I said, pointing, and turned my head to smile at him in a friendly fashion.

"I expect Izzy Brown hides his best cognac when you're around," he said, and laughed.

"Izzy Brown," I replied, "is a very rich, kind gentleman and if a girl wanted his *fine maison* of even *eau de vie de Danzig,* as a short one for the road, he would give it to her—but with an almighty roaring noise, for he is a very mean, rich, kind gentleman."

"Which makes me wonder why you should be bothering about him at this time of night."

"That's quite a story," I said.

He poured *fine* into two balloon glasses, and as he put the cork into the bottle, the telephone rang. The smile left him.

He walked across to the table by the fireplace, picked up the receiver, listened, and said, "No, tomorrow"; listened a few moments longer and then repeating, "No, tomorrow," with great firmness put the receiver back on the cradle. He returned for his brandy.

"Quite a story, is it? Let's sit comfortably on that settee, and you tell it to me. I don't know Mr. Brown, so it won't hurt him, and it might help you. How do I know you loathe Mr. Brown's insides? Well, it's the sort of thing I do know, and besides, there's a very good sign of it in the fact that you made a mistake in the address."

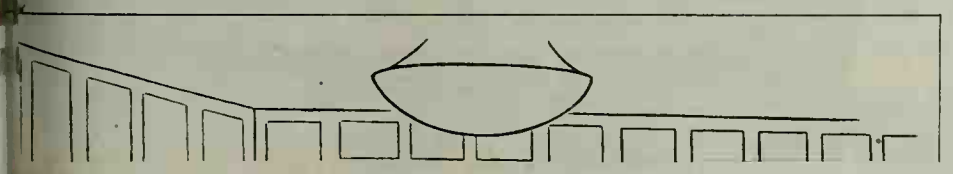
"Oh?" I said, looking up at him as a girl does when she knows she is in the presence of her mental superior.

"You see," he explained, steering me to the settee, "we have a machine in our minds, in the subconscious, which works overtime at making us forget what we don't like consciously—all the unpleasant things."

"Oh, dear. I shan't do very well on the stage if *my* subconscious makes me forget where people like Izzy Brown live, particularly when they've said how much they want to help me. You see, he's going to put on a show, and—"

The telephone rang again. This time Freddy Williams frankly scowled at it. It went on ringing.

"Why can't business people learn to stop work at six!" Reaching out a long arm he took off the receiver and put it



it was silly me thinking what and
t not I'd be doing with it. But that
n't mean I wouldn't like more than
hing to have a brush like it, and an-
r to match, and a mirror and little
s and pots all the same, with a pretty
ing table to put them on—and a
, a pretty bedroom, and the bed-
in an elegant house instead of a
ledown cottage my mother left me,
out enough money to mend the
s, they're that old. It's always
y, Mrs. Inwood, it seems to me.
can't do anything, can't buy any-
, can't *have* anything, can you, with-
e needful?"
see," said Charlotte again, and then,
ppose you'll be wanting to discuss
ith me in person?"
es indeed, Mrs. Inwood," I agreed.
etime I would like to very much.
onight?"
o, not tonight. I am very tired."
ell, so am I, Mrs. Inwood, and that's
t. I don't sleep well at the best of
. The *slightest* noise wakes me up."
I gather," she said. Under the
arcasm of her tone I could hear the
y.
ell, I'll ring off now, and call you
tomorrow, maybe. You mustn't
r, because I'm sure we shall be able
ange—"

ten yards along the corridor. I put my finger on the bell in two short jabs, which I hoped would indicate the arrival of someone expecting a welcome.

The seconds sped on leaden feet while I listened in a horrible anxiety. If his telephone rang now—before he opened the door, before I could get inside—or had it already rung?

I did not hear him come to the door. Suddenly it had swung back and there he was, a big man with pink, heavy but regular features and tight, curly black hair.

I smiled at him as dazzlingly as I knew how and at the same moment stepped quickly past him, saying, "Thank you—where's Izzy?" And I continued a rapid and undeviating course toward the open door of a sitting room across the small hallway.

"What's all this?" he said behind me. "Izzy? Who's Izzy—and who are you?"

Well into the sitting room now, I turned around on my heel so that my skirts swished and swung, and faced him with wide and puzzled eyes.

"Why, Izzy Brown, of course! This—this is his flat?"

He was looking at me carefully; his eyes left my face, traveled downward then upward again, missing nothing of me; they were the eyes, if ever I saw them, of a man to whom women were more

CREDIT a soldier with a good idea



Marshal Blucher, famous general of the Napoleonic Wars, whose revolutionary shoe design gave new comfort and support to his footweary infantry.

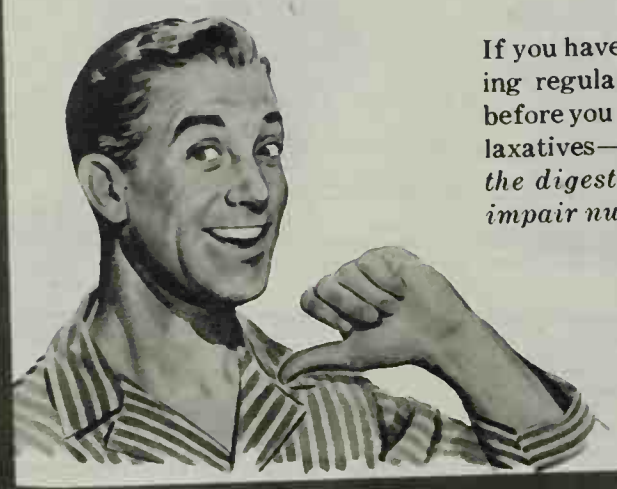
Credit FOOT PALS with brilliant execution



Sturdy, arch-cradling winter blucher of top-flight Scotch-grain leather—superbly crafted over Wall-Streeter's popular "Buck" last. Note the horizontal streamline on the uppers — striking the season's newest, smartest style note.

WALL-STREETER FOOT-PALS SHOES FOR MEN

No harsh laxatives for me



If you have trouble keeping regular, think twice before you resort to harsh laxatives—*which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition!*

Lemon and Water keeps you regular

Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily *first thing on arising*—insures prompt, *normal* elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water simply helps your system *regulate itself.*



—and it's healthful!



It aids digestion—supplies vitamins—and alkalinizes too.

Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C; and they also supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. Over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.

KEEP REGULAR THIS HEALTHFUL WAY!

Lemon and water helps the system function *normally*. It gives best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Take it every morning—*first thing on arising.*

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

California **Sunkist** *Lemons*

LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising

on the table. It cackled futilely. I could not hear what it said, but I was as near certain as I could be that it was a woman's voice. Freddy ignored it, and began talking easily about how wrong it was that the show business could not be run decently, without all these off-stage intrigues. Personally, when he came to put on a show he would make sure things were arranged differently. A girl with talent would have her chance without having to discuss it with men like Izzy Brown at eleven o'clock at night. He stopped abruptly, and said accusingly:

"I don't believe there is such a chap as Izzy Brown! You've heard about my show and you thought you'd try a new method of approach."

I jumped to my feet and blazed denial at him. How the hell did I know he was putting on a show? I didn't even know his name! And if he didn't believe there was an Izzy Brown, "here's the telephone—you ring Mayfair 8754!"

HE TOOK the receiver away from me quickly, made sure the line was dead, and put it back on the table, not on the instrument. It was eleven. Could I play him for another twenty minutes?

"Let's forget Izzy Brown," he said placati

and myself together, saying, 'No, my
not even if he really is going to
show.'" I finished the brandy and
him the glass. "So now for Izzy B
and my poor neglected career."

I started to leave the settee. He
hand on my wrist and held me. I lo
at it, at the black hairs and the sm
knuckles between.

"You don't need Izzy Brown," he
"If you can interest *me* in ten mi
casual conversation, you can do
than that. I can give you a note to
glass."

"*Finglass!*" I cried. "You know
glass?" I took off my coat and th
on a chair; I straightened my frock
down as close as possible to him,
sighed the word "Finglass" again.

"Who was pulling herself togethe
asked with a laugh which was mo
a giggle; it frightened me more tha
anything else about him with its
self-assurance.

"I said you could be exceedingly
Why don't you just beat me? *Fin*
My God!"

"Time enough," he said, and his
came down on mine. I let him ki
while my stomach turned over an
in a fretful nausea. When he st





aluminum furniture . . . or work in the yard with aluminum too

"You're positively frightening!" I said. "Do you practice clairvoyance professionally? No. I know what the trouble is. You know more about women than most men, and you don't bother to hide the fact. If the women don't like it, they can lump it. But you're safe really, because none of them believes you know about *her.*"

"Please go on," he said. I thought it must be quite a week since he had seduced anybody, he was so pleased with himself.

"You can be gentle and diabolically cruel," I said, "but neither because you can't help it."

"If only more people would understand that," he remarked, as much to his brandy as to me, and then looked at me. For a moment his eyes were naked and he was not smiling. I had got under his skin a little.

"Shall I tell you some more?" I asked. He nodded again.

"You never have the slightest difficulty in making any woman you want let you make love to her. You have proved it so often to yourself that it's a bore. And when I came and said I would stay for a drink instead of going off to Izzy Brown's straight away, you knew I would fall too. Of course you were quite right. Probably it would have gone according to form if I hadn't begun pulling you to pieces—

minutes?

I nursed the brandy glass in my
hands; he sat down close to me ag
thigh against mine and told me in
stance the downstairs and upstair
was the same. His friends call
Freddy.

MEANWHILE I felt I could
his hot leg pressing agains
moment longer—so I did a turn
down the room, getting to know i
and contents and talking about ho
blesome it was to be ambitious,
he think Felicity Cunningham wa
stage name or should I change it
on and so forth, while he sip
brandy and watched me as he
horse in a paddock.

"Felicity," he said, lingering
name, "do you know you're the
I think I've ever met?"

I resisted the wish to comm
oddly enough I would also be th
things went the way I was plann
should. I was not enjoying myse
ever. Charlotte might have bee
furiated with him for hanging u
that she had decided to leave hi
her calculations; my reading of
havior pattern—that she could
her scene alone and this man
only person in the world with w
could play it—might be terribly

n which case I was going to find some ifficulty in getting out of this flat with ll my clothes on. . . .

"Your caged tigress is most attrac- ive," Freddy Williams broke into my abbling; "but you're making me dizzy. it down. We can still talk about your areer."

I threw myself on the settee in what I oped was careless abandon and laughed t him. "Nobody has ever told me so oint-blank that I was boring him."

"A number of things seem to be hap- ening for the first time tonight," he said, nd put his arm around my shoulders.

A bell rang. My heart leaped. A door- ell, in this flat. I watched his reaction. is brandy glass in his other hand opped halfway to his mouth.

"Who the devil can that be?" he said, d put the glass on the table. Even if had been a disinterested onlooker I ould have seen he knew perfectly well ho it was. He was very, very cross.

The bell rang again, two long rings llowed after a pause by a short one, a gnal he was expected to recognize and swer.

"Blast it to hell!" he said under his eath, and went across to one of the en windows from which he looked wn into the street. He pulled the cur- ns across both windows and came back me with his thick black eyebrows wn together. He looked at me a mo- nt, then said quickly, "I am afraid it's d night for us. I'm very sorry. It's minably rude of me, but you'll have run along."

handed him my glass and got up from settee; he put down the glass by the e of the other. I said nothing, making expression blank. He stared at me iously. I picked up my coat and purse.

"If it weren't that a very large sum of ney is involved," he explained, "the t of money one could use to put on e shows and not notice it, I wouldn't this to you."

Or to yourself?" I asked brightly. ever mind, you forget I shouldn't be e at all."

He was returning my brandy glass to cocktail cabinet.

That's nonsense," he said. "Will you e me a telephone number or some- g?"

I'll have yours in case," I said, and bent down to read it on his dial. Now he must, *must*, say the thing for which I had planned so carefully. Surely he was not going to let her see me? At last, to my infinite relief, he spoke:

"I think if you don't mind, the tactful thing would be for you to avoid being seen. The front door is closed, and I shall have to go down to let them in. I shall bring them up in the elevator. If you could wait at the top of the stairs over there until you hear it start to come up, and then walk down, you won't have to meet them."

"I hope there'll be room for them all in that little box of a thing."

"Please don't tell me, Felicity, that you nag?"

"Well!" I said. "What do you expect? How about Finglass? All my hopes dashed to the ground for the sake of some shameless girl with a late night date—like me."

"Don't you trust me?" he asked in a shocked tone. He was wonderful in his belief in his ability.

"Not an inch."

The bell rang again, just over our heads.

"She's wild about something, isn't she?" I remarked. "Not used to being kept waiting."

I STARTED off for the top of the stairs, he just behind me to the elevator, leaving the door of the flat open. His arms came around me, his lips seeking mine. I kept my head back.

"Telephone me at ten o'clock tomorrow morning," he said, "and if you forget the number you'll find it in the book. When I said this was a matter of money, it was absolutely true. I *might* be able to do a show."

He stepped into the elevator, closed the doors and rattled downward. I turned and went quickly back to the flat, through the door, across the hall and the width of the sitting room and stepped behind the drawn curtains, squeezing myself flat against the wall in the corner by the side of the open window.

I heard the street door below open and close. The first sounds of them came from the elevator, and then, startlingly near and sudden, Charlotte's voice ten feet the other side of the curtain.

(To be continued next week)



"The trouble with you men is, you've just been swayed by the evidence"

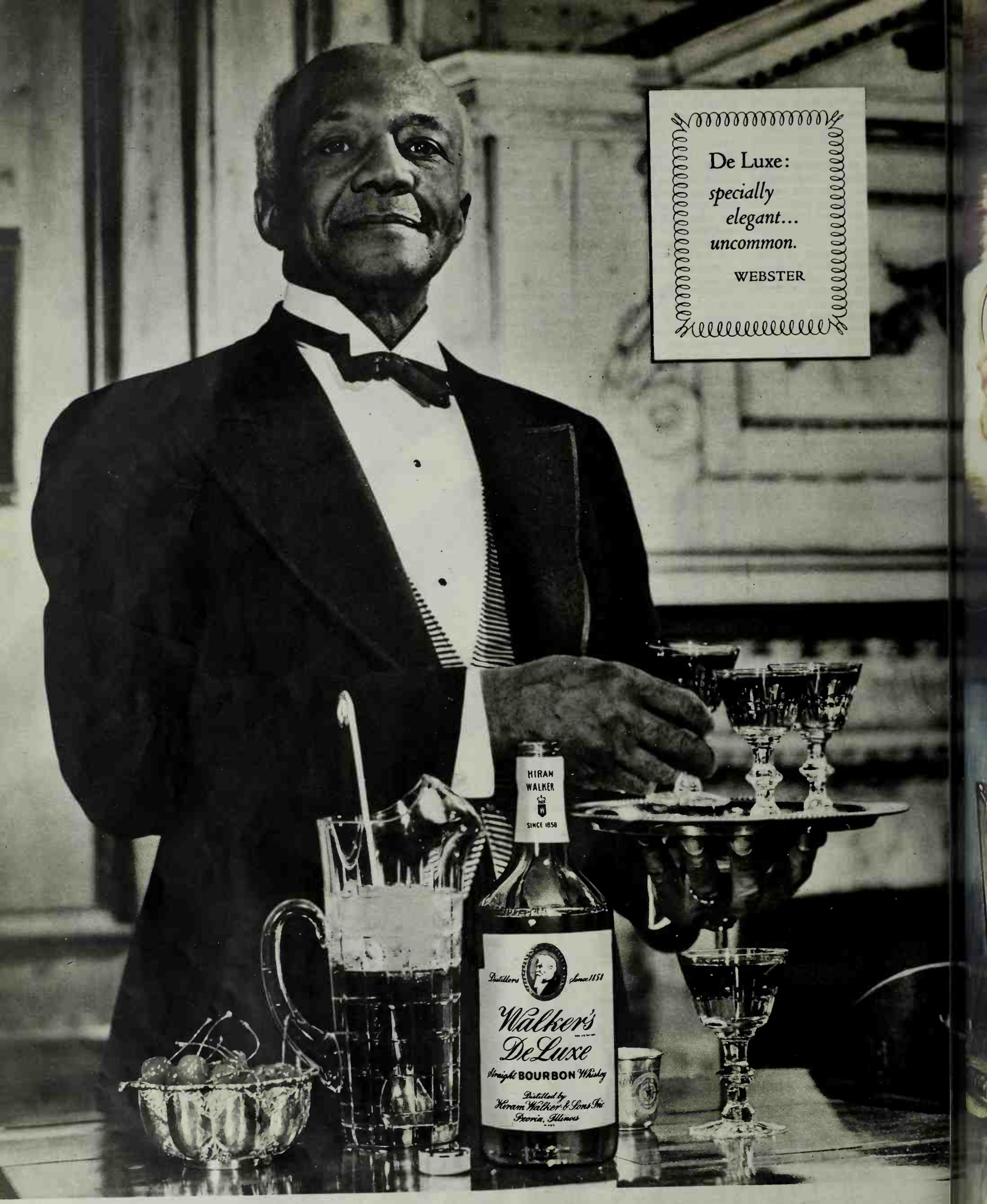
LLIER'S JEFF KEATE



He'll be a "big man on the campus"... with these back-ta-schaal hits by Hickok. Each stands at the head af the class far style, and far rugged wearability. Clover-leaf tie bar, $1.50. Cuff links, $2.50. Bar-H belt, Initial Buckle, set—$3.50. Blue leather belt, Ribbon Buckle, set—$5. Malded saddle leather belt, $2. Bar-H wallet, $7.50

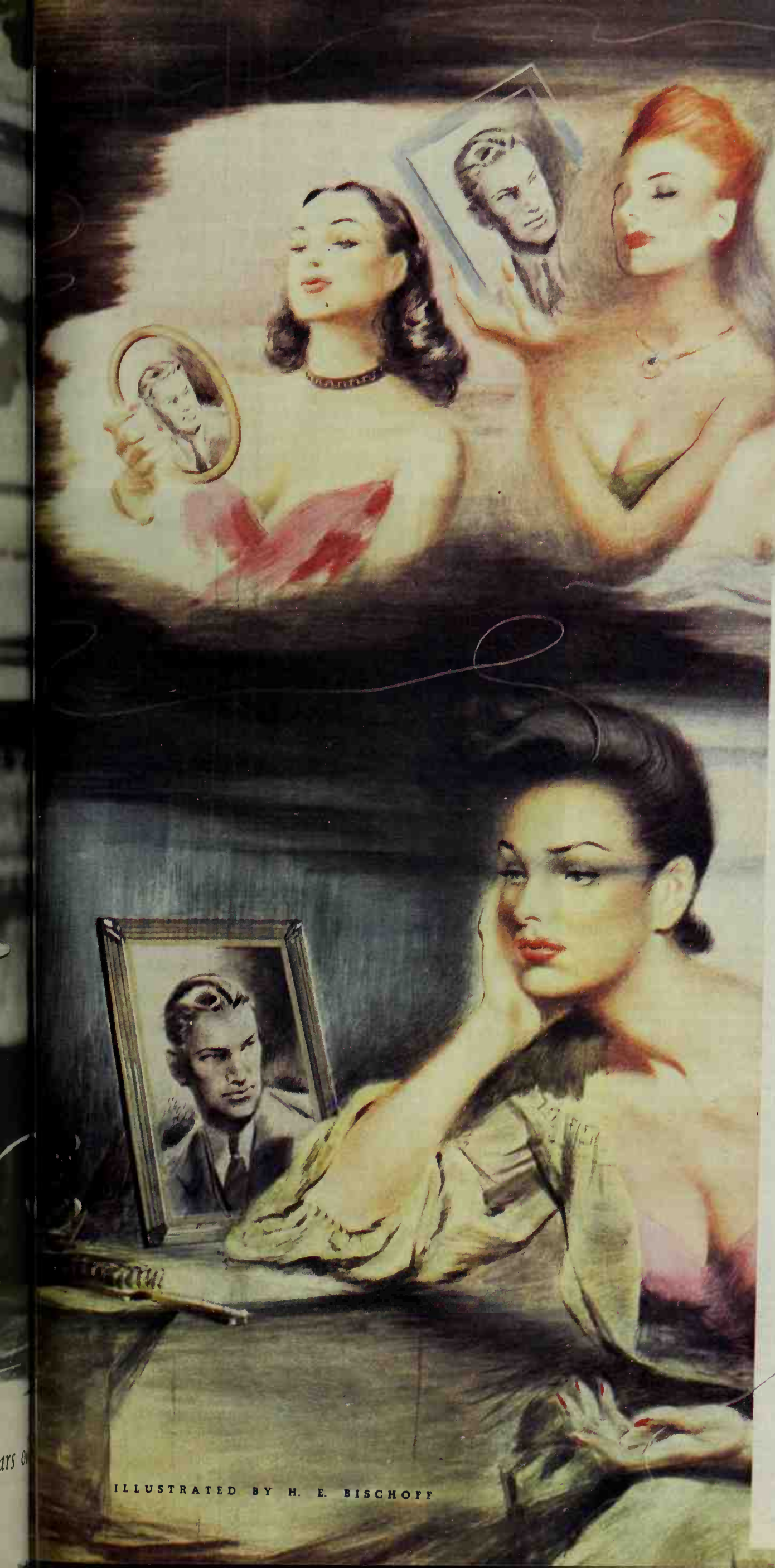
HICKOK

Quality Style Leadership



WALKER'S DE LUXE *is a straight Bourbon whiskey, 6 years old*

elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.



ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

THE GRAY HAIR

BY LOUISE LEE OUTLAW

Like a loose thread, it could commence unraveling the fabric of Lillian's marriage

WELL, this is the end. I know it now, with this gray hair in my palm. Someone ought to write an essay about gray—"the subdued arrogance of gray." That's a good phrase. Maybe I ought to take up writing. "Lillian Carstairs' book was spun of heartbreak." No, that's hammy. Bill would say that's hammy.

But it won't matter what Bill would say—after tonight. Not after I tell him: "Bill, I want a divorce." I won't tell him why: I'll never tell him that one gray hair made me leave him.

Usually it's a blond hair. Will I be the first woman in history to ask for a divorce because of a gray hair—my gray hair?

I know how he'll take it. He'll walk up and down, wave his hands, look at me with his dark, green-flecked eyes. He won't believe me. He'll argue, he'll plead, he'll swear he loves me—

He loves me, all right. He's never stopped loving me, even through all the other loves. That's why it's best for me to go now, while I'm fairly well preserved—

How arrogantly this damn' hair cut its way through my top wave! Arrogantly—as if it knew it would soon increase and multiply. Beget. It plans to beget. To beget a falling stomach? Heavy hips? Crow's-feet? A double chin?

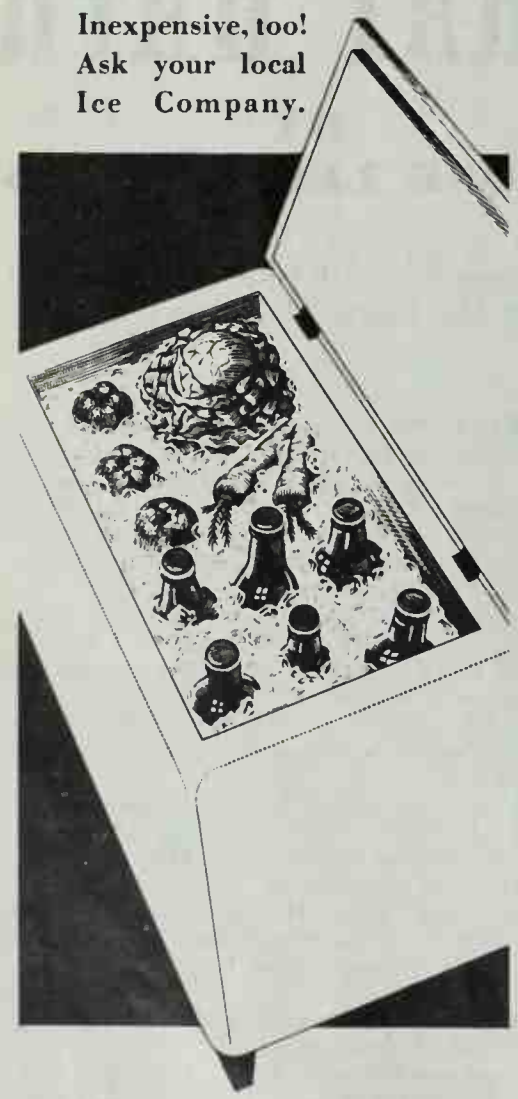
Yes, they'll come, the demons, because they have to come. Even to Nonnie. Even to Felice. Yes, even to Marcia.

But Bill won't see me growing old; he won't look at me and remember how I looked when I was twenty. I'll never give him the chance. Let him watch Nonnie or Felice or Marcia grow old. Maybe he'll marry one of them. And then *he'll* be old first—

Of course, it doesn't matter with a man. I've got to be honest with myself. A man like Bill can lose every bit of his hair, and *(Continued on page 60)*

do you know...

that you can get a beautiful little ice chest that is ideal for keeping on hand a bountiful supply of pure, crystal-clear ice for every cooling need . . . for chilling bottles quickly . . . for relieving crowded refrigerators . . . for that *extra* supply of hard-frozen ice cubes? Inexpensive, too! Ask your local Ice Company.



This is just one of the many new, post-war services the progressive Ice Industry is providing for *better living.* You ought to know about them *all.* Just get in touch with your local Ice Company.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

BROTHER JAZZ

Continued from page 21

play," Fats said suddenly. He hummed a simple, basic pattern of rhythm and melody. When we had it memorized he explained what each of us was to do. "You got that, Charlie?" he said.

Both Charlies said yes. They had it.

We stopped at the Riverside Towers and I got my banjo. At ten minutes before twelve we walked into Liederkrantz Hall. Mr. Adams was waiting for us.

"I see you are punctual," he said to me. "Congratulations." To Fats he said, "Well, Mr. Waller, what is it to be this morning?"

"Well, Mr. Adams," Fats said, "this morning I think we'll start with a little thing we call Harlem Fuss. It's a fast number. Then we got a little ol' slow thing for the other side we call"—he hesitated—"the Minor Drag."

"Excellent," Mr. Adams said. "Let's begin with Harlem Fuss."

We set up our instruments and Fats repeated his instructions. He played the theme for us; as soon as I heard him I knew why we didn't need drums—his left hand would take care of the bass. "Ready?" Fats said.

"Let's go," one of the Charlies said.

The warning lights flashed, and we took off, every man on his own, with Fats holding us together. When we had finished, Mr. Adams came out of the control room. We listened to the playback.

All's Well That Waxes Well

I had a difficult time believing what I heard because it sounded wonderful. I looked at Mr. Adams. He was smiling.

"You see," he said to me, "what careful rehearsal will do? You have performed your job excellently."

I walked over to Fats. "What are we going to play for the other side?" I whispered. "What is the Minor Drag?"

"We drag the same thing in a minor key much slower," he said.

So we did. When the masters were cut Mr. Adams was delighted.

"I wonder, Mr. Waller," he said, "if we could have some piano solos now?"

"Wonderful!" Fats said. "Perfect! We'll have some piano solos." Without moving from the bench he made Handful of Keys and Numb Fumblin'. Handful of Keys turned out to be the most popular of all his recorded piano solos.

"We must have some more of these dates," Mr. Adams said. "This is an excellent example of the wisdom of planning and preparation."

After that, the Southern Music Company, with careful planning and preparation, brought out the record on a Victor label with the titles reversed: Harlem Fuss was called Minor Drag and Minor Drag was called Harlem Fuss. I got my seventy-five dollars plus recording fee.

The panic was on for us early in 1929. You could make a million dollars in anything but jazz that spring. We ate from hand to mouth and it was somebody else's hand.

Red Nichols said he wanted to take a band on tour through New England during the summer. Would we be it? We said we would; Red couldn't spoil our music all by himself, and he was going to pay us $125 a week. We got Bud Freeman in from Chicago and collected Pee Wee Russell. Dave Tough agreed to play the drums. We got Max Kaminsky of Boston on cornet. Mezzrow and I completed the outfit. While we were rehearsing, Bert Lown, who had an agency in partnership with Rudy Vallee, asked us to play a club date at the Gedney Farms Country Club in Westchester.

"Are you sure you want us?" I asked. "This is a hot band; we don't play society slop."

"They'll love it," Lown said. "It will be a novelty."

The day of the date we spent the afternoon listening to Fats Waller and missed the train. We piled into two taxicabs and eighteen dollars later by the meters arrived at our destination. We were an hour late and in bad shape.

The entertainment committee met us and escorted us to the locker room. We were supposed to be dressed in tuxedos and we were, except for the accessories. Kaminsky wore white socks; I had on a red four-in-hand tie. Nobody had a drink left and none was offered us. We were beginning to shake. Tough went to the entertainment committee.

"I'm sorry to tell you this," he said, "but unless we have a drink we cannot go on. We have had a harrowing experience; our lives were nearly lost in a taxicab while coming here."

Without a word the chairman of the committee went to a locker, took out



Like the Negro of the same name, Joe Sullivan is a jazz pianist



MAX P.

Some of Fats Waller's best performances were almost impromptu

a bottle of gin and handed it to Dave.

"Thank you," Tough said, "your kindness will not go unrewarded."

We ducked behind the lockers and gulped. Then we went upstairs and played. The complaints began at once. There were three generations of Westchesterites present; the kids wanted Tiger Rag, the middle-aged group wanted Alice Blue Gown, the old folks asked for Strauss waltzes. One committee chairman came up and said, "I used to play drums at Yale. Trouble with your man is he doesn't syncopate enough."

"He didn't go to Yale," I said.

Nothing pleased anybody—the music was too fast, too loud, too slow, and where was the melody? Finally we decided to turn our backs on the audience, and enjoy ourselves.

After a while McKenzie and Josh Billings came in. They joined us on the stand. We began playing the blues, Billings picked up a megaphone and sang, improvising as he went along. It was a final insult to the audience:

I crashed this party thinkin' I would have a good time,
I crashed this party thinkin' I would have a good time,
I'd sell it for a nickel and a high price would be a dime.

We finished and went back to town. I waited a few days before calling at the Lown-Vallee office to collect. I figured there had been complaints and I wanted to give Lown a chance to consider them objectively. Finally I walked in and asked his secretary to announce me.

Lown started talking as I entered his office. I managed to sneak in a word about pay.

"Go to the union and try to get it!" he screamed.

I reminded him quietly that we were a jazz band and that I had explained this to him before accepting the job.

"You are a gang of hoodlums!" he shouted. "You have no relation to music! No band in history has ever drawn so many complaints! You insulted every decent person in Westchester! What's more, you lost the account for us!"

"We played for dancing," I said. "That's what we were asked to do. We insulted nobody."

"Your appearance was an insult—

who were the two Chicago gangsters you brought with you?"

I met McKenzie later on at Plunkett's speak-easy.

"Lown won't pay us," I told him. "We lost the season's contract for him. Besides, he says we brought two Chicago gangsters with us."

Red put down his drink and stared at me.

"You and Billings," I explained.

"Wait for me," Red said. "I'll be right back."

I followed him into the street. "You don't know where the office is!" he hollered.

He stopped and waited for me.

"Point for me," he said. "Just one."

I led him to the office. He walked past the receptionist, found Lown and made a lunge for him.

"Who am I?" he yelled.

Lown retreated. "I don't know," he said nervously. "I never saw you before."

"Then how do you know I'm a Chicago gangster, you mango-head?" McKenzie screamed.

Lown tried to say something but McKenzie hit him with two hundred words a minute. He ran the total into figures, ending with, "And the next time you call somebody a Chicago gangster get it straight! I'm from St. Louis!"

We were all the way back to Plunkett's

eak-easy before we realized we still dn't collected any money for our work Gedney Farms, not even the eighteen llars spent for taxi fare.

"I guess people just don't like jazz usic," I said.

"Don't worry," Jimmy Plunkett said. ook what happened to water. For ousands of years people wouldn't drink or fear of getting poisoned. Now they nk so much of it they think they can along without whisky."

"Who thinks that?" McKenzie said. was still looking for a fight.

"The people who voted for prohibi-n," Jimmy said.

Plunkett's was at 205½ West Fifty-third eet, under the elevated. All sorts of siness was transacted there; the tele-one rang constantly, bands were or-ized at the bar, and everybody drank.

Mr. Dorsey Gets a Shave

One day Tommy Dorsey came in dur- the afternoon. He had a radio pro-m in half an hour.

I'll have to drink in a hurry," he said immy Plunkett. "I need a shave."

Maybe you need a drink more than need a shave," Jimmy suggested. He a practical man.

ommy looked in the mirror. "I need ave," he said. "I'll have to skip to arbershop."

anding quietly down the bar was my O'Connor, a former wrestler gnarled fingers and an 18½-inch . He was from the Dorsey home in Pennsylvania.

Nothing of the sort, Tommy," he "You'll not have to stir from this ."

need that shave," Dorsey said. t so happens that I myself am now e profession you intend to patron-O'Connor said. "I am a barber."

reached into a vest pocket and took straight razor.

will take but a minute," he said. my, run some of that draught beer."

nmy ran some beer, and O'Connor some salt into it. A fine head of formed. O'Connor scooped suds d put it on Dorsey's face.

ut that bar rag around his neck, y," he said to Plunkett. "I don't to soil his shirt. Now, Tommy, just our head back and relax."

a few minutes it was over, and Dor-stunned, bleeding, but shaved, was ing upright with another drink in and.

ist one thing, Tommy," O'Connor "Give me a shot of that gin, y." He poured the gin over his and rubbed Tommy's face.

nest after-shave lotion in the ," he said.

rsey finished his drink, had time for er, and left for Radio City in ex-t condition.

elsea Queely, a steady patron, came night with two black eyes. Jack , another jazz man, studied them a then he said, "Chelsea, what you are some leeches. I'll get them for t the drugstore." Bland returned y with a small box.

erything is set, Chelsea," Jack said. lean your head back against the nd I'll put one on each eye."

lsea was amiable. He leaned back ck took a leech from the box and ed it on his right eye. Chelsea tried e. Jack kept him against the wall ached for the other leech. Chelsea his mouth to holler.

his point Jack dropped the other He miscalculated. It fell in Chel-outh.

t it out before it dies, Chelsea!" l.

sea treated his eyes for the rest evening with alcohol.

une we went on the road with s. For three dreary weeks we New England and New York State, then returned to New York City. There was no doubt about it, the East was not ready for jazz.

McKenzie was around. "Let's get a drink," he said. "I have plans."

We went to the nearest speak-easy.

Red tasted his drink. "Would you wear a jersey and a cap and play for Mrs. Vanderbilt's dinner parties?"

"I'd rather play in a jazz band."

"Jazz is a luxury. Too bad it's such good music. The poor man likes it, but only the rich man can afford it."

"I guess I wouldn't mind a cap. Bix used to wear one."

"A jersey and a cap. A jersey has horizontal stripes. I hate them but the society folks think they are cute. They won't let you play at parties without them. So you'll do it. Good!"

"At last I've reached the gutter. I'd never have known it except for the company."

"Blow your nose and order another drink." Red grinned. "We're going to play jazz. It'll be disguised so the dudes won't know it, but it'll be jazz."

Rome had a fiddler while it was burning. New York in 1929 had the Mound City Blue Blowers. We played for cocktail parties, dinner parties, parties at night, and parties in the early morning. Our hosts were Jimmy Cromwell, Mary Brown Warburton, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt, Larry Doyle, George Preston Marshall, the various Munn families, Billy Leeds, Marjorie Oelrichs, and a lot of week-end millionaires who were broke or dead a year later.

Making Society Jazz-Minded

One night we played for a party at Mary Brown Warburton's, across the street from a church. An orthodox musician was entertaining at the piano.

"Mary," McKenzie said to the hostess, "would you like to hear somebody really play that instrument?"

"Isn't he playing it?" Mary asked, looking at the pianist.

"He thinks so," McKenzie said.

He called Joe Sullivan at Riverside Towers.

"I can't come," Joe said. "I haven't subway fare."

"Jump in a taxi and we'll meet you outside," Red said.

Thirty minutes later McKenzie lifted the incumbent from the piano stool and Joe sat down. He went into Sweet Lorraine.

"You're right," Mary said to Red. "Where did this man come from?"

"I made him up," Red said.

The guests gave Joe an ovation and crowded around the piano. Billings took the opportunity to snatch a few bottles of champagne. He walked across the street to the rear of the church and hid them behind a wall. McKenzie was horror-stricken.

"How could you do such a sacrilegious thing?" he said to Billings. "Don't you realize that is sacred property? What do you want to do, get all of us sent to hell? Are you an agent of the devil?"

Billings was shaken. When we left the party he retrieved the bottles from behind the wall. I thought McKenzie was going to break them in the street but he didn't. In the taxicab he gave Billings another tongue-lashing. I have never heard such language. Billings began to weep. By the time we reached Riverside Towers he was on a crying jag. He left and went to his room, sobbing and muttering repentance.

"I don't know what the world is coming to," McKenzie said, opening one of the bottles and pouring himself a drink. "People have no respect for sacred things any more. Imagine stealing champagne and hiding it behind the church!"

He drained his glass and filled it again. "This is the best wine I ever tasted," he said.

(To be concluded next week)

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA



Finest Tone System in RCA Victor History—This symbolizes the "Golden Throat"—RCA Victor's exclusive 3-Way Acoustical System. It is explained technically in an illustrated booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.



Victrola radio-phonograph 65U plays on AC.

You spend less... get more! this compact table set has automatic record changer and the famous "Golden Throat"

More fun!

Twelve 10-inch or ten 12-inch records are changed automatically—you enjoy almost an hour's concert or dance. Has the permanent, "Silent Sapphire" pickup—no needles to change. Records sound better, last longer.

More features!

You have the advanced engineering, master craftsmanship you naturally expect from the world leader in radio and electronics! It's an outstanding value, with the *true*, clear beauty of the famous "Golden Throat" tone system. Listen to RCA Victor's new album of hits from *The Student Prince*, and judge for yourself! At your RCA Victor dealer's now.



RCA Victor 66X3—Comes in walnut veneers, walnut or ivory-finish plastic.

Many more models, too!

Shown at left is one of many superlative table radios; gets overseas as well as domestic programs, has tone control, place for phonograph attachment, and the exclusive "Golden Throat" tone system.

When you're in New York, see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA Exhibition Hall. Open—free to all. 36 West 49th Street.

"Victrola"—T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Ever wish you were Aladdin?

You remember him . . .

He was the lucky fellow who found a magic lamp. It gave him everything he wished for—from diamond-crusted palaces to a sultan's daughter as his bride.

You've probably wished a lot of times for a miracle like this to happen to you. Maybe not for out-of-this-world treasures, but for something that will take care of the things that are bound to come up.

Like medical expenses, or college for the kids. Or maybe just for the nice, safe feeling it gives you to have some extra money put aside for the future.

Though no magic is involved, there is a way to give you this security. The Payroll Savings Plan. Or, if you're not eligible for the Payroll Plan but have a checking account, the new Bond-a-Month Plan.

Either way, it's almost unbelievable how quickly your money accumulates.

Where else can you get such a *safe*, generous return on your money ($4 for every $3)? It's so simple—so easy, you hardly miss the money that you're saving.

And don't forget at the same time, you're *making more!*

Next to a magic lamp, there's no better way than this to make sure your future is secure.

Save the easy, automatic way
. . . with U.S. Savings Bonds

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

A PUBLIC SERVICE FEATURE — The Advertising Council

THE GREAT EXPERIENCE

BY WILLIAM FULLER

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ELMO YOUNG sat at the bar and nursed his beer. The pay-off, he was thinking. If ns ain't the pay-off! You spend ur long years in the Army thinking w swell it's going to be to get back the old hangout. You don't let e ink on your discharge papers dry fore you drop by the old place for slap on the back, then some good rious talk with your old side-kicks. what do you find? You find a bar nesome as a preinvasion beach ex- pt for some lush moping in his urbon at the far end. You find a w bartender with a puss looks like 'd swallowed a green apple. You d seventeen-cent beer. You find romium fittings now, and a plate- ss window with Place de la Con- rde written all over it, like the nt was some fancy clip instead of honest, neighborhood gin mill. other! The pay-off.

That's the way Elmo's thoughts re running when Herbie Shultz ne into the bar. "Herbie!" he outed, happily looming beside the le man and shoving forward a e hand. "Old Herbie!"

So help me," Herbie said as Elmo nped his hand. "Elmo! I haven't n you in—"

Four years. Four years and three nths. Quite a little war we had. te a little experience," he said destly. "We used to say in the ny, we'd say—"

Herbie rubbed his fingers. "Yeah. guys were telling me. Most of n have been back a year or more." bie sat down at the bar. "A beer, rv," he called to the bartender.

lmo sat beside him. "Boy, it's d to be back. I remember one t on Leyte, we're sitting around C.P. and—"

Say, Marv," Herbie said. "Wil- s gets three for four today. at've I been telling you?"

A flash in the pan," said the bar- er. "An erratic character. They 't make 'em any more like they l to. You take George Sisler, there was a boy."

Sisler!" Herbie said. "Cobb leads league seven years and you give Sisler!"

Ty Cobb ever hit four one five, Sisler?'"

What about Fitzsimmons?" the at the end of the bar asked. "Old My boy."

Baseball, jerk!" Marv shouted. l, not fighting!"

s this a free country or isn't it?" man asked. "I'll take bourbon water. Easy on the water."

George Sisler never hit four one Herbie said.

Nineteen twenty-two. St. Louis," said icily.

rbie turned to Elmo. "What do ay, Elmo?" He spoke to Marv. e's a man, Marv, used to settle all baseball arguments. A walking d book. Old Mister Baseball. do you say, Elmo? Does ge Sisler hit four one five in een twenty-two?"

mo shifted uncomfortably on his ool.

"I wouldn't know," he said.

"Elmo," Herbie said. "What's the matter with you, Elmo?"

Elmo felt the story of his great experience welling up inside him. He knew that now the time was ripe for the telling. Now, among familiar things, among people who spoke his language, was his big chance to make someone understand how it was with a guy in war.

"It's like this," Elmo said slowly. "A guy changes. A guy changes all of a sudden, sometimes, in war. All of a sudden, sometimes, he gets slapped in the face with the truth, and he changes. Maybe the stuff is coming over thick and the guy next to you gets his. Maybe it comes to you then. Maybe you happen to be watching a handful of kids—their bellies swollen and their legs thin and spindly—holding out tin cans for the leavings from the company kitchen. Maybe you look at their eyes. Maybe it comes to you then. With me, it came like this: We come ashore at Ormoc, see—and we're moving up the Valencia Valley, fast. Two regiments abreast and one in reserve. My outfit gets the word to look over the terrain on our flank. We move out—"

Marv cleared his throat. "You in Manila?" he asked Elmo.

"I was there," Elmo said. He felt his hands growing clammy as he relived his great experience. "We move out to the flank," he said hoarsely. "A couple of miles out we run into this barrio, this village—"

"I hear they had a pretty fast league in Manila after the war," said Herbie, "what with all them pros they had out there in the Navy and the Air Force, and all."

"I guess so," Elmo said. "The point runs into fire on the outskirts of this barrio. The old man brings up his heavy MGs. The—"

"It must've been tough, boy," Herbie said. "It must've been quite a little war." He turned to Marv. "I tell you what I'll do, Marv. I'll give you a chance to break even. I'll give you Philadelphia and two points tomorrow and take the Red Sox."

Elmo stared at his beer. He was conscious of a frightened, choked-up feeling in his chest.

"I'll take a fin's worth of that," Marv said.

ELMO'S great experience was a livid, painful thing within him. He moved next to the man at the far end of the bar. "The old man calls up his heavy machine guns," he told the man. "He lays his base of fire. He sends for me. He tells me to take my squad wide to the right."

"This is a lousy joint," the man said. "This joint is from hunger. Bourbon like after-shave lotion and a barkeep that don't know baseball from the ring. Place de la Concorde. Place de la Residue!" The man scooped up his change and left.

Elmo stood. He felt the muscles in his cheeks knotting. His legs felt numb. He walked stiff-legged through the door. He walked ten yards along the sidewalk, then turned into the alley between the bar and the adjoining building. Halfway down the dark and littered alley he stumbled over a brick. He picked it up and went back to the Place de la Concorde. He stood behind Herbie. Herbie and Marv were arguing about Sisler and Cobb again. Elmo stood there and listened for a moment. Then he said, "You want to watch this. You might enjoy it."

He took a long, slow windup and hurled the brick at the plate-glass window at the front of the room. The brick hit dead center. There was an entirely satisfying shatter of glass as the window completely collapsed.

Elmo sat down and finished his beer while Marv called the station.

THE cop was over in five minutes. "All right," the cop said wearily, "who's pressing charges?"

"Him," Elmo said, pointing at Marv. "I just tossed a brick through his window." The cop thumbed through his notebook. His feet hurt and he was very tired. "You got anything to say before I run you in?"

"Yeah. I'd like to explain why I tossed a brick through that window."

The cop sighed. "Go ahead."

"I'll have to start at the beginning," Elmo said.

Herbie said, "I'll be running along."

"Oh, no you don't," the cop said. "You was here, weren't you? You're a material witness, ain't you? Have a seat, brother."

"We're moving up the Valencia Valley, see?" Elmo said. "Two regiments abreast and one in reserve. We're moving fast—" He felt the clamminess come into the palms of his hands again as he got into the story. His voice was hoarse with his efforts to give them the great experience so they might live it as he had lived it—and understand its importance. Then the story was over. No one spoke for a moment. Elmo looked around the Place de la Concorde. Except for the shattered window, Elmo suddenly realized that the old joint looked pretty natural. Seventeen-cent beer, maybe, and a little new eyewash, but hell—Elmo figured—things change. They change and there ain't a thing a man can do to keep them from changing.

"You pressing charges?" the cop asked Marv.

"I got to have a new window," Marv said.

"How much you figure that window is worth?" Elmo asked him.

"It's worth forty-five bucks."

Elmo reached happily in his pocket. He counted off five tens and tossed them on the bar. "And four beers," he said.

Marv drew the beers. He slid three of them down the bar to Elmo, Herbie and the cop. He took the fourth one himself. Elmo raised his glass. "Here's to Rogers Hornsby," he said. "Cobb, .410 in nineteen twelve. Sisler, .420 in nineteen twenty-two. Hornsby, .424 in nineteen twenty-four."

The four of them drank to Rogers Hornsby.

"You want to watch this," Elmo said. "You might enjoy it." He took a windup and hurled the brick at the window



ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

THE GRAY HAIR

Continued from page 55

women will still crane their necks and stare at him and do everything but drop their handkerchiefs as he goes by. It'll be the same when he's eighty.

There's nothing worse than being a woman. Nothing in the world. When you're twenty, when you walk down the street, and the men whistle and watch your legs, you think the world is a full-length mirror, reflecting only you. You toss your head, and a man comes running. You stamp your foot, and a man kneels before you. You say, "Yes" or "No," and a man quivers. You deny him, and he cries.

You don't think about the days that will come after, the days when you will dodge the sunlight because it shows—too clearly—the gratuitous lines, the dulled eyes, the wrinkling neck. When you're twenty, you don't know the demons are waiting for you.

I hate everyone who is twenty. Because I'm thirty-eight today and I have a gray hair in my palm which I've plucked from my head. . .

I AM thirty-eight today. Now all I want to do is go somewhere and be quiet and grow old. Perhaps Arizona. Last year in Arizona—what peace! The quiet got on Bill's nerves, but it soothed me. It made me able to face another year. The green, green grass, the fanleaf palms against the salmon skies, the scrolled clouds that made you want only to lie and look at them.

Yes, Arizona would be nice. I might even take a typewriter with me, try to write something. But writing's introspective. . . . Maybe plastics. . . . I could make plastic cigarette boxes. . . .

Daft—absolutely daft—the women will say. They'll be thinking of this place—this big, cream-colored, shaggy-rugged duplex. They'll be thinking of the view of the river from the bedroom and the smug-faced doorman outside. They'll be thinking of my clothes, and they'll wonder what will happen to the mink. "You can't wear mink in Arizona, my dear," they'll tell each other.

How they'll ache to know what will become of my clothes—my big warehouses of ammunition!

God, I'm tired of ammunition! I'm tired of rushing to Carnegie's for the latest in alligator umbrellas. I'm tired of silk gabardine bustled suits. Bustles! Bustles are for the young, for the small-waisted, bright-eyed, unwittingly flirtatious young. Last year's fashion was off-the-shoulder dresses—the year before, short skirts. Oh, I can go back fifteen years and tell you what the fashions were. I've been tied to them; I've been a check-signing slavey to them, even while I was using them to fight off this day, this moment, this gray hair.

If Bill had stayed in Florida—if we'd stayed in the blue-and-white bungalow on Orange Street, right in back of the crocodile farm! There's a snapshot of us somewhere—Bill looking like a country editor: shirt sleeves rolled up, limp cigarette in hand, green eyeshade over his scowling face. Me in a nice little $5.98 mail-order percale. Me, with my hair just washed, loose and glossy, and no lipstick on my mouth. . . .

If we'd stayed there, we'd be comfortable, middle-aged people now. We'd wear bedroom slippers in the evening and put the milk bottles on the porch. We'd have children to worry about. . . .

But that's not getting me anywhere. Bill wouldn't have stayed put. He was too charming even then, before he had the whipped-cream suavity. He was impatient with Orange Street. He wanted me to have things. Things—1935's ermine cape—1938's pink Cartier boxes—1940's duplex. The hand-tooled books, the original Renoir, the French lingerie.

I've got plenty of things, but I've got a gray hair, too. I'm tired.

Can I hold out another year? No. . . . This is the last. This is the year of Marcia. And next year it will be Sophia or Claudia or Barbara. I've got to be honest with myself.

That time last year, before we went to Arizona; that could have been the end, too. It was Denise, that time. Denise, white-skinned and curving and red-headed. Dimpled knees in a bathing suit, dimpled elbows in an evening gown, dimpled cheeks when she smiled. And all the dimples for Bill.

"Good Lord, I don't care a thing about her!" That was what he said, while I sat there cool-eyed and looked at the tugboat on the river. My tongue and my head were wise; only my heart was a corkscrew.

"Are you sure, Bill?" I said. "Would you like a divorce?" It was the first time I'd ever said the words. I was tired that day. I was tired of having Denise "pop in" for cocktails, for dinner, for the umbrella she "forgot" the week before. I was tired of watching Bill watching Denise.

"I love you, Lillian," he said. "I've always loved you—and I always will. Denise—she's just—"

Yes, he loves me. And Denise was "just." And now Marcia is "just."

WHO was it the year of the ermine cape? It was Hallie, blond, brown-eyed Hallie. That was the year I began to go to the beauty salon twice a week. Then, as Hallie was followed by Connie and Connie by Laura, I knew there would be no growing up for Bill. I knew, but I was ready to fight for him. I had the strength then; I could almost enjoy the battle. Oh, I can't say watching him at a cocktail party was much fun. Watching his eyes get that yearning look. But I had ways of fighting, in those days. I got svelter and smarter. I had to; there was so much competition. I found that little Hindu man who taught me all about relaxation; I wonder if he kept the wrinkles away—or was it nature smiling at me? Anyway, I did a good job. All the Swedish masseuses did a good job: all the manicurists and permanent wavers and facial experts did a good job. And it paid off, in little ways. Bill saying: "You're the loveliest woman here." Little, important ways.

How I prayed there wouldn't b[e] more Hallies or Connies or Laur[a]! hoped he'd start to grow old. Oh, n[o] —but more subdued. I hoped he [g]ot a paunch, a little, unobjectionabl[e] human paunch. But he didn't. Here [is] in his latest photo, smiling from my [des]ing table, and when I look at him I [am] There's a man whom I could fall [in] with.

I know that through all the en[d]ments of slender thighs, piquant [ni]and curving cheeks, he loves me. B[ut] got to be honest with myself. Wo[uld] love me if my waist were thirty-t[wo] stead of twenty-seven?

AND I mustn't forget Marcia. [She] twenty-two and she is dark a[nd] ish. She wears pixie hats. Her che[eks a]winesap red and her eyes are lik[e po]ished mahogany. I can see her c[urled] I know why Bill is playing Trista [over] and over on the phonograph.

No, I can't fight nature any [more] Maybe I'm a fool to give in. Bu[t the] most women are permitted to gr[ow] with their men. To sit on front p[orch] in Orlando or Milwaukee or Phila[del]p[hia] and rock and rock.

A gray hair. Hello, gray hair H[ello] you are in the palm of my hand [and] cause of you I simply can't go on [here] as if you belong to me. I don't f[eel] a svelte young woman. I can't g[o] another cocktail party. I can' [smile] gently and watch Bill watching [Marcia] I can't look at another "creatio[n]" [de]signed to make me forget my bi[rth]day.

I want to be thirty-eight, an[d one] thirty-eight. I want to be free of [my] I want to forget to cream my [face] night.

The telephone. Bill saying [he can] make it for dinner? Bill speaki[ng] a booth in some little Westches[ter] Well, does it matter? I'm free no[w].

Hello? Hello, Maurice? Yes, Ma[u]rice, I want it for three o'clock. [Odd]I don't care if it's the Queen of [En]gland. I tell you, it must be today. It's a matter of life—what? Yes, a tint. A tint. I found a gray hair today, and Carstairs can't stand gray hair, Maurice. I've got to be honest with my[self]

THE END



COLLIER'S "This is the way I like to sail: right side up" GARRETT PR



"Hello, Alice—er-r—are you sure it's all right for me to come in?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

JUST IMAGINE! See them all together in one hilarious full-length picture!



There's *Mortimer* (Hayseed) *Snerd* vs. *Donald* (The Temper) *Duck*. Timber-r-r-r!

Edgar Bergen...Charlie McCarthy... Mickey Mouse...Mortimer Snerd... Donald Duck...plus three rollicking new Disney characters...*all together* in one of the funniest feature-length pictures you'll ever hope to see.

There's *Mickey* in his most hair-raising adventure.





There's radio's favorite blockhead – *Charlie* (I'll mow 'em down) *McCarthy*.



There's *Bongo*, the frustrated circus bear who wants to get away from it all...



...and little *Lulubelle*, who causes *Bongo* plenty of heartaches.

Walt Disney's

FULL-LENGTH MUSICAL CARTOON FEATURE

"Fun and Fancy Free"

FEATURING

EDGAR BERGEN – DINAH SHORE

IN TECHNICOLOR



There's the *only Goofy*, who is more confused than ever.

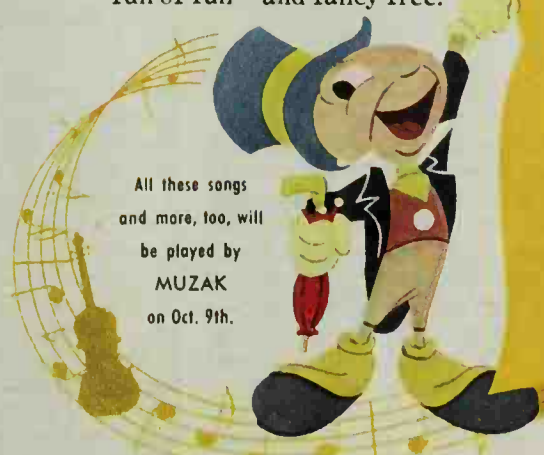
EDGAR BERGEN in the flesh with his radio pals *Charlie McCarthy* and *Mortimer Snerd*.

DINAH SHORE singing and narrating the tuneful story of *Bongo*—the little circus bear.

with

Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Goofy
and introducing 3 lovable new Disney characters
Bongo, Lulubelle, Willie the Giant

Released through RKO Radio Pictures ©WDP



There's *Jiminy Cricket*, who's full of fun—and fancy free.

All these songs and more, too, will be played by MUZAK on Oct. 9th.

Parade of hit songs

"FUN AND FANCY FREE"

"LAZY COUNTRYSIDE"

"TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE"

"SAY IT WITH A SLAP"

and others you'll be humming soon.

1400 MILES FOR $12!



CONVERTIBLE

Choose any model of CROSLEY you wish and you'll get a car that weighs about ⅓ as much and operates for about ⅓ as much as heavier, more cumbersome and expensive automobiles.

Miss Helen Hermanson, 659 Washington St., New York City, drove from Florida to her home (over 1400 miles) and spent only $12 for gas and oil!

In the Convertible (or Sedan) you get a really modern car with ample room for four husky people (like its 6' 4" producer) plus luggage. Designed to be "the safest car," requires less than your half of the road.



The CROSLEY PICKUP (left) offers the most economical transportation for service calls, light deliveries, country places, farms, etc. Has full quarter-ton capacity; all-steel construction; roomy cab; full drop tailgate.

And every Crosley has the startling COBRA (COpper BRAzed) 4-cylinder, valve-in-head steel engine that weighs only 59 lbs., yet delivers 26.5 horsepower, 35 to 50 miles per gallon, 50 miles per hour cruising speed.

Sedan lists $849 at factory . . . taxes extra

CROSLEY

a **FINE** *car*

For information and literature, write: Crosley Motors, 2532-CD Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

Fast Relief For Tender, Hot Feet

Eases New or Tight Shoes Almost Like Magic!

Use soothing, refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your troubled feet. You'll marvel how quickly it relieves tender, burning, perspiring or odorous feet . . . how amazingly effective it is for easing new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Sold everywhere. For FREE sample, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois.



Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER



Quality

ALWAYS

Kingsbury Pale Beer is a favorite of those who demand a better Wisconsin beer—noted for its rich, zesty flavor and uniform quality. Year after year the same fine beer.

KINGSBURY BREWERIES COMPANY
Manitowoc & Sheboygan, Wisconsin

Kingsbury ARISTOCRAT OF *Beer*

WHO TIED A KITE TO FOOD PRICES?

Continued from page 15

Europe that lay in ruins, but Asia as well. This time Europe's factories and fields had taken so bad a beating that recovery would be much slower than after the first World War. Besides, after World War I, unscathed Asia, Japan, Korea, the Philippines and French Indo-China swung into action with food shipments to Europe. This time the Far East shipped no food. It pleaded for it.

With the war's end we shed all rationing (except sugar) and settled down to unrestricted eating. In February, 1946, our unpreparedness for peace caught up with us. President Truman disclosed that "more people face starvation and even actual death for want of food today than in any war year and perhaps more than in all the war years combined."

Former President Herbert Hoover, chairman of the President's Famine Emergency Committee, pleaded with Americans to make sacrifices. In words echoing his immortal "prosperity is just around the corner," he predicted that the famine would be over by July when crops were harvested.

More than a year later in its "Food Report" of June 21, 1947, The American Institute of Food Distribution said:

"We are now up against a Europe in an even worse fix than a year ago, to say nothing of Asia which is in such a mess that no one is paying any attention to what foods will have to be sent there."

Less for Europe's Hungry to Eat

During Europe's 1946 ordeal we welshed on promises to ship wheat and meat, because we didn't have it. Equally bad, we killed OPA so that soaring prices here forced the governments of starving people and private relief agencies to cut down food buying. The United Jewish Appeal estimated early this year that its relief costs had advanced 40 per cent since last summer, which meant that they could distribute 40 per cent less food to hungry people unless they raised additional money here. And the Army came to Congress for more in occupation funds for the same reason.

Because we failed to do our share of the feeding job last year, Europe's recovery has been delayed, and the political situation has gone from bad to worse until, as Secretary Marshall's plan indicates, only a large-scale relief offensive costing billions of dollars will do the job that adequate food alone might have done earlier.

"We're trying to hold the political line in Europe with food—with belly diplomacy," one Washington official said, "and it presents a problem in food logistics, the problem of getting food supplies to the political front. There's an ideological war going on, and we must make decisions of the same general character as if it were a shooting war.

"Where do we want to concentrate our resources? Trouble is, we're planning to ship out just enough to fight a good one-front war—but we'll scatter it over several fronts: Europe, Asia, India.

"We could fight a good two-front war without any nutritional danger to the American people, but it would take a food dictator to do it.

"If I were that food dictator, here's what I'd have to do:

"First, I'd decide that we could step up our last year's grain shipments of 16,000,000 tons by about 50 per cent. Where would the additional 8,000,000 tons come from? I could pick up two or three million bushels by ordering the milling industry to use wheat more intensively in making flour. The flour would be a shade darker, and the millers would want to shoot me. Then I'd whack the distilling industry, cut down on their corn and barley and probably pick up another million tons that way. The remaining three or four million tons I'd simply have to bid away from the American housewife, and that would mean higher prices.

"We need rice badly for Asia; and I'd have to battle the cereal manufacturers and the brewers to take about half a million tons away from them. It would be necessary to cut down our use of fats and oils as well to send more abroad, and this might mean some food rationing again. And to get more grain to the ports we'd have to take freight cars away from American manufacturers and slow up the deliveries of iceboxes, baby carriages and many other goods.

"Where would the money come from for all this?

"Well there's $350,000,000 of post-UNRRA funds available. Greece and Turkey have a loan of $400,000,000. We're paying the bill in occupied countries. France, England and other European countries have loans from us, and some other countries have the cash to buy, if we would only sell to them." (Foreign governments can only buy the food we allot to them under a system of export controls administered by the Department of Agriculture.)

"Chances are we won't have a food dictator," the official went on. "But if we don't fight an effective food war of some sort, the alternative is a Communist Europe. And that means we ourselves might become an armed camp—with all the costs in money, lost liberties, and food restrictions, that might involve."

So much for what we should do. What are we doing?

Actually we may ship less food during the next 12 months than we did during the last crop year. Government crop experts, tallying up the damage done by spring floods, flashed the news on July 10th that our phenomenal run of luck with bumper crops had run out. The basic corn crop on which the production of livestock, poultry and dairy pro depends would be 675,000,000 bu lower this year than last.

Although the corn carry-over fro year is over 400,000,000 bushels, may have to be diverted to feed live and poultry. This would leave le shipments abroad. As corn prices farmers would send their hogs to m The flood of livestock this fall lower meat prices temporarily, b 1948 meat prices could be higher ever.

This summer, food prices were b ing a hot political potato and promi become even hotter in next year's paigns.

Republicans, alarmed at public u blings over the death of OPA a high prices that followed, have la a counteroffensive. "It wasn't the OPA that sent food prices spirali was food shipments abroad," they

The Administration Viewpoi

To charges that foreign shipme keeping prices up, Administration pions have two answers:

(1) Sixty million employed Am and their families are eating 26 p more beef (per person) and 21 p more pork than before the war. consuming 28 per cent more chic per cent more milk and cheese, cent more oranges and lemons, fo as much canned juices and veg and 30 per cent more coffee.

(2) Most of this huge new eat come from increased food pro Shipments abroad are relatively p It's true we shipped one third wheat production abroad last y only 2 per cent of our meat shipped, and of the 23 billion po food we produced, exports took billion pounds, a modest 10 p Curiously enough, governmen point out, our food exports are ju "normal." They make up appro a quarter of all our exports, the they did, say, in 1929.

Administration spokesmen co added a third argument. The ship abroad provides a strong pr our own economy, maintains far and delays the recession that ec have been predicting.

"Think of the terrible drop prices if food shipments were c Administration official pointed

"If exports were cut you'd see congressmen would come runni to boost exports to keep prices other said.

No matter who wins the politi ment one thing is certain—it l high food prices for another y news the American housewife in her grocery bills.

THE END

GOOD AS GOLD

Continued from page 34

chenille, hemp and wool spiked with copper and gold—a magnificent, tropical-looking business. She's working with manufacturers of casement cloth, making an airy, silvery screening for windows. There's stiffened, gold-shot fabric for radio grilles; brilliant-colored, tweedy cottons flecked with gold for upholstery and draperies; and more coming up.

Many creators of fabrics are working with the stuff. We've seen taffetas striped with it; ginghams given enough body to become upholstery and drapery materials; an exquisite, airy length of white rayon gauze banded with gold, copied from a museum piece and as lovely as anything out of India. In fact these metal threads have roused interest in India, for possible use in saris. Many an altar cloth is untarnishable, now, because of them. Someday, maybe, the same can be said of an admiral's gold braid.

Various kinds of metal threads have been devised, from broad strips to elastic yarns wound with a coating of metal. There's a *bouclé* yarn twisted with gold that would make a knitter's mouth water. The yarn makers' mouths, in turn, are watering over the fact that there are an estimated 10,000,000 home knitters in the land. They promise them su speedily as possible. Meantim one big manufacturer of s coming out with some beauti colored and flecked with meta you have three hundred bucks you can have a whole suit custo

THE END

The picture on page 34 was Bonwit Teller, New York Ci interior designed by William drapery and upholstery fabric all; hostess gown by Dorin lounge slippers by Capezio; fo and coat by Ceil Chapman.

MAN TO MAN

Continued from page 23

lder of the hill and the village was
en from view. They were divided
the village by the swelling slope of
ill, and from where they stood there
othing to see but the wide spread of
try, russet squares of plowed earth,
reen oblongs of pasture, with here
here in the middle distance an occa-
l farmhouse with its yard and its
y road running in between untidy
es.

t these were far away. They were
here on the hillside, shut away from
and Johnny Cooper saw that it was
y time to do it.

log barked and soon they saw it, a
retriever running down the hill
above them. For a moment Johnny
er thought someone would appear,
ving it.

had not counted on meeting anyone
re in the lonely hills. His plan was
n if there were anyone walking in
lls when he came to the place he
osen.

the dog yapped excitedly and ran
wn the slope, crossing their path
of them. It was obviously alone,
ly after rabbits, and not con-
with people. It ran on and dis-
ed lower down the hill among
ubs.

ny Cooper walked on. They were
very close to the place now. He
at Tom Willett, tramping along
is empty pipe pointing upward
etween his teeth, his stick gripped
h his arm, and his hands in the
s of his flannel trousers.

M the back of his mind, like an old
tograph reached down from a
a cupboard, Johnny brought out
re—the memory of the first time
Tom Willett.

ny had been sitting reading the
the bar of the Crown in the mar-
are, and the stranger, Tom Wil-
me in through the swing door
stained-glass pattern. He had his
d stick then, just as now, and he
to the bar without hesitating, as
he knew his way—not only there,
but anywhere else he might chance to find himself.

Johnny Cooper had watched him then, wondering who he was. He was noticeable in the bar. He had a townsman's air among the country people, wearing his clothes for show and pleasure and not simply from necessity.

He spoke to the barmaid with his pipe still gripped between his strong teeth, and the barmaid smiled and let her eyelids fall.

Johnny Cooper found later that women always looked at Tom Willett like that, staring at him for a moment with interest and then looking away with a tiny fear.

Lucy did it, although she told Johnny that she was not interested in Tom. She said, "He's all right. I hadn't thought about him much, but he's all right."

She insisted that that was all Tom was. She kept saying it every time Johnny asked her. "Oh, he's all right, I suppose."

But Johnny watched her and doubted.

Once he said to her, "Now look here, Lucy." He took pains to make his voice sound stern. He said, "Now look here, Lucy, I won't stand for any nonsense with Tom Willett."

She put her hands on her hips and looked at him. She said, "Oh, dear! Won't you really?"

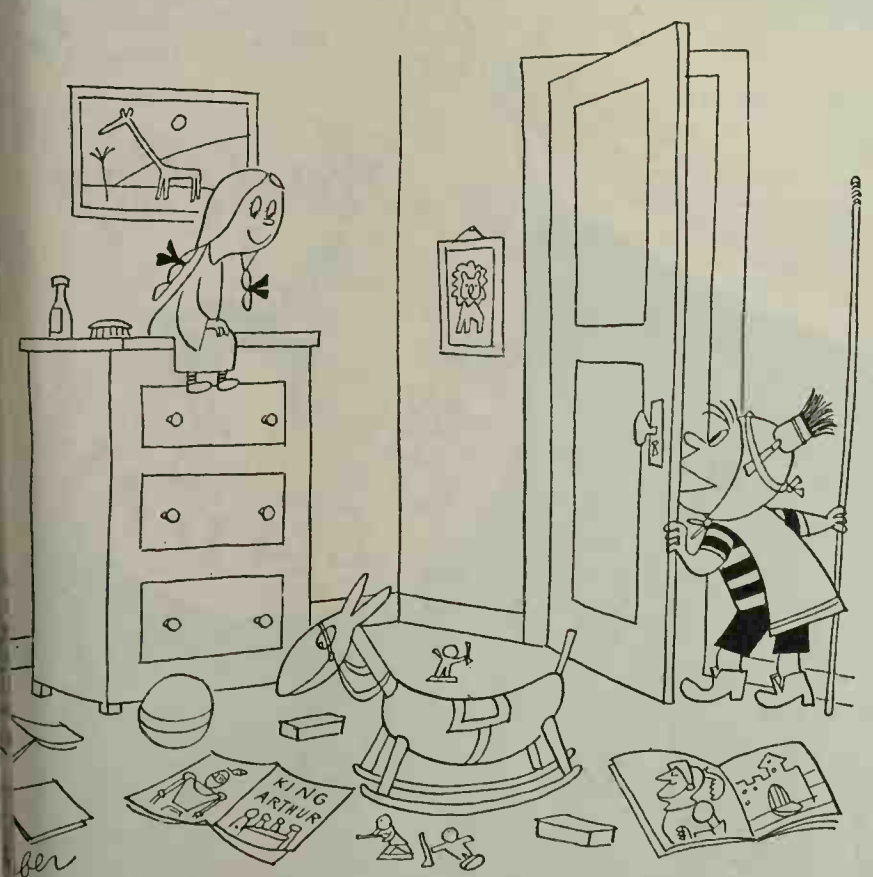
He said, "No. I've told you; I won't stand for it."

She said nothing but stood looking at him. And then she turned around and went into the house and slammed the door, leaving him alone in the garden, knowing that he had done no good and feeling a fool. He knew that he had done a foolish thing—not in what he had said, but in pretending to a strength which he did not possess. He knew then, perhaps for the first time, that he was a weak man and he was ashamed.

He hated her for a long while after that, but in the end he went back to her humbly because he could not live without her. He despised himself for it but he could not live without her. . . .

He was still angry with himself and ashamed as he remembered it now,

MY — by HOWARD SPARBER



"Will you play with us, Daddy? We need a horrible ogre"

Memo for Mothers

"With youngsters back in school", says Tex,
"This lesson starts the term:
Some Texcel Tape is swell for books
To hold their covers firm.



"You're troubled when the children tack
Their pin-ups to the wall?
Well, if there's Texcel in the house
They'll need no tacks at all.





"It's fine for loose-leaf binder holes,
For pages torn in two;
It's also great for Mothers who
Have mending jobs to do.

25¢ size shown. Also comes in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.

"The 'stickum's' bonded to the tape,
So Texcel's well-behaved.
It's strong and so the need for strings
Is consequently saved.





"So when you're shopping and you see
This Texcel Tape display,
Why, get a handy roll or two—
You'll use it ev'ry day!"

©I.T.C. 1947

Texcel Tape

TEXCEL REG U S PAT OFF

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.

CARLING'S Red Cap



The Carling's Code—The best in every bottle every day. No stretching of ingredients; no skimping of care. Bottles only.

You can tell it's a picnic—for there's that Red Cap!

Carling's, you know, is . . . Light—not logy . . . Mellow—not musty . . . Better—not bitter . . . all the result of Carling's unique and exclusive method of cross-blending in the vat.

Like beer? Like ale? Take along Carling's!

Now at the same price as premium beers.

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Cleveland, Ohio

BORN IN CANADA (1840). NOW GOING GREA
IN THE 48 STATES AS A PRODUCT OF U. S. A

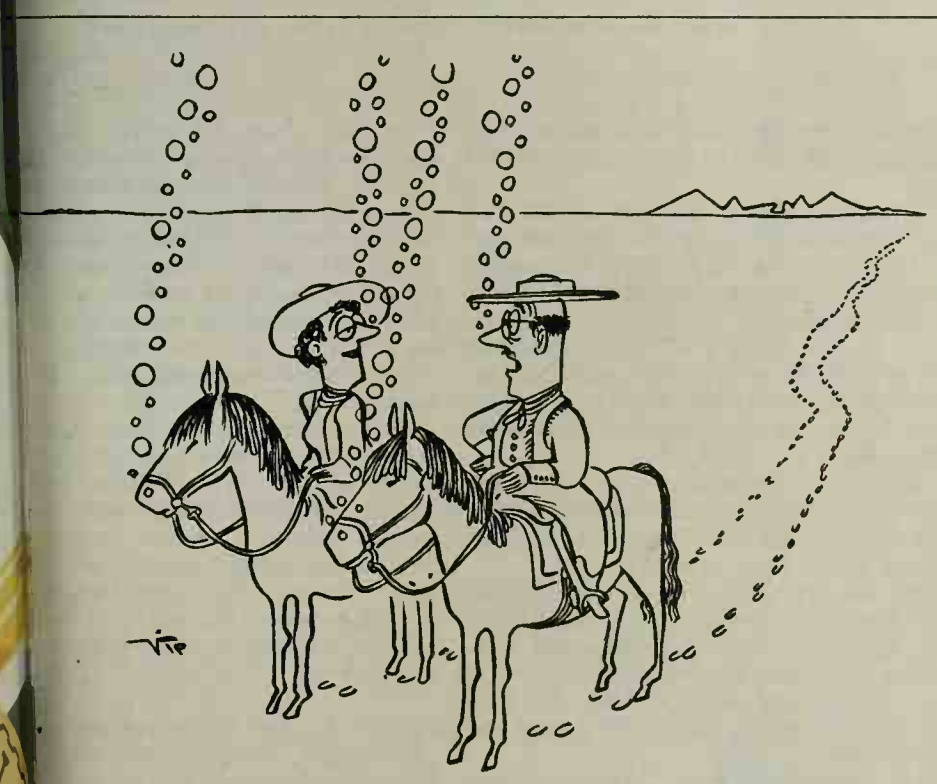
dging up the steep path behind Tom llett. The thin grass had given way rock and loose stone now, with only s of dirty, sick-looking weeds sprout- here and there. The path passed ween two isolated rocks and came a gate which had once been painted te but was now a drab and blistered y.

om Willett unchained the gate and ned it. Johnny Cooper watched him t. His plan started with the opening he gate, for on the other side of the was the place he had chosen to do t he had made up his mind to do.

om held open the gate to let him pass ugh and Johnny asked himself her Tom could have guessed what tended to do. Perhaps he knows all ime and intends to walk *behind* me. aps he has known all along.

t Tom closed the gate, chained it, again took the lead as was his habit. path here no longer climbed the hill skirted it and was level, and Tom ett began to walk briskly along and g again:

nd when I told them,
e dah dee diddy dee
ey wouldn't be-lieve me,
ey wouldn't be-lieve me."



"I don't think that lake was any mirage" VIRGIL PARTCH

alked and sang with the contented man in good health, who doesn't in worrying, and who has had a eal. He sang, not so much for ut out of good humor.

ny Cooper walked half a pace him, as was his plan, and watched e thought of Lucy, too, and his t tight against his teeth and his embled afresh. With his eye he d the distance left to the spot e had chosen. It was a matter of w. It was only the distance that r of steps would cover—a hun- o hundred maybe.

alked along, watching the dis- ow less and less with every step, ught of Lucy and pictured her long yellow hair falling thick r shoulders. Once he and Lucy merely good friends, almost er and sister. Indeed there had e when, like a brother, he had wn impatient and resented her gging along wherever he went. d grown accustomed to having him and never made the effort of her.

s useful too, always ready to me, as hard and quick as a er, and always eager to walk , or argue, or simply to listen And sometimes, at dances, he even kissed her and that was good fun too.

But then things changed suddenly. She no longer wanted to play tennis all the time. Instead she lay in a hammock and smoked and watched him. And one day, when he kissed her, he felt her body cling close to him with a sudden fierceness, and, for a moment, he was frightened, and after that he could never see her, or even think of her, without wanting to touch her, and when he touched her sometimes she would pull herself away from him and laugh, and sometimes she would press herself against him with all her strength and search for his mouth hungrily with her lips.

And from then on he knew no peace, no peace at all. He longed for her all day and all night, and his mind went dizzy when he thought of her—of the smooth roundness of her shoulders, and her waist which had the sad, slender strength of a tree still young and still thrusting eagerly toward the sun, and the rich, womanly swelling of her body. And as he looked at her his heart pounded and his tongue dried up in his mouth.

Thinking of her now he drew in a sharp breath as though he had felt pain.

Tom Willett looked around and said, "What's that? Did you say something?"

Johnny looked down at the ground before his feet. "No," he said. "I didn't."

Tom Willett walked on. "All right," he said over his shoulder. "You don't have to bite my blasted head off." He took his stick from beneath his arm and began to twirl it round his fingers, round and round like a drum major. "They didn't be-lieve me," he sang. "They didn't be-lieve me."

Johnny took a quick pace and came up closer behind Tom Willett. He said to him in his mind: The trouble with you is you want everything. And you push people down if you can't get it.

As soon as he said "push" he felt his throat contract as though the word had hurt him. He walked on behind Tom Willett, close enough to touch him, and he could see now the place he had chosen lying ahead, no farther than he could toss a stone or a pebble.

He said to himself: In a moment—by God, in a moment. . . . He clenched his fingers into the palms of his hands and felt his knees jerking loosely beneath him.

In a moment—

He thought of Tom Willett's car going past him in the evenings with two faces glimpsed for an instant before it was gone. He thought to himself: Why should he have a car when I haven't? He thought of Tom Willett's car coming late to Lucy's little house and standing there for a long while, the headlights off and only the side lights bringing the hedge out living green in the purple darkness, standing there while time went on and on, and then at last the headlights flashing on again and sweeping in a yellow fan across the countryside as he drove away, leaving the light burning in Lucy's window in the dark house.

He thought of the many nights when he had gone to Lucy's house, tormented by desire to see her and touch her and speak to her, only to find the house empty and Lucy gone out.

And he thought of how he had gone home and up to his own room, from the window of which he could see Lucy's house standing dark on the hillside, and how he had sat there night after night, watching the house and waiting for the lights of the car bringing her back, and hearing the church clock strike time after time as the hours went by, and knowing that each time the clock struck, the watching and the waiting and the wondering would grow worse. Often as he sat there he would tell himself to go to bed and not be a fool, but the dark house on the hillside drew his eyes and he could not look away. He must know when she came back to the house. He must see the car come and the headlights burn out, and he must sit watching while the church clock struck the quarters, each with its own small tune, until at last the car drove away and then he must watch the light in Lucy's window until that too went out in the end, and only the moonlight lay silver on the sloping tiles. And then, and only then, could he turn away and lie down upon his bed and nurse the wound in his heart that was like a long knife stabbing through and through.

HE THOUGHT of those nights; he thought of the days which followed them when he went to her house angrily and she would sit smiling at him, and Tom would be there too, sprawled in a chair with his thick legs stuck out before him and his pipe in his mouth—Tom Willett with his huge shoulders and his good-humored thoughtlessness. "That's right, old boy. What about organizing a pint, old boy? Old boy—old boy—"

Johnny Cooper looked about him. This was the place.

The path here ran along the edge of a quarry for a matter of twenty yards. There was no wall and no fence, but only the sheer drop of jutting rock far down to the quarry below. A string of railway trucks stood like a small toy train on the siding below in the quarry. Johnny Cooper raised his hands and pushed Tom Willett with all his might.

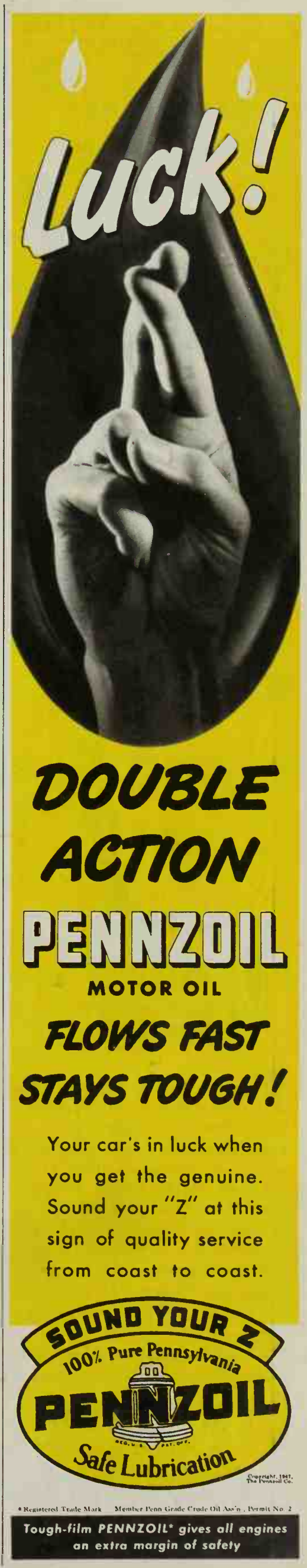
For a moment Tom Willett's heavy shoes scrabbled on the loose flints of the path, and then, with outstretched hands, he toppled slowly outward.

For a moment his body seemed to hover in mid-air. And then he started to fall, sprawling, reaching for the safety of the rock with his hands. Quickly, Johnny Cooper drew back from the gaping edge.

As he fell, Tom twisted himself in the air and his chest hit the stone edge of the path. For another moment he remained checked, and then the weight of his body hanging below the ledge dragged him down and he began to slide down into the emptiness below. His outflung hands trailed palm downward through the loose stones on the path. Johnny Cooper shrank back against the hill and watched the hands with their bent fingers dragging through the shifting stones like small rakes furrowing the ground. He saw them turn up the flints and he saw the flints fall back and lie still behind them. He saw Tom Willett's head slip out of sight below the sharp rock of the path's edge above the quarry.

And then the fingers stopped.

The hands clamped upon a narrow



EMPEROR

THE PIPE
THAT KNOWS
NO PEER

Emperor



Look for this
Hallmark of Quality

FOR symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly imported briar—here is true perfection.

Every Emperor is a masterpiece created in the custom tradition. It is fashioned of the world's choicest briar—hand-fitted with mouthpiece of traditional design—equipped with removable aluminum cleaner to suit your smoking mood.

Truly, your Emperor is a pipe you can discuss confidently with any pipe-lover.

The shapes illustrated above can be had at $3.50, $5.00, $7.50 and $10.00 Limited

EMPEROR
PIPES

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

ridge in the rock's surface and stayed still. He watched the knuckles grow white with the strain of gripping and he shrank back against the hill.

The hands stayed still. Only the hands and an inch of wrist were there, reaching up over the edge of the quarry. He stood stock still and sweated and watched them.

"Johnny! Johnny!"

He heard the voice come back from the empty space below the ledge. It was shrill and stifled. He stood frozen and terrified, his head sunk between his shoulders and his eyes staring with the whites showing.

"Johnny, for God's sake—"

He saw the fingers bend tighter against the ridge in the rock and the knuckles grow whiter and whiter as though the bones were bursting out through the flesh.

THEN, slowly, he moved forward and knelt down on the path and leaned forward until he could see over the rim and down into the quarry. He could see Tom Willett hanging there. He looked down into Tom Willett's face. He saw Tom Willett's mouth open and twisted like a crying child's. And he saw Tom Willett's eyes looking back at him. He felt his own heart turn over and beat against his ribs like a thickly padded hammer.

Tom Willett looked up at him and screamed, "Johnny! *Johnny—*"

Johnny Cooper closed his eyes. He could not bear to look either at the quarry below or at the face looking up at him.

And then he opened his eyes and reached down and took hold of Tom Willett's collar and began to pull.

He bent his arms until the muscles cracked but he could not lift the weight beneath him. He could not raise it an inch. He knew he could not. He shouted to Tom, "Pull!" But he saw that Tom's grip upon the rock was not sufficient. The clutch of his fingers on the rock gave him no leverage and he could not help himself. Johnny Cooper let go of his hold on Tom's collar and pulled himself back from the edge. He heard Tom Willett gasping, "I can't hold on—quick—I can't hold—"

Johnny Cooper stood up and looked around him for a rope, for a plank, for anything.

There were only the bare rock and the flinty stones.

He looked down at the gripped fingers at his feet. He said to himself: Why should I do anything? Why? WHY—?

But he knew at once that he could not watch Tom Willett fall. He knew that he could not watch anything fall—not even a dog or a sheep or a dying bird. He said to himself: Weak! You fool, you weak fool! You weak, helpless, stupid fool!

He began to sob in terror and tears started to his eyes. He took a wild step without purpose or direction. His foot hit something hard and metallic. He bent down and saw a piece of iron standing up a quarter of an inch from the loose stones.

He scrabbled round it with his fingers, flinging back shingle like a dog digging in the earth. He saw a small iron rod driven into the rock. Once it had been part of an old railing, but it had been broken off a few inches from the rock and bent back close to the stone.

Tom Willett screamed, "I'm going—I'm going—"

Johnny Cooper shouted, "Don't let go! Hold on!" and put his hands around the iron rod. There was just room for both his hands with the fingers overlapping like a man's grip on a golf club. He tugged at the iron rod and it was as firmly embedded as the rock it sprang from. He shouted, "Hold on, Tom. Hold on!" He saw one of the fingers gripped on the



"They've got some wonderful fur sales in the city tomorrow!"

COLLIER'S BARNEY T

ridge of rock slip a quarter of an inch. He shouted, "Hold on! I'm coming. Hold on!"

Stretching out on the path, he slithered his body along, feeling with his feet until he found the edge of the rock. He pushed his feet out over the rim and began slowly to lower himself.

As he felt himself without the strong support of the rock, fear struck like ice through his brain. He began to whimper with terror, his cheek pressed against the sharp flints.

But the iron was strong and hard between his hands and he pushed his body out and over the cliff. Panic clutched his throat like a rope strangling him.

He was hanging over the edge of the cliff now, close beside Tom Willett. Only the top of his head and his arms were above the ledge. He gripped the iron rod with all the power of his hands. The iron bit into his fingers but it was strong and immovable.

He looked at Tom Willett hanging from the rock close by his side. He said, "Tom—Tom—"

Tom Willett turned his head toward him, and Johnny saw his face was purple and the veins stood out like worms beneath his skin. He saw Tom Willett's lips writhe in an attempt to speak, but only strangled gasps came out. Johnny felt foul-tasting bile run into his mouth. He knew that he could not watch Tom Willett let go and crash down hundreds of feet onto the jagged rocks in the quarry below. He knew that if Tom let go he would let go himself. He would not be able to face life alive and alone if he watched Tom Willett fall.

He began to shift one hand from the iron rod to take hold of Tom, but as soon as he relaxed his grip he knew that he would fall. He gripped the hard iron tighter with both hands and put out one foot with a vague idea of supporting Tom upon it. But he knew at once that that was no good either.

He thought: If I could lift him an inch or two he would pull himself the rest. He's strong—

He crossed his ankles and hooked his feet together, one over the other like a man climbing a rope. He shouted to Tom Willett, "Stick your foot between my ankles. Quick. Stick your toe in between my legs. I can hold you."

He saw Tom bend his head and look downward. He heard Tom's feet scrabbling along the cliff face. Then he felt Tom's toe touch his calves, feel [illegible] and then force its way between his [illegible] ankles. He saw the wormlike v[illegible] Tom's forehead bulge and writh[illegible] then he felt the weight pressing o[illegible] ward. At once his fingers were t[illegible] the roughness of the iron rod. Hi[illegible] body was pulled and stretched as [illegible] on a torture rack. He thought: [illegible] hold him. I can't hold him. H[illegible] heavy.

He shouted, "Quick, Tom. Ge[illegible] God's sake. I can't hold you."

He felt Tom Willett's body m[illegible] ward. Pressing down with h[illegible] against Johnny Cooper's locked [illegible] he had heaved himself upward [illegible] foot. He was no longer hangi[illegible] the full extent of his arms and his [illegible] but was bending his elbows, haul[illegible] self upward.

TOM lay for a moment gathe[illegible] strength. He was immensel[illegible] still, even though he was exhaust[illegible] body smothered Johnny and pr[illegible] cheek against the sharp rock. [illegible] grunted. And then he felt To[illegible] himself higher and felt his ha[illegible] down over his own on the iron r[illegible] other jerk and both Tom Willet[illegible] were fastened like steel tra[illegible] Johnny's fingers round the iro[illegible] They pressed in, squeezing [illegible] fingers into the jagged iron [illegible] felt the blood running hot [illegible] palms.

And then he felt Tom Willet[illegible] body slither slowly upward over [illegible] A steel-tipped heel kicked him [illegible] eye but he was not aware of [illegible] And then he was hanging fr[illegible] empty air.

As soon as Tom Willett's w[illegible] shifted off him the strength s[illegible] pour out of his body. He felt th[illegible] made all the effort he was capab[illegible] was too tired to do anything els[illegible] gers were numb and without [illegible] feeling.

He let the breath run out of [illegible] and began to loose his fingers. [illegible] ceasing in his hands was like sl[illegible] over aching eyes. He began [illegible] He did not care any more.

He wondered idly for a mo[illegible] he did not sink down. And th[illegible] a hand upon his coat, lifting hi[illegible] He closed his hands about the [illegible] again and began to pull himsel[illegible] almost against his will. He[illegible]

scles of his arms knot like ropes be-
th his skin. He felt himself rising.
l then he found himself sprawling on
rough pathway. He lay there without
ing, his feet still in mid-air above the
rry.

or a long while both men lay face
nward upon the path, dragging air
their lungs like men who have run a
race. And then, slowly they sat up.
om Willett pulled a handerchief from
ocket and began to mop his face.

Hell's bells," he said. "That was
enough."

hnny sat with his head upon his
t, gulping in his breath. He looked
t Tom Willett but did not speak.

m Willett took a cigarette from his
et and lighted it. He sat luxuriously
the jagged flints and sucked at the
ette.

hnny said, "Give me a cigarette,
."

m Willett gave him one.

ohnny," he said, "did you push

nny pulled at the cigarette and
d out over the edge of the path into
uarry and down at the little toy train
cks in the siding below.

es," he said. "I did."

m Willett nodded and blew smoke
gh his nostrils. "Lucy, I suppose,"
id.

nny tapped off ash carefully against
e. "Yes," he said.

n said, "You'd have swung for it,
y."

night have. But I don't think so.
ld have been an accident."

n sucked at his teeth. "What a
' he said. "You'd have swung sure
s are eggs. You'd have swung for
irl—you'd have swung for a fancy
ike that. Good God, it's amazing!"

ny Cooper looked at him. For a
nt he felt anger. And then he could
en raise anger inside him. He felt
ugh he had been pumped out and
pty.

Tom Willett said, "If you want her back you can have her. If you want her that bad—"

Johnny Cooper flipped his cigarette end over the cliff edge and watched it twirl away out of sight. His last puff of smoke hung twining above his head. He said, "No, I don't want her. Not now, I don't."

It was true. He did not want her. He began to think about her and all she had done and he knew he didn't want her and would never want her again. It was as though bandages had been removed from the eyes of a blind man, and instead of darkness he saw everything suddenly standing bright about him. He saw Lucy like a stranger and he did not want her.

He said, "I tried to murder you, Tom."

Tom rubbed his soiled hands along the sides of his trouser legs. He said, "Yes, you did, old boy. Well, what do you know about that?" and sat staring at Johnny Cooper.

LATER that evening they came into the Red Lion, both drunk and unsteady on their feet. They leaned against the bar and kept saying to the barmaid, "Roll it out, Jeannie. We're celebrating." And then they would burst out into raucous laughter.

Many of the older men in the bar resented the uproar and looked at them with annoyance.

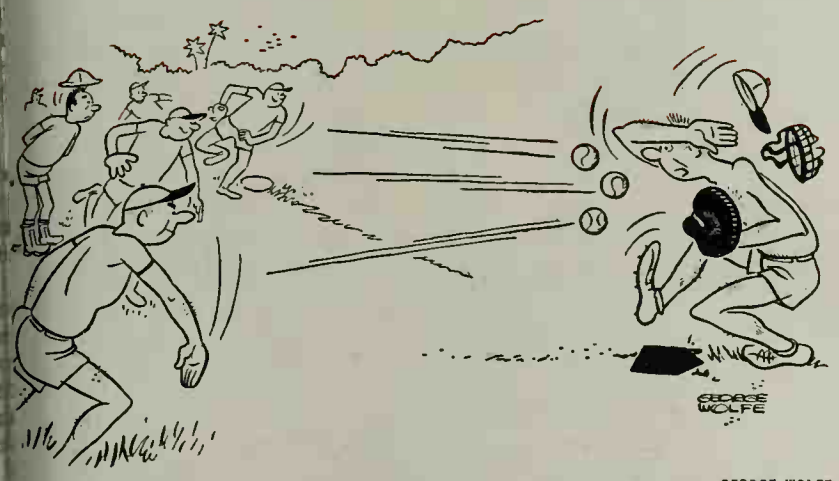
The barmaid told them to behave or she would have to fetch the governor. She said, "And my name's not Jeannie. What are you supposed to be celebrating, anyhow?"

But they only went on drinking and slapping each other foolishly on the back.

"We've saved each other," they kept shouting. "Saved each other from a terrible fate."

And then they would giggle with laughter and tumble helplessly against the bar.

THE END



GEORGE WOLFE

SPORTING ODDS

During the war, the Air Transport Command set up a baseball iamond on the Planters' Club golf course in the upper Assam Val-y of India. There the 77th Transport Squadron played a game ith the near-by Air Service Command base, with one man doing ouble duty as plate and field umpire from a position behind the itcher. The umpire, attired in shorts, had no pockets in which to eep the extra balls, so he put them in a pile behind and slightly the right of the pitcher's mound.

With a runner on third, the batter slammed a sizzler directly to the mound of balls, scattering them in all directions. The atcher jerked off his mask and called for the ball to cut off the n. The first baseman, the shortstop and the third baseman, each inking he had the ball in play, rifled a ball to the catcher. All ree balls arrived simultaneously. The runner was safe, but the tcher was out—until he came to in a hospital with a broken nose d assorted contusions.

—Frank C. Wallower, Jr., Joplin, Mo.

LLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting ds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. ntributions cannot be returned.)

How to Give Winter the "HORSE LAUGH" *Right Now!*



Last winter, 400,000 motorists who wanted South Wind Car Heaters couldn't get them. You'll be wise to get your South Wind now and be ready when cold weather comes. Otherwise you may be disappointed because this coming winter it looks like demand will again exceed supply. So, be smart! Give winter the "horse laugh." Get your South Wind, now. *Here's why:*

- Right now, South Winds are available with or without defroster. Mechanics are also available to install them.
- You need not wait until you get your new car. Install a South Wind in your present car. It's easy to transfer later.
- A South Wind is ideal to take the chill off nippy summer and fall night drives. It's always connected—ready for use.

Hot Heat in 90 Seconds

makes South Wind the World's Largest Selling Car Heater!



CREATES ITS OWN HEAT...
NO WAIT FOR ENGINE WARM-UP
...FITS ANY CAR
ONLY $29.75
Plus small installation charge

2 MILLION USERS SAY... "90-Second Heat! That's up to 7 times as fast as ordinary heaters! It means quick comfort even on shortest trips—to work, to store, school, movies!"

NO OTHER CAR HEATER can use the exclusive South Wind "sealed flame" principle. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented, sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out the exhaust. Its safety has won the seal of Underwriters' Laboratories. Easy to install...no hose to cut...no extra thermostats to buy. Get your South Wind now! On sale at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages and service stations coast to coast. SOUTH WIND DIVISION, STEWART-WARNER CORP., INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA.

Its safety has won for it the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Proved on millions of cars and trucks!

South Wind
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
90-SECOND CAR HEATER

STEWART WARNER

COMING! The New South Wind "Custombuilt"—a Luxury Heating and Ventilating System for Motor Cars and Motor Transports—$99.50 Plus Installation.



100 PROOF

© 1947— B.F. DIS

AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL

"There is nothing better in the market"

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION, INCORPORATED, AT LOUISVILLE IN KE

STORMY WEATHER

Continued from page 17

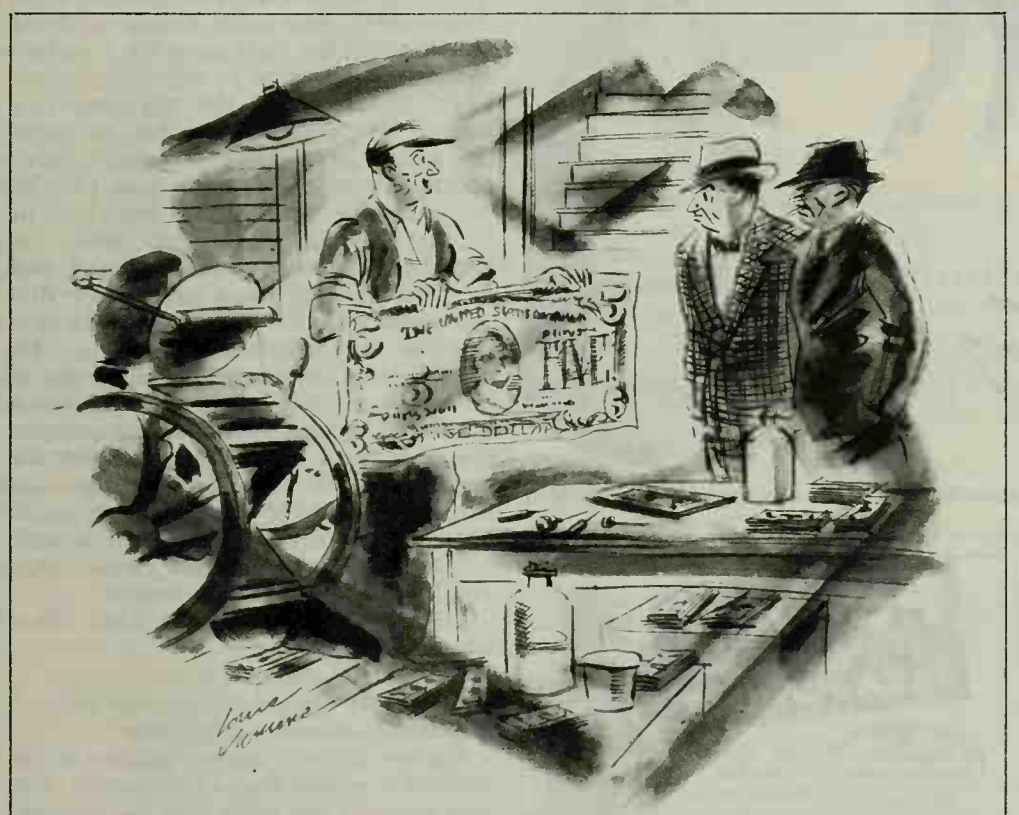
e of the girls, dark and vivacious and
out thirty pounds overweight, was ap-
ently telling a story to the others. Two
the girls were probably sisters, al-
ugh she couldn't see the face of the
with her back to her. Helen thought
y looked very ladylike in their print
sses and white cardigans and their
t pigtails tied with red ribbons. The
girl wore sloppy dungarees and a
ed shirt open at the neck, and her
hung lankly down her back.
Now do you think they all came here
ther—and, if so, can you understand
the fat one is with them?"

HARLES glanced carelessly over and
shrugged his shoulders. It was evident
such speculation bored him, but
n persisted.
Now which one of them do you think
the best chance of getting married?"
harles glanced over again.
don't know what the one with her
to us looks like."
Well, I think she and the other girl
isters. They're dressed rather alike.
anyway, then, which of the two?"
ure. Fatty."
harles! You're fooling!"
lo. It's a nice face. Got some spirit
Nice teeth, too. Nice eyes. Blondie
like a cold potato."
ut she's neat, and you like neatness.
you've always said you disliked fat
en!" Helen pursued the subject as
were a really important matter.
uts," said Charles inelegantly. "You
me a question and I answered it.
do I care about three strange
n sitting in the Oceanside bar?"
ell, I like people. I'm interested."
u like people!" he exclaimed in
Helen thought was exasperation.
's a silly thing to say!"
irritability behind his remark un-
her, and for a moment there were
in her eyes. The whole day had
wrong. Somehow her self-esteem
ipped away from her little by little,
she considered that its vanishing
ue to Charles' putting her in the
, she felt a hard knot of resent-
n the pit of her stomach.
would not speak again until
s did.
watched her husband remove a
te from his package, and as he
it on the table, shaking down the
o, she reflected with irritation that
always tapped the cigarette more
cessary—twelve or thirteen times.
ver did any tapping herself, and
although she had just declined one
asked for a cigarette so that she
ave the pleasure of lighting it just
ne from the package. Later, when
r fingers she removed a piece of
bacco from the tip of her tongue,
iced that Charles was watching
she wondered if perhaps he hated
ture as much as she disliked his
She had just lowered her finger
her dress when she caught
eye watching it, and suddenly
hed.
disgusting!" she exclaimed. "Do
wipe it off on my skirt?"
es laughed too, and the tension
ken. He gave her his pocket
chief, and she vowed privately to
erself of the habit.
d the end of the second Martini
nversation became for the first
lly spirited, and they felt so re-
at they ordered a third. They
Guy's for dinner and had
clams and broiled live lobsters,
himself came out of the kitchen
o them. It was pleasant to be
red, and Helen felt that every-
uld turn out just beautifully.
picture that they had both seen

was being shown at the one movie theater, and because there was nothing else to do they walked several blocks through the rain to a new place Guy had told them about, the Whaler, where there was some music. Helen had expected to drink beer, as she usually did when she'd drunk more than two cocktails before dinner, but there was no beer, so they each ordered a Scotch and soda.

The music started up as soon as they had ordered: a good pianist and an indifferent violinist, who played old popular tunes in a rather bored manner. Charles seemed to be satisfied, so Helen refrained from mentioning the fact that the violinist's intonation left something to be desired.

Charles, full of a sense of well-being after a good dinner, was in an expansive mood, and he talked about what they would do when the weather changed. They had never gone out in a fishing boat, for example, nor had they



"Suppose it isn't practical! It's still the biggest five-dollar bill ever printed!"

COLLIER'S — LOUIS JAMME

been through the historical museum. He wanted to do things this year, get to know the island better, might settle down here sometime. His enthusiasm was contagious, and Helen was as eager as he to explore the island, but it occurred to her that Charles was just the least bit pompous whenever he talked of the future. Oh, she was glad he could be so self-confident, sure of his eventual partnership in the firm, but—oh, dear, she was ashamed of the disloyal thought. Why *shouldn't* Charles be a little arrogant, when he was the white-haired boy? He'd already gone twice as far as most of his classmates.

"What was the name of that friend of yours?" he was asking. "The one who got drunk at the reception."

"Oh. Hilda Hawley."

"That's it. Well, if I remember correctly, she said her old man owned quite a lot of property on the island. Maybe you should look her up sometime."

"All right." She couldn't do any such thing, of course. Hilda had been her best friend until her marriage. Charles had said simply and firmly that he couldn't stand her. So she had given up Hilda, seeing her only for lunch occasionally and finally not at all. She hadn't thought of it before, but it now occurred to her that it had been unreasonable and tyrannical of Charles. There were a couple of friends of Charles' whom *she* disapproved of, and hadn't she welcomed them into her home without ever giving the slightest indication of her feelings?

Why, I'm feeling peevish, she thought; I should be ashamed. As if it weren't bad enough for me to be a dull companion—

Presently Charles went over to speak to the musicians, and when he came back he was smiling slyly.

"Now, don't talk," he said. "I've got a surprise for you. They're going to play something you like!"

Helen beamed expectantly, and in a moment the musicians had launched into the Flight of the Bumblebee.

She couldn't help it; it was a reflex over which she had no control. But she laughed, laughed aloud as she seldom did. And because she wanted desperately not to laugh, and tried to stifle the sounds —for the sake of the musicians as well as Charles—she became hysterical, and when the tears ran down her cheeks they turned into real tears because of shame.

"Oh, darling, I'm sorry!" she said finally, when she could speak at all. "I'm awfully sorry!"

"Well, I should think so, making a scene like that. May I ask what was so amusing?"

"Oh, Charles, it isn't as funny as you think. It was just that I was expecting to hear something very different, like All the Things You Are or If I Loved You or one of the songs we both like so much." She was weakly drying her eyes, and she still felt a tiny dangerous spark of hysteria waiting inside her to be set off if Charles should say the wrong thing.

"But you like classical music! You don't usually go into hysterics over it!"

"I know, Charles, but the Flight of the Bumblebee!"

"You don't like the Flight of the Bumblebee!"

"It's all right, darling, but it's been kicked around so—you know, on the radio. I'm sorry. I'm all right now. I'll have to think of something to say to the musicians."

"No. I will apologize for you. I shall tell them that my wife is feeble-minded."

Of course she had been wrong, but it was horrible to hear Charles being so stuffy. He was always so affable, so charming, so unruffled. She wished—oh, how much she wished—that Lee and Pete Brooks had come with them!

When she went to sleep she prayed that it would be a lovely clear day tomorrow. The island weather was capricious; you could never tell when you went to bed at night what the sky would look like in the morning. The stars might be twinkling brightly at midnight, but an hour later a fog bank might blow in, and in the morning the sky would be gray.

When she awoke, the rain had dwindled to a drizzle, but the wind was still blowing southwest and no one saw any sign of its clearing. Charles announced that he wasn't going to shave until after breakfast, which was most unlike him.

He ordered prunes and cream, ham and two fried eggs, blueberry muffins and marmalade and coffee. Charles always breakfasted with a lusty appetite of which Helen had often boasted to her friends, but this morning she wondered if he realized he was beginning to have a roll of fat around his waist. His father had a corporation, and Charles really ought to watch his figure.

Helen felt virtuous, having ordered simply orange juice, toast and coffee, although there was no need for her to diet. In fact, she had very little appetite at any time and didn't really care about food at all; anything would do. She had never dared confess this to Charles, who was something of a gourmet and rather despised people to whom roast beef was roast beef no matter how it had been cooked. Eating, to Charles, was an art.

It was funny, Helen thought, how Charles' two enthusiasms were literature and food, whereas hers were music and painting. It had not occurred to her before that they were perhaps not so perfectly mated as they might be.

AFTER breakfast Helen wanted to buy some post cards, and she selected ten, all brightly colored and showing gay young people lying on the beach or sailing in the harbor. When Charles went off to the lending library Helen returned to their room to address the cards.

"Lee darling," she wrote, "the island is as lovely as ever, although we've had rather bad luck with the weather so far. . . ." (Funny, they hadn't been here twenty-four hours yet, and she was writing as if they'd been here a week.) "Cocktails last night in the Oceanside bar, and lobsters at Guy's, just like the old days. But it isn't the same without you and Pete. Love. H. and C."

She knew that if the Brookses were here they would all be sitting on the twin beds engaged in some mad form of excitement; they had spent many a hilarious rainy day with the Brookses. Helen had supposed right along that some peculiar chemical reaction set in when the four were together, a chemistry to which each of the four contributed. It was a blow to find out now that it had always been the Brookses to whom they owed their fun. It was, in fact, shocking. It meant that the Brookses could go anywhere, and be with anyone, and still be the center of all the crazy activity.

Worst of all, she realized that Lee and Peter must have something together that was lacking in Helen and Charles. And this was an appalling revelation.

She thought back to the time of their marriage, when no two could have been more thoroughly in love than they. What had they possessed then that was so right, that had somehow been lost during the six years of their marriage?

They had had scarcely any money in the beginning, but neither of them minded being poor. And Charles had talked to her about his work—why, it must be years since he'd even mentioned one of his cases to her. And she had



Puerto Rican Rum • White Label—86 proof • Gold Label—86 proof • Schenley Import Corp., New York

EXTRA INCOME PLAN!

Say good-bye to money worries taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For details of this money-making plan, mail a penny postal to—

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-14
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Are You A Lady In Distress?



DO YOU often wish you had more money? Your husband who is so good—so kind—does he seem a bit "edgy" when it comes time to pay bills? His salary, being not quite enough to meet all demands, causes you both worry.

That seems quite general. That's why more and more women want to know about the Pin Money Club for girls and women with little time to spare.

Hundreds of letters come to me from long-time members and new members. They love having a business all their own. The money earned often pays fuel bills—buys curtains or something else for the home. They also know the joy of buying an extra-expensive hat or suit—many things!

WRITE today for our free folder, *There's Money For You*, to help you solve your problems. Address a card or letter to

MARGARET CLARKE
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. C-7
250 Park Avenue
New York 17, New York

listened in admiration, proud of that legal mind of his, and pleased too that he thought her an intelligent listener.

Could it be that he had found her less than intelligent, that it wasn't true—as she had supposed—that with his increasing duties had grown a greater need to relax at home? This was something that needed thinking about; it couldn't go on. Perhaps they could talk it over sometime when the circumstances were just right. On the beach some quiet afternoon. "Something has happened to us," she could hear herself begin. "We've lost something that we've got to get back."

When Charles returned from the lending library he brought four books and a jigsaw puzzle, and he looked cheerful.

"Just the thing for a rainy day," he explained heartily.

They hadn't worked a jigsaw puzzle since their early poverty-haunted days, when they couldn't afford any other means of entertainment. It made Helen feel very fond of him that he should have thought of it. Working the puzzle together, they might be able to recapture the thing that had gone.

IT WAS fun at first, even though it did go slowly. She had a knack for being able to select the right piece for a certain spot without having to experiment first, while Charles used the trial-and-error method, yet they both worked at about the same speed. But presently Helen became conscious that the tune Charles was whistling was the first four bars of In the Gloaming, over and over. At first she was amused and fascinated, and then she whistled along with him so that she could steer him safely into the next four bars and let him finish the song. He did finish the song, but all unconscious of his wife's machinations, when he began the song again he went over and over the first four bars until Helen thought she couldn't bear it. She had a strange urge to be violent, to tear her hair or smash something. Instead she calmed herself.

"Darling," she said gently, "how would you like to change the record?"

"Huh? What'd you say? Oh. What was I whistling?"

"In the Gloaming."

"I'm sorry I'm getting on your nerves." His mouth made a straight line.

She had done it again—injected a discordant note into their relationship. Oh, why couldn't she have held her tongue? What if he *had* been whistling monotonously? Hadn't she always loved his jaunty off-key whistle when he came home every day? Hadn't the very imperfection of it endeared him to her?

The whole day passed like that. There were only moments in which she felt they were on the old affectionate basis, and most of these occurred when they had been drinking, so that Helen could hardly wait till drinking time. They had cocktails before lunch as well as before dinner, and Helen felt that Charles was as eager as she to induce these periods of easy companionship. The next day passed in the same way, and the next. The islanders said it was the rainiest August in the island's history. There seemed to be no end to it. It was very bad indeed for business.

It was very bad indeed for Helen. When she was occasionally away from Charles she brooded over the intangible thing they had once shared, the thing they had lost, and thought a great deal about the talk they would have on the beach when at last the clouds blew away and the sun was shining. She wondered if things would have been different if they had had a child. Charles always said there was plenty of time, but perhaps children were what kept people together.

After seven days of rain Helen at last awoke to a blue island day. She and Charles dressed hurriedly, eager not to waste a moment of the sunshine.

It was almost heartbreakingly beautiful. The sky was cloudless. Al[l] trees were green and shining. The [g]ray-and-white houses looked scrul[b]. They walked down to the water [a]gloried in its lambent blueness. The v[a] was so dazzling that Helen's pale [e] squinted against its impact.

Charles was in a fine humor: affec[tion]ate and ebullient. He made little [j]ip all through breakfast, and unde[r] stimulation of his wit she found h[er]responding. After breakfast he de[p]ately put his arm around her, and in [o]of everyone walked thus along the [b]to the hotel. This, she thought, [w]day for us to have our talk.

They packed a lunch to take t[o] beach, and Charles poured some [r]bon into the vacuum. It was lik[e] times.

On the beach they collected sh[ells] they used to. (They always though[t] were going to take them home, bu[t] year at the end of their holiday [t]end by leaving them on the mantel[piece]. Then they lay down on their back[s], their eyes closed, and felt very la[zy]. Helen thought she must guar[d] moment carefully and do nothing [to] turb the sweet serenity of the mo[ment].

Later on Charles went away to [swim], one of his comical sand men, and [while] he worked he whistled the first fo[ur] of In the Gloaming over and over [again] lighted Helen; it made her feel m[erry] toward him. Carrying a tune, she t[hought] affectionately, was the one thing [in] world that Charles didn't do pe[rfect]. For no reason at all she thought o[f] Hawley and how she'd made a [fool] herself over Charles at their rec[ent] coming repeatedly back from the [honey]bowl to kiss the bridegroom unti[l] positively embarrassing. It mu[st] been pretty boring for Charles. H[e] had always been a terrible man [to] of course, and considered other w[ives] husbands fair game. Helen w[ould] why she had ever liked her.

WHILE she lay watching [him] she gloried in the vigor t[hat] him so active on the beach when [she] self could lie there all day with[out] ring. She thought affectionately [of] great family of his, so lively a[nd] How lucky she was to have mar[ried] of them! She believed she actua[lly] strength from Charles; he had p[ut] two.

He called to her, having just [come] up an absurd pun. She laughed [heart]edly, and then found herself [pun]one even more ridiculous. [How] stimulated her! She would be [lost] without him. And this was wha[t he] been looking forward to, these [last] days on the beach. How glad [he] that the Brookses hadn't come!

Loving him as she did at this [moment] she knew she would be safe now [bring] ing up the subject of the lack [in] marriage. She waited until he ca[me] and when he came he lay dow[n] her and looked at her with suc[h love] his eyes that her heart turned [over]

"What a glorious day!" he [carried]. "And what a glorious girl! I l[ove] He spoke the three words as [he] just made a great discovery.

"And I love you too," she [answered]. "Darling—"

But what was there, after a [year] to him about? What *were* tho[se] feelings she'd had that some[thing] wrong between them? What [was] that she could put her finger on [that] made her feel their marriag[e] jeopardy? Why, she couldn't [mean] a thing. She must have b[een] Nothing had been lost, certain[ly] as they could look at each oth[er] and feel like this.

"What is it, dear?"

She laid her cheek against th[at] and looked at him adoringly.

"Nothing. I'm just happy."

THE END

OLD SNAKE IN THE GRASS

Continued from page 13

hey can get and as much of it as they an. We'll accept the listing with thanks nd we'll run an ad in the city papers omorrow."

Linda contrived a smile. "Well, at least 's nice to have you show some interest n the business. Of course, that will be a ard bit of property to sell, so if anyone *hould* show any interest I think I'll come long to help. Keep everyone's mind on he business at hand."

Chuckling to himself, the commodore ft the office. Everything, he thought, as working out splendidly. Linda had alked right into it. One trip to Smugers Reach on a foul day would be ough to open Jerry's eyes to the nature woman. The commodore chuckled me more as he walked down the street. e would get George Otis to answer the . George was an old sailor who had d woman trouble and who would be lighted to help a young lad like Jerry w off a lee shore. The weather reports uld forecast when sailing was likely to the most unpleasant.

"I am," the commodore told himself mplacently, "an old snake in the ass."

O IT was that one morning about a week later Slick Chick, with one reef in mainsail and only her staysail bent forward, nosed down the coast into a d that drove slanting rain and spray the faces of the four oilskin-clad ple huddled in her cockpit.

Conditions, the commodore thought pily, could hardly have been more al. The damp cold was creeping ough his oilskins and water had gotten n into one of his boots. Only a true or could find any relish in being out a small sailboat this day. He glanced inda. Her face was small beneath the wester and he noted with satisfaction she was cold. Jerry was sailing Slick k as easily as possible, to lessen the omfort for Linda as much as he could, it wouldn't do any good. She was nd to become waspish before the day over. The commodore did feel sorry erry, though. The disillusionment in e for him today was going to hurt. time and sparkling days of good sailvould eventually heal the wound and Jerry would look back upon his narrow escape from matrimonial chains with gratitude toward the commodore.

The commodore was also pleased with his old friend, George Otis. When he had arrived from the city that morning and Linda had suggested that perhaps another day would be pleasanter, George had made his weathered old face look something like a carved coconut and said there was never anything especially pleasant about buying real estate and if he couldn't get to Smugglers Reach on a bad day he wouldn't be interested in the place at all.

For a moment there, the commodore had been afraid that Linda would back out of going along. But Jerry had solicitously suggested that she remain behind and that had been that. Linda had come.

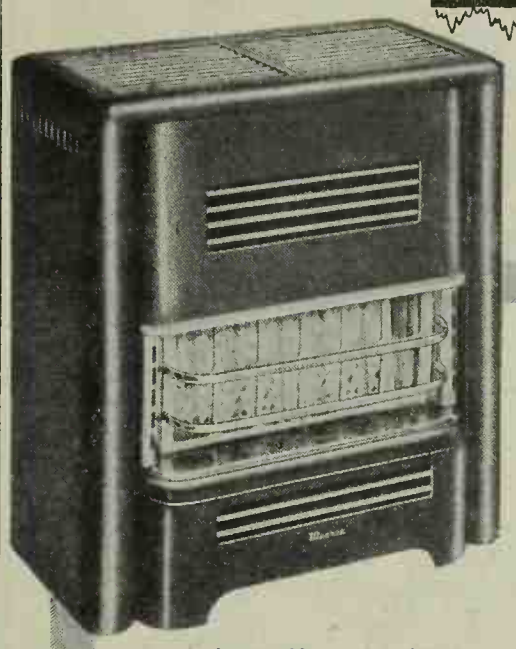
The commodore would have been even more pleased had he known how completely Linda had made up her mind to have nothing further to do with boats again if she ever got ashore. But he would not have been surprised. He would have pointed out that Linda was running true to feminine psychology as he knew it. What would have surprised him, however, was the fact that Linda had also made up her mind that Jerry was going to have nothing to do with boats any more in the future, either.

But Linda was amazed at the compact neatness and comfort of Slick Chick's cabin. It was as modern as tomorrow. The chrome galley and enameled ice chest were immaculate and glistening. The china and glassware shone in their racks. The two berths were deep and wide and the sheets on them were snow white where they were turned down over the blankets. There was a place for everything and everything was in its place. Linda's brows went up. For the first time she realized that to Jerry sailing was not just a means of escape from work but an end in itself. She decided that the only reason he didn't spend more time ashore was that he had everything he needed right here. Linda could see the work Jerry had put into his boat to achieve perfection. By the same token, if he could be lured ashore, the furnace in his house would never be out of order nor the lawn



. "Must you go at last?" . ROD DESARRO

Enjoy Summertime Warmth All Next Winter!





install a modern **MONROE** gas heater **NOW!**

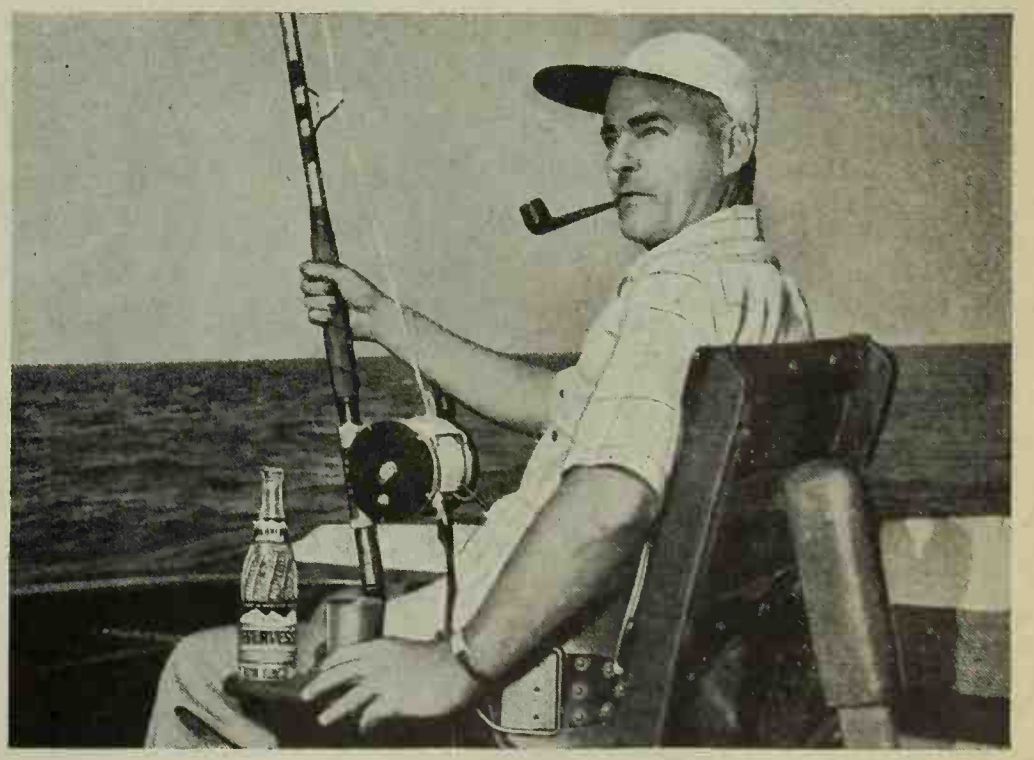
Comes next winter, these new, beautifully-designed Monroe Gas Heaters will be hard to find ...and every shivery day will see dealers so busy, you'll have to wait for installation. So **why** wait till winter comes? Your dealer is showing the complete line of Monroe's latest models right now. He'll be happy to help you choose the right size and styles for **your** heating need—whether it's a chilly spare room or a whole house. When icy winds blow again and temperatures take a tumble, just set your thermostat and enjoy the glowing, summertime warmth of your Monroe Gas Heater. You'll be glad you **didn't** wait.

Built with the famous Gasmaster Burner that operates efficiently and economically with ALL gases.

Monroe One of America's finest **GAS HEATERS**

MONROE STOVE COMPANY • 3256 Milwaukee Avenue • Chicago 18, Illinois

Yes... he's used to the best!



He pays $500 for his Vom Hofe fishing reel...

...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!



BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

LITTLE LULU



"Okay, Jeeves, you may pass the Kleenex!"

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellucotton Products Co. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



TWO SEALS STOP SQUEALS

A squealing tire is a real warning of an underinflated tire! Driving on underinflated tires means shorter tire life—builds up heat, invites dangerous blowouts.

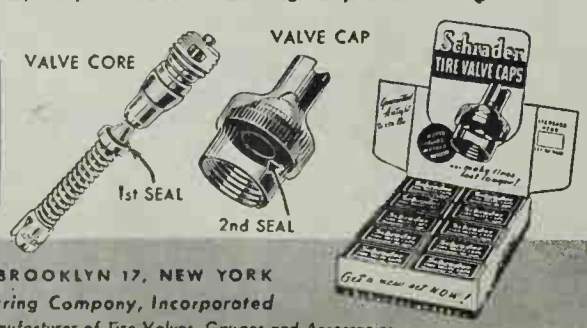
Play safe! *1st See that you have the right pressure!* Read it with your own Schrader Glove Compartment Tire Gauge. *2nd Take a look at your Tire Valves!* Are they air-tight? New replaceable *sealing* units, the Schrader *Core* and *Cap,* will make them so in a few minutes time.

Replace worn out or abused *Cores* and *Caps* today, to assure yourself longer tire mileage.

To "Make Your Tires Last Longer," **RIDE WITH BOTH SEALS,** Buy them where you see this display

Watch your Pressures, Keep a Schrader Tire Gouge in your car

Schrader
PRODUCTS
CONTROL THE AIR



A. SCHRADER'S SON • BROOKLYN 17, NEW YORK
Division of Scovill Manufacturing Company, Incorporated
World's Largest Manufacturer of Tire Valves, Gauges and Accessories

ever rank. Linda's domestic soul quivered.

And there were books on the shelves over the berths. Half of them dealt with boats and navigation but the other half were the same kind she liked herself, a mixture of serious works and mysteries. To Linda's mind came the picture of Jerry's loose-jointed frame sprawled out on his berth as he smoked a pipe and read those books. Her domestic soul quivered again. She saw herself in a Cape Cod-type cottage with Jerry. She saw him mowing the lawn and putting up screens and painting eaves. She saw herself stretched out beside him on a couch before a fireplace with her head on his shoulder while they both read until it was time to see if all was well in the nursery before retiring. Inside the heavy boots she was wearing, Linda's toes curled deliciously, and the determination was born that in her life with Jerry there would be no boots. There would be only slippers she could kick off under the breakfast table so she could slide her feet up along Jerry's shins when she felt like it. The only problem remaining was that of making Jerry want her more than he wanted his boat.

A trickle of cold water ran down Linda's back from the collar of her oilskin coat and she hated the sea and Slick Chick with a ferocity that would have delighted the commodore. She glanced with detached cynicism at the commodore and George Otis, who sat huddled across the cockpit from her, sensing that in some way both of them were against her. She suspected that Mr. Otis was exactly what he was, a phony prospect. She reasoned that the purpose was to get her out on enough unpleasant days to discourage her from coming along any more and that, after that, Smugglers Reach would be a convenient reason for Jerry to go sailing any time he wanted. A grim little smile flickered momentarily at the corners of Linda's mouth. All three of the men, she felt, had made the mistake of underestimating her capabilities.

Rising to her feet, Linda climbed up out of the cockpit to the narrow, windward strip of deck between the cockpit and the rail. She swayed there, balancing dangerously against the cutter's movement.

"Hey!" Jerry said. "Where are you going?"

"I'm just going to move around," Linda said. "Find out what kind of a sailor I am."

"Listen, be careful. Get hold of something before you . . . Hey!"

THE instant the water closed over her head, Linda regretted her act. The water was much colder than she had thought and her oilskins and rubber boots were heavy. Panic seized her. She struggled desperately to rise against the weight that was pulling her down into the icy depths. She tried to call Jerry's name, and swallowed a strangling mouthful of water.

In all Linda's life nothing had ever felt so wonderful as the sudden crushing strength of the arm that encircled her and the thrashing power of the body close to her fighting to the surface. Gasping and gulping air into her lungs, she heard Jerry's voice rasp, "Idiot! And stop hanging on so tight. Swim, dammit, swim! Kick your boots off!"

Somehow, as Jerry supported her and at the same time swam hard to keep himself above the surface with the weight of his oilskins which he had not had time to shed, Linda managed to get her boots off. She could see Slick Chick, with the commodore at the helm and George Otis at the sheets, just coming down-wind toward them. Slick Chick shot by and Mr. Otis tossed a life preserver. Linda and Jerry clung to it while the boat came smartly up into the wind again and, pointing high, nosed up slowly toward them. Mr. Otis knelt on the deck hanging onto the lee shrouds with one hand extending the other out toward them.

"Dammit, girl!" Mr. Otis snapped "that was a fool thing to do!"

"It was an accident," Linda through chattering teeth as she came the rail.

"People who can have those kind accidents have no business abo boats," Mr. Otis growled.

Linda could have hugged him for ing that so Jerry could hear it as he over the rail. But she nodded hum "I know it now. I'll never be a sailor

"Balderdash," Jerry said. "Get be I've got dry clothes that'll be warm another pair of boots in the cabin."

Jerry followed her below and cl the companionway hatch after him. got out of their oilskins. Now, I thought, was the time. While he wa breathing hard and looking at he way he was as she stood there wit wet clothes molded to the curves o body.

THERE was no pretense when I stepped up to him and put her around Jerry's neck. Earnestly and ecrely and enthusiastically she we work on him. She felt him tremble then his arms went around her an feet left the cabin flooring so tha water dripped from the ends of her gling, stockinged feet.

"D-dar-r-ling!" Linda gasped. careful! You almost lost me once.

A big, wide, spreading grin came Jerry's face. "Baby," he said, "I think that'll ever happen again."

Linda nodded. This was the ti get things settled. "It's the last tim ever step on a boat where those happen," she said. "From now on stay ashore, darling. We'll work and and love on land where . . ."

Jerry placed a finger under he and looked down at her. "You're a funny face," he said.

Before Linda could make up her whether he meant it literally or tively Jerry stepped over to a lock began bringing out dry clothes. decided he probably meant it li He tossed some clothes on one ber some on the other. "There isn't a tain," he said, "but we can ke backs turned. Get into those dry They'll be too big but they'll be

When Linda and Jerry emerge more in the cockpit, Jerry took th from the commodore and said, "W break out the jib, commodore? M please shake the reef out of the m

Both these old salts and Linda questioningly at Jerry.

"Uh . . . my boy," said the comm with a trace of anxiety, "we're pra rail down now. Don't you think carrying about all the canva should?"

Jerry laughed. "Slick Chick'll Let's get her going."

Linda remembered that Jerry h tried to tell her that a boat was al nearest thing to a living creati had ever achieved. At the time had sniffed disdainfully. But seemed that perhaps there was so to what Jerry had said. Under t tional canvas Slick Chick seemed declared war on the sea. She he over and buried her lee rail. Wate and hissed along her deck to the foaming. But she was driving h the oncoming seas; punching t ciously into smothers of spr whipped back along the deck.

Linda saw the commodore Otis watching both Jerry and Slick Chick sailed. She saw t look of admiration come into th Mr. Otis. She saw the trace of a the commodore's eyes.

"Jerry, you'll take the stick of her," the commodore said.

Linda shivered. She was f

nd puzzled. She heard Jerry laugh gain. "Hell," he said. "She isn't even training. Linda can handle her."

And before Linda knew what was happening, Jerry had reached over to where he sat on the other side of the tiller and ad taken both her hands in one of his. hen she was grasping the tiller. Jerry rinned. "Here you are, Linda—she's all ours!"

Linda squealed with fright as Jerry slid way along the cockpit seat. The comodore's jaw sagged. Mr. Otis blinked d then slowly began to grin.

Linda squealed again. She gripped the ler until her knuckles showed white. here, through the tiller, she could feel e surging power of the cutter. Slick ick seemed to her to be rushing rough the seas at a fearful pace. "Jerry! ou come back here!" Linda bleated ntically. "I—I don't know what to !"

"It's time you found out," Jerry said artlessly.

"Darn you!" Linda wailed. "I'll drown all! You come back here! I . . . Look t!"

A huge wave hit Slick Chick hard on weather bow. The cutter shuddered; ay blotted her bow from sight. Then seemed to shake herself and with a d, leaping surge smashed through the that had hit her. Linda felt the living ver under her; it was something intely more powerful than herself. Aner sea rushed at the cutter. Jerry slid r and put his hand over Linda's on tiller. He moved it gently and this e Slick Chick eased over the sea in a g, twisting roll.

Gentle her," Jerry said, and moved y.

entle her, Linda thought bitterly. tle this damn' boat! Oh, by all ns! Fury filled her, replacing fear. d drive Slick Chick to the bottom of ea and Jerry with her. She'd sail her at the mast would come right out of

savage exultation filled Linda at the d of the wind tearing at the rigging slamming the taut sails. She began el just how to move the tiller so that Chick would plow through the seas, ving spray high and smashing solid r hard. Something, Linda felt, would to give.

ly nothing did give and Linda became aware of the fact that gradually, without knowing it, she had been easing Slick Chick through the seas. Sailing her more and more smoothly. A tingling exhilaration went through Linda. The cutter's immediate response to the slightest move of the tiller thrilled her. Without knowing it the grim look had faded away from her face. Her lips were parted and her eyes began to sparkle.

"Take it easy," Jerry said. "You can't learn everything in one day."

No, Linda thought, not everything. But you could learn a lot. You could learn that when you sailed a boat you couldn't have everything your own way. You could learn that by yielding a little here and being a little firm there, you might lose some but you gained a lot more. When you allowed yourself to become a part of something else it became a part of you, and the sum of the two blended into one was greater than the sum of the two apart. When her hand on the tiller gentled the cutter she could feel the power of the wind gathered smoothly by the curved sails and transmitted as through her own body to the swift hull beneath her and it was as though she and the cutter were a living whole.

IT WAS the way, Linda knew in that moment, that all things should be. The way it should be with her and Jerry.

She looked at Jerry and smiled and he grinned back and then Linda knew that what she wanted of life, Jerry would give her, even as she would give him what he wanted.

"Jerry," the commodore said, "there's Smugglers Reach. Time to come over on the other tack and head in."

Mr. Otis snorted. "The hell with Smugglers Reach. This cutter is what I want." He looked at Jerry. "Give you fifteen thousand for her."

Quickly Jerry glanced at Linda. "That's almost a house and lot right away, baby," he said. "How about it?"

Linda didn't have to stop to think. "When it's time for a house and lot we'll work for it the way we've worked for Slick Chick," she said, "together." . . .

Which are the facts upon which the commodore bases his belief that he is a very wise old snake in the grass without whose help Linda and Jerry would never have found out the answer to it all.

THE END



've got some made with ham, too—but we don't know what to call them"

GARDNER REA

You can see your tomorrow *today* with the new *Analagraph*

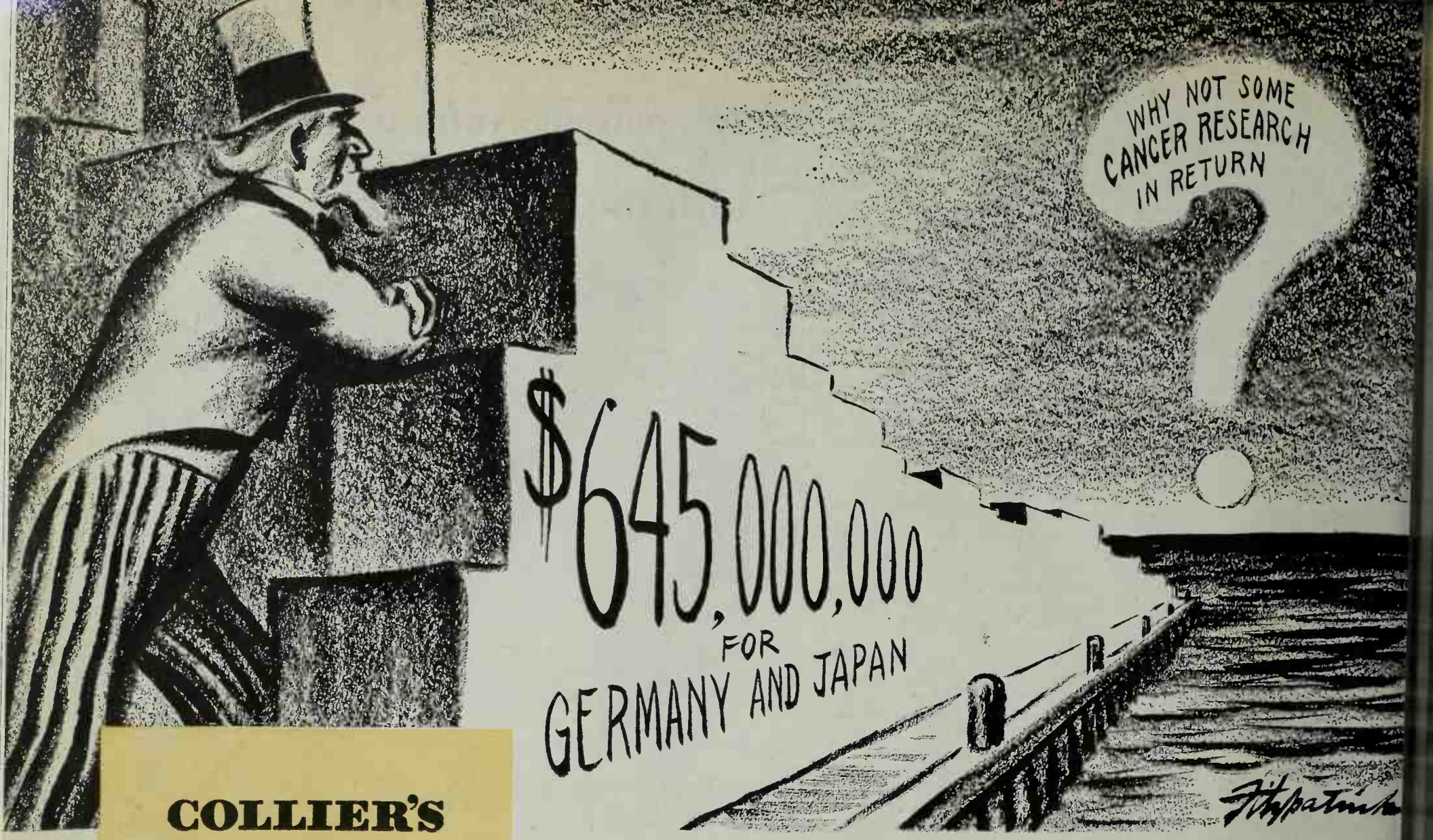


Plot your course now . . . toward security and retirement!

- If your great problem is protection and security for your family, financial independence and eventual retirement, the new, patented *Analagraph* will help you attain *all* these goals.
- Aided by a trained Analagrapher *you* set down all the factors . . . life insurance, savings, investments, social security and retirement.
- The *Analagraph* provides the accurate analysis you need. Then *you* decide the course you want to take. Many families have found that with this practical, economical plan to guide them they can enjoy a higher living standard immediately.
- Without obligation, write us for further information.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORGANIZED IN 1845 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY • Publisher

WALTER DAVENPORT • Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS • Managing Editor

$100,000,000 WORTH OF CANCER RESEARCH

AS MOST of us know or should know, cancer is one of the most murderous of diseases, and as a general rule it can be cured only if caught at an early stage.

It is so insidious in some of its forms that few of its victims suspect the truth about their troubles in time for their physicians to be able to render the best possible help.

Cancer in all its varieties killed 181,600 Americans last year. Stomach cancer alone got 38,000—and this form of the disease is commonly not detected until it is too far advanced for surgery to do any good.

It is estimated that 17,000,000 Americans now living will die of cancer eventually; and that one third of these could be saved by methods of treatment which are well known already, IF qualified physicians could go to work on them soon enough.

What we need—what the human race needs—is a cure for cancer that will be as reliable as the cures we now have for diphtheria, syphilis, most forms of pneumonia.

While it is true that we can't buy a cure for cancer by simply laying out large sums of money, as we bought the atom bomb for some $2,000,000,000, it is also true that cancer research is not nearly so well financed as it ought to be.

The American Cancer Society is trying to raise $12,000,000 this year for its unremitting war against the disease, but it can allot only about one fourth of this sum for research. Other agencies are forever fighting cancer and conducting research with what money they can round up. From time to time, emotional and entirely worthy appeals like Walter Winchell's Damon Runyon Cancer Fund help considerably.

We're not trying to slur any of these endeavors. They have our very best wishes. But we would like to inquire whether it isn't possible to enlarge cancer research by several hundred per cent, in the hope of conquering the disease that much sooner.

Here is an idea which has walked into Collier's office, and which we want to pass along for general discussion:

As every U.S. taxpayer knows, this country, two years after the end of the shooting part of the war, is still carrying on enormous relief and rehabilitation activities in many parts of the world.

One of these jobs consists in relief work in the U.S. zone of occupied Germany, and in all of Japan. Budgeted for that job is the rather husky sum of $645,000,000 with which to buy assorted supplies for civilians in those areas.

These supplies are to be sold to consumers there, and are to be paid for in local currency—marks in Germany and yen in Japan. Obviously, the U.S. government can't spend that money anywhere except in Japan and Germany.

Well, then, it is suggested, why not set up big cancer-research projects in Germany and Japan and finance them with part of these funds?

Suppose $100,000,000 were to be earmarked for such projects out of the total of $645,000,000. That would pay for around 10 times as much cancer research as is now being carried on in the United States. Or, to say it in terms of time, we could finance as much cancer research in one year by this method as we can finance in 20 years at present rates of expenditure. In five years, we could carry out a program which normally would take 100 years.

We don't like to sound a defeatist note in this connection; but if 100 years' worth of cancer research won't produce a cure for cancer, maybe there never will be a cure.

There are several other obvious advantages in this plan, it seems to us.

For one, it wouldn't cost the American taxpayer an extra thin dime. The research projects in Japan and Germany would be financed by a clever shifting of money which the American taxpayer already is destined to spend.

For another, German and Japanese scientists would probably be attracted to these local projects in considerable numbers—meaning that the ta which they employed so energetically for war poses would be given a peaceable and constru outlet.

For a third advantage, the Germans and J nese would realize that, in respect to cancer res at least, they were paying their own way in part, instead of depending wholly on U.S. ch That ought to restore considerable self-respe these conquered peoples, which should be a all around.

Large cancer-research projects abroad, should be attractive to some of our young promising research scientists who would like around and see something of the world outsid own country.

As we understand the matter, Congres action would not be necessary to put this pla operation. It could be got under way by com action of the State and War Departments, wi co-operation of General MacArthur in Japa of General Lucius Clay in Germany.

Outstanding cancer specialists in the U States could supervise the setting up of the pr and our information is that some of them wo more than glad to do so.

The result would be an all-out attack on the most dreaded and mysterious of all dise an attack manned by the best scientific br three countries and amply financed. In the specific for cancer might be developed.

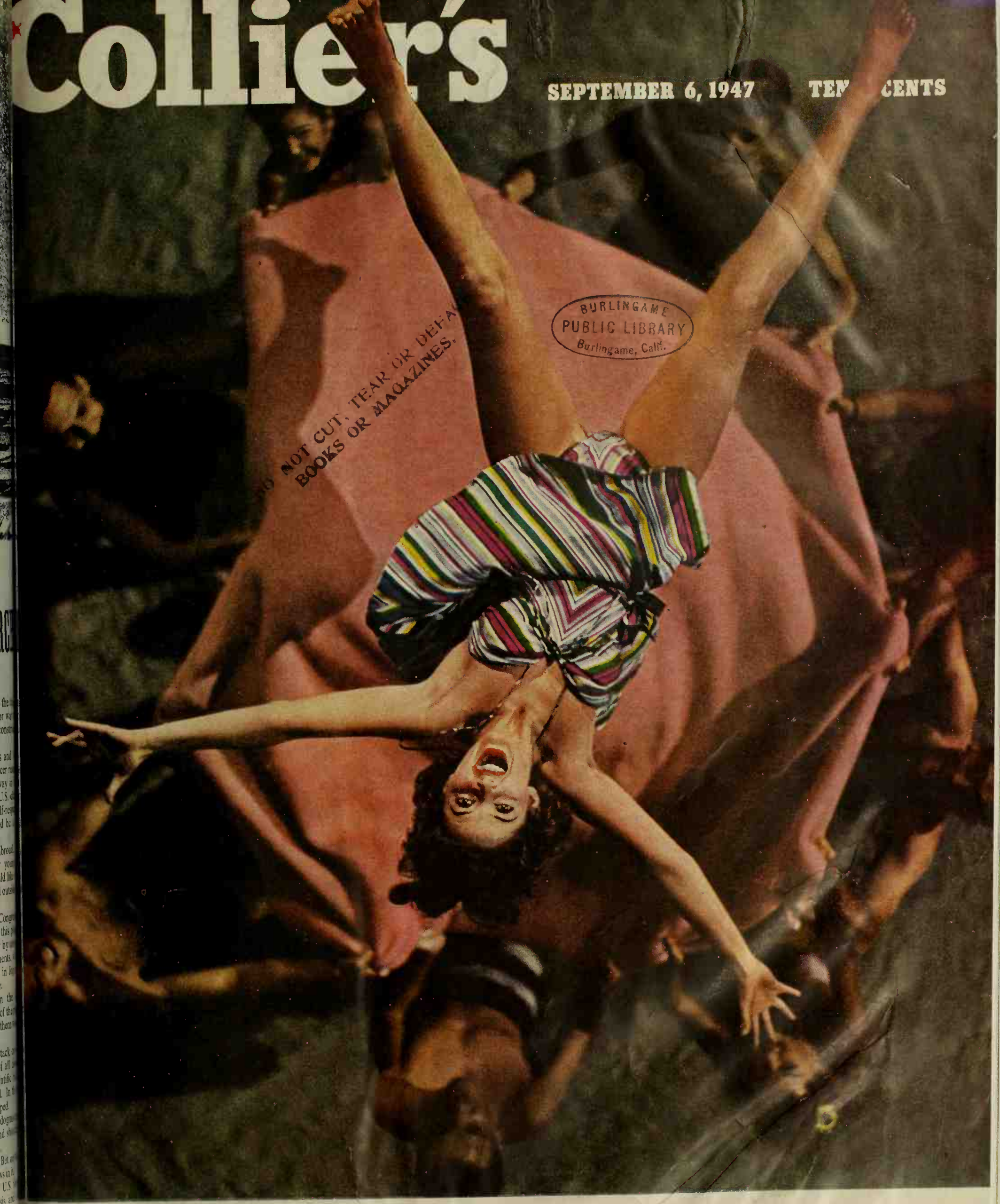
As indicated above, we're not dogmatiz this subject, or waving the arms and shouti the thing has got to be done or else.

We're not sure that it is feasible. But on th hand, we can't pick any serious flaws in it.

We do want to toss it into the U.S. for general debate, discussion, analysis and a and to ask that this plan for at least $100, worth of cancer research be carefully cor by anybody and everybody who has anythi structive to contribute to the argument.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 6, 1947 TEN CENTS



BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

DO NOT CUT, TEAR OR DEFA
BOOKS OR MAGAZINES.

TOO MUCH BRASS—our lobbying generals

by ROBERT S. ALLEN

INSPECTOR CHAFIK CRACKS ANOTHER CASE

by CHARLES B. CI

PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME CALIF

with hair like this,
you'll hear this:
"hello,
handsome"



Amazing the way people, particularly female people, practically eat out of the hand of a chap with handsome hair. If girls have been giving you the go-by lately, get hair good to look at. So use

Vitalis

and the "60-Second Workout"

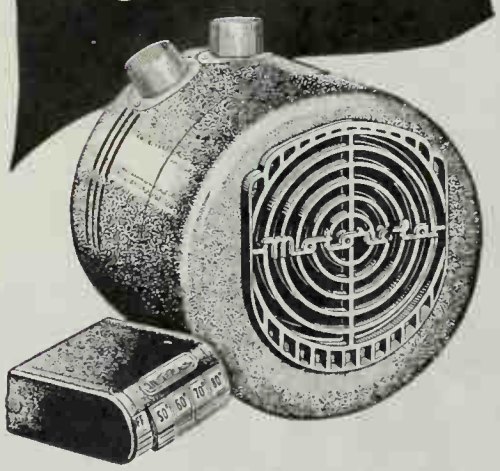
50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Pure vegetable oils dissolved in alcohol go to work two ways: First, the alcohol stimulates your scalp. Second, it evaporates quickly, leaving a fine protective film of pure vegetable oils distributed evenly on your hair and scalp. This prevents dryness, routs loose dandruff, helps retard excessive falling hair. *10 seconds* to comb. You now have well-groomed hair with a natural lustre. No greasy look—Vitalis contains no mineral oil. At any drug counter or barber shop . . . ask for Vitalis, *Handsome.*

A product of Bristol-Myers



"Come on in... it's warm inside"

THE NEW FULLY AUTOMATIC Motorola CAR HEATER



positive heat selector, thermostat controlled
Fast, constant heat. Heats in a minute or less! Maintains pre-selected heat constantly.

all the heat you want
So powerful it produces sufficient heat to keep an average size room comfortably WARM.

heats when the engine is off
Operates independently of engine and fuel pump. Does not affect idling of engine.

easy to install in all cars
Fits every make and model car—even those with automatic transmission.

two models, for cowl-mount and underseat installation
Both models engineered for thorough air circulation. Both have efficient defroster-blower system.

Motorola CAR HEATER

Consult your classified telephone directory for your nearest Motorola Radio dealer.

MOTOROLA, INC. • CHICAGO 51, ILL.

COLLIER'S

September 6, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing E*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Di*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photo*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*We*
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	

THIS WEEK

FICTION

THE FARMER SEEKS A WIFE — By MURRAY HOYT — 11
The farmer's son was silent and strong—and, luckily, stubborn.

THE DEVIL IS A GENTLEMAN — By CHARLES B. CHILD — 14
Inspector Chafik uses a beautiful dancer as bait.

YOU TOO CAN BE A GENIUS — By W. L. KNICKMEYER — 20
She backed into the role, but Myra was his inspiration.

MAN HUNT IN MOPANG — By EDMUND WARE — 26
Jeff Coongate thinks of reforming—just a little.

MAN RUNNING — By SELWYN JEPSON — 28
The Serial Story. The fifth of six parts.

DON'T LET THE RIGHT HAND KNOW — By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD — 52
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

TOO MUCH BRASS — By ROBERT S. ALLEN — 13
Army and Navy chiefs are learning that they can't boss Congress.

BROTHER JAZZ — By EDDIE CONDON and THOMAS SUGRUE — 16
Conclusion. The new music transplants itself from the speak-easy to New York's Town Hall.

THE VOICE OF ALBANY'S SILENT MAN — By BILL DAVIDSON — 18
About Sen. Ives (R.-N. Y.) who talks liberal, votes conservative.

GOLF'S BAD BOY — By TOM SILER — 22
Frank Stranahan blows his top easily, but his game is terrific.

LIFTING THE LID — By MARTHA SAWYERS — 24
Latest ideas in exotic hats—found in South America. Ay, ay, ay!

FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH — By TED SHANE — 74
Ideal hot-weather cool-offs—sodas, sundaes, parfaits, Sambees, Moron's Delights—all nonalcoholic.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIALS: *Finished? We've Only Started • No Forest Raids, Please • See What We Mean?* — 86

COVER — By *DAVID PESKIN*
Bathing Suit by Annis of New York

THE WEEK'S MAIL

HEAT ON THE RANGE

DEAR SIR: It seems to me that Lester [illegible] (They Kicked Us Off Our Land, July [illegible] after what must have been a whir[illegible] trip through the Cow Country has [illegible] sented his report of a "phantom" wa[illegible] tween the Stockmen and ALL [illegible] PEOPLE OF THE LAND. Such a [illegible] torted view must have been obtained [illegible] cool rooms of some fine hotel, rather [illegible] in the real hinterland, where a few conc[illegible] with real Westerners and real live[illegible] people and inspection of the range [illegible] knew anything about it after he look[illegible] it) would have dispelled some of th[illegible] in which he has wound himself.

GEORGE M. MELTON, House of Re[illegible] sentatives, Helena, Mont.

. . . Congratulations! The facts br[illegible] out in your article are the more sho[illegible] because men in our Congress paid by o[illegible] ernment funds are out to wreck go[illegible] ment lands of our tremendous West. This is nothing short of treason. . . .

RACHEL PEEPLES ROGERS, Atlanta Ga.

. . . The public lands of my native st[illegible] of Arizona are in a deplorable con[illegible] ion through overgrazing and the cattle [illegible] try, by its own shortsighted methods, not only going to ruin the country but go[illegible] ing to kill itself off. Already most [illegible] the top soil is gone, sheet and gully e[illegible] ion are rampant, and the perennial grass are about gone. About the only thing [illegible] grows well are those things that catt[illegible] will not eat such as cholla and burro wee[illegible] . . .

JACK O'CONNOR, Tucson, Ariz.

. . . This grab, by the so-called stoc[illegible] men is just another Johnson County Cattle War. The only difference is that they are sing[illegible] congressmen this time instead of gu[illegible].

J. A. SHAW, Dubois, Wyo.

. . . The sheep herders seem to hav[illegible] forgotten the days when the cattlemen were their bitter enemies, and continuously killed the flocks, cut off the water supplies and called them stinkers with a capital S. The public-land menace to w[illegible] is the West's problem, and God help th[illegible] fertility of the soil if the cattlemen once more get control.

CRANSTON THOMAS, Tampa Fla.

. . . You Easterners who are auth[illegible] on everything from cotton sharecro[illegible] to soybean production—swinging [illegible] agricultural economists—have the a[illegible] wo[illegible] to it all. . . .

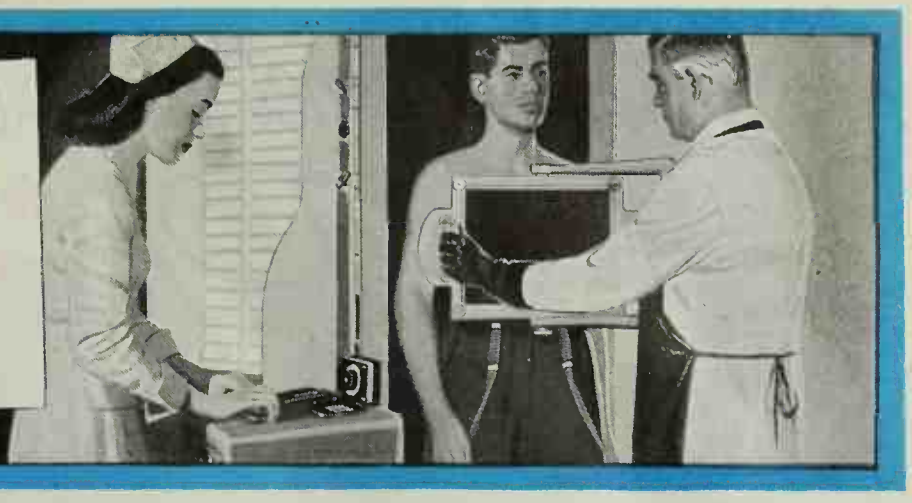
F. H. SINCLAIR, Sheridan, [illegible]

(Continued on page 50)

Vol. 120, No. 10. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March [illegible] and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Had your health checked lately?



Q. Why see a doctor when you're well?



A. Health is more than an absence of disease. A medical examination permits your physician to determine whether you are as healthy as you can be, *and should be*, to live and work at your best. Or if you are below par, the doctor can often catch and correct trouble *before* a breakdown occurs. Most people should have such examinations once a year. In certain cases, and for people over 65, more frequent checkups may be desirable.

Q. Are "Fifth Column" diseases



threatening you?

A. Diseases such as high blood pressure, cancer, tuberculosis, heart ailments, and diabetes may develop to a dangerous state without any warning symptoms. But they can be detected by your physician, helped, when necessary, by blood tests, urinalysis, X-ray, fluoroscope, electrocardiograph, or other diagnostic aids. Annual examinations will usually lead to the discovery of "fifth column" diseases *in their early stages*, when modern medical science can do most to control or cure them.

Q. What about your daily living habits?



A. As part of your physical examination, the physician will probably check your daily living habits. He may ask about the amount and kinds of food you eat, whether you are getting sufficient rest and exercise, or how you use your leisure time. Knowing your daily habits and your attitude toward life may enable him to advise and guide you to better mental and physical health. By faithfully following his instructions you can do a lot to help assure yourself a longer, happier life.

To help you protect and preserve your health by observing sensible habits and simple precautions, Metropolitan has prepared a leaflet on selecting foods and one on general health habits as related to age. Send for your free copies today.

COPYRIGHT 1947—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me copies of your leaflets 107-C, on selecting foods and on general health habits.

Name_____

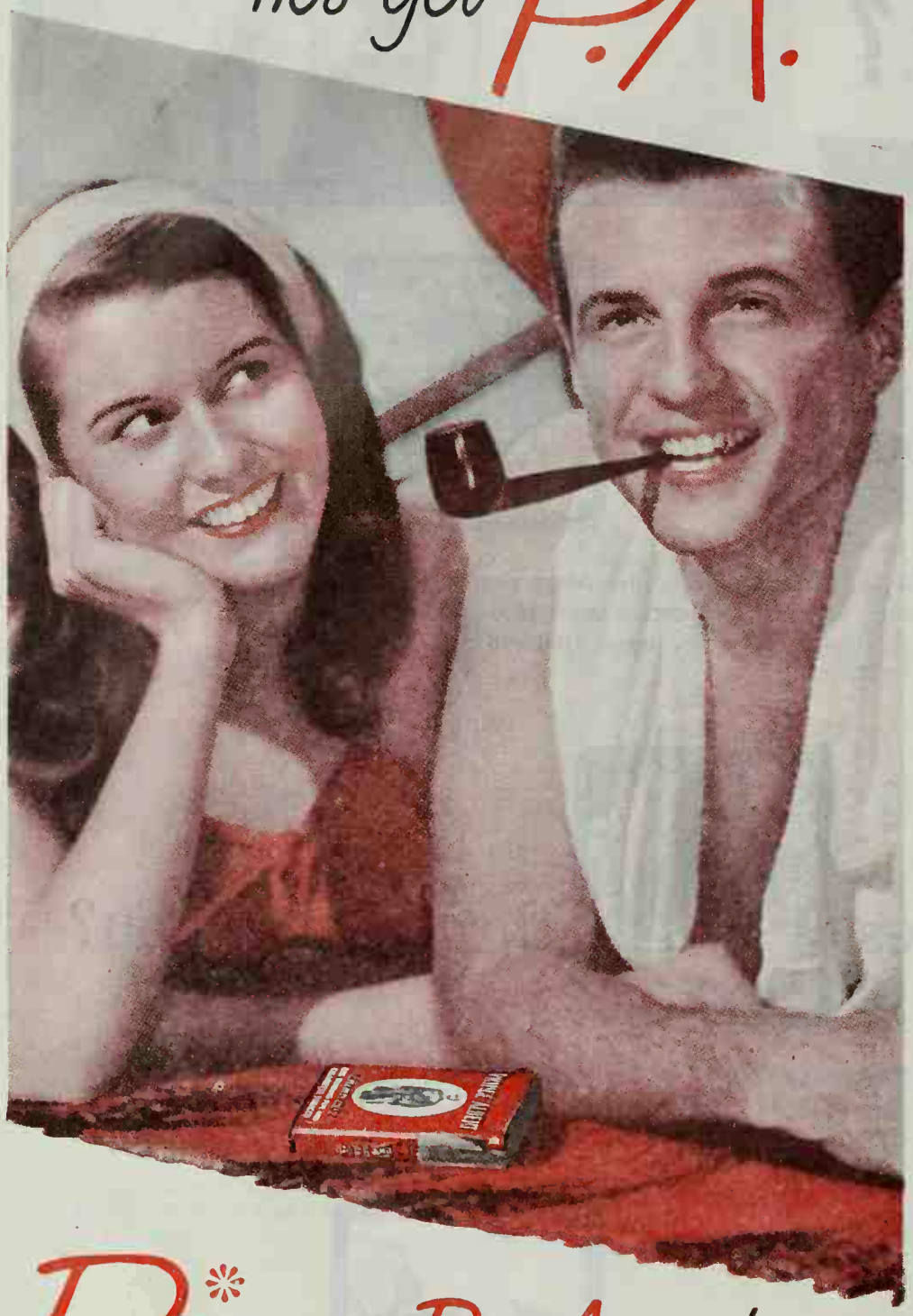
Street_____

City_____

State_____

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

He's got that something extra
...he's got P.A.*



P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

No wonder he's making such an impression. He's got the rugged *masculine* appearance of men who smoke pipes!

P.A.* means Prince Albert

It's Prince Albert for "something extra" in smoking joy and comfort! Rich tasting, mild, and cool... and easy on the tongue. P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Try it—and see why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!



GREAT FOR CIGARETTES TOO!
CRIMP CUT P.A. SPINS UP FAST AND NEAT... SMOKES COOL AND TASTY!



The National Joy Smoke

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

Bowling is today the most popular participant sport among American women, the number playing weekly having increased from about 3,000 to 3,500,000 in the past 30 years.

Probably the only race ever won by a horse while in an upside-down position was run at Dargaville, New Zealand, on February 2, 1931. Ridden by Joe Parson, this thoroughbred, Brampton, was within 40 feet of the finish when it suddenly stumbled and fell with a force that caused it to roll over several times and then slide across the line, with its clinging jockey, a split second ahead of the horse that came in second.—*By Arnold Gozar, Auckland, New Zealand.*

Astrology has grown so fast in this country in the past generation that its present annual "take" has been estimated as high as $200,000,000. Moreover, this alleged science now has nearly 20 branches, among them being Glandular Astrology, Sexual Astrology and Astrological Physiognomy.

In 1749, a cynical Londoner who claimed Englishmen were as credulous as children made a large bet that he could convince them that a man could climb into a quart bottle. Using a fictitious name, he rented a theater and advertised that he would perform the trick there three days later. By curtain time on the night set, all seats and standing room had been sold at double their price and the near-by streets were jammed with those who had to be turned away. Naturally, the man did not show up—and soon collected his bet.

Since Alcatraz became a federal penitentiary in 1933, nine inmates have won their freedom by studying in the prison library the law pertaining to their case, filing a petition for a writ of habeas corpus and then proving to the judge before whom they were taken that their imprisonment was illegal.

A crusade to "save sinful e... York" was undertaken in 1903 b... the evangelist John Alexander D... who had built the town—Zion, Il... —as headquarters of a new rel... Carried in eight special trains, h... 3,000 of his followers descend... on Madison Square Garden where, ... the middle of Dowie's first sermo... the vast audience walked out in di... After two weeks, during which h... three small meetings daily an... his people distributed literature to a... lion homes, the Zionists left, h... accomplished nothing on this e... tion which cost $300,000.

When the Spaniards conquere... Bolivia in the 16th century, 20,0... them established a colony in ... (altitude 13,600 feet) where, ow... the thinness of the air, they no... suffered from oxygen deficienc... but were unable to keep infants ali... In fact, for more than 50 years, no... born among them lived longer ... two weeks; and the colony the... had to maintain its size by recr... young Spaniards from lower lev...

The world's largest private ya... the Savarona, which was built i... many in 1931 at a cost of $4,5... for the late Mrs. R. M. Cadwala... Philadelphia and which is no... presidential yacht of Turkey. ... though having only 13 state... this steamship is 408 feet long, ... 4,700 gross tons, requires a crew ... and has an average operating c... $25,000 a month.

In Mexico, some prize-fight... jai-alai courts and similar ... arenas are enclosed in steel ... to protect the contestants from ... and other missiles hurled by s... tors to give vent to their feeling...

Ten dollars will be paid for each ... cepted for this column. Contributio... be accompanied by their source of ... tion. Address Keep Up With the ... Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New Yor... N. Y. This column is copyrighted ... items may be reproduced without pe...



A magnificent performer is Model 326 with its natural color tone. Amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer. Sure-action record changer. Stores approximately 118 records.

General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph—Delight in its natural color tone. Discover new beauty in favorite records played by the G-E Electronic Reproducer. See Model 304.





Master craftsmen fashioned this superb French Provincial cabinet. De luxe radio-phonograph with FM, standard, and short-wave radio plus the amazing new G-E Electronic Reproducer. Model 502.

"the most Perfect Record Reproduction I've ever heard!"

says: LILY PONS

. . . star of Columbia Records, appearing in the United Artists' release ***"CARNEGIE HALL".***



IMAGINE hearing recorded music recreated in the living beauty of *natural color tone*. This perfection is yours to enjoy at will through the enchanting magic of the G-E Electronic Reproducer acclaimed by Lily Pons. It's ready for you now in this great new General Electric FM-AM automatic radio-phonograph.

This superb instrument also brings you genuine FM virtually free of static, fading and station interference, as well as standard broadcast and short-wave radio. You'll hear both radio and records as never before—in *natural color tone*.

In its graceful 18th Century period cabinet, General Electric model 417A possesses lasting charm for the eye as well. See and hear it at your General Electric dealer's.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-F9

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

natural color tone radios



Wonderful FM plus standard and short-wave broadcasts, and recorded music recreated by the sensational new G-E Electronic Reproducer. Push-button tuning. Sure action automatic record changer. 9 tubes plus rectifier. Storage for approximately 120 records. 18th Century-inspired mahogany cabiner. See Model 417A.

Copyright 1947—General Electric Co , Syracuse, N. Y.

THE AMAZING CLEANER FOR NEW CARS



Try this safer, easier way to make the finish more beautiful than ever!

SIMPLE TO USE . . . Goes on Quickly . . . Wipes Off with a Shine

Motorists agree . . . when you clean that new car or any car with a finish in average condition . . . it is worlds safer and easier to restore the luster with *Liquid* Simoniz Kleener. All you do is put it on . . . let it dry . . . wipe it off. You'll be amazed how the finish shines, how much more beautiful it looks with this one-operation wonder Kleener!

IS YOUR CAR EXCEPTIONALLY DULL?

Yau con bring back the full, originol beouty with *Paste* Simoniz Kleener. It's easy to use, thorough, fast-octing and sofe olways!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

SIMONIZ MAKES THE FINISH LAST LONGER!

Alwoys apply world fomous SIMONIZ to protect the finish . . . to keep colors from fading . . . to make your cor stay beoutiful. Insist on SIMONIZ and Simoniz Kleener—there are no substitutes!

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS

Sold by grocery, hordwore, voriety, drug, point, 5 cents to $1, auto occessory and deportment stores—and by linoleum deolers everywhere. Also sold in Canada ond throughout the world.

Motorists Wise

SIMONIZ

TRADE MARK REG.

KEEPS NEW CARS...NEW LOOKING

THE WEEK'S WORK



Above, Miss MacVicar, nebula, 1944; at right, Miss Vickers, first magnitude star, 1947

BERT

WITH fifteen years of active service behind him, Robert S. Allen should be aware of the dangers of brass poisoning (Too Much Brass, p. 13). All his life he's been a fighter with word and gun. Born in Latonia, Kentucky, on Bastille Day, 1900, he enlisted in the Regular Army at sixteen, ate dust with the cavalry on the Mexican Border till he went overseas.

Refusing a regular Army commission, he postgradded by scholarship at Munich, reported the Hitler Beer Hall Putsch and Trial for various American newspapers, then came back home to work for the Washington Bureau of the Christian Science Monitor. He got the sack when he and Drew Pearson took the Washington brass for a sleigh ride on the best-selling Washington Merry-Go-Round.

After co-founding a widely syndicated column of the same name, and polishing off further brass in additional books, Allen went to war, serving with General Patton as Assistant G-2, Chief of Combat Intelligence. He got his eagles from Patton in April, 1945, and lost an arm in Germany about the same time, emerging from the war with many decorations. Right now he's back peppering the brass and book-writing in Washington. His Lucky Forward, a history of Patton's Third Army, is coming out this month.

"I feel the welfare of the Army, and therefore the security of the country, is being seriously handicapped by the conduct and antics of certain brass hats," Allen says. "They clearly are devoid of a true American concept of their functions as military men. Our country has grown great and mighty because throughout our history we have pursued the sound democratic course of employing our military for protective purposes and not to run the nation. In the interests of the military themselves, it is vital they be kept in their place—to put it bluntly. That is what Too Much Brass is all about. It is not antimilitary in any sense. Its purpose is to bring in the open a very grave national problem."

THINGS have been on the up and up recently for Martha Sawyers (Lifting the Lid, p. 24). She hates flying, so Collier's dispatched her by plane to the Andes, where she completed a series of paintings, tudes up to 15,000 feet. "I four happiest when I lay on the gr that height," she says. "It ga feeling of safe footing."

While dangling around the P peaks busy at her task, Miss got herself invited to a cond Rising at dawn, Miss Sawy party breakfasted on biscuits ion soup, climbed on their In nies and began riding straight so it seemed. Miss Sawyer guest of honor, got the only saddle in the party; the rest dian saddles: with backstops.

After she had slid off the her horse for the 88th time, so mercifully changed saddles w Sawyers. Then when the *poni* to slip from under the passen erybody dismounted and cra their hands and knees to the t world where they eventually and lay gasping for breath.

A dead horse had been lef on a volcanic peak, and cond winging in from as far as 90 lunch. When the condors g they couldn't take off, the ide take aim and bang away.

"Unfortunately, mine host cited just about the eighth bi Miss Sawyers, "and fired. Ei lion birds took off. We w hours but they never came b

Going down was like slidi the Empire State building grease storm.

This week's cover: It's a Back on May 6, 1944, Coll covered the yummy Mart Vicar, and picture-profiled Percenter by Amy Porter) as wood possibility. Now, as Vickers, glittering Warner star, she returns. During h ing roles, Martha only screa fainted while being pursued men, gorillas and panther pe as she was about to be screa Howard Hughes tapped her Big Sleep: she played Laure hardboiled schizo of a your Now it's all cheesecake and Martha. She's five feet, fo tenderly unmarried, lives wit Pa, likes to sketch, play pia pong and tennis—a "just f sonality. . . . TED

The greatest improvement IN RECORD PLAYING since the invention of the phonograph

It's new! It's beautiful! It has everything! New pull-out phonograph makes record loading easy. New high speed changer plays up to 12 records automatically. New static-free FM radio with tilt-tuning dial. Choice of walnut, mahogany or blond period cabinet with compartment for 144 records in albums. See it . . . hear it . . . at your Admiral dealer, today.

Walnut only **$289.95** (Slightly higher in west and south.)

Americai Smart Set

le tone arm brings a new
to your record listening
ure. Uses no coil, no crystal,
lament, no special tube.
nes needle scratch, "talk-
or other disturbing noises.
s records like new for hun-
of plays longer.

F. A. Block Original

Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

with Miracle Tone Arm



Best reason for buying the smart new furniture cushioned with **Airfoam** is—you can't wear out its comfort! This superbly restful latex cushioning keeps its plump buoyant softness for life; doesn't flatten out or hollow down in years of use. That's because **Airfoam** contains millions of porous air cells that "give" just enough to conform to body curves. The result is floating-on-air comfort that insures complete relaxation, in chairs and sofas of enduring good looks. Fine furniture cushioned with this marvel of Goodyear Research awaits you now at better stores—and costs less than you think! Goodyear Chemical Products Division, Airfoam Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Airfoam

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



Airfoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



AIRFOAM MEANS LUXURIOUS CUSHIONING IN FURNITURE, MATTRESSES AND ALL SE

oung man," Father said, "do you want a job?" "No," said Henry. That was Father's first experience with Henry's loquacity. He swore under his breath



This is not the familiar story of the rich squire's son and the farmer's innocent daughter. In fact, it's just the reverse

THE FARMER SEEKS A WIFE

BY MURRAY HOYT

ALL my father wanted beginning July 22d that summer when I was twelve years old was to Slateledge ready by August 3d n Vice-President Coolidge was to visit us. His letter came July Mr. Coolidge was an old class- of Father's at Amherst. His e was down below Rutland at outh. He had been elected governor of Massachusetts, and later Vice-President of the United States.

When Father had written tendering the invitation to visit us in our new home, he had expected that all the work would be done by the beginning of July. Being city bred, Father had no idea how long such things took. But when Mr. Coolidge's answer came, there was still a lot to be done, especially in the matter of plumbing. Father had ordered two of those modern septic tanks that had just come out, but they hadn't yet been installed. They were sitting in the front yard.

He said to Mother, "Dammit, Levia, we've got to have everything ready. You can't ask a Vice-President of the United States, even a Republican, to walk down the path—"

During the evening of the day the letter came, Father burst into the kitchen after he had come upon Henry Warner kissing my sister Anne out near the chairs overlooking the lake. Mother and I had talked about Henry and Anne a lot previous to that, but Father hadn't thought Anne would go seriously with a farm boy, so he had closed his mind to the matter until he

discovered it himself. That was his way: He had to discover things for himself. You couldn't *tell* Father anything. Once he believed a thing, he could ignore someone telling him the opposite more completely than anyone else I ever knew.

He began to stride up and down the floor. Mother, who was sewing, glanced up.

Suddenly he shouted, "Dammit, I won't stand for it. You hear, Levia. I won't stand for it."

Mother said quietly, "Sit down, Farnsworth."

Father paused in mid-step and squinted at her suspiciously. Mother's eyes remained placid and innocent.

Then he told her about Henry Warner and Anne.

UNLIKE most men who are given to occasional family shouting, Father did not shout because of anger. He shouted for two reasons: when he was unsure of his facts, or unsure of the way they were going across. The volume of his shouting was in direct proportion to his doubts in these matters. He tried to convince by sheer force of sound.

He shouted, "I will have no child of mine marrying a low-income farmer, a—we might as well face it—a hick."

"You married one yourself, dear."

"And I—" But he was trapped. His loud tones took on the hurt, plaintive quality of a man who, when he is meeting the enemy head on in honorable conflict, finds himself kicked in the pants.

"Now, Levia, that was different. I took you away from all that. A woman goes to the home of her husband. Anne would be exiled in country poverty."

"I was," Mother said.

Father fell back to his last line of defense. His body slumped, his head bowed. For a long moment he stood still. When at last he spoke, his voice had the musical resonance of an organ's low notes. "Very well, Levia, what I think does not matter. I must not forget that I am a retired has-been now, whose counsel is worth nothing."

Usually this was effective because Mother loved him very much and her heart was as big as all outdoors. She would listen to none of that "has-been" talk.

Mother snipped the thread with a little click, gathered up her sewing basket, and started for the living room, detouring around the toolboxes which the plumbers had left in front of the kitchen sink. She paused near the door. "So I am a hick, am I?"

Father's roar split the air. "I never said that! Why—"

But Mother had closed the door with a crisp little bang. Father had a handful of his bushy hair in each hand, his face lifted in supplication to the ceiling.

"Mortimer," he said to me, "though your mother is a very remarkable woman, women do not always react with the same sane reasonableness you find in men." He followed Mother into the other room to try again.

As far as Father was concerned, one farmer was exactly the same as all other farmers, just as one Chinese was the same as any other. If you pinned him down he would admit that *all* farmers probably weren't hicks, that the graduates of agricultural colleges might be all right, even that some farmers must be getting rich, judging from the prices we were paying. But he made these admissions as if he didn't expect to meet any such farmers himself. In exactly the same way he admitted that probably there were Republicans who were politically honest and wise, but you could see he didn't really deep-down believe this thing which common sense told him he ought to admit.

If all Father's ideas had been as unsound as this one about farmers, Mother would long since have been making all the family decisions. But in matters which had come within his actual experience, Father was practical and very shrewd. His trouble stemmed from generalizing even more than most people about matters outside his experience and then closing his mind. It was something we had to face from the beginning in our household, just as some households face chronic gambling or drinking.

When Father retired, Mother maneuvered him into buying Slateledge, a point that jutted out into Lake Champlain half a mile from the main road. They hired an architect to submit plans for doing over the house which was already there, and plans for building a small guesthouse near by.

THEN Father began to look for people to work for him. He had bad luck. All the men he asked would "change work," but they wouldn't work for wages at a time when the farm work needed doing.

But most of them said, "Henry Warner would be just the man for you. He's handy." So Father drove our new touring car over to the Warner farm.

"The Zebulon Warner farm," he told Mother. "These farmers don't even show any sanity about naming people."

We found Zebulon Warner's son Henry out in a field riding a manure spreader. Father beckoned to him but he finished the load before he drove over next to the fence and stopped. He didn't get down.

Father called, "Young man, do you want a job?"

"No," said Henry.

That was Father's first experience with Henry's loquacity. He swore under his breath, got out of the car, walked over to the fence and began to talk. Father could be very persuasive when he wanted to. When he finished his arguments he paused expectantly. Henry said nothing.

Father went over the arguments again. Still Henry said nothing. Finally Father said, "Well, young man, will you do the work?"

"Yes," said Henry.

Father looked exasperated but kept control of himself. He set the time and the rate of pay. Then he drove away. On the way home Mother, who had been silent a long time, said, "Anne, did you see many wild strawberries when you went out to pick them, just before the young man changed his mind about working at our place?"

Henry appeared for work the next morning and I heard Father talking to Mother about it with that baffled air that the people of rural Vermont always engendered in him. "I told him about those stone steps down to the beach. I explained it all pretty carefully. He just stood there looking at me. So I told him the whole thing again in a different way. And he still just stood and looked at me. So I said, 'Do you think you can do it?' He said, 'Yes.' Would he have just gone on standing there forever if I hadn't asked him that?"

Mother said tartly, "He would have

(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

We must have made a peculiar picture as we went out the door. We crossed the porch and suddenly Father shouted, "Now then, put up your hands, all of you!"





TOO MUCH BRASS

Congressmen—and some distinguished military leaders—are fed up with lobbying and talking out of turn by Army and Navy officers. Here a veteran Washington correspondent who also is an ex-Army officer gives you the low-down

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

THE Army and Navy took a painful shellacking in the recent session of Congress, and they have only themselves to blame. Congressional leaders are rapidly becoming fed up with being harangued and high-pressured by certain generals and admirals.

This growing resentment is not confined to civilian ranks, and its importance can be gauged by the enraged reaction and uneasy concern it has caused the most distinguished levels of the military itself. A notable, and little-publicized, recent instance is the former was the resignation from the Marines of Brigadier General Merritt A. Edson. He quit because, as he expressed it, he could no longer countenance "the assumption of power by the military in Washington."

"I am a military man and proud of it," Edson declared. "But when we reach the point where the military are directing, instead of supporting, our country's policies, we are far along the road to loss of what this country has always stood for. It was because of this trend of events that I finally reached the very difficult decision to resign from the Marines and return to Vermont."

The official silence that greeted Edson's blunt protest is very significant. A native Vermonter and graduate of the state university, Edson enlisted in the Marines in 1917, won a commission, and after World War I, made the Corps his profession. In World War II, he won the Congressional Medal of Honor and was promoted to general officer.

Last spring, General A. A. Vandegrift, commandant of the Marines, personally selected Edson to head the Corps' Plans and Policies Division. This agency is comparable to the elite OPD of the Army's General Staff, and its directorship is given only to the Corps' brightest brass. Also, Vandegrift made strenuous efforts to dissuade Edson from resigning, but resign he did and is now head of the Vermont State Police.

That explains why no brass hat of Army, Navy or Marines had one word to say regarding Edson's outburst. There was nothing they could say about him or his views.

The concern of the highest military levels over growing Congressional and public resentment against military meddling in national affairs is evidenced by several equally significant incidents that brought on by General Dwight D. Eisenhower, soon to leave as Army Chief of Staff to become president of Columbia University, and General George Marshall, former Chief of Staff and now Secretary of State.

In the capital, the two great leaders are distinctly a class by themselves so far as the military is concerned. Marshall and Eisenhower are universally regarded as statesmen in the finest sense of that word. Congress differentiates sharply between Marshall and Eisenhower and most other generals and admirals.

Eisenhower did his whipcracking on the labor front. In an unpublicized directive (War Department Circular No. 344) he sternly ordered the Army to keep its pipe down on this hotly controversial question. Entitled "Policy with Respect to Statements Concerning Strikes, Lockouts and other Industrial Disputes," the directive declared:

"The responsibility for handling labor relations is vested in other government agencies, and it is not the function of the War Department to pass judgment on, or otherwise to inject itself into, questions of this character. Wherever possible, the Army avoids any form of involvement in industrial disputes and under no circumstances does it take sides in them. Therefore, Army officers will refrain from public statements expressing opinion on the merits of a controversy or which may otherwise be construed as partial to one side or the other."

Marshall administered his spanking in the form of a pointed lecture to brass hats at the War College. He bluntly told his former colleagues that they did too much yapping about Congressional budget pruning and not enough honest elimination of waste and extravagance. If there were more sincere economizing by the military, he declared, they would have far less difficulty obtaining appropriations from Congress.

"You have not put enough effort into the problem of reducing military costs," Marshall said. "You err when you submit dogmatic requirements. It is useless to say that political leaders fail to give you what you want unless you can assure the public that you did your best in keeping down estimates.

"You must realize very clearly that it will become more and more difficult to obtain military appropriations from Congress that swell the budget disproportionately. The Army has never put sufficient effort into preparing studies on its budget which will make military requirements clear to civilians."

Result: Slashes in Appropriations

Both the Army and the Navy had plenty of reason to rue this obtuseness in the recent session of Congress. They paid for it in deep slashes in their appropriations.

The Army's would have been a lot deeper if it hadn't been for Eisenhower's testimony before the powerful House Appropriations Committee. He succeeded in soothing some ruffled feelings and in retrieving some of the ground lost by less able Army spokesmen.

When Eisenhower was rushed up to the committee, Congressional leaders were in a fighting mood. They and their constituents had been subjected to a deluge of Army lobbying and propaganda. The attitude of the committee members was expressed by Representative Albert J. Engel, six-term Michigan Republican, veteran of World War I and father of a son who fought in Patton's Third Army.

"The War Department's lobby," Engel hotly charged, "is downright vicious. It ranks with the worst I have ever seen here. If a private corporation resorted to some of the practices that seem to be standard on the part of generals in meddling and interfering with Congressional business, the executives of that corporation would be thrown into jail.

"At one committee hearing I caught General Richards (Major General George J. Richards, Army budget officer) signaling witnesses on what to testify. I had to order this general to behave himself. On another occasion, during a debate in the House on an Army appropriation, an assistant of General Richards sat in a gallery sending notes to members on the floor. I got up on the floor and raised hell about this. That put an end to it.

"There has also been a flood of propaganda, most of it inspired by the military, to the general effect that we have reduced budgets arbitrarily and recklessly. That is absolutely untrue. This committee sincerely desires to give the Army and Navy whatever funds they need to maintain strong and adequate establishments. But we insist that waste and extravagance be eliminated, that the military fully justify their vast appropriation requests as all other government agencies are required to do, and that they give us the facts without trickery, camouflage and propaganda. We are responsible to the people who bear the burden of these huge expenditures. The military is serving them, not bossing them or Congress."

Eisenhower made no defense of the Army's lobbying antics. Instead, he gave the committee unqualified assurance that the Army would bow uncomplainingly to the will of Congress.

"We have presented to you," he said, "our request for the funds that we think we need. This is the best judgment of the War Department at this time. But I want to say to you that the War Department recognizes the constitutional responsibilities of the Congress. When the Congress has made its deliberate judgment on the portion of the national income that can be devoted to the mission of the Army, the War Department will live within the decision that the Congress has made.

"There will be no recriminations and no complaints by anyone within the War Department. If I hear of anyone acting or speaking to the contrary there will be another in his place when it comes to my attention. I believe in the American system and the American way of doing things."

The declaration unquestionably helped the Army appreciably in this instance. But, unfortunately, there are very few Eisenhowers among the military and it was not possible for him to race up to the Hill every day to undo blunders perpetrated by other Army brass.

The hostile attitude toward the military that repeatedly manifested itself in high Congressional quarters was one of the most significant behind-the-scenes developments of the recent session. It is particularly significant for two reasons: The present Congress is a very conservative body and usually the military fare best under such circumstances; and the hostility was of a personal nature. It was not organized and there was no antimilitary bloc. It was merely that leaders and members developed a high personal sensitivity to the aggressiveness of the military in national affairs.

Leaders such as Senator Styles Bridges, New Hampshire, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, Representative Daniel A. Reed, ranking Republican member of the House Ways and Means Committee, and Representative Clare Hoffman, Michigan, chairman of the Committee on Executive Agency Expenditures, publicly voiced their displeasure.

"Many of us in Congress feel the military talk too much about policies," said Senator Bridges. "Also, they are distinctly out of their field when they lobby for the passage *(Continued on page 76)*

THE DEVIL IS A GENTLEMAN

BY CHARLES B. CHILD

Inspector Chafik wondered how many men had been clay in the lovely hands of Khurrem the Dancer



THE little man who entered the Cabaret of the Great Caliph, behind the fashionable Saa'dun Quarter of the modern city of Baghdad, stood for a moment in the shadows, as if he were shy of this walled garden where patrons sat in booths discreetly screened by flowering shrubs.

He looked at the stage where an orchestra of various wind instruments, strings and drums was playing varying rhythms, while a slender girl sang a single note and then surrounded it with an arabesque of grace notes. It was music without harmony, but the man had not a Western ear and found it pleasing. As the girl began to dance, he walked down a path between the high wall and the shrubs and entered a booth so unobtrusively that the solitary occupant did not notice him.

Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department carefully dusted a chair and said as he sat down, "If the thoughts of men were public, one would be justified in raiding this place. And even you, my dear Abdullah, would see the inside of a cell."

The tall, gaunt man hastily looked away from the stage, but seeing the smile lurking in the dun-colored eyes of his companion, he raised a hand in protest. "Sir, my concentration was purely of a professional nature—" Sergeant Abdullah began, and wriggled in his seat when the Inspector interrupted:

"The purity of it is what I doubt. The girl is indeed gifted." They both looked at the stage where the dancer turned full circle with swiftly moving feet and made of her body a reed rippling in a hot wind of passion.

Watching her, Chafik wondered how many men had been clay in the flowerlike hands of Khurrem. His records at headquarters described her as a Syrian, but many details of her life were lacking and this was irritating to the tidy mind of the little man. He said, voicing his worry, "She has danced in Cairo, Beirut and Teheran. Her lovers are always military men or government officials and she ignores others although they are often wealthier. An odd thread in the pattern, for surely a woman of this profession is solely interested in money?" He shrugged and then said, "But on the record one could not refuse her entry into Iraq. A suspicion is not a fact, and you, Abdullah, will now report to me only with facts."

The sergeant answered as if reading from his notes, "On your orders I have watched this woman for a week. Her favor goes to Major Ali Rasim of the 2d Mountain Brigade. He is infatuated and sits nightly in the booth at the top right corner of the garden, where she often joins him."

Inspector Chafik turned his sleek head, the black hair oiled and brushed until it had the sheen of silk. The lights in the garden were dim, but he could see a man in the booth. Major Rasim was the younger son of an aristocratic Baghdadi family and the brigade with which he served was organized for frontier defense. Chafik lighted a cigarette and said, "This is a matter for Military Intelligence. We, as the political and criminal police, are solely interested in civilians."

"Among the civilians, sir, Mohammed Shaalan is captivated by the girl—"

"Shaalan, Mohammed. Eldest son of Ibn Shaalan, a sheik of the Muntafiq." The Inspector was quoting from his records and as he partly closed his eyes he could see the card on which the particulars were entered. "Rich," he went on. "Spends more time in Baghdad than on his father's estate. Weakness, women. Arrogant. Hot-tempered. Is the man here?"

"In the booth opposite." Sergeant Abdullah looked across the cool garden and then said, "He has gone now, but he was there when you arrived. The girl ignores him."

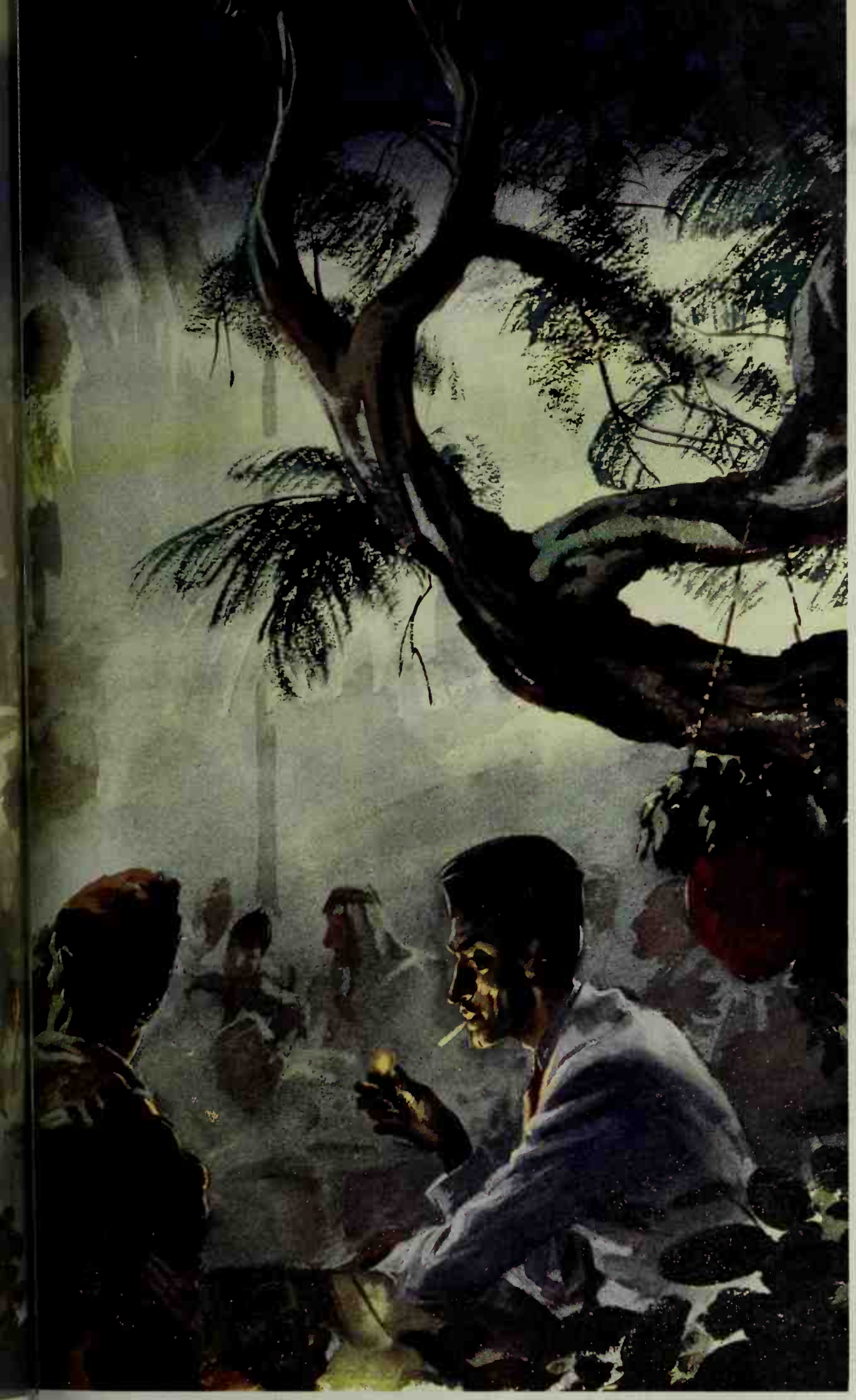
"Other men?"

"They are as bees around the queen," Sergeant Abdullah said.

"A queen bee," Chafik said, "has an unattractive appearance and is often swollen with eggs. One cannot say Khurrem is unattractive. Or swollen," he added, watching the girl who had finished her dance and was now bowing to the applau drew back into the shadows as the dancer stage and walked lightly to the booth where Rasim was sitting.

"The names of the other men—" began S Abdullah.

A woman's scream ripped the perfume of the night and was followed by a momen lence, broken only by the croaking of frog irrigation ditches squaring the lawn. A scream ran in mocking echoes within the hig and as panic gripped the crowd Inspector said calmly, "Tell the police at the doors to body out. It appears there is entertainment at the Great Caliph tonight." He vaulted the and ran for the booth Khurrem had entere one brief glance he turned to the men who c at his heels. "Return to your seats," he saic



"If the thoughts of men were public," Chafik said, "one would be justified in raiding this place. And even you, Abdullah, would see the inside of a cell"

ce are already here." His voice, not overloud, the quality of a whip.

ntering the booth, he looked at the girl who ched against the shrubs with gloved hands to ace; her eyes were black pits. She was about to am again when the little man caught her wrist slapped her cheek. "It would be wise to forget erics," he said. "I shall have many questions sk."

hurrem whispered, "See, see! Oh, God the ciful! The major—"

hafik interrupted, "Bodies have no rank or title. are all equal before God," and going to the he looked at the man in military uniform who huddled low in a chair, his chin on his breast, mouth open.

om the base of the neck at the right shoulder ected the wooden handle of a knife. A small patch of blood stained Major Rasim's light summer tunic. The Inspector ignored the knife and put his hand on the man's heart. Casually, voicing thoughts, he said, "It was to be expected he would be dead, with the knife in such a spot." Lifting his strange, ageless eyes to the girl, who was now quiet, he continued, "Such a thrust could be made with the arm of the killer lovingly around his neck. It could also be made by one standing behind on the path between the bushes and the wall. Was your arm around his neck?"

"I? You suggest—" Khurrem straightened her slender body and said in the husky voice of anger, "My arm was not around his neck. I entered the booth and thought he was sleeping. He drinks too much and you can see the whisky on the table. I spoke to him and then I put my hand on him." She covered her face with her hands.

"And then you saw the knife," Chafik prompted gently.

"Yes, I saw *that*. And only half an hour before we sat and talked."

"So he was killed when you were on the stage and all eyes were on you. Even I was watching you. But what did you see from the stage? Surely you sang for your lover?"

"The booth is in shadow. One cannot see into it from the stage. And who says he was my lover?" There was a challenge in the question, and throwing back her cloud of hair Khurrem looked at the Inspector with hatred tempered by fear.

He answered softly, "I know many things about you and will know more. Come to me tomorrow and bring your passport. The name is Chafik J. Chafik." He turned to Sergeant Abdullah who had just arrived with a squad of police summoned from a near-by station. The sergeant was ordering back a man who had roughly pushed his way through the crowd, but the Inspector said, "Permit Mr. Hassoon to pass. He has a right here." He had recognized the owner of the cabaret.

"What is this? What is this?" demanded Hassoon, hugging his hands to his breast and contorting his thin body into a gigantic question mark. "I have always had a respectable cabaret," he said. "You, Inspector Chafik, know I give good entertainment without vice. Now a woman screams and the police gather like flies on a festering wound—"

"There has not been time for the wound to fester," Chafik said mildly, and moving aside from the body he asked, "You know him, Mr. Hassoon?"

"Major Rasim!" The shrill voice sank to a whisper as the proprietor peered at the body and projecting knife. "Murder? Oh, Compassionate God, what wickedness has this woman caused?" He turned so quickly on Khurrem that Chafik thought he was going to strike her and caught his arm.

"Why do you think the woman is the motive for the crime?" he asked sharply.

HASSOON was calmer now but his voice was edged with anger as he said, "A woman who sings and dances is as honey to men. When she gives her favors to one the evil begins. Perhaps I am in the wrong business," he said looking with distaste from the dancer to the body. He took a handful of salted melon seeds from his pocket and politely offered them to Chafik, who bowed his thanks but preferred his cigarette. "As I have told you, I make every effort to keep the atmosphere of my cabaret clean," Hassoon went on, "but I have often looked on the faces of my guests and found them lustful." He took the husk of a melon seed from his mouth and placed it tidily in an ash tray.

Chafik said dryly, "We appear to share the same opinion. As you are so observant, my dear Mr. Hassoon, can you tell me who was particularly jealous of Major Rasim?"

"There were many, but I have noted one man who looked at him with hatred—but I must be loyal to my guests even if I dislike their ways."

"Major Rasim was also your guest. You must not withhold information."

"True. The name I was about to mention was Mohammed Shaalan."

Chafik gave Abdullah a warning look because the sergeant had said, "By God and by God!"

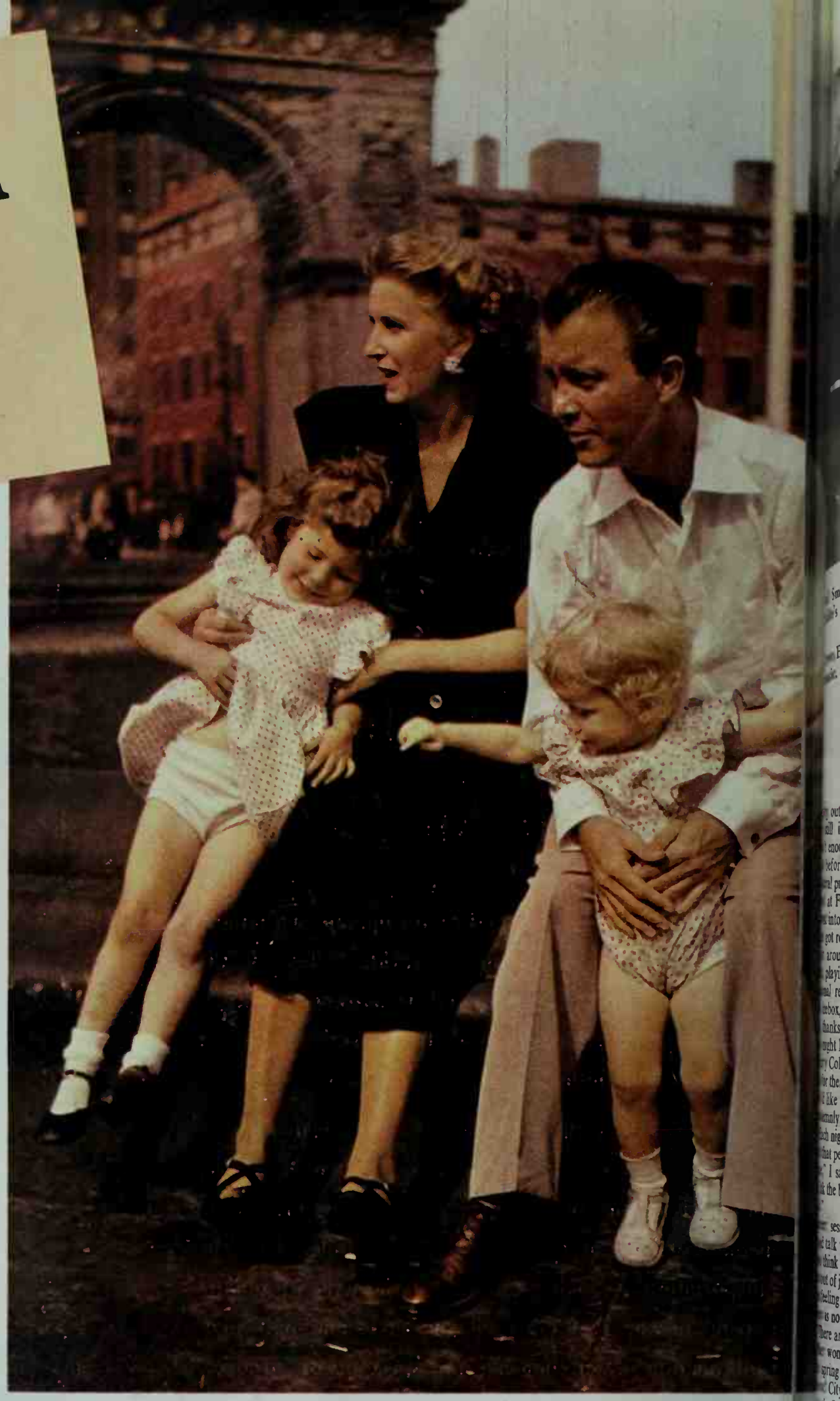
Then the Inspector said quietly, "Let us go to your office, Mr. Hassoon. Abdullah, look for the son of Ibn Shaalan and if he is still in the cabaret bring him to me." He gave the corpse a brief glance. "Obviously the killer took the precaution to wear gloves, but of course test the knife for fingerprints. Detectives are more fortunate in fiction," Inspector Chafik added sadly. . . .

In the office behind the stage, where there were also dressing rooms for the entertainers, the little man sat and waited. He lighted the inevitable cigarette while Hassoon munched melon seeds. Presently the sergeant ushered into the room a sharp-nosed, swarthy man who was dressed in the fine cotton and silk robes of a tribal Arab. The gray headcloth which shaded his face was bound with a cord of braided goat's hair making a double ring about his head, and as his robes swirled Chafik noticed the holster of a *(Continued on page 65)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

BROTHER JAZZ

THE STORY OF EDDIE CONDON



With his wife, Phyllis, and daughters Maggie, 4, and Lisa, 2, Eddie relaxes in Washington Squa Pa

How jazz music moved from a speak-easy called the Stork Club to the august environment of Town Hall, with station stops on luxury liners and bread lines

Conclusion

BY EDDIE CONDON AND THOMAS SUGRUE

THE Stork Club was an old brownstone on West Fifty-eighth Street just west of Sixth Avenue. We went to work there in the fall of 1931. We hadn't yet met the owner. After our first set, McKenzie went out to the vestibule and paced the floor. He needed $500 to save an insurance policy and he didn't know where to get it.

As he walked and smoked he became aware that someone was watching him, a man dressed like an Oklahoma horse trader.

"Do you like this place?" the man asked.

"How could I like it when I can't get enough dough to keep an insurance policy that will take care of my family in case someone hates my singing and puts a hole in my head?" Red said bitterly.

"How much to you need?" the man asked.

"Five hundred dollars," McKenzie said. "Do you sing here, too?"

The man reached into his pocket and took out a wad of bills. Red stared. The roll was two stories deep.

"Take a thousand," the man said, handing him the roll. "You may need it."

Red peeled off ten hundred-dollar bills. "That's a lot of dough to be carrying around," he said shakily, handing back the roll. "If the guys who run this joint see it you may have to leave it behind when you go."

"I think I'll stay," the man said. "I own the place. My name is Billingsley. I hope you'll be happy here; the customers seem to enjoy your music."

McKenzie was a different man when he came back. "I just met the most wonderful guy in the world," he said. "His name is Sherman Billingsley. He's our boss and I want you lousy bums to treat him with respect."

Joe Sullivan and I were living in a two-room garden apartment at the rear of a building on Fifty-fourth Street between Park and Lexington. We had birthdays in the same section of November. We decided to celebrate them with parties; Joe's was first.

"We can begin at half past two, right after we finish work," I said.

"We need a piano," Joe said. "I can't have a birthday party without a piano."

We found an upright for sale. It was old, battered and parched; the price was ten dollars. We hired three Negroes with a truck. I telephoned a piano tuner and asked him to be ready to administer to a sick piano.

The piano tuner was waiting when we got there. He took the front off the upright and worked for hours. It was so old and so dry that he was afraid to bring it up to standard pitch for fear it would explode, but when he finished, it was in tune.

The guests were on time; it was easy not to be late at two thirty in the morning. Since it was Joe's party several of the guests were pianists; they took turns at the upright. Later Fats Waller dropped in; for a while he and Joe alternated at the keyboard.

We toasted the first day of Joe's twenty-sixth year with Billingsley's brandy. After that I remember little.

Our guests finally left and we went to bed. We woke up in time to get dressed and go to work. I walked into the living room. There had not been much disorder and some of the girls had cleared away the glasses and emptied the ash trays. But something had happened which now slow I n called. Two dozen of the best hot piano pl ers town had been banging on the upright for f tinuous hours, with the front off to get volur membered a piano hammer sailing past r hea while Fats was playing, and another landin in lap. They had snapped off under the impa left hand.

Now I saw piano hammers all over the fl r. an on the chairs and in the lounge. One of th hanging from a picture. The boys had beaten the upright to death. I walked o r looked at the corpse. Some of the hamm

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS



Paul Smith, advertising executive and jazz enthusiast (and incidentally Eddie's brother-in-law), listens to Condon. Smith also plays the guitar



Town Hall concerts, begun in 1942, provided larger audiences for the new music. Here Gene Schroeder is at the piano while Condon strums rhythm



Dimitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony (right), is one of the serious musicians to applaud jazz music as an art form

anging out, broken but not snapped off. Others ere still intact. I tried the keyboard. There eren't enough notes left to play an octave.

Just before Christmas, the Stork was padlocked federal prohibition agents. In a few weeks it re-pened at Fifty-first Street and Park Avenue and went into it. We worked until spring; then Mc-enzie got restless and joined the Whiteman band. I sat around New York with my teeth in my outh, playing parties and club dates, making an casional record, changing my clothes in Plun-tt's icebox, keeping alive on free steaks at the nyx, thanks to Joe Helbock.

One night I walked in and found Jimmy Dorsey d Jerry Colonna at the bar; Helbock was mixing inks for them.

"We'd like to ask you to join us, Eddie," Dorsey d solemnly, "but we just decided on a new sys-n. Each night one person will buy all the drinks; night that person is you."

"Fine," I said. I turned to Helbock. "Joe," I d, "ask the boys how they'll have their water, hot cold."

Between sessions at the piano Joe Sullivan used sit and talk with me. "Eddie," he said one night, you think the public will ever make an honest man out of jazz?"

I was feeling bitter; my rent was overdue.

"There is no such thing as an honest woman," I d. "There are just women who get higher prices n other women. Jazz is in the lower brackets."

In the spring of 1933, McKenzie left Whiteman; Mound City Blue Blowers reorganized and re-ned to the Stork Club. In November repeal came d we were out of a job again.

South of Harlem, the headquarters of jazz was the mmodore Music Shop. It became a meeting ce for jazz enthusiasts. One of these was Paul ith, an illustrator, art director, aviator, adver-ng executive and amateur guitarist.

Sometimes Milton Gabler, proprietor of the p, asked me to assist him in identifying the per-mers on a certain record.

No company ever bothered to list the personnel a popular or jazz record; the only way to iden-the performers was to ask a musician who had n on the date. I listened to Gabler talk about the atness of jazz, its recognition as an art by the ple of Europe, and its future in America.

"Do you think it will be recognized here before die?" I asked him once.

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled; his eyes the look of a kid sunk in a dream.

"It's recognized now," he said. "It's just a mat-of spreading it to a larger number of people. Over here we never think anything is recognized until the entire population takes it up; then we get tired of it and call it common and look for something else. You can't do that with an art; in fact, I don't think an art is ever popular; there aren't enough people with taste and understanding to make it popular. It's the cheap imitations of art that are sold by the million."

That summer we rehearsed a band for the Onyx, which had suffered a fire and was being redecorated; Jack Kapp of Decca let us use one of his studios. By August the band sounded almost musical; it contained a couple of men I hadn't previously known. They were Mike Riley, a trombonist, and Ed Farley, a cornet player.

Bandstand Clowns Try Pie-Throwing

We opened and I found out about Riley and Farley. During rehearsals they had conducted themselves as musicians; an audience transformed them into clowns. They poured water over each other, scuffled, mugged, and did everything but play music. Manny Klein, a cornet player who dropped in for a drink and saw the slapstick, went out and bought a lemon-meringue pie. He gave it to Riley and said, "I dare you." Riley took the pie and hit Farley in the face with it. After that it happened every night. I called them "Lemon Meringue" and "Custard."

When the clowning started I left the stand and went to the bar. No matter how low you fall, I thought, there's always room underneath. But a man isn't compelled to step down. I didn't. I was fired.

McKenzie and I moved to an opposition club across the street, the Famous Door.

One morning early in 1936, I woke up with a blazing pain which filled me from my neck to my hips. They took me to Polyclinic Hospital, and six doctors tried to diagnose the trouble. One of them was Dr. McGrath, who had been a surgeon for fifty years.

"Please, Doc," I said to him, "operate here." I drew a finger across my throat.

The blood count on my white corpuscles was high, indicating infection. It was decided to operate immediately. I was put behind a screen.

They gave me ether and operated. My pancreas had burst and its juice was dripping into my abdomen, trying to digest whatever it touched. Half of my appendix was gone. No one had any hope for me.

When the operation was finished I was wheeled into the death room, a small cubicle where a man can pass out without bothering his fellow patients. My temperature went to 106 and I began to sink.

The fever lasted for three days and three nights. I was rubbed with whisky and wrapped in hot blankets. When McKenzie found out about the whisky massages he brought a bottle from the Famous Door.

"What's that for?" Miss Roach, the nurse, asked.

"It's to rub Mr. Condon with," McKenzie said.

Miss Roach sniffed. "We use only bonded whisky!" she said.

McKenzie stared. "To rub a guy with?" he said.

He opened the bottle and he and Bunny Berigan and Joe Bushkin drank it.

There was no chance for me, but Slovak, an intern friend of mine, kept trying. I was given extreme unction, the church's last sacrament for the dying. Then my temperature came down, my mind cleared, and I began to get well.

Fifty-second Street was booming when I got back to work. After the Famous *(Continued on page 68)*

THE VOICE OF ALBANY'S SILE

LAST year, the Republican m
jority leader of the New Y
State Assembly decided t
there was no chance for advancem
in his job and announced that he
retiring to become dean of one of
schools at Cornell University.
mediately thereafter, on March
1946, a wake was held for the politi
corpse in a touching testimonial d
ner at Albany's Ten Eyck Hotel.
printed program of the dinner bore
likeness of the corpse, with an
scription underneath, reading: "W
done, thou good and faithful serva

Governor Thomas E. Dewey st
up, patted the good and faithful se
ant on the back and allowed as how
would be missed, but that the polit
world's loss was the academic wor
gain. Lieutenant Governor Joe
Hanley then got up and echoed
boss' sentiments, and Irwin Stein
the Democratic minority leader of
Assembly, brushed a tear from
cheek and delivered an oration on
worthiness of his former opponent

That was less than a year and a l
ago. Since then, the corpse—Ir
McNeil Ives by name—has develo
remarkable signs of vitality.
months after he was buried politica
Ives was resurrected when De
could find no other Republican in
state to throw in against for
Governor Herbert Lehman in the 1
senatorial election. Two months a
that, Ives was elected. Thir
months, to the day, after the wak
the Ten Eyck Hotel, he broke fr
man-senator tradition by leading
bate on the floor of the Senate
scoring victories over Robert
phonso Taft of Ohio.

As a result of all this, Ives is b
hailed in various authoritative q
ters as (a) Dewey's spokesman in
Senate, placed there to duel skillf
with Taft and Senator Arthur V
denberg, in the Dewey Preside
offensive; (b) the most influe
freshman senator to grace the Ca
in the memory of a half-dozen W
ington correspondents; (c) the
Republican Vice-Presidential ca
date if Dewey is stopped at the G. P
convention, and a Middle Weste
like Taft is chosen to head the ti
and (d) the next governor of
York, with a good chance to b
Republican nominee for Preside
1952 or 1956.

Much of this, of course, is op
dispute by other experts, skeptics
Democrats, who claim that Ives i
a skillful spokesman or an adv
man for Dewey, but merely is a st
who takes his orders by direct
phone line from the supposedly S
Man of Albany; that he exists
Vice-Presidential candidate only i
carefully planted rumors of Taft
lowers who are trying to spli
Dewey camp; and that his pr
position is based mostly on his re
tion as a friend of labor, and if he

Senator Irving M. Ives, here posed before the statue, The Driller, in the Museum of Natural History, Washington, has won prestige among his colleagues as a labor expert and a man very close to Republican potentate Thomas E. Dewey

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS KNOPF

AN

Senator Irving M. Ives has been notably successful in talking like a liberal and voting like a conservative. The result: prestige for himself and a flock of assorted votes for his political mentor, Governor Dewey

BY BILL DAVIDSON



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

One of the most elaborate of political wakes was given Ives in 1946 by Oswald Heck, left, and Governor Dewey. A year later Ives was a potent freshman in the U.S. Senate

nues to alienate labor as he seems to ave done since he came to Congress, e will have a tough time getting ected to anything.

These items are highly controver- al, and either—or neither—side may one hundred per cent correct. There one point, however, about which ere is no argument whatever. It is nerally agreed in Washington that e tall, good-looking, 51-year-old es has bounded from the limbo of scarded politicians to a position of most unprecedented power for a eshman senator.

This showed up for the first time hen the 13-man Senate Labor and ublic Welfare Committee met one y last spring to begin consideration the labor legislation which eventu- y became the Taft-Hartley Bill.

Mr. Taft Was All Smiles

Robert Taft was the chairman of at committee and Ives was its low- -ranking junior member. Taft came all smiles, and handed out printed pies of the stringent labor measure hich he personally had drawn up in njunction with Senator Joseph H. ll of Minnesota. "All right now," said, "let's get to work and start on ge one of my bill."

At this point, according to other nators present, Ives said, "There are ot of things in your bill that I don't ree with, Senator. So I've brought ng copies of my own bill."

Taft was struck speechless by this, d Ball turned a flaming shade of . "*Your* bill?" Taft asked finally, a tone calculated to chill the wet ts behind the ears of the freshman. "Yes," said Ives. And while Taft ked on helplessly, the junior sen- r from New York passed out type- tten copies of his bill.

From that point on, the junior ator from New York led a combi- ion of four Democrats and three eral Republicans to a series of 7 to 6 tories over some of the sterner pro- ons of Taft's bill. Later, he fought t again on the floor—until he went a series of spectacular reversals sumably due to party pressure) wound up on Taft's side. Many erts consider that once he joined t's side, he became the keyman in passing of the Taft-Hartley Bill r President Truman's veto. No less n ten Republican senators admit- y looked to Ives for a lead on how vote on the bill, and even Taft's ple confirm that if Ives had voted inst overriding the veto, the Taft- tley act would not be law today.

When you check over this list of Iv.-influenced senators, an interest- fact emerges: Nearly all of them from the Eastern industrial states would be Dewey supporters in the 8 Republican Presidential show- n. One begins to wonder, there- , if they vote with Ives merely because he is known as a labor expert, or because he actually does speak for the heir presumptive to the Republican nomination. Ives emphatically denies any pressure or instructions from Dewey, or even any contact with him, since he came to Washington. This may be true. There is, however, considerable evidence on the other side of the argument.

For instance, even though Ives always has been courteous and respectful in his committee work and debates, the chances are that if he weren't in very close touch with a powerful figure like Dewey, he would have been given the same freeze treatment accorded to other freshman senators who got a little too active in their first session. Ives, furthermore, *did* confer with Dewey at least three times during the debate on the labor bill—at the Gridiron Club dinner in Washington on May 10th, at the New York State Young Republicans convention at Schroon Lake, New York, at the end of May, and at the Hamilton College commencement a few days before the veto battle.

One of Ives' closest acquaintances in the Senate said, during the labor bill debate, "Ives is not a free agent. He is troubled terribly right now." Another senator points out that several times Ives argued violently for a point on one day, and then meekly voted against it on the next. He mentioned specifically page 4264 of the Congressional Record for April 28th, where Ives put up a tremendous fight to have the labor bill split up into four separate bills, and pages 4389 and 4392 of the Congressional Record of April 30th, when he abruptly changed his mind and voted for the single bill. This senator attributes Ives' changes of mind to nocturnal telephone calls.

A top Dewey aide in Albany readily confirmed these long-distance conferences. "The telephone," he said, "is a wonderful thing." One of the Capitol telephone operators reports that official calls from Albany get top priority on any of the three overtaxed telephone extensions allotted to Senator Ives—even if one of the extensions happens to be connected with the White House.

Whether he is playing Dewey's game or his own, Ives is playing it very shrewdly so far—for Dewey. While Ives is occasionally scorched by the Old Guard Republicans as "just another damned New Dealer," and by the unions as "a traitor to labor," Dewey merely says, as he has before, "Ives is to the left of me." He then proceeds to gather in the liberal votes produced by his hand-picked senator's talks, and the conservative votes that result from his own pregnant silences.

During this session Ives has sponsored two other pieces of legislation that undoubtedly are based on humanitarian motives, but follow the same pattern. His bill for a federal commission against racial and religious discrimination in employment is exactly the same as the mild New York State bill that didn't cause anybody any trouble, and brought several hundred thousand Negro, Jewish and Catholic votes into the Dewey Republican fold in 1946.

The second of these bills came about in a strange way. In 1943, during the battle of the Warsaw ghetto, a tiny, six-year-old girl named Elza Friedrych saw her father and mother slaughtered by the Nazi SS troops. Then she was spirited away and hidden by members of the Polish underground. When the war ended, two old friends of Elza's parents—Helen and Isaac Shatzkin of New York City—determined to find the little girl, adopt her, and bring her to the United States.

Inequity in the Quota Law

They spent large sums of money locating Elza. Then they had her transported to a boarding school in Sweden, and Mrs. Shatzkin flew to Stockholm to complete the adoption arrangements. There she ran into a fantastic State Department situation. Because Elza had not been precocious enough to register as a displaced person in December, 1945, when she was all of eight years old, she was ineligible to enter the United States under existing quota regulations.

Mrs. Shatzkin raved at every level of the State Department—but to no avail. Then, in desperation, she came to see Senator Ives in Washington. The result was S830, or the Ives War Orphans Bill, which is designed to permit any war orphan under 14 years of age to be admitted to the United States, just so long as an American citizen will adopt him.

Because of his feelings in matters like this, plus a tremendous amount of personal charm, Ives always has been able to stampede the women delegates at every convention at which he was a candidate. He is a slim six-footer, with graying hair and deep blue eyes, and a beautifully resonant speaking voice.

Ives comes from pre-Revolutionary Dutch-English-Presbyterian stock. He was born on January 24, 1896, in Bainbridge, New York, a tiny village in the Susquehanna Valley about halfway upstate, which is surrounded by milk cows and Allegheny foothills. The cows provided his father, a feed and grain merchant, with a comfortable living, and the mountains furnished inspiration for his mother, a former schoolteacher and minister's daughter, who was determined that her only son, Irving, should either become the President of the United States, or a Presbyterian pastor somewhere in the valley. "I want," she used to say, "his voice to be heard."

Irving's voice was heard considerably—in school plays, in the dozens of public-speaking courses his mother made him take, and on the tennis court, where he cussed out pretty Elizabeth Skinner one day, and ended up by marrying her a few years later. (She died early this summer after 27 years of marriage.) A platoon of 5th Division infantry listened to Lieutenant Ives' voice over the sound of shells during the six months of the Saint Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives in World War I. And then, when he returned to Hamilton College in 1919, to finish up his junior and senior years, a lot of other people heard him.

He was captain of the tennis team, a basketball forward, the president of his class, a member of the debating team, a baritone (like Dewey) in the glee club, the favorite leading man of the dramatic club, a Phi Beta Kappa and the editor of the yearbook. In his spare time, he sounded off with extra fortitude as a cheer leader. And back in his freshman year, he led a wild campus political campaign which netted 14 adult votes for Charles Evans Hughes in the Presidential race of 1916.

During this early period, Ives did some surprising things for a man who now is a pillar of the Republican party

(Continued on page 63)



"He said you were a four-flush
slapped him," Myra said. I began
"Kiss me," I said. She did. Seve

YOU TOO CAN BE A GENIUS

BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

In this case, genius was 10 per cent inspiration and 90 per cent Myra

IT WAS the same old thing. I looked at Myra Stewart sitting across the table from me in Harry's Bar, and why I'd had to go and fall in love with her I couldn't guess. But there it was. Not that she wasn't nice looking, with her dark hair done in a topknot and that little nose tilted up and the way her chin was, soft and round, with a dimple in it.

She looked all right, and she was a fine girl and I liked her. Only, she had these ideas.

She said, "After all, Herb, you've been out of the Army for over a year, now."

Was that something to complain about?

"Sure," I said.

"But you haven't *done* anything!"

What did she want me to do, pick a fight with Molotov?

I said, "I won eighty-five bucks in a crap game last night."

"Be serious, Herb." She leaned toward me across the table. She was earnest, intent. "Haven't you any pride? Haven't you any ambition? Look at James Wyatt."

I didn't want to.

"I'll have to look at him all week end," I said. "What was the idea of telling him we'd come to his damned farm, anyway?"

"It isn't a farm—it's a perfectly beautiful estate on Long Island."

"Oh," I said. "So that's it. I'm supposed to be struck all of a heap."

Her lips tightened. "It wouldn't occur to you," she said, "that you might have had a Long Island estate yourself, if you'd tried."

I made a noise in my throat. "Are you trying to tell me James Wyatt worked for that place himself?"

Myra blushed a little. "Well—maybe he did inherit it. But you have to admit he's running the business by himself. A big publishing firm like that!"

All he did was sign his name where somebody told him to. He wouldn't know a book if he met one in one of his favorite bars.

"Okay," I said.

"I'd be ashamed," Myra said. "You started out together in college—and now look at you! Working on a newspaper—the fifth one since you left school!"

The difference was, my old man hadn't left me fifty-one per cent of the stock in a publishing outfit. I said, "Okay, okay. Forget it."

I'd been hearing that kind of stuff ever since college. James this and James that. James was captain of the debating team. James was editor of the yearbook. I played a little second-string football and basketball, and a pretty sharp game of poker. When the war came along, James was a lieutenant in the A.G. section of Corps Headquarters, and I was an artillery sergeant. And now it was starting again.

I was pretty tired of James Wyatt.

"Forget it," I said. "Let's talk about something interesting, like: When are we going to get married?"

Myra's face tightened up again. "Not until you've made something of yourself," she said. "I don't want to marry a—a bum. A newspaper bum."

So now I was a bum. I stared at her, and I was mad. I said, "Maybe you want to marry James Wyatt."

I said, "I'm damn' tired of hearing about James Wyatt. Anybody can publish a book. If he could write one it'd be different. But he can't even write his name without using both hands."

I kept on staring at her. She was beginning to burn. Her mouth trembled a little and her topknot bobbed and swung.

"Oh!" she cried. "I suppose *you* could write a book?"

I hadn't thought of it, but why not?

"Why not?" I said.

Her jaw dropped a little.

"Herb! Do you mean—?"

Why I did it I don't know. I was just mad enough not to be able to think straight. At the time, it seemed like a good idea.

"Sure," I said.

"A book! Herb Waters! And I never suspected—!"

Neither had I. I leaned back in my chair and looked nonchalant. Myra just gawked at me. Then what the literary lads call a trace of suspicion came into her eyes.

"Just where is this book?" she said.

I made my second mistake. "Right here in my pocket."

She sat up straight and reached across the table. "Let me see it."

"Oh, no. I couldn't do that. It would disturb what we literary men call the current of inspiration."

Myra looked at me. Her eyes were big. Awed.

She said, "Is it—finished yet?"

"Not quite."

"How much longer will it take?"

I might as well make it good. "Oh," I said, "a few hours—maybe a day."

She reached across the table again and caught my hand. "Herb," she said, "I'll marry you just as soon as you finish it!" Her eyes were shining.

Mine weren't. I swallowed a couple of times. "Swell," I said. "Fine." I swallowed again. "That's just dandy."

Myra nodded happily. There were dreams in her eyes, now, plenty of them. *(Continued on page 70)*

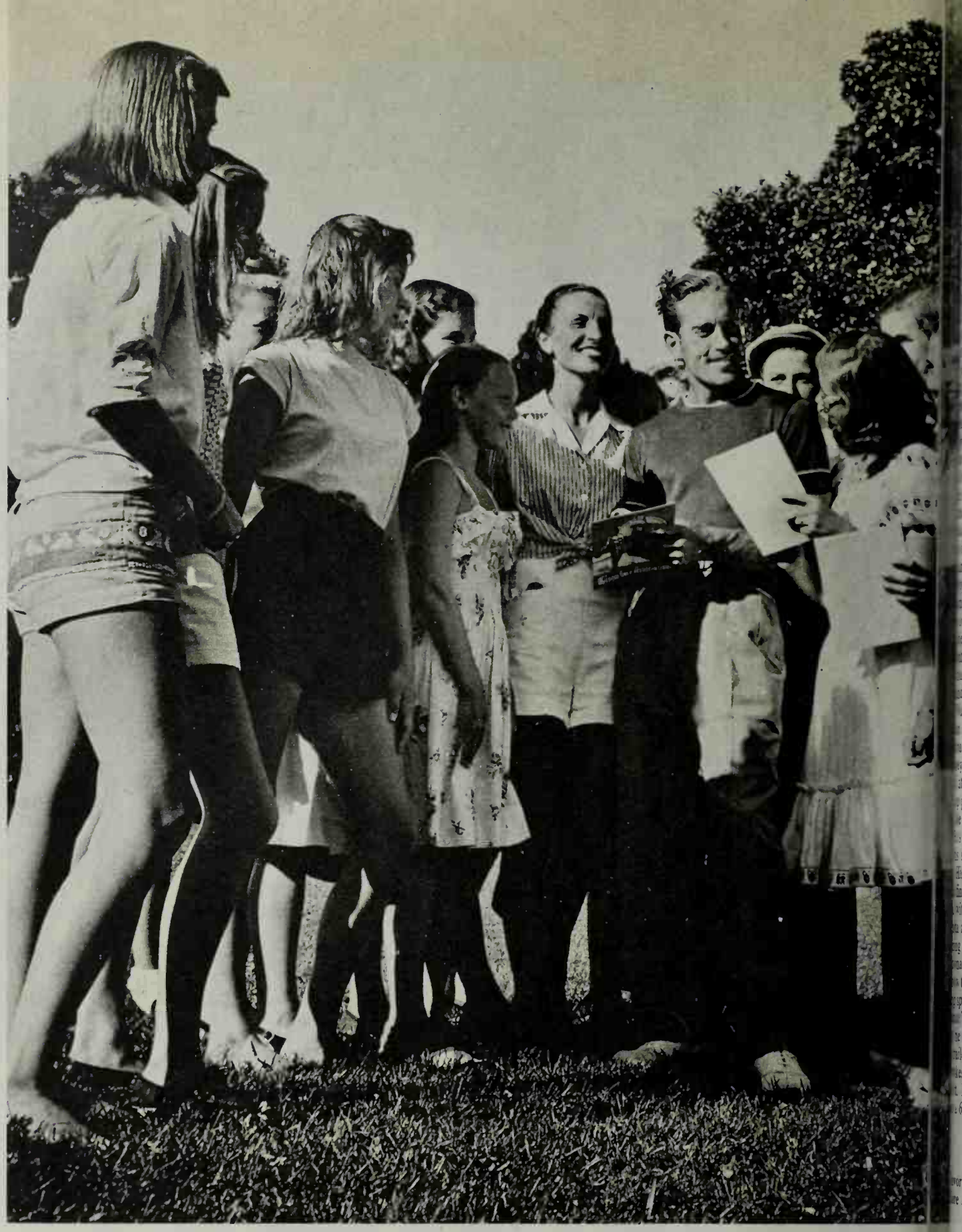
ILLUSTRATED BY EUCLID SHOOK



GOLF'S BAD BOY

BY TOM SILER

The petulant Frank Stranahan probably won't be the choice of the wise money in the coming National Amateur tournament. But he's sure to be the center of attention



When Stranahan won the semifinals of the Western Amateur, the girls, his best gallery support, crowded abou him

FRANK STRANAHAN, the golfer, is the luckiest young man in America—he is lucky to be alive. How he came this far without being clipped by a cleek is a mystery. He has irritated spectators, infuriated competitors and almost caused the British to reject the Marshall Plan. What has undoubtedly saved him is a federal law prohibiting a spectator from shooting a golfer in a trap.

His tours of England and Scotland have done as little for Anglo-Saxon amity as the Battle of Bunker Hill. His first venture among the heather saw him firing his caddy in a fit of rage. Since a Scottish caddy has the same approximate standing in the community as a Presbyterian dominie, this was regarded as sacrilege, and London papers muttered darkly that if Stranahan were part of the American loan they might need to reconsider the deal.

Last April, Frank returned as a member of the Walker Cup team and conducted himself so admirably that several Englishmen ventured to speak to him. This, naturally, couldn't last. He remained over for the British Amateur and on the very first hole of his third-round match with George Morgan, a virtual unknown from Glasgow, he did it again.

Morgan knocked in his putt for a par four and then tapped in Frank's ball, the Scot's way of conceding a half on the hole.

Stranahan flabbergasted the gallery and remote parts of the British Empire by asking for a ruling. In short he wanted credit for winning the hole because Morgan had hit his ball. The stewards ruled against him, and the English press thereafter wanted no part of him. He lost next day to Willie Turnesa, the eventual winner, and returned home amid a chorus of ironic cheers.

"A braw sort o' lad," said the Scots dourly, "but a bit daft."

But he was back again in July playing in the British Open. All he had to do on the 72d and final hole to tie Fred Daly was to sink a shot from 110 yards away. He smacked it, the ball arched high in the air, hit the green and rolled straight toward the cup. The crowd let out an awful holler, the cheers ringing loud and clear. Stranahan galloped hopefully up to find the ball three inches from the cup. His face fell.

The story now verges. According to reports in the American press the British were honoring a courageous warrior who would not be downed by adversity. Frank followed with a little speech in which he said he had been a bad boy but would be a bad boy no longer and furthermore he loved each and every one of the British race (Cheers).

Or Were They Bronx Cheers?

However, Vic Ghezzi, another title-seeking invader, had a sourer view of the proceedings.

"You don't think they were cheering that shot, do you?" he asked Frankie. "They were yelling because you missed it. That was a holler of relief."

Ghezzi was serious but it wouldn't do to interpret his sharp remark as an indictment of British sportsmanship. After all Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen and Lawson Little had a grand time collecting British championships. The natives were fond of the visitors and still talk endearingly of Jones' brilliant triumphs over there. But mention Stranahan, and the hair rises on the backs of the lions in Trafalgar Square.

As a golfer, Stranahan is the most egocentric, monomaniacal character who ever swung a mashie. His sole, constant, obsessive ambition is to be the "best golfer in the world." As a young man he sat down and considered his assets: no financial worries, no job to tie him down, a fine set of muscles and a mind that gets hold of an idea and crushes it. He is a rich man's son who has taken the golfing veil. Furthermore, he gets his determination from his father, Robert A. Stranahan, multimillionaire manufacturer of Toledo, who is himself a crack golfer and still ranks high among the seniors.

Not since Papa Feller began buying machines to build up little Robert into a great pitcher has anything approached the Stranahans. The boy's notions concerning food, drin a exercise border on the ecc tr Stranahan drinks no whisky o e he has never tasted coffee. a root beer or a strawberry po wild night, but milk is the stap be erage in his diet. Nor does he He is a prodigious consumer nanas, oranges, apples and raw e tables like carrots. Lifting 250- bar bells is his idea of fun.

Jim Ferrier, the P.G.A. cha pio tells of the time he had dinne w Frank during one of the Ca tournaments. "As soon as we sa o Frank opened a brown pape sa and pulled out a raw carrot," n calls. "While munching on t ordered four shrimp cocktai three glasses of milk. Nothir e The waitress turned a bit pa backed away a few paces as sh down his order."

Stranahan firmly believes hi monastic simplicity will lead t ing greatness. He practices mo tireless Ben Hogan, constantl perfect physical condition an

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHNA PEPPER

f somewhere with somebody vir-
lly every day in the year. Golfing
ory fails to record what part, if
, sobriety and bulging biceps
ved in the gallant championship
les of the past. Frank, however, is
remotely concerned with history—
y the present and the future. He
ws that milk was not a basic part
Hagen's diet; that Jones never
ted a bar bell in his life; that Sara-
wouldn't be caught dead nibbling
carrots.

le also knows that, strangely
ugh, poor boys win golf titles, pro
amateur. Dick Chapman is the
wealthy amateur champion since
es' prime. And virtually every pro
t is an ex-caddy. Yet Stranahan to-
is the amateur most likely to chal-
e the supremacy of the pros.

o amateur has had such a build-up
decade and a half. His brilliant
, his sharp tongue and lack of re-
nt, and the jockeying with specta-
always have him on the spot in
tournament. He'll be a major at-
ion once again when the amateur
gathers shortly at Pebble Beach,
Monte, California, for the Na-
l championship. Ted Bishop is
defending champion and Marvin
l" Ward, who recently defeated
nahan for the Western champion-
probably will be the choice of the
money. But Stranahan will be the
r of attention.

ie top pros insist Stranahan right
is like an incubator egg 20 days
. He's on the verge of breaking
of his shell and becoming a big
er. His 1947 record bears them
He finished second to Demaret
ied with Nelson in the Masters
ugusta and was only a stroke off
inning pace in the British Open.
National Amateur this year could
show that would launch him on
ning spree.

anahan's approach to the final
at the Masters was characteris-
He trailed Demaret, the leader,
e strokes. Picard told him he still
win it. Frank agreed, but added,
take a 66 to do it." It seemed a prodigal waste of time to point out that Nelson, Hogan, Chick Harbert and a few others who played golf for a living were closer to Demaret than he was. That night Stranahan ate an early dinner and whisked his pretty girl friend to her home. He tossed the weights around for an hour and practiced putting on the carpet of his hotel room for two hours. An hour's practice the next morning on woods and irons and he was ready to tee off.

He shot a brilliant 68 to tie Nelson at 283, a new amateur record for the Masters, and finished in front of 50 of the country's finest golfers. He reproached himself endlessly for not tying Demaret. Significantly, he wasn't too downhearted to go to the practice tee and bang away for another hour in the gathering twilight.

Plays Strictly for Medals

Stranahan convinced himself last year that he was ready for the best. He won the Western Amateur, Great Lakes Amateur, North and South Amateur, and Mexican Amateur, doing poorly in the National Amateur, of which more later. Against the pros Frank won the Kansas City and Fort Worth Opens, and finished no lower than fifth in six other open meets. According to his own bookkeeping he would have finished sixth among the money winners had he been allowed to accept prize money. As it was, he collected medals and left the cash for the pros. He could easily net $20,000 as a pro this year. He doesn't want to join 'em, he wants only to beat 'em.

Money, as you may have gathered, is not one of his worries. His father picks up the tab. Years ago he tried to persuade his strong-willed son to go into business. No dice. Now Frank joins the pros in January and stays with them all year, detouring during the summer long enough to compete in all the major amateur events. Otherwise, he's a fixture along golf's gold trail. He travels by motor usually and has an awful time at hotels. When the bellhops see him coming they yell, "Head for the woods, men. The barbell boy is here."

Frankie is the first to admit he's still in the doghouse in England but reports progress on this side.

"Had 'em on my side for the first time last winter," he says proudly. "I think it's the bobby-soxers."

We can personally vouch for the last part. The bobby-sox brigade rallies behind him faithfully, trails him around the course, surges in for autographs on the 18th green and even stands worshipfully by while he bangs away in interminable practice sessions.

Being a handsome brute, the gals troop along with him in a match as if it were a country picnic. By the end of the day he is hard in friendship with a few of them and occasionally dinner dates result. That's when the ladies get disillusioned. Just when things begin to get interesting, Frankie hoists himself aloft, looks at his watch, says, "Gotta get my sleep, you know," and departs. This leaves the ladies with a lot of evening still on their hands.

Frankie was dismayed in his early days when he found the gallery was against him. They evidently resented his money and were eternally rooting for some ex-caddy who was reared around the coalyard. Frankie naïvely asked the sports writers to soft-pedal the fact that he was solvent but all that got him was a belligerent lack of cooperation among the newsmen.

His appearance and demeanor also antagonized the patrons. As he comes out to the first tee, Frankie walks ramrod-straight, taking long deliberate steps, something between a strut and a swagger. He is five feet ten and has long chestnut hair that falls daringly over his forehead as he plays bareheaded. He has deep brown eyes, square shoulders and a picture physique of 175 well-scattered pounds. His slacks are impeccably tailored and his solid-colored polo shirts fit him as tightly as Mabel's girdle, giving his impressive biceps a chance to ripple.

What really started him on the way up in public approval was his match with Smiley Quick, thirty-seven-year-old Public Links champion, last year in the Western Amateur at Duluth. Smiley was the sentimental favorite. Talkative and colorful, Quick had had the spectators in his hip pocket all along, entertaining them with dire predictions of Stranahan's fate. Smiley began giving Frank the "treatment," obviously figuring his pampered rival wouldn't know how to meet the challenge.

The match quickly settled into the golfing counterpart of a barroom brawl. They began standing in the line of each other's putts, moving about while the other player executed a shot. The Emily Post of golf, whoever that is, would have been horrified. On one occasion, having the upper hand, Quick told Frank, "All your millions won't help you now." Stranahan, another time, putted out and went on to the next tee, leaving Quick to putt out alone.

"I'm going to put the spurs to you now," Quick said, as they teed off.

"With what?" snapped Stranahan.

"It won't take much with that swing you've got," retorted Smiley.

This sort of thing, unprecedented in championship golf, went on for 38 holes, by which time the gallery had eased off of gritty, leather-tough Smiley and was rooting for Stranahan, who had shown he could protect himself with brass knuckles or pillows.

Going to the 39th hole, Quick said, "I'm going to end this match now; then I'm going to take care of you out behind the clubhouse."

Stranahan's answer was a 12-foot putt for the birdie that ended the overtime match on the 39th hole. Quick walked over, shook Frank's hand quickly, and disappeared. That was the last trace of the Stranahan-Quick feud. Anticlimactic as it was, Stranahan bounced right back from that vicious battle to defeat Ward, two-time National Amateur champion, in the championship match which also went into overtime.

A month later, in the finals of the Great Lakes Amateur in Chicago,

(Continued on page 61)

k's favorite conditioning exercise is tossing the weights
. Here he's revealed "cleaning" a 150-pound bar bell



In his hotel room the tireless Mr. Stranahan devotes much of his time to polishing up on his putting game



The Stranahan grip. Exercise and golf have developed powerful hands







The Tarabucan women of southern Bolivia have a "special occasion" hat made of felt, trimmed with sequins, coins and tassels. Little do they know that its adaptation by Laddie Northridge in black felt, trimmed with tassels and felt strips, is being worn at the fashionable Stork Club





The fanciful creation on the right is the famous Cholo bat of Bolivia and Peru. Painted a glossy white, it acts as a reflector of the sun's rays. Walter Florell reflects a future note in an off-white beaver felt with bands of bright green and fuchsia satin encircling the crown

LIFTING THE LID

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

On a recent tour of South America, Martha Sawyers was fascinated by local millinery designs and sketched these hats for Collier's. Back in New York the sketches inspired leading hat designers with the results shown here





Around the Peruvian side of Lake Titicaca, Indian women wear the above hat to shade their eyes or hide from wolves. In T. Azeez, a Park Avenue jewelry store, Peter Bondi's version in felt, trimmed with ostrich tips and lace, would cause any American wolf to look twice





A legacy of the Spanish Conquistadors, this suède helmet is worn by both sexes of the Tarabucan Indians. "For Ladies Only," Florence Reichman made a velours helmet that enhances the charm of our Rockefeller Center visitor. The colorful trimming is velvet, gilt braid and pompons

THE G.I. covered his head with a steel bucket for protection, but he also used it as a chair and often as a washbasin. The silk topper ers magicians as a rabbit hutch. But in the Cor- as of South America, the Indians wear a varied tment of lids for more obvious reasons: To at- the opposite sex; as a tribal designation or spe- badge of distinction; to provide warmth or to he rain and sunlight.

Sucre, Bolivia, the women advertise the fact they are in mourning by looping the crown of he hats with some pompon gimmicks. Striking re cheerful note, the men and women of Pisac, er, wear a flat-funnel hat with a base of woven tra. The underside is covered with red llama felt nc cross of silver or gold braid is stitched onto he lack round top.

wadays the man wears it only on ceremonial occasions such as weddings or fiestas. Most of the time he sports a snappy felt model of modern classical pattern. Machine-made of llama wool and glue, it costs the equivalent of 25 cents and looks like it after the first rain.

With the exception of Carmen Miranda's creations, the most famous of all South American hats are those worn by the Cholos of Peru and Bolivia. In the lower altitudes of Peru, the stovepipe crown is of almost normal height, but when we reach the Bolivian Andes, it becomes affected by the altitude and shoots up into the thin air to a height of 15 inches. Banded by a narrow black ribbon which is sewn into a butterfly V-shape on one side, the hat becomes a class symbol of the vast majority of Indians in the Andes region.

The female city slickers of La Paz, Bolivia, are partial to felt derbies which are manufactured in Spain. Shaped like our own derbies, they are produced in many colors and are worn straight on the head except by the more modish teen-agers.

The hat paintings shown on these pages are part of the collection I brought back from South America for Collier's. Four were selected for adaptation by leading American millinery designers. The results were not only attractive but the silhouettes of the Indian hats are strikingly similar to those which American and Parisian milliners are showing as the creations which all self-respecting women must wear for fall and winter.

Since it's a well-known fact that contrary to our South American sisters, the primary, secondary and last purpose of our hats is to attract the roving eyes of the opposite sex we'll know that our designers have done their job well when the familiar low whistle greets the appearance of these bonnets. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER • DRAWINGS BY MARTHA SAWYERS

MAN HUNT IN MOPANG



It was just as well that in the dim light, neither the warden nor the mounty could see the look of righteous malevolence in Jeff's eye when he saw the blood

BY EDMUND WARE

Jeff Coongate, master of the art of poaching, reforms—slightly, that is

EMERGING from a dream of pursuit by game wardens—a figment too often duplicated in the reality of his life—Thomas Jefferson Coongate, the one-eyed poacher of Mopang Forest, sat upright under a dripping cedar. He fought his way through layers of sleep which hung upon him like the folds of a collapsed parachute dipped in alcohol and winced at the afternoon light. He knew at a glance exactly where he was, but as yet, not how he had got there. From where he sat, Zack Bourne's cabin was less than a mile up the shore of Mopang Lake, and that, then, must have been his destination. There were signs that the object of his excursion had been the illegal slaying of game.

Old Jeff's rifle lay beside him on the wet moss. In the pocket of his mackinaw rested a bottle of rum which went by the brand name of Dark Hazard. From the song in his temples and the savor of his mustaches, the one-eyed poacher concluded that he had been drinking. Moreover, he became aware suddenly of a unique and startling hang-over symptom—the sensation of someone kissing the back of his neck. At first, Jeff did not dare look around. The kissing was rhythmic, damp and musical, and he believed it to be an illusion which would pass, along with the brown mists of rum. Yet, while in memory he retraced the steps which had brought him low, the kissing lavishly persisted.

Earlier that spring day, Jeff recalled, he had strolled into Sim Pease's store in the hamlet of Privilege to see if his Spanish War pension check had arrived. Sim Pease, storekeeper and postmaster, said, "Nothing doing, old-timer. You're about three days previous."

"They might've made a mistake an' sent it early."

"The treasurer," Sim said, turning up the radio on the counter, "has never been known to make a mistake of that kind."

Over the radio, a horticulturist was giving an address on the treatment of potato seed prior to planting. Jeff recalled being bored by the subject matter.

"Who cares about potatoes," he asked Sim, "without venison gravy to pour over 'em? Turn that dar off—no, wait! Hold her stea as she is!"

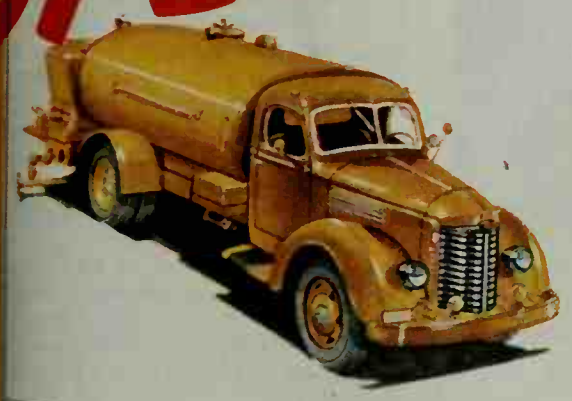
An announcer had broken the latest news on a man hun was then in progress in the wi areas to the north and west pang Lake. Until then, Jeff C had been scornful of efforts the fugitive, an escaped n named Creeper Conway. To J could track a bug across a dr the efforts of the law had shameful. But the current brought incidental tidings sweetest kind.

Two bloodhounds, the ne said, had been on the trail of Conway for several hours.

(Continued on page 8

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HAMLIN

SPECIALISTS IN FITTING TRUCKS TO EVERY JOB



International KB-8—specialized for distribution of bituminous material.



International KBR-11—specialized for the transport of coal from pit to tipple.

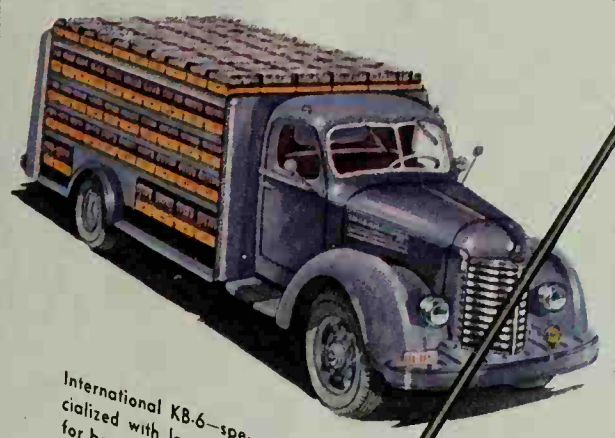


International KBR-12 Truck-Tractor—specialized for hauling heavy machinery.

International KB-8-F—specialized for mixing and transporting concrete.



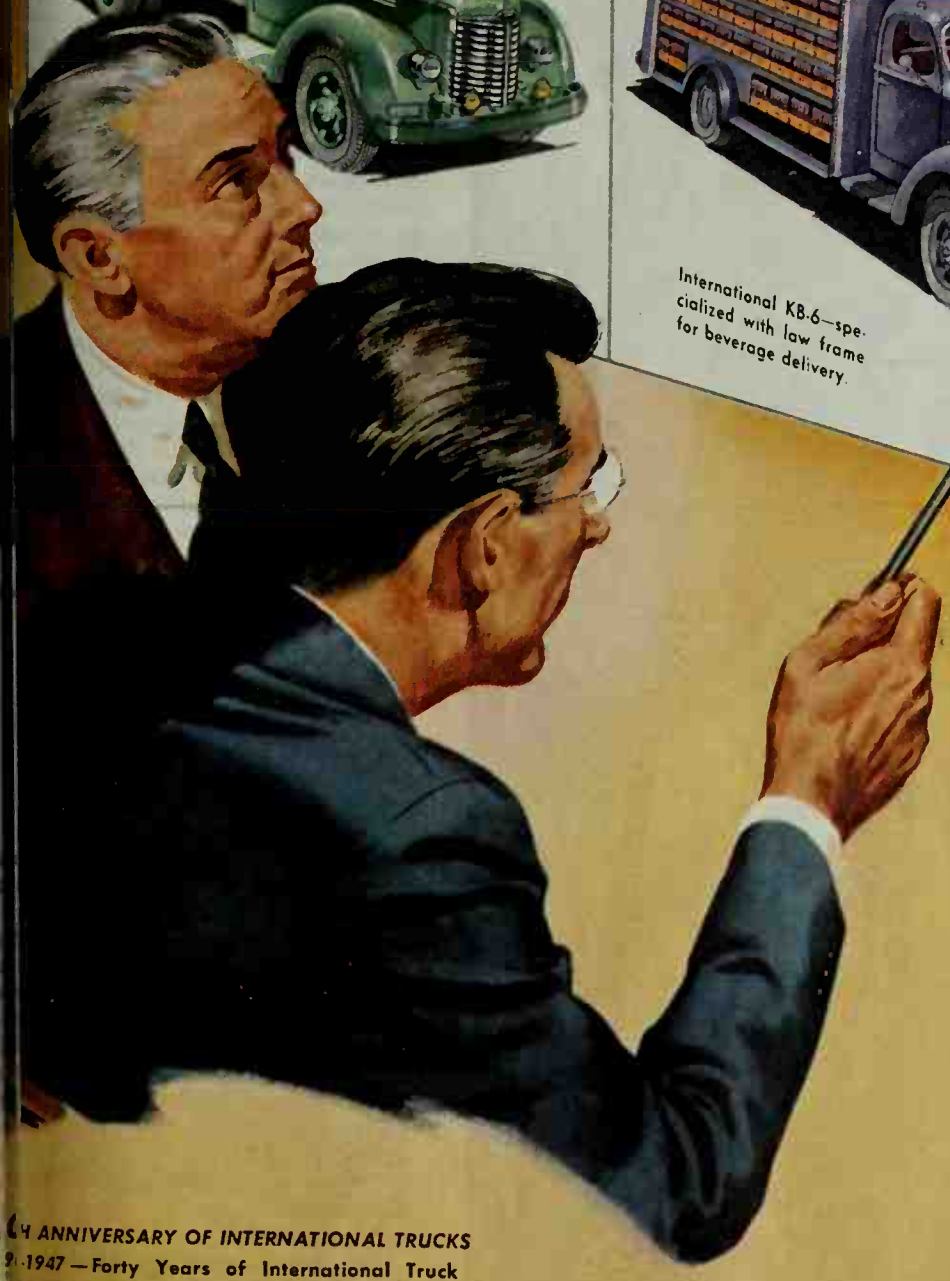
THIS EMBLEM INTERNATIONAL IDENTIFIES GREAT TRUCKS



International KB-6—specialized with law frame for beverage delivery.



International W-6564-OH Truck-Tractor—specialized for heavy log transport.



24 ANNIVERSARY OF INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS
9-1947—Forty Years of International Truck ice to Industry, Commerce and Agriculture.

FEW hauling jobs are alike. Trucks must be *specialized*. International Dealers and Branches are specialists in truck hauling problems.

There are 21 basic models in the International Line, the only complete line built.

Engineers at International's four great truck works are masters at *specializing* these 21 models into more than 1,000 different types of trucks.

That's one reason why more heavy-duty Internationals have served American commerce and industry for 16 years than any other make.

Here are two others:

1. The International Truck Point Rating System, which enables International Dealers and Branches to determine the payload that may be economically carried by a given truck in any specific operation.

2. *Specialized* truck service by International Dealers and Branches.

Yes, truck *specialization* and service *specialization* are outstanding International features. For any truck problem, see your International Dealer or Branch.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago 1, Illinois

Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars"—NBC Sunday!

INTERNATIONAL

Other International Harvester Products . . .
FARMALL TRACTORS AND MACHINES
INDUSTRIAL POWER • REFRIGERATION

INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

28

MAN RUNNING

BY SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM THE NOOSE



I lifted the Commodore's revolver and, taking careful aim, put two shots through the back window

KLINE

The Story:

EVE GILL is prevailed upon by r crusty, eccentric father, COMMOD E GILL, to steal a Rembrandt paintin which he feels should belong to In —from his wealthy sister-in-law. A r failing to come to terms with a sh y London art dealer, K. ZIMMER, one e- ning, Eve encounters JONATHAN F- ROSE; Jonathan is fleeing from the ho e of millionaire JOSEPH INWOOD, who murdered in his library. Jonathan, v has been having an affair with Inwo wanton wife, CHARLOTTE, has been tempting to make the murder, w Charlotte has confessed to him, seem work of anonymous burglars.

Eve drives Jonathan to the Gill c try place in Kessingland, where she h him. The Commodore, who has saile the Netherlands to sell the Rembra telephones Eve and tells her the pain is a forgery.

Returning to London, Eve manage to scratch up an acquaintance with DE- TIVE SMITH, who, although he has o inkling of the Jonathan-Charlotte t- tionship, is hunting Jonathan in con e tion with the murder. Realizing a Jonathan is being ruthlessly used by Charlotte, Eve disguises herself as "Dr- othy Simpson" and obtains a positio as lady's maid to the supposedly gr f- stricken widow. Soon Eve finds out a Charlotte is in cahoots with her ra lover, FREDDY WILLIAMS. GROVES he butler attempts blackmail and meets th a fatal "accident" engineered by the ol. brutal Williams.

In order to continue the war of n es more effectively, Eve leaves the Inw od household and telephones Charlotte In her plaintive lady's-maid voice, Ev le- mands blackmail money. Then, cap- ping her characterization of Dor hy Simpson, Eve walks into the apart ent of the mysterious Williams "by mist e." She poses as an aspiring actress, Fe- licity Cunningham." Williams atte pts to seduce her, but Charlotte, ups b the telephone call from her maid, er- rupts his advances by ringing the d vn- stairs doorbell.

"Leave by the back stairs and ca me in the morning," says Williams a he goes downstairs to open the door. But Eve slips back into the apartmen nd hides behind drapes as Williams, gry at Charlotte's intrusion, ushers the widow into the apartment. Eve l ens to their conversation. . . .

V

DARLING, don't!" It was Charlotte speaking. *"Y 're hurting me!"*

"When will you learn that w n I say something I mean it? I sai *to-morrow.* This is the second me you've done this."

There was physical pain in har- lotte's voice. "And for the sam rea- son—exactly the same reason. h-h —please—"

"Something's happened to pu the wind up you. I know, I know."

"For God's sake give me a d k"

I heard glass against glass, ar the gurgle of liquid.

"Freddy," she said, "it's happ ing again. I don't think I can stan t. I know I can't. It's torture! All over again! Freddy—!"

"What is all over again?" F ddy demanded.

"Groves—"

"If there's anything in the orld that can't happen again, it's you but- ler. I ought to know." He la hed unpleasantly. "I am extremely uri- ously angry with you for comin here again—the second time I've sai you

ILLUSTRATED B
WENDELL KLIN

hite sidewall tires at extra cost, when available.



More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH Mercury

fun ahead—in the car that gives you of everything you want. Whether it's c, taking the children to school, shop- or driving home from the office—the spent in your Mercury are hours of notoring enjoyment.



ore room—for luggage and passengers

y is *big* all the way through—more space whenever you need it—more nd-stretch-out comfort. Six people ride easily in its broad, deep easy-chair seats.

Mercury is *handsome*—with a sleek modern look outside that's matched by an equally attractive interior. Every detail is designed



More style—smarter interiors

to blend into an all-over beauty that makes Mercury one of the most stared-after cars on the road today.

Mercury is *thrilling* to drive and ride in. It's so easy to handle, hugs the road so *safely*, levels out the bumps so *gently*, slows down to a stop so *surely*. Mercury is *thrifty*,



More pep—and a smoother ride

too—giving you more mileage, more dependability, month after month, year after year.

You owe it to yourself to see and compare this new Mercury. It gives you everything you want—*and more!*

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Dad felt lazy



So hired Sonny



Used this polish



Made easy money



The easiest and quickest way to get rid of dull traffic film is to use Du Pont No. 7 Polish. It saves time—saves work—produces a brilliant shine in half the time. Try a can of No. 7 today.

DU PONT
Nº 7 POLISH
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
.. THROUGH CHEMISTRY

weren't to. Just because you have an attack of nerves and see ghosts—"

"You don't understand. It's someone else—doing what Groves did—blackmail—" She was sobbing by now, dry, strangled sounds of a woman at the end of her tether.

He hit her. I heard the sharp smack of his hand on soft, thinly covered flesh. She cried out and he hit her again, ordering her savagely to stop being sorry for herself and tell him what had happened.

"Don't—don't!" But he hit her a third time. I held my breath. It was ridiculous to feel sorry for her; after all, I had arranged things so that he would be in a bad temper when she came and I ought to be glad my plan was working out. All right, I was glad.

IT WAS high time, however, I told myself, that the swine realized he wouldn't get much out of her if he beat her up any more.

"Freddy—Freddy—" she said, and I marveled to hear the fear, the misery and humiliation in that voice of all voices. An actress? Not at the moment. They say there is no fellowship among women. No, I hated Charlotte as thoroughly as ever, and this was the most important moment, so far, but I nearly wrecked the whole thing by almost stepping out from behind those curtains and throwing something at Freddy Williams.

"Let's go back to where you came in," the man was saying, with a shade more reasonableness in his tone. "Someone else has stepped into Groves' shoes. A friend of his he let into his—and your—little secret?"

"No—but it comes to the same thing—" She struggled for control of her voice. "Freddy darling—oh, you hurt me so—"

"You make me sick," he observed. "I thought you had guts of a kind. You started off well enough, too."

"I'm afraid I love you too much. It's—it's very weakening for the morale."

"All right. You love me too much. That's my fault of course."

"I'd rather you hit me than despised me."

"The two go together. Hurry up. I'm bloody tired. I never realized murder could be so exhausting. Who's the blackmailer and what's his angle?"

"It's a girl—a wretched, half-witted creature of a maid I took on when Good left. At least, she doesn't seem quite so half-witted—"

"A *girl!*" He sounded relieved, almost amused.

"Sly, cunning, nasty—she frightened me much more than Groves did. He was at least polite about it."

"What does she know?"

"She heard, and I think saw, Jonathan the other night. She's not in the house any longer, thank God. She ran out after Groves—died."

"Does she know about you and me?" he asked.

"I don't think so. I don't see how. Except—"

"Except what?"

"No. It's nothing. No, she can't possibly know about you."

I realized she had thought better of telling him about the switchboard at Number 4. She had got herself into enough trouble. In any case, she could not be sure I had listened in to her conversations with him. She preferred to think I had not.

"She feels she ought to go to the police, I suppose?"

"Yes, the same sort of line that Groves used."

"It's the usual one, I believe, although I've never used it myself. It's quite unnecessary as a rule, if the setup is sound. What stage is this in, so far?"

"She obviously wanted me to stew in my own juice for a bit. She said she would ring me tomorrow. I don't know how much she'll want, but I think she'll tell me soon. It's awful, Freddy. I can't face it! Oh, Freddy, I'm so miserable."

His temper gave out again. "For God's sake almighty!" he shouted. "Do you realize, you little cow, that you're saying you have another one on the plate for me? How many more people are there who've seen or heard this or that and will expect to cash in on it? Your damned all-powerful vanity is at the bottom of it! You think you can never make a mistake—that no one will dare to oppose you or take advantage of you." He got his breath. "When in hell's name is it going to stop?"

"Don't forget, darling, you started it. You killed—"

This time he must have struck her in the mouth. The name vanished in the blow and her whimpering cry. He went on without stopping:

"There's Penrose still to be dealt with. Who comes first in the new series? Haven't you made a list? In order of priority. Shall I notify London Transport, so they can have the mortuary ambulance at the right station at the right time? What a waste of petrol, going up and down—surely we could fix to do the whole lot together. . . ."

"Darling, darling! You mustn't—"

"I'm not as tough as I thought I was, either," he remarked, and I heard him filling a glass.

This! I told myself, breathless against the wall, *is the truth.* Just a little more, Freddy, just a little more.

THERE was a silence. Then he said, "Penrose, obviously. You can pay the girl for a bit and we'll have time to see. But he is in a different category. Marked 'urgent' in fact. They mustn't catch him. Not now. I couldn't stand the worry. And no more train suicides."

"No, dear. No more train suicides. God! You've made my lip bleed."

"Serve you bloody well right."

There was another short silence.

"Wanton," he said.

"Yes, darling. Isn't it lovely?"

"I can't think if you do that."

"Do you want to think?"

"Of course I want to think!" he said sharply. "That message must go in tomorrow, for the next day's issue—Friday."

"The girl will see it. She's bound to watch for it, though I don't thin be expecting it."

"That was in my mind. Unless w it carefully she'll be likely to tur the rendezvous too. I prefer to de problems of that kind one at Your Jonathan will be enough f mouthful. For God's sake, Ch you seem to think this sort of easy!"

"I don't! It's only that you're afraid."

"Maybe. But I'm not careless. any place you could give him fo dezvous without actually putting to it but which he would know somewhere you have met him It really doesn't matter where it is as you can pick him up with a car

"Where *I* can pick him up?"

"Yes, you."

"No, no! I couldn't! You can't to!"

"Seems to me," he said coldly, losing sight of realities. You nev do you?"

I do not know what he did to

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S **"I tol' him he could. He has t' get up at six-thirty"**

she gave a sharp, muffled scr voice went steadily on:

"I let you off Groves, but fro you are going to do your share I've never set eyes on the man if I could recognize him would with me? Of course not. It's be expecting, risking his neck f

"Where—where would I ta

"I think I know that part of waiting. You would stop the him to get out, and then as s was out you would drive off. I'm tired!"

"Let's go to bed," said abruptly in a voice I scarcely as hers; it was like a child's.

"I wondered when we'd com he muttered. "Oh, well—"

And before I had fully rea was happening, a door to m opened, the lights went out, an closed.

I remained listening where I was little or nothing to hear. perplexed and disappointed. that, in the middle of a sente and certainly halfway throug sion of the utmost importance gone to bed.

I waited five minutes, or wh



. cleaner, brighter **Taste** means
cleaner, brighter teeth!
New Pepsodent,
the only tooth paste
taining **Irium,** removes
the film that makes your teeth
. look dull — uncovers the
ntural brilliance of your smile!



e Pepsodent twice a day —
e your dentist twice a year

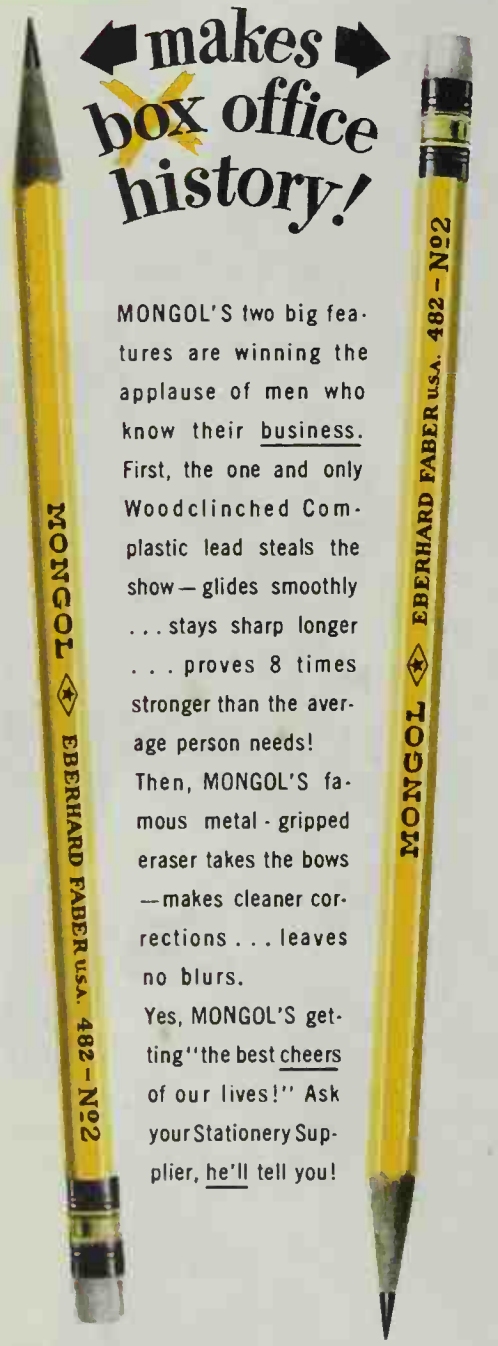
A Product of Lever Brothers Company

Double Feature..



makes box office history!

MONGOL'S two big features are winning the applause of men who know their business. First, the one and only Woodclinched Complastic lead steals the show—glides smoothly . . . stays sharp longer . . . proves 8 times stronger than the average person needs! Then, MONGOL'S famous metal-gripped eraser takes the bows—makes cleaner corrections . . . leaves no blurs. Yes, MONGOL'S getting "the best cheers of our lives!" Ask your Stationery Supplier, he'll tell you!



MONGOL

EBERHARD FABER

LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

five minutes; probably it was less than three, and then satisfied that they really were in the next room, that the communicating door was tight shut, and the evening over so far as I was concerned, I came out. The room was very dark and I was glad I had earlier taken a good look at its geography. I went carefully but without lingering to the hallway, closing the sitting-room door after me slowly. It was pitch dark now and I dared not put on the light, for I was sure the door on the left would be another door into the bedroom; I thought I could hear the low murmur of their voices beyond it. However, I was not going to stay in the place a moment longer than it would take me to feel for the knob of the main door and turn it, even if by putting my ear to their door I might perhaps make out an occasional word.

I was in a bad state, with now and again an uncontrollable trembling; I had had just about enough.

I stood in the corridor, where a low-power bulb gave me light at last, and decided I must risk the click the door of the flat would make if I closed it fully. The alternative of leaving it open seemed the worse, for Freddy Williams would be certain he had shut it properly after Charlotte's arrival. So I pulled it gently but steadily until the tongue slipped over the edge of the staple and sprang home. It sounded terribly loud to my tense ears. I ran quickly to the stairs and down the three flights to the entrance lobby, ready to believe that I heard him running down the stairs behind me. But all was quiet.

I slid back the spring lock of the street door and stepped into the welcome freshness of the night air; I kept close in to the wall as long as the pavement was within view of the windows above.

I reached the corner and turned it, feeling like a swimmer who has gained the beach after a long hard fight against an outgoing tide.

WHAT more did I know now than I had known when I went in? Nothing. I had known all that, hadn't I? But with an element lacking which made all the difference: certainty in many things which so far had been suspicion and intuition; for instance I was certain now that Freddy Williams and not Charlotte had killed her husband. She had probably been present, for otherwise she could not have played her act with Jonathan, bloodstained frock and all the rest of it. Her slender arms and soft white hands might be guilty of that murder, but they had not swung the candlestick. Further, Freddy Williams had twice confirmed that he had killed Groves, and I had heard enough of their future plan to know that he proposed to kill both Jonathan and Dorothy Simpson, separately and in that order. It was odd to think that I was Dorothy Simpson. But they would have some difficulty in finding her, unless I let them. No. She had done her part well; as a final contribution forcing Charlotte to Freddy Williams' flat at the time and in the circumstances I had chosen.

But would what I had heard be regarded as admissible evidence according to the law?

I thought of Billy Bull. If I told him the story—or told my Mr. Smith, or should I go to a lawyer?

By this time I was within a few yards of the Daimler and so busily occupied with my thoughts that I awoke rather abruptly to the sight of a man with his hat over his eyes who leaned against the fender and watched me approach.

"Thought you'd never show up, sister. The boss wants you."

"Does he?" I said. "And who's the boss?" But I was trembling again and my mouth was dry. Freddy Williams? I was so thoroughly frightened of him that I could expect any cunning from him.

"Come on, sister, don't act dumb." He moved up to the door of the car as I opened it. "I said, *the boss*." He dropped his voice. "Zimmer—"

I stopped trembling, and heard myself laugh.

"Zimmer—you said?"

He slipped past me into the back seat. It was slickly done. I saw that he was undersized and thin-faced.

"You drive, sister. I'll show you the way."

"Yes," I said, suddenly angry in the reaction from fear; this seemed only irritating and a stupid waste of time after what had been filling my mind. I started the engine, revved it unkindly and drove off in what in any other car would have been a roar of acceleration. As it was, we merely went fast very soon. "Yes," I said again, "I'll drive, but I'll show *you* the way."

"Hey!" he said loudly. "Turn left at the bottom."

I swung the car to the right and streaked toward Hyde Park Corner.

"Sister," he said in my ear, "you're going to get into serious trouble. I'm holdin' a rod behind your sweet neck and if you don't calm down I'm liable to drill a hole in you. Turn this car around! I've got a rod an' I mean it!"

"I hope you'll be able to produce a firearms certificate for it," I said. "The police are bound to ask if you've got one."

"What's that you're givin' me?"

"They let you go to the pictures too often as a kid," I said. "The wrong sort of pictures. I'll tell the magistrate so when I give evidence. Perhaps he'll remand you for a medical report. You'll probably get away with it, if you go on the way you're behaving now. Unless, of course, you have previous convictions."

"For gosh sake, shut up and do as you're told!" he cried.

I whirled the car around the Artillery Memorial on a squeal of protesting tires, bouncing him from right to left and back again.

"You don't mind Chelsea?" I asked. "It's more convenient for me. I know Inspector Smith very well. He'll give you every attention."

"Zimmer said—"

"You tell Inspector Smith what he said. I've never heard of the man."

"You—*what?*"

I took no notice while he wrestled with his problem. I was quite sure that whatever else he did he would not drill a hole in me; for one thing I was driving fast enough to insure that he would get killed in the subsequent crash; for a [illegible] thing, I knew that whatever had [illegible] K. Zimmer's orders to him th[illegible] been nothing about murder, an[illegible] third I thought it unlikely that h[illegible] had a gun.

Finally, near the Knightsbrid[illegible] his nerve broke. "Say that again, he quested, almost mildly.

"I didn't say anything. I don't [illegible] you smoke, though."

"You said you'd never heard [illegible] mer."

"That's right. That's what I sa[illegible] don't let it bother you. I expect [illegible] other people haven't heard of [illegible] ther."

"Your name's Gill," he said. [illegible] lowed you from Thurloe Squa[illegible] we'd got the address from that [illegible] maid at the Kessingland place. S[illegible] gotta be Gill an' you can't fool m[illegible] this car around or—"

I laughed. I made it a gooc[illegible] hearty laugh. He began to swe[illegible] rather filthy manner and deman[illegible] wasn't Gill, who in hell was I? I[illegible] answer him. He climbed over t[illegible]



COLLIER'S "Now it's only three more days left to get a tan" BARNE[illegible]

of the seat and slid down be[illegible] squinting at me nervously.

"Only another three minutes [illegible] "Do you know that this will b[illegible] time I've ever charged anyone [illegible] tempting kidnaping, assault, ill[illegible] session of arms, using obscene [illegible] disturbing the peace, and s[illegible] much worse I've just thought [illegible]

"Stop this car," he said. "Le[illegible] of here! Zimmer's nuts anywa[illegible]

I laughed again. He reache[illegible] wheel in a kind of miserable pa[illegible] jabbed him hard with my el[illegible] grunted and became extremely [illegible] talking at a great rate about ho[illegible] always getting into trouble bec[illegible] ple took advantage of him, of[illegible] nature, his weakness for wanti[illegible] his pals.

"Here we are," I said. "Chel[illegible] Station."

He was out of the car and ru[illegible] a hare before I had stopped. I[illegible] ing all over. I sat there gri[illegible] wheel with both hands; the l[illegible] over the police station was blu[illegible] I tried to focus it in an effort [illegible] my nerves.

I had a wild and yearning th[illegible] in a moment Ordinary Smith w[illegible] out of that door, see me here a[illegible] ing across the pavement, woul[illegible]

American Originals





For more than 100 years the Conestoga or "covered" wagon, an American original, was the chief form of land transportation in opening the American frontier.



Americans always find new frontiers for thought as well as action. Take the idea: "Gin is gin." No longer true since Seagram developed the first basic improvement in gin-making in over 300 years.

It's Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin, an American original, a different gin.

Different in its naturally golden color. Different in its smooth body. Result of Seagram's leisurely, time-honored method.

What all this means to you is the most refreshing, cooling-est Collins in the world.

Seagram's *Ancient Bottle* Gin
DISTILLED DRY



The original "ancient" bottle (left) will, when available, replace the present standard bottle.

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN—

First Electric Street Railway 1885



The Kaywoodie organization had been making pipes for 34 years when the Hampden and Baltimore line in Richmond, Virginia, inaugurated the world's first electric railway. Kaywoodie has grown with the popularity and serviceability of Kaywoodie Pipes.

HOW TO TELL THE GENUINE KAYWOODIE

LOOK FOR THE CLOVERLEAF and brand name on the stem



Super Grain Shape No. 23C $5

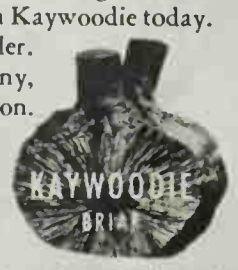
KAYWOODIE

backed by the record of 96 years

The *smoke* of Kaywoodie pipes, tested by our research laboratory and independent chemists, is cooler than the temperature of your mouth; pure; mild. No surprise to Kaywoodie smokers! It has always been so, when authoritative tests were made. The smoking quality of Kaywoodie pipes is due to proper design, careful research, advanced methods of seasoning briar, and 96 years of knowing how, passed from generation to generation. Enjoy a Kaywoodie today. Get it from your dealer.

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. Pamphlet on request, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 20.

© 1947



DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE $3.50
SUPER-GRAIN $5, RELIEF-GRAIN $7.50, FLAME-GRAIN $10, SILHOUETTE $10, MEERSCHAUM-LINED $12.50
CONNOISSEUR $15, NINETY-FIVER $20, CENTENNIAL $25.

dear, you've been right all the time. Why didn't you tell me? Of course Jonathan didn't do it; you're all in—it's our turn now."

But of course he did not, being snugly at home in bed, asleep and not even dreaming about me.

I sat a moment or two longer, recovering a little, and thinking of what had just happened.

So K. Zimmer had come to life, had he? Anyway, it would take him a day or two to work out what he wanted to do about it. That was all that mattered at the moment.

I wished I were less sleepy, but I had had more brandy in the last two hours than I was used to, by several glasses. I let myself into Aunt Florence's, warmed some milk and took it up with me, slipped off the gray frock, kicked off my shoes and lay on the bed trying to think about tomorrow and all that had to be done.

AFTER having breakfast with Aunt Florence, I sent her off to Harrods. Then I shut myself in the living room and made some telephone calls, the first to Kessingland. I rang to ask if the Peacock was home yet. Mary answered.

"No, Miss Eve, not yet. Jim was up in the clock tower ten minutes ago, and they're not even in sight. I sent him up there, wanting to know about lunch, and so on."

"Everything all right?"

"Yes, dear."

"I shall be home this evening, I hope for good."

"Hobhouse says to tell you he has put the Austin back in the stable. He says it's all right now."

"Is Hobhouse with you?"

"No, dear. He was in last night for his drop of milk. A nicely spoken man, I thought. He'll be company for Captain Charlie. Jim says he's all right too, and Jim takes a lot of pleasing. Jim's been teaching him about the sheep, maybe as a beginning. We wanted an extra man, they all say. I'll have something in the larder for you."

I called Charlotte and told her peremptorily to draw five hundred pounds in one-pound notes and wait for further instructions about delivery—it might be a few days. But she'd better be ready with the money.

I added, to make sure she was not trying to believe that Dorothy Simpson could be ignored as an amateur, that of course in the final settlement, whenever that should be, I would give her back the four letters "he" had written to her but which were now in my handbag. I heard the gasp of horrified surprise, and rang off satisfied that her morale was beyond reviving for a while.

Next, I woke up Freddy Williams, or rather half woke him up, for he was characteristically heavy-headed, and wanted to know who and what in a muttered, disagreeable undertone.

"Felicity!" I said brightly. "You haven't forgotten Felicity Cunningham. After all, it's only three years since we met—or it feels like it."

"Oh—ah—" he said, and I could hear a prodigious yawn.

"Wake up! It's nearly ten o'clock. Did she keep you up so very late? And did you fix it up?"

This, as I had hoped, upset him; he had fixed up several things last night, but nothing I was supposed to know about.

"Fix what up?" he said, more alertly.

"You silly man. Whatever piece of business you pretended was to be discussed. So that you could put on that show. I suppose I'm *very* tactless, but are the chances of a job any better—a show with a place in it for your Felicity?"

He laughed again and paused to consider in the light of morning how he stood in the world compared with this time yesterday. It must surely seem better to him. The basis for assuming so was sound; every murder he committed on her behalf bound her more closely to him, a woman already infatuated with him, a woman who would be worth, so they said, nearly five hundred thousand pounds.

"Yes," he said finally, "I think there's very little doubt, now, that I shall do a show, maybe two shows."

"At the same time?" I said in reverent tones.

"Who knows? It might be the way to break in."

"When—when—" I asked breathlessly. "I mean, how soon can I see you? I'm a horrid, forward hussy, and ought to be ashamed of myself! The trouble is—and you know perfectly well what it is—oh, Freddy, I don't care whether I get to be an actress or not, but I—I would like to see you again."

"And I would like to see you," he said. "Show or no show?"

"Show or no show. So I'm going to be very sensible and cool-headed and say, before it's too late and I'm forever lost: Goodby, Freddy darling."

"Hey, wait a minute. I don't eat young women."

"I don't like the way this has hit me. It's too much like the—the real thing, and you're the wrong man, my dear Freddy!"

"What about lunch?" he said in a practical voice designed to bring me to my senses and at the same time tempt me into saying to myself: "After all, I can keep my head at lunch, can't I?"

"No," I said in a stifled voice. "No . . . I'll ring you up—maybe. Are—are you likely to be free sort of—any day? If I feel . . ."

He chuckled, but he did not crow, and said, "Any day this week, any day next week—except Tuesday. I may have to go out of town on Tuesday. The best time to ring me is about eleven in the morning."

"Yes," I said weakly. "Goodby."

"Goodby for now."

I PUT down the receiver. I might be wrong, but it looked as though he had put aside Tuesday for Jonathan's murder. That gave me four days.

I telephoned Chelsea Police Station and asked if Inspector Smith would speak to Miss Eve Gill. He would. I asked him about the week end after next. Could he come to Marsh House? He sounded stunned, but pleased.

Yes, he'd love to.

I made sure not only that he would accept but that he would not mind coming as plain Mr. Smith because for some silly reason my eccentric father was prejudiced about policemen, and I wanted the old gentleman's favorable first impressions of my new friend [illegible] without such prejudices. Once tho[illegible] pressions were in his mind, it wou[illegible] matter, of course. In fact, one [illegible] best friends was Bull, the chief su[illegible] tendent of the East Suffolk Constab[illegible] so it just showed, didn't it? Indeed[illegible] Bull often came to lunch on Sunda[illegible] he might meet him and see for h[illegible] that the Commodore could like a [illegible] man and without reservations.

I could not forget the sordid a[illegible] ceitful reasons for which I had mad[illegible] like me, and I felt like a beast. [illegible] hoped, some good would come of [illegible] him.

I put through another trunk ca[illegible] time to Billy Bull at Norwich, and [illegible] certain that he would, in point o[illegible] come to lunch on Sunday week.

"I'm flattered," he said. "Usu[illegible] don't wait to be asked over."

"I know, and I was thinking it' [illegible] and unkind of me. You're a good [illegible] of mine, Billy Bull. For heaven' [illegible] don't think you can't come ov[illegible] whenever you feel like it as we [illegible] only that sometimes I want to be [illegible] ess."

"I understand, my dear. You're [illegible]



COLLIER'S "Well, Admiral, how's it feel to be one of us?" HANK K[illegible]

"What about lunch?" he said in a practical voice designed to bring me to my senses and at the same time tempt me into saying to myself: "After all, I can keep my head at lunch, can't I?"

"No," I said in a stifled voice. "No . . . I'll ring you up—maybe. Are—are you likely to be free sort of—any day? If I feel . . ."

He chuckled, but he did not crow, and said, "Any day this week, any day next week—except Tuesday. I may have to go out of town on Tuesday. The best time to ring me is about eleven in the morning."

"Yes," I said weakly. "Goodby."

"Goodby for now."

I PUT down the receiver. I might be wrong, but it looked as though he had put aside Tuesday for Jonathan's murder. That gave me four days.

I telephoned Chelsea Police Station and asked if Inspector Smith would speak to Miss Eve Gill. He would. I asked him about the week end after next. Could he come to Marsh House? He sounded stunned, but pleased.

Yes, he'd love to.

I made sure not only that he would accept but that he would not mind coming as plain Mr. Smith because for some silly reason my eccentric father was prejudiced about policemen, and I wanted the old gentleman's favorable nice, you know. I'll look forward [illegible] day week. I'll put a circle aroun[illegible] on my calendar. A red-letter da[illegible]

"It may well be that," I said, an[illegible] he would not hear the shivering a[illegible] tion of the thought behind it.

My third trunk call went to [illegible] Countess of Inderswick. She [illegible] ting roses in the garden, but they [illegible] her to the telephone.

"Eve darling!"

"I've been in a bad spot, Soph[illegible] can just see the way out, I think."

"A *man!*" said Sophie delight[illegible]

"A man," I agreed, to save tim[illegible] suppose it was true. "Lots of [illegible] phie. Some of them will be ar[illegible] Marsh House the week end after [illegible] Will you come for the Sunday?"

"Do I have to bring the Earl?"

"No."

"Goody-goody."

"One other thing, Sophie. D[illegible] member years and years ago, [illegible] were terribly young and actuall[illegible] for a living—all of eighteen mo[illegible] in fact—and you used—"

"Of course I don't remem[illegible] things. I married the Earl to for[illegible] didn't I?"

"—you used to be able to do [illegible] shorthand—"

"A *kind* of shorthand!" snort[illegible] Briggs, and I could see her red h[illegible] as she jerked her indignant head [illegible] dred and twenty-two words a [illegible]

New!
Fresh!
Sanitary!
Flavorful!
Exclusively Swift's!

PACKAGED!

for your convenience and protection . . .

Swift's Premium tender Franks

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD



LISTEN TO
ARCHIE ANDREWS ON N B C
10:30 A. M. NEW YORK TIME
SATURDAYS

Made fresh daily in your vicinity!

The frankfurt that's all *"Dinner-Quality"* meat

NOW IT CAN BE SOLD . . . the finest frank of them all—Swift's Premium! And to make sure you get them at their tender, luscious best—they're *now* packed in an exciting *new* flavor-saver pound package!

Instantly identified—each handy, sanitary package bears the name: Swift's Premium. Your assurance that you're getting "dinner-quality", extra-flavor franks made by America's number one producer of fine meats.

Treat your family to these juicy, taste-tempters this very day. Remember, they're grand for company too. And so easy to prepare! Get Swift's Premium franks with all their natural goodness protected in the cellophane wrapper.

And another famous favorite

Swift's Brookfield *Pure Pork* **Sausage**

Noted for its tasty lean links and wholesome freshness. Perfect for breakfast. Ideal for a main dish in a jiffy.



THE SAUSAGE WITH THE

Just-right Seasoning!

And **Swift's Premium** *Table-Ready* **Meats**

LIKE TASTY SALAMI



was the fastest girl in my year—I mean at shorthand—"

"And at earldoms. But what I am trying to say, and this isn't airy conversation, please if you think you need to, practice the shorthand between now and Sunday week, and bring your little book with you and some sharp pencils."

"How lovely and mysterious! Whatever for?"

"No, Sophie dear, no questions yet. Please? You'll come?"

"Of course. But you'll tell me soon? You know suspense makes me lose weight."

"*That* wouldn't hurt you."

"But it would infuriate the Earl. His mother was a Gaiety Girl."

I looked up Stevens, Rogerson and Stevens, dialed the number of their dusty offices in Bedford Row and asked for Mr. Rogerson, Jr., who was of my generation and not old enough or articled enough to put an equalizing "Rogerson" in the firm's name. But there was nothing he did not know about the Gills and their possessions. At least, he knew all the respectable parts, which at the moment was sufficient for my purpose.

"Donald, this is Eve Gill. Can you lay hands on the plans of the Marsh House estate, easily I mean, while I hold on? There's an argument about a measurement—not a legal argument, so don't get in a state."

"The papers are in the family box. It will take me a minute or two. What measurement do you want?"

"The distance from the southwest corner of the house to Ship Cottage."

"As the crow flies?"

"Well, as the footpath crawls or walks or whatever footpaths do. It's nearly straight."

"Hold on," he said.

I held on.

He came back to the telephone.

"Fourteen hundred and twenty-four feet," he said, "by the footpath. It's shown as straight, but isn't there a bend in the middle I seem to remember? Although it wouldn't make any great difference."

"Thank you, Donald."

That was enough of the telephone.

MY PACKING did not take long. I fetched the car, put my bags in it and drove to Harrods.

Aunt Florence was not deviating from routine and I found her at a small, elegant table among the armchairs in the large, silent beige lounge, dealing with today's correspondence, which was as heavy as always.

"I'm just finishing, dear. Why didn't you tell me you were coming? But it's just as well. I'd like you to meet Mr. Eskewing, in the sports department. His little girl—"

I said hastily I was ridiculously busy because I had had a message from the Marsh House, some housekeeping problem or other which meant I must hurry home. I had come to say goodby and thank you. And there was just one thing. It was probably a silly question, but where had she bought that radio set she had given Father last Christmas? "It was here, at Harrods?"

"But of course, dear. Don't tell me it has gone *wrong!* Mr. Haslett would be most upset. They got it in specially because Rupert said he particularly wanted to play records and get South America and ships at sea and all sorts of things. Mr. Haslett said—"

"No, Aunt dear, it's working beautifully. It's only that I don't understand one of the gadgets, and if I could have a word with Mr. Haslett, who may remember the set, if he's still here—"

Mr. Haslett was most helpful. Not only did he remember the radio set Aunt Florence had bought for Commodore Gill, but remembered it in the intimate way a good technical salesman should. He was able to tell me that I was quite right in thinking that the letters MIC over two of the many little holes in the back were an abbreviation for the word "microphone" and that if the knob on the left of the front panel was moved over to the extreme right, a position which was also marked "MIC," the set could be used as a microphone amplifier.

"In fact, Madam," said Mr. Haslett proudly, "you could use it as a public-address system."

"If we had a microphone?" I suggested.

"Exactly, Madam. You would put the leads of the microphone into the terminal holes you noticed in the back of the chassis."

"Tell me about microphones. Can I buy one?"

Mr. Haslett waved his hand at a showcase and in a moment was demonstrating microphones, explaining their simple mysteries, their characteristics and peculiarities. For the best and clearest results you spoke about six inches from the instrument; the same volume control used for radio also decided the volume of the voice coming through the microphone circuit to the loud-speaker.

"Or voices?" I asked. "I mean, several people could be heard at the same time?"

"For that you would do better with the omnidirectional type," he said, with the technician's happy disregard for the lay mind's limitations. "A good one costs twenty guineas, but a very fine job. This one, for instance—"

"Ah, yes," I said, "and is there any limit to the length of the connection between it and the set?"

"My word, yes! Not more than five yards." He was horrified. So was I; my heart fell with a sickening disappointment; then he added: "Unless, of course, you use a screened cable, and a booster amplifier."

"Oh," I said, brightening, "I see."

"This sort of thing—" He pulled out a small, silvery drum, its outside being made of firmly woven metal thread. It looked very professional.

"With that," I asked, "I wouldn't have to worry about the distance between microphone and set?"

"No worry at all. It's expensive, of course—one and six a yard. But with this booster"—he held up a small box—"you'd be safe over any distance—fifty, sixty yards—any distance you liked."

I swallowed, and said sheepishly:

"Er—five hundred?"

He looked startled. He was thinking: What a silly girl! Why doesn't she move the radio nearer the microphone? But he was a good Harrods man; he said: "Five hundred—well, I don't see why not, Madam. There's nothing against it, technically."

I was feeling much better.

"Good. I'll take that microphone—and the booster and five hundred yards of the er—screened stuff."

His face fell. He infinitely regretted it, but he had not so much as that in stock, it really was an exceptional amount, I understood? Furthermore, it came in hundred-yard rolls, and that meant four joins, *soldered* joins if the screening was to be effective. He looked harassed. I said, "Oh, dear, couldn't you *please* try? Mrs. Webster was sure you would do everything you could. It is most urgent and important. I have to go up to Suffolk this afternoon. If I could have it by three o'clock—"

"It will be a considerable weight."

"I have a car."

To disappoint Mrs. Webster was out of the question. He took the plunge.

"We'll do our best, Madam, for three o'clock."

I wrote a check for seventy-odd pounds while he made out an order. It was a lot of money, but it was the best material I could get and if it did what I needed it to do, it would not be too much.

I hoped from the bottom of my heart the Peacock would be back soon. I could do without the Commodore very well, but I doubted if I could manage without Charlie. This sort of thing was just up his street.

Next I went to Piccadilly underground station to retrieve Jonathan's attaché case. It was an anxious moment, although needlessly so, while the clerk took away the ticket to find the matching counterfoil among the racks of bags and suitcases. But it was such vital evidence, indeed the only tangible, provable evidence, so much an Exhibit A if ever there was one, that if anything had happened to it . . .

I paid the small sum owing on the deposit charge, carried the oil- and dirt-smeared case to the car and sitting safely inside, pulled back the button on the single spring clasp and lifted the lid an inch or so.

White satin glimmered. A dark, irregular smear stained a four-inch patch in the upper folds, and Charlotte's perfume sweetened the air with heavy fragrance. I closed it, pressed down the catch, and lifting the back seat, made room for it among the spare inner tubes and so on; it looked quite at home there, and would take some finding even if one knew what to look for.

Mr. Haslett had done all he had to do. The packages were carried to the car and he gave me a short, precise lecture on what to remember installing the microphone.

So at last I set off for home, with days in which to persuade Jonathan not to accept any invitation to come and be murdered which might appear for him in tomorrow's Daily Telegraph. Also, if I was doing arithmetic with days, I could count on only eight in which to prepare to justify having spent that chunk of my life savings on satisfying the rules of evidence.

IT WAS good to be home again, to unpack and put away my things, to sit with the windows of the dining room wide open to the warm dusk, the candles lighted, their yellow light playing on the black wood of the table and glittering on the silver.

A great deal had happened to me since I had set off for London ten days ago. I was emotionally and physically exhausted, and in no condition to meet the crisis I had planned. If I could control it, guide it, use it, I would be finished. Looked at then, as I forced myself to do, objectively and critically, it seemed an impossible thing I was about to do. Nine human beings, most of them known to me and complete strangers to me and unknown to one another, occupying distant positions not only in space but in relationship had to be brought together in the remote corner of England at an exact hour and minute in precisely organized circumstances in order to save a man from the consequences of one act of romantic folly.

I was plain frightened. I was frightened of being hated by people when they found, as they would, that I had deceived and cheated them. I was frightened of Father, who would rage at me every kind of hell for getting him involved up in such an unsavory business and for having failed. If I succeeded, of course, he would probably commend me as an apt pupil to his teaching. I was frightened of Charlotte, of her cold self-interest combined with her madness where Freddy Williams was concerned—and I was partly frightened of Williams in a physical way. But above all and everything I was frightened of losing Jonathan, because however hard I tried, I would not be able to save Charlotte entirely from the consequences of what she had done as an accessory to murder.

The healing peace of the evening was rapidly vanishing under the impact of these thoughts, and I pulled myself away from them by reminding myself that Jonathan was not far off, that apart from the desire to see him which had been nagging me quietly ever since I arrived home, there was something of importance I must try to find out from him without letting him realize what he was telling me.

So I fetched a scarf and walked to Ship Cottage by the footpath which led through the thick belt of trees protecting the house from the north wind.

There was a light in the downstairs room and the front door was open. Jonathan was sitting in a chair by the side of it, smoking a pipe, reading a book and looking for all the world like a contented taking his ease after the day's work.

I whistled to him, to give him time to see me and realize who I was.

"Well, what's the news?" he asked. "I've been worrying about you."

"That was nice of you."

"I realized after you left on Wednesday that I hadn't really the faintest idea what you were up to. I tried to find out but somehow the point got lost. So I've been worrying."

Not so nice of him, I thought. We leaned on the wooden fence and looked across the marshes.

"You mean, I might be interesting



"Your father lives in constant dread that the man next door will return our lawn mower"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

A new high in styling...

INTRODUCING FORTUNE'S

"ROCKIT" SERIES



FEATURING ROCKER BOTTOM SOLES FOR A NEW SENSATION IN WALKING COMFORT

● For a *new* high in styling...a *new* and *entirely different* sensation in walking comfort—step into a pair of Fortune "Rockits." Introduced by Fortune this season, handsome, moderately-priced "Rockits" are designed to send you right to the head of the style class. Yet, because of Fortune's new, authentic rocker bottom soles, you'll rock along in your "Rockits"...fast, free and easy—as smooth as zooming through space. And because of Fortune's special rugged construction and rich, stouthearted leathers, you'll be rolling along in your "Rockits" *long after* less sturdy shoes have walked their last mile. So for a new high in styling *plus* sure-footed, long-wearing service, step into a pair of moderately-priced "Rockits." But to make sure they're *really* "Rockits," look for the authentic Fortune trade-mark. Try a pair at your Fortune dealer's *today*.







● LEFT: Style 6090. U-throat bal with heavy trim moccasin seam.

● ABOVE: Style 6176 Ghillie tie with rawhide lace, new beveled heel.

● BELOW: Style 6174. One-piece vamp, zigzag stitching; brass eyelets.

Fortune

SHOES FOR MEN

You're in style when you step into a Fortune

RICHLAND-DAVIDSON SHOE COMPANY · A DIVISION GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION · NASHVILLE · TENNESSEE



Copyright, The American Tobacco Company

"Loading for Market," painted by Clarence Cart

FINE TOBACCO
is what counts in a cigarette

"At market after market, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco that smokes up mild, cool and fragrant."
—Sidney Currin, 10 years an independent tobacco warehouseman.

"Year after year, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy ripe tobacco—smooth, fine tobacco."
—J. A. Walker, 27 years an independent tobacco buyer.

"At auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy fine tobacco—ripe, mellow leaf."
—J. M. Ball, 31 years an independent tobacco auctioneer.



and Lucky Strike means FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the L

know you're trying to help, but what you do? It's an inescapably fixed tion. You haven't been trying to le that wine-shop chap? Upset his s of whom he saw? That's frightfully erous, getting at a witness. If he the police—"

t never even occurred to me. Be-, there are other things apart from ine merchant—other evidence. No, pent a certain amount of time with nemy."

looked at me anxiously.

he police?"

odded. I said I had even had lunch y with one of the men in charge of ase.

ATHAN was impressed and hoped heaven I had been careful. "Tell do they know about Charlotte and That's the crux of it. Do they?"

don't think so."

hank God!"

ot yet, anyway."

they don't so far, they never will," d with conviction. "She's safe."

ou're very sure, Jonathan. *No* one about you two?"

shook his head. "We have known other such a short time—only six s up to the time of the—accident.

"Crawford Street? But that is in the West End, isn't it?"

"It's off Baker Street, which is not strictly speaking the West End. No. Honestly, you're expecting more than the worst; it's the impossible. We arrived separately, we left separately. It was an ideal place, and it was the only place we ever met in public."

If it was in my mind to tell him before I left him that evening all that I had found out, the whole story of Charlotte and Freddy Williams, I discovered I could not do it. Every waking thought he had was about her, and if he dreamed, she filled his sleeping hours; he was like a sick man too ill to stand an operation, and I—well, I was the bad surgeon with neither courage to take the risk nor confidence in my own skill.

I knew that the Daily Telegraph tomorrow morning would force me, however frightened for myself, to tell him the truth, literally in order to save his life.

We said good night at the cottage wall and I went on alone to the house, depressed and disheartened.

Lying in bed in the darkness, with the window open, I saw the masthead light of the Peacock like a low, yellow star at the mouth of the river; she would lie inside the bar for the night and reach her



"You haven't quite hit it yet. Take the rest of the day off; go home and sleep it off, and sock out another layout in the morning"

LIER'S JOHN RUGE

dn't meet in places where we would n by people who knew either of us."

ee. And you did not meet often?"

arly every day," he said nostalgi- "She was wonderful, a busy per- e that."

e telephoned you to make dates?"

ually. In fact, I think always. She ring me about ten, and let me if she could manage it."

neone may have heard her tele- ng," I suggested. "One of her ts."

ybe. But so far as I remember ver used my name, and it was a very short conversation, such ay be a bit late today'—or, 'I'm can't make it at all.' "

ee. That sounds as if you had a neeting place."

had. A café cake-shop place."

: that's just what I mean," I said /. "Anybody who knew you may een you without your knowing, ne who may suddenly remember."

. Not in a small, out-of-the-way ce that one."

ack in the middle of her shopping I expect, where all her women spend their mornings."

er friends shop in Crawford Street, e unfashionable end of it at that, be very surprised."

harborage about eleven in the morning; I fell asleep comforted in the knowledge that Charlie was home and would be able to help me. He would understand. I might even be able to talk to him about Jonathan and perhaps straighten out some of the conflicting desires and motives which seemed to be making me more and more woolly-minded at a time when I wanted all my wits about me.

But before I could see Charlie and indulge myself with the luxury of healing confession, I had the Daily Telegraph to look forward to.

I contrived to meet Sam Page again on his way to the cottage, and was able to see our Telegraph, identify the message before Jonathan saw it, and thus be with him within a few moments of his having read it in his copy.

He was standing at the door with the paper clenched in his hand, an expression of anxious determination creasing his forehead.

"Good morning," I said. "I came to tell you that the Peacock is nearly home and—whatever's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing—"

I opened the Daily Express, and pretended to search it.

"You frightened me," I said. "I thought it might be something in the paper—or is it only in the Telegraph?"

"Charlotte needs me," he said. "I don't think anything has gone seriously wrong though."

He showed me the message, and I read it again:

John. Please meet me at the usual place at four on Tuesday. I need you.

"If it was trouble she would want to see me sooner than that, wouldn't she?"

"I should think so, yes. But if it's not urgent, ought you to run the risk of going at all? You're so safe here."

"I must."

He had satisfied himself, of course, that her need was a personal one, a beloved's need to see her lover, and his emotion was a fine mixture of pleased ego and triumphant male. Risk? Any risk was worth taking while he felt like this.

Oh, God, I thought, how can I even begin?

"Do you think," I began, however, "that because you don't figure on front pages any more the police have forgotten you? It will be weeks and weeks before—"

"You forget I've made one trip to London and back."

"That was at night, and the fact remains that you were incredibly lucky."

"I shall be lucky again. I realize I was a bit mad to have gone as I did, on the chance that I might be able to see her. But my chief mistake was in using your car—I might have involved you badly if they'd caught me in it. I would have said I had stolen it, but even so—" He shook his head. "This time I shall go by train, or bus."

"Either way would be equally sensible, or stupid. That's exactly the sort of thing they are waiting for you to do."

He shook his head.

"Thanks to you I'm John Hobhouse, and can prove it."

"For how long?"

"Long enough."

"Oh, dear!" I said. "You really are an obstinate idiot. You believe just what you want to believe, don't you?"

"Like the rest of my species. Look at you. You believe that I shall get caught because you've made up your mind that I'm being a fool about Charlotte. It's as clear as daylight."

"I'm extremely glad of that. It makes things easier for me to tell you something which ought to convince you of it. I should have told you days ago, but I hadn't the courage and I wasn't absolutely certain. Let's sit down somewhere."

I SET off for the dike wall, where the long fine grass was soft below the crest, and sheltered from the land breeze. He followed. We sat on the slope of the bank, and I started at once by saying, "How much did she tell you about Freddy Williams?"

"That he was an old friend who would help her to the extent of giving her an alibi for the short time she was home that night—she had been to a theater with him."

"I thought she had to be so careful about a jealous husband? The theater?"

"Williams was a friend of Inwood, a friend of the family. If you're trying to make *me* jealous—" He laughed easily. "You're a funny kid," he added. "You're so very young in some ways."

I dug my nails into my palms in an effort to control my fury. I counted ten, and then another ten; anything I told him while I was angry would mean less than nothing in making him believe.

"Williams," I said at length, "may have been her husband's friend, but she was—and is—having an affair with him."

"Nonsense," he remarked, without heat.

"Williams," I went on, "was not providing her with an alibi. It was the other way about. She was providing him with one, and with more than that. She provided him with someone to fake a burglary to account for the killing and in doing so did even better; she provided a



Better Look up

. . . Cleaners, Insurance IN THE 'YELLOW PAGES'

When you want quick, emergency shopping information about personal, household or business services all you have to do is . . . .

Use the YELLOW PAGES of your Telephone Directory



Young men today have one of the finest opportunities to learn to fly ever offered in peacetime.

The Army Air Forces' Aviation Cadet program offers training which cannot be duplicated anywhere at any price.

Jet and rocket propelled fighters, larger, farther-reaching bombers, improved safety devices, better navigational aids, trail-blazing research and testing—many of tomorrow's innovations are begun by the Air Forces. And men who fly with the AAF are in close touch with such new developments.

Aviation Cadet pilot training is now open to qualified young men from civilian life, as well as to enlisted men in the Army. Applicants must be 18 to 26½ years old, single, and have had at least two years of college education, or the equivalent, at an accredited institution. Men chosen for training under the program will follow in the footsteps of the famous airmen who, in wartime, built and manned the world's mightiest air arm.

Upon successful completion of the course, graduates will be commissioned Second Lieutenants, Army of the United States, and assigned to flying duty with the A Forces.

Reactivation of Aviation Cadet t typical of the Army Air Forces' c effort to provide outstanding young m opportunity to win advancement.

There's a real future for you with Make your plans today! Ask for f on pilot training, and other inform the Air Forces, at any AAF base o nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Stati

★ ★ ★

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING S

Quixote, who is quite happily per-
ng the part of murderer-in-chief
place. Charlotte did not kill her
nd. Freddy Williams did it, in a
n rage, I think, without premedita-
in a quarrel probably about her.
y Williams killed Joseph Inwood
e came to you pretending she had
it, and persuaded you to help her."
er a startled movement, Jonathan
ring at me as if either he or I had
suddenly mad.

I rushed on in a kind of vacuum of
tual assertion and insistence that
s was true and he *must* believe it.
ad been with him the night you saw
Where else at that hour? You're so
about her you can't see how obvi-
l this really is. Her butler, Groves,
o blackmail her and she went to
ms about it—and Groves had to be
d of. Yes, he was killed too—
proof would be difficult. They
urderers, Jonathan. Murderers!
lked with Williams. He's an in-
le, ruthless, brutal creature with a
idous conceit in his own infallibil-
rticularly with women. Charlotte
ee straight when she's with him, or
way from him. He obviously wants
oney. For the first time in his life
s a chance of a huge fortune com-

"I hate you for a blind fool!" I said.

"Don't you see how silly your story is?" he asked with infuriating patience. "You weren't there when Charlotte came to my flat, with his blood on her dress, in a state of abject fear and desperation. Even if love blinds me as you suggest, and God knows I would like to think she hadn't killed him, I know a real emotion and a true situation when I see it."

"Do you, *do you?*" I said. "Isn't it that you won't admit the possibility that someone else killed him because that would mean she loves that someone to such an extent that she would do anything to save him. Fooling you, for instance, into believing *she* had done it. You would rather she was a murderess than unfaithful to you."

"Charlotte is utterly incapable of the guile, the wickedness necessary to such a deception," he said with magnificent simplicity. "Incapable technically, intellectually and morally."

"Oh, my God," I whispered. "She hid Freddy Williams from you—and you from him. Was it her husband she was so afraid of when she took such care to meet you only in secret? I don't think so. She's afraid, terribly afraid, of Freddy Williams because she can't do without him."

IMY **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"My daddy keeps himself so clean that he never has to take a bath"

way with very little trouble to
. He doesn't mind killing. He's a
nyway. And now you're the only
left to him. He can't rely either
r final success in keeping out of
of the police or on your silence
Charlotte's share in the death of
when they catch you. So you're
illed too. It's the only solution,
a step necessary to put them—and
arly himself—into lasting safety.
know all the details of the plan,
message from Charlotte is the
n of it. I was waiting for it. I
was coming. She will meet you
e you to some place where he—"
ized that Jonathan was getting to

must believe me!" I cried desper-

know I don't," he said. "How
I suppose you've a motive for
o do this, but it's beyond me at
ent. If I were conceited enough
you—you had fallen for me and
g to keep me here, for yourself,
make a little sense. But although
een involved together, consider-
olved, you scarcely know me well
to feel like that about me."

He smiled at me with dislike and said that on the contrary he knew all about Freddy Williams, who was no more than a good friend of hers. She had made no bones about it and often talked about him. I held my head and struggled for some revelation of mind or instinct which would show me how to break through the wall of his impregnable faith.

"I think I had better be moving on," he added. "Things are a bit difficult, aren't they?"

"But you're safe here!"

"Under false pretenses. I've given you a right to criticize, or rather to question my good sense—where she is concerned, and I shouldn't have done that. It's not your fault. I—I don't want our—" He searched for a word and could not find it. He knew that in some ways it was more than friendship, but in others less.

I was beaten and knew it. Perhaps I should have presented him with a slower, more circumstantial picture of my discoveries, instead of exploding the thing at him like that in the panic of the moment. All I had done was to outrage his lover's feelings. I faced him contritely.

"I'm sorry. But please stay here. I won't start this sort of conversation again. You *are* safe here, as safe as you can be. You're already establishing yourself as John Hobhouse in a small group of people. That's a beginning, isn't it?"

"Of course. But—"

"Another thing. Suppose they do catch you during one of these sorties? You realize exactly what it will mean? They are absolutely convinced you're the murderer."

"They won't catch me. Anyway, I'll have a story. Shock, amnesia—I have until Tuesday to work out the details."

"Where did you get money, identification, clothes when you were in a state of amnesia—producing shock? Oh, Jonathan, I'm not a policeman, but it must be very easy to upset any story which isn't true, once you can subject it to a few simple, common-sense questions."

"I have until Tuesday," he said again. "I'll leave Hobhouse and the money with Charlie and stick to the simplest version I can devise. The lost memory following shock is obviously the best one."

"I agree there," I said. "You *might* get away with it. *Always* providing the Charlotte connection does not come out."

He shook his head. He was unshaken in that belief also.

"My luck will hold," he was saying. "And of course I'll stay if you, and Charlie, will let me. But I will be leaving sooner or later. I—we—will be going abroad, you see." His tone betrayed his excitement. "That may be what she wants to see me about. She may have a plan, even a date—she'll need to get me a passport. There are all sorts of details to talk out."

I searched his face for some sign that a seed of doubt had fallen in the obstinate ground of his martyr's mind and that between now and Tuesday it would burgeon and take root. If only he would want to take up the argument again with me in Charlotte's defense. . . .

He went back to the cottage, and I trailed after him. He was not actively disliking me yet, but I knew he did not care to talk to me.

I WALKED to the beach with a sick and heavy heart. Presently I took off my clothes, swam a little, and then lay in the sun with nothing on, so that the heat burned into me.

A mutter of sound in the morning air became a gradually more certain thud-thud of the Peacock's auxiliary engine, until I could see her masts above the far bank where she approached the last curve of the backwater. I dressed and went back to the house, wanting a little more time alone before I had to face other people, in particular the Commodore, who might be in one of his moods after a fruitless voyage.

We had lunch together, however, in the Long Room, a cheerful meal at which he told me all about his adventures with the Rembrandt among the experts. The discovery that Aunt Harvey Gill's golden swan was a goose had delighted him.

He finished the story by saying, "Well, that's that. I've put the damn' thing in the cupboard under the stairs at the moment, but it's most important she should have it back. I suppose you wouldn't care to hang it up in her picture gallery again one dark night."

"No, I wouldn't," I said.

"I want to know it's in her possession again, and I want forty-eight hours notice of when that is."

I asked him why, but he refused to say, putting on his mulish expression.

"I feel I have had enough of it," I said, and told him how K. Zimmer had tried to lure me into another business talk on the subject.

"Surely you don't propose we should keep it indefinitely, do you?" he asked. "A dud Rembrandt—in *this* house? No, its proper place is with that bloody woman, and I shall look to you to see she gets it. I don't give a damn how you do it, except I dare say you'll see the sense of



A BIG PROFIT
IS A LITTLE SAVING
multiplied
a hundred thousand times

ONE OF 800

A mid-western specialty manufacturer reports that using *Bostitch preformed staples* thru an aluminum plate has eliminated the cost of a nut plate, tacks, drilling holes, and nailing on one of his products — a rubbing block — for a total saving of 75%. . . . On a paint stippler—a heavy fabric job—he does the fastening 12 times faster than before . . . He chose Bostitching also for the assembly of a toy garage; because, as he says, "It is the best, quickest and cheapest" of the numerous methods he had considered.

Many firms, finding such Bostitch profits in one department, are surveying all their fastening operations to find other places where Bostitching may help.

Thousands of combinations of all kinds of materials, metal, cloth, paper, wood, leather, plastics . . . are fastened better and faster by Bostitch's 800 models of stapling, tacking, and wire stitching machines. *Maybe you, too, can profit* by applying this method to your fastening work.

250 field men in 91 key cities place at your service the benefits of 50 years' Bostitch research and experience.

Write for data on representative models of the world's most complete line of wire fastening equipment.

BOSTITCH
fastens it better AND FASTER with wire
ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

Bostitch, 354 Mechanic St., Westerly, R. I.
(or Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal)

Send free folder on complete Bostitch line ☐
or on (type of work).....
Name.....
Company .....
Address .....

Only one of its kind...





The only way to match a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label is with another bottle of the same. Smooth and mellow . . . this distinguished scotch whisky is unequalled for its full-bodied flavor, its friendly warmth.

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

BLACK LABEL • 86.8 PROOF

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

ıtting her in a position to prove we
t, even if she knows we did."
ıd to promise to see what I could do
it, for soon, next week end in fact,
ld be asking him to do things for
r at least to do and say nothing to
ere while I did things myself not
in the usual routine of a normal
party.
s reminded me of the influx of
he must expect to see, so I broke
ws to him.
said he wouldn't mind, and we
the best of friends. But I thought:
and blast the non-Rembrandt!
if I ignored Father's wishes and
rot in the cupboard among the
s and stringless tennis rackets, I
till under a moral obligation to
Bull to tidy up the matter if I
To return it somehow to Aunt
y Gill would do that.
day, Monday, *Tuesday*.

NG about for hours before I had a
ice to see Charlie without going
o Ship Cottage and upsetting my-
contact with Jonathan, but finally
e I did not show up there, Charlie
looking for me.
u're thinner," he said. "You've
ıssing," he decided. "It's this Pen-
ısiness, I suppose."
tell you about it very soon, Char-
ıromise. In fact I've been wanting
the time you've been away. It's
ıfficult and I couldn't trust anyone.
ıts to go away—to see the Inwood
ıt."
could prevent him going, per-

d make ourselves his enemies for-

ould stand it."
ild I, though?"
made a movement of his vast shoul-
meaning I knew my own business

I want to know," I said, "is if he
ıny signs of doubt about going, or
position to discuss the thing. As I
e done what I could to shake his
Charlotte Inwood, and with truth
me, I *may* have been more suc-
than I think."

"I'll keep an eye open. If he goes to her, he goes. Is that it?"

"Yes, Charlie. It's important, too, that I should know the time he leaves and how he proposes to travel. If he's caught en route, there must be no way they can find out we've sheltered him. The Commodore, of course, doesn't know about it, and wouldn't like it."

"Neither would the police, nor any of us after they got through with us," he remarked, and left me in the abrupt way he has when he considers a subject has been exhausted, which is often sooner than the other person likes to admit.

I continued to keep out of people's way for the rest of the day, but I could find no inspiration for improving the Jonathan situation. I thought feebly of writing him a letter, and even began one, but the words looked as meaningless as they had earlier sounded.

The alternative to convincing him of the truth kept me awake until almost dawn, and when I did sleep it was largely due to telling myself a fairy story in which a miracle occurred wherein he suddenly saw the light and came to me to hear the truth again, this time with grateful comprehension and a desire never to leave me as long as he lived.

But there was no sign of this miracle all next day, Sunday, and that night also I had very little sleep, but not on account of Jonathan's pigheaded chivalry.

This time it was the Commodore.

At about three o'clock, when sleep was deepest and the night at its quietest, three sharp, shattering explosions startled me into simultaneous consciousness and movement, so that I found myself standing in the middle of my room in alarmed and complete wakefulness, realizing that Father had let off his .45 old-fashioned, long-barreled, silver-plated revolver at least three times in one rapid burst of fire.

I flung myself downstairs to the Long Room.

There was a half moon low in the southern sky which shone through windows, across halls and rooms and filled the house with more light than if it had been fuller but higher. The smoke of the Commodore's fusillade hung blue and



"The secret of its coolness is in its open weave" J. S. MACDONALD



the new COOPER Safety-Grip

You can best compare the structural strength of the great new Cooper Safety-Grip with a modern steel bridge. For here is a tire that exceeds all conventional standards of the prewar past in ability to stand terrific amounts of stress and strain.

Made with 5 plies of Cooper Armored Rayon Cord . . . the body of this new tire is actually stronger than structural steel — springy and tough, safe as safe can be. And the steel-strong safety of new Cooper Safety-Grips can be yours for less than you think. First step is to see your Cooper dealer for complete details about his liberal change-over plan.

ONLY THE COOPER SAFETY-GRIP GIVES YOU *ALL THESE FEATURES*

★ 5-Ply Construction (Instead of 4) ★ Armored Rayon Cord Body ★ Safety-Grip Traction ★ More Natural Rubber ★ Wider, Flatter Mileage Tread ★ 24-Month Road Hazard Guarantee.

Cooper
ARMORED-CORD
TIRES

COOPER TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

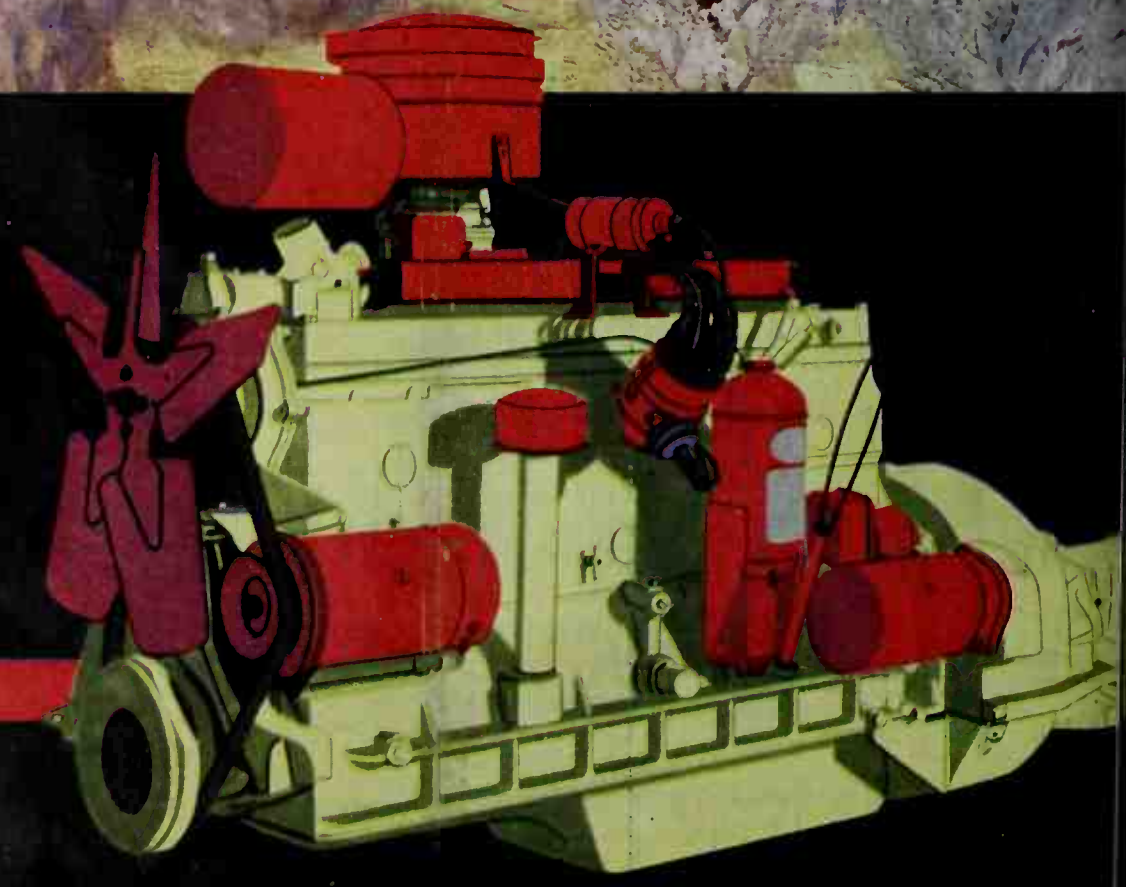
TIRES • TUBES • REPAIR MATERIALS • INDUSTRIAL RUBBER PRODUCTS

Factories at Findlay, Ohio

power...

power...

power...





More horsepower than you can imagine ever using . . . more actual horsepower than you will ever need is packed into the sleek, trim, soft-spoken Chrysler "Spitfire" engine. A miracle of advanced engineering, the "Spitfire" is the secret of Chrysler's challenging pick-up and go! The exciting reason why you'll find the beautiful Chrysler so spirited, so responsive, so much fun to drive.

From Coast to Coast, see a Chrysler-Plymouth dealer for the finest service!

the Beautiful Chrysler

WITH HYDRAULICALLY OPERATED TRANSMISSION AND gyrol FLUID DRIVE

acrid in the Long Room. I shouted something from the doorway before I went in, for I wanted to be sure he recognized me.

"Eve!" came his brisk, "action-stations" voice from the bunk. "Take this and get after him! Middle window! Missed the bastard!"

The revolver came slithering and glittering along the polished strip of floor between the two lines of Persian rugs and stopped at my feet. I picked it up, a hateful, heavy, unmanageable weapon in my hands, and asked, reasonably I thought, before going near the middle or any other of the open French windows, whom he had been shooting at.

"How in hell should I know?" he barked. "Don't stand there!"

THE household was all awake and vocal by now. I heard Mary crying out, asking what had happened, and the alarmed voices of the maids.

I went into the garden. The big lawn stretched smooth in the moonlight to the shadows of the cedar trees. The flagged path to right and left was empty.

There was dew on the flagstones, but the light was not good enough to see if there were footprints in it. There seemed to be none on the silvered lawn, where they would have shown. More to be able to tell Father I had investigated than because I was convinced as yet that he had really seen someone, I went along the path toward the small gate at the corner from which I would be able to see the courtyard and most of the stable buildings the other side of it. The gate was open, but then it as often was as not.

Nor was there any sign of him in or near the courtyard. I stood there in the shadow of the house, holding the gun in both hands because it weighed a ton, and listened. My heart sounded very loud. A wether's bell tinkled faintly across the marshes. I was enjoying my first moment's coherent thought since that sudden awakening: Having rid myself of the possibility that Jonathan might have been wandering in or about the house, I was reminding myself that in all these years of open doors and windows day and night, we have never had the slightest reason to doubt our freedom from burglars, sneak thieves, gypsies and the like, when suddenly I remembered K. Zimmer. I remembered, too, the incident of the other night, when that little man had tried to bully me. This might easily be the sequel. Hadn't I realized at the time it was unlikely he had been choked off for good? K. Zimmer had seemed to me to be unusually greedy and determined; those who usually dealt with him might be able to rely on the honor system among thieves, but we were outside the ring—strangers and amateurs.

Furthermore, I had refused his original terms and later threatened his messenger with the police. He would steal the picture from us without the smallest compunction.

The Commodore's target thus assumed a possible shape and reality.

Then I heard an unmistakable sound. It came from the road, "our" road which connects us to the main road, and as far as I could judge it was about a quarter of a mile away; the sound of a car engine starting up.

If K. Zimmer's friend had failed to find the parcel in the cupboard under the stairs, or the Commodore's gunplay had frightened him away before he could even begin to look for it, then it was a thousand pities!

I began to move at that moment, and to move fast, and did not pause except once briefly at the door of the Long Room to say, "I think it's K. Zimmer and I know what to do."

I did not wait for comment, which I am sure there was, but hurried to the cupboard. I knew the picture would still be there; not only was it the last place anyone would dream of looking for it, but I was as sure as I could be that the man had got no farther into the house than a step or so inside the Long Room window; he would never have guessed someone was there, someone so lightly asleep and so heavily armed.

The picture was there all right. I dragged it out—a small, flattish, brown-paper parcel, and ran down the hall with it, snatched my leather jacket from its peg in the cloakroom and continued along the passage to the back door, out into the courtyard and across to the stables. There were lights all over the house by now and I could imagine a general convergence, led by Mary armed with a poker, toward the Long Room.

I flung the parcel, pistol and leather jacket into the Daimler and got behind the wheel. As usual she answered the first touch of the starter button, and I drove her out into the courtyard and through the archway as fast as she could pick up the throttle. I had a glimpse of Charlie in pajamas, shotgun in hand, hurrying along the path from Ship Cottage to join the party in the Long Room. He, too, sleeps lightly.

Our road was clear of mist except for patches now and again, and although I drove without lights I lost no time on either account for I know every subtlety of curve and surface along that three-mile stretch, and indeed I doubted if K. Zimmer's emissary was going at half my speed.

It was particularly in the misty places that I realized how thin my nightdress was; the leather jacket would keep off some of the chill, but there was nothing to be done about the hardness of the Daimler's rubber-covered pedals on my bare feet.

I watched for car lights ahead and did not see any. Coming to the main road I slowed down, switched on the fog light which throws a low, broad beam, and saw what I had been hoping to find, the wheel marks of a car which very recently had passed from the smaller road to the larger; the white dust imprints of its tires caught and held by the mist-damp surface of the macadam could not have been clearer.

The tracks curved southward, toward London. I switched off the fog lamp, slipped on the leather jacket and at the same time rescued the revolver from the floor where it had landed and put it on the small shelf in the dashboard to the right of the wheel. Then I set off after my man with fair confidence that it would not be long before his taillight came in sight. It was three fourteen by the dashboard clock, which meant that there was nearly an hour of darkness left. I wanted him to get as far away from Kessingland as possible before trouble started.

I was glad he had turned south, presumably for London, as though he had had enough of it for one night.

A mile from Saxmundham I came over a slight rise and saw a luminous patch and a flicker of red, which the next moment vanished, but it was enough. I could not be sure, of course, that it was the right car, but judging times and distance, I thought that more than probably it was. Apart from any of these calculations, it was not a likely hour to come on any traffic.

I slowed a little and gradually closed up to a two-hundred-yard gap between us, and kept it at that through the dark, twisting main street of Saxmundham and beyond into the open country again.

Presently the moon went, so that the only safe thing to do was to get quite close to him and let his headlights do for both of us. It was not a large car, and the driver was alone, unless he had a passenger who was sitting unnaturally close to one of the back-seat corners, the only parts of the car I could not see through the rear window.

We proceeded like this for some fifteen miles, and I had plenty of time to study the back-view silhouette of the driver's head and shoulders. Although the other night K. Zimmer's messenger most of the time had been behind me rather than I behind him, I thought the angle of the hat was the same, with its brim curling up at the left and back, and down at the right and front, where it almost touched the bridge of his narrow nose.

Just as I was beginning to speculate about relative armament and other aspects of the future, he spotted that there was a car behind him. I saw him move his head alertly to look in the driving mirror at the top of his windshield. I put on side lights immediately, hoping he would think they had been on all the time—for a car with no lights at all would arouse his suspicions, which I did not want to happen for a little while.

He increased speed, and I let him go ahead a bit. I knew exactly where I wanted the showdown: a straight, piece of road with a deep ditch sides, midway between Ipswich a chester. Approaching it, I caught him again, and we passed through ing village in close procession. Tw beyond it, with my straight str road imminent, I blazed on all th ler's illuminations, head, fog, a spotlights, so that his car was lig like a shop window at Christ He turned his head a moment t the reflected glare and reached cord which dropped the blind back window. The moveme enough to show me his profile, a that I was right in my guess. T hand appeared out of the off-s dow, signaling me to pass him.

But I refused the invitation, a a little he began to put on mo than he had used so far; rea thoughts, I could assume that he to be alone with them, that he easy in company tonight; but n sarily more than that. He was c that he had got away from Mars without danger of pursuit.

As we turned into the straight my finger on the horn and held He drew in to his side to let There was not a lot of room for enough. His hand summoned again. I moved the near-side so that it shone at right angles a gradually to draw level, keep close to the turf at the road's e I could look sideways across th ler's front seat and the spotligh me his face a few feet from me was beyond doubt the film gang had ridden with me from Nort Street to Chelsea. He turned, hal by the light, and shouted som me about pass and be damned t what did I think I was playing could not, of course, recognize t

I began crowding him closer a to the verge. His mouth was o surprise and alarm as he clun wheel, trying vainly to escape th ing spotlight and no doubt in about the meaning of this deli tack on him.

HE COULD not resist the i brake suddenly when I sw so that my front fender was we of him. He lacked the courage, crash into me—which would h the sensible thing to do. As h went on, the inevitable happe steering was pulled out of exac so that he hit the turf with his wheel, bounced onto it, lost c together for a moment and we road completely; the tra bumped heavily on the ground car came to a stop.

I braked and backed quick was abreast of him again with light on him. He had had time nize the Daimler and had prob me as well. In any case, he was violently, "So it's you, you—" of it, and the gender of the obsc feminine. "Bloody near kill you!"

He passed a bony hand over perspiring face, gathering his the shock of hitting the ditch the spot downward, so that its cluded the bright revolver, the which I rested on the door steadily trained on him. H paused, and continued to sw violently.

"Get out," I said, and had t twice.

He got out and stood u blinking in the light.

"I've had enough of thi game!" he said. "Murder's a law. You touch me and see if hang, you—shooting at a blok dark room, a bloke who only have a little talk."

"You're having a little talk n

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"But you're not on the beauty-contest committee, Alfred. You're on the committee to judge the lima beans and summer squash"

COLLIER'S



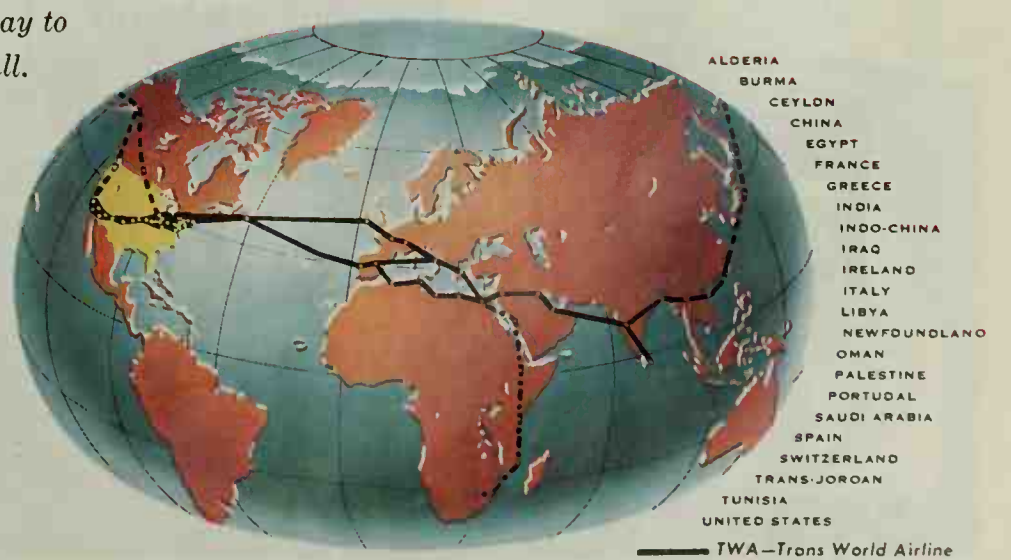
...rowing"—a traditional part of Alpine festivals, at which the Swiss welcome visitors from everywhere the world around.

There's High Fun in Switzerland

If you would treat your eyes to Alpine grandeur at its best—and give your heart a lift it hasn't known in years—you'll wing your way to the majestic peaks, the gem-like lakes of Switzerland this fall.

...ing your way—in the spacious, rest-cure comfort of a mighty TWA Starliner—at sun-racing speeds that put Geneva within a single day of routine America—in high contentment with the tasty foods, considered attentions, and world-wide airmanship that bless your journey through the blue. That's the way to learn why flying is the way to travel and TWA the way to fly.

Just ask your travel agent or nearest TWA office.



...passenger flights
...mail and cargo

TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

"...take 5"

"The problem's tough," said Freddie Duff
"But Revelation's just the stuff.
"I know the answers will arrive
"If I sit back, relax . . . *take five.*"



...take Revelation!

Take five minutes to relax and enjoy five great tobaccos in one superb blend—Revelation Pipe Tobacco. Settle back in comfort as you puff at Revelation's skilful mixture of slow-burning and free-burning leaf. Ah-h-h-h, that's pleasure!

Take 5! Take Burley for body, Carolina for color, Virginia for vigor, Latakia for lusciousness and Perique for piquancy.

"...take 5" glorious tobaccos in one great BLEND



Made by the special PHILIP MORRIS process!

do you think you're off to in a stolen car?"

"Stolen? This crate? *Hot?*" He was indignant, not at doubt thrown on his virtue, but that he should be accused of negligence. "I'm not that dumb! You've got nothing on me." His words were braver than his voice or chin, which sagged and trembled.

"Oh, so you say it's your car," I said with scornful disbelief.

"I didn't say it was my car. I said it wasn't a hot one, that's all."

"Where's your gun? Let's have it."

He swore he hadn't got a gun, and I was inclined to believe him. Moreover, I made him turn around and prove it by taking the things out of his pockets and pulling off his jacket to show he did not sport a shoulder holster. He grumbled that he was always being misjudged, he could explain about tonight, it was just a misunderstanding. The window was open, and he didn't want to go ringing front doorbells, so he—

But I cut him short, telling him to get up on the front bumper of the Daimler.

"Front bumper?" He looked puzzled and mutinous.

"That's what I said. You can ride facing or back to the engine. Suit yourself. If the radiator's too hot to lean against, you can put your coat over it."

He wanted to know what the big idea was, but I did not see why I should tell him. I gave him five seconds to do as he was told, and jerked the pistol at him in a suggestive way.

"You don't have to die," I said as grimly as I knew how. "Not tonight."

He climbed onto the bumper and hung on to the radiator cap, over which he put his hat to protect his hands.

I DID not drive too fast for fear he might fall off; after half an hour we reached the bottom of the hill where the road turns at right angles to climb again into the city of Colchester. I stopped and ordered him to take to his feet. He could catch the five-fifteen milk train for Liverpool Street if he hurried. He wanted to know what about his friend's car, and I told him he could ring up a garage and have them tow it in for repairs—if he could find a garage open. Or maybe he could arrange it from London. I didn't care. He could continue to suit himself, but I hoped that by now he realized monkeying with me only ended in trouble, and perhaps he would on my behalf invite K. Zimmer to go to hell. He jammed his hat on his head, a hat no longer curly, no longer wicked, and stamped off up the hill. I felt he was sufficiently fed up and frightened at his bad luck where I was concerned to give up any thought of fighting back, for the moment anyway.

I watched him until he was sight, then turned the Daimler ar back fast to the ditched saloon glad it was not a stolen car. Pe was K. Zimmer's? That would b But even if it were not, it would belong to one of his crowd and l able to them.

I looked it over, a derelict in th dawn. In another hour or less traffic would be on the road, thirty police patrol on its regu between Colchester and Ipswic pass this way. . . .

There was nothing in the ca interest, but I could remedy tha

I took the disputed Rembrand from the Daimler and put it on in the back of the abandoned ca

Then I had a good look up a the road to make sure I was st took up a position with the Com revolver just behind the saloon ing both hands for it, took caref

Through the back window I shots, which came out through screen on each side of where th head would have been, and I fire into the nearside back fender center so that it ended up in the air burst from it with a sharp whistle. I thought investigati would be satisfied as to why th gone off the road.

Their next question, the re such dramatic goings on, they able to answer soon enough; had to unwrap the parcel they the back.

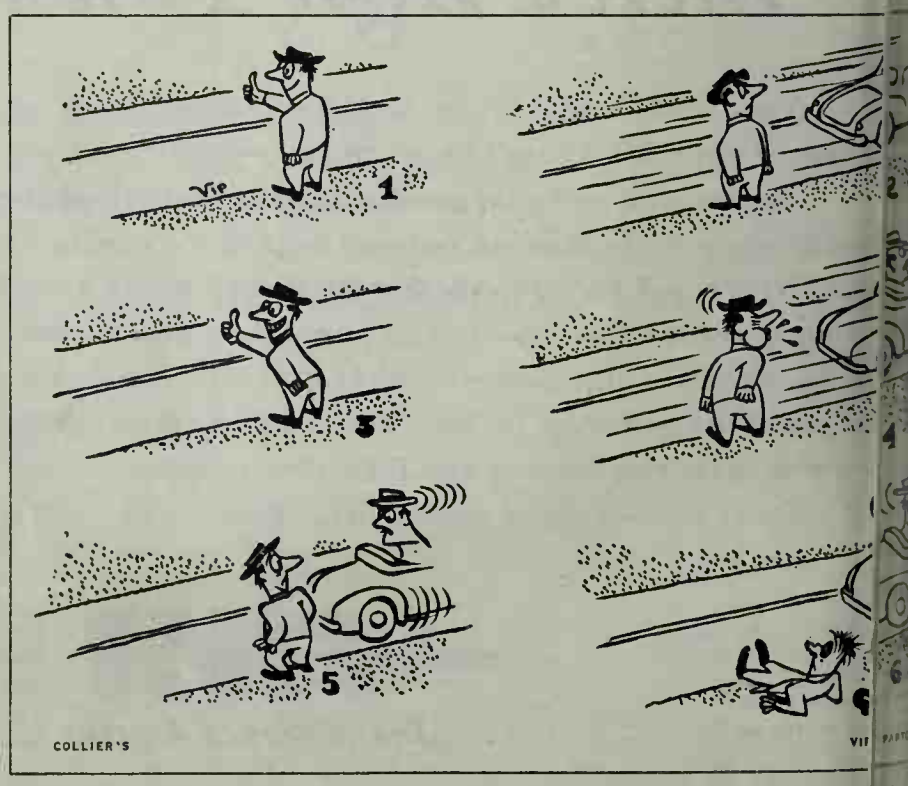
After that, they could consul Zimmer, whom they doubtless by repute. He might be able t how The Old Woman in a Sh to be there, but again he might unlikely he would have much his curly-hatted friend, whose him would be too ridiculous f In fact, K. Zimmer might no have him for a friend any mor

However, it was other peop lem now, and no longer ours, th ness.

I drove home in the gatherin Monday morning, sneezing again because my feet were col dered, but without alarm, if I any footprints in the soft tu roadside. It was a pity in some the scene was too far south Billy Bull's division; however, it only right that he should n barrassed by having the Rembr to light in his hunting ground.

But prints of a bare foot, a 's foot near a bullet-riddled car fo a gang fight over a stolen maste He would have liked that si mysterious touch.

(To be concluded next w





"We always expect unexpected guests"

You can expect good friends to come your way often when you make Schlitz a customary part of your welcome. Like your own cordial handclasp and smile of greeting, this fine beer helps you say sincerely, "We're glad you came." In its delightful aroma, there's the fragrance of hospitality itself . . . the flavor of friendship in each sparkling glass. The very name on the label tells your guests that for them, you bring out the best.

Copyright 1947, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Schlitz

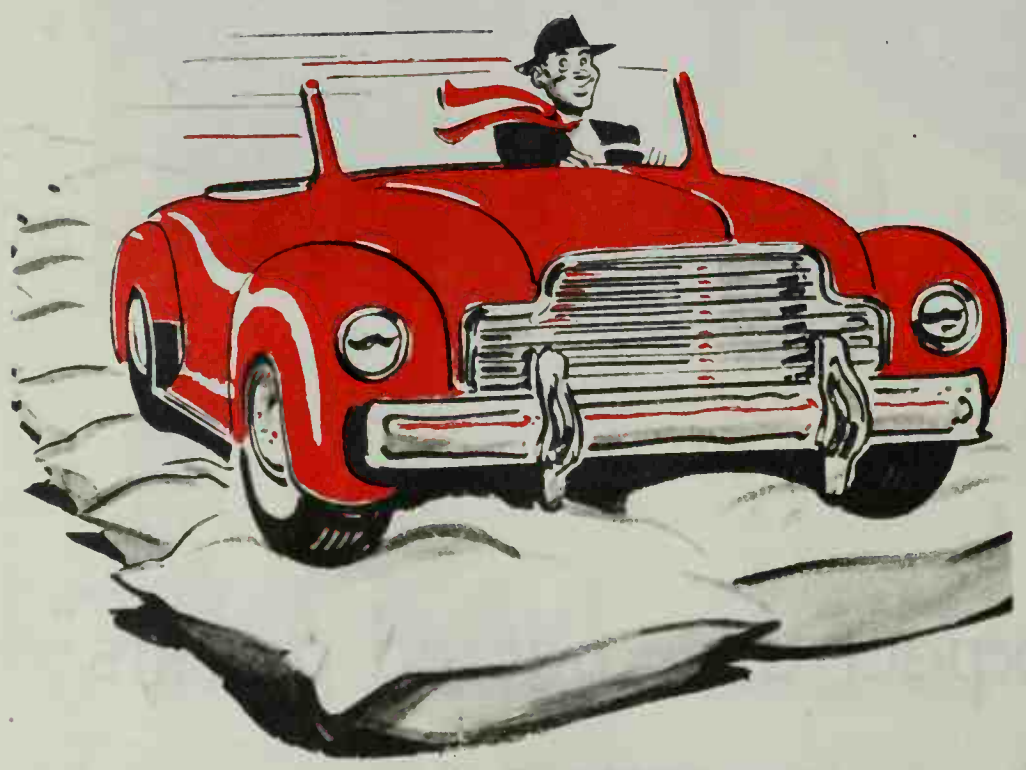


The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for

MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Marfak's not an ordinary lubricant – no throwing in the towel after a couple of hundred miles of driving. A *Marfak* job protects chassis wear points and fights friction for 1,000 miles and more! The "cushiony" driving and smooth handling ease you get is *sure* proof that *Marfak* sticks to the job *longer*. Applied by chart, never by chance. Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" today.

MARFAK Lubrication

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

. . . We got a rope waiting for that tenderfoot Velie. He'd better stay East. . . .

HANK O'HARE, Butte, Mont.

Mr. Velie was brought up in Wisconsin, talked to everyone from cowhand to rancher, and is mighty quick on the draw, pardner!!!

FORD MUTTER

DEAR SIR: As one of the unnamed by Mr. Gervasi (and if Frank thinks he'll ever get his name in an article of *mine*, he's crazy) interventionists who had a little something to do with presenting Senator Charles Tobey in 1941 with an isolationist umbrella—not a red, white and blue one, as Mr. Gervasi erroneously states, but a black one with, I recall distinctly, a yellow stripe down the center—I should like to state that the intriguers of Center Ossipee are as proud of their senior senator today as they once were disappointed in him. On the question of Tobey or not Tobey, they would vote definitely in the affirmative. (Yankee Gadfly, Aug. 2d.)

COREY FORD, Freedom, N. H.

FOUL BALL

DEAR EDITOR: Sporting Odds (July 26th) is interesting but raises a question in my mind. With a man on first, it is my opinion that the batter is automatically out regardless of whether the catcher drops the third strike or holds it! Right—or wrong?

MARGARET MONE, Bowling Green, Fla.

Right if there is nobody out or if there is one man out. Wrong if there are two out, as was the case in our Sporting Odds. (See Official Baseball Rule 44, Section 6.) Next batter!

HE WHO LAUGHS LASTS

DEAR EDITOR: One Laugh—$2 (July 12th) takes me back almost sixty years to the little town of Micanopy, Florida, and "Old Humphrey"—a Negro who could laugh the loudest of any person we ever knew. Just after sundown when all sounds carry the farthest, you could hear him two miles. His reputation reached New York show people and they sent down agents to hire him.

Humphrey didn't know much about geography—thought New York City was somewhere around the North Pole, so he took no chances and stayed in Micanopy and died there.

On a still evening, if you listen carefully you can still hear his laugh as he sits on a cloud in the sunset's glow and swats at a mosquito with his golden halo and laughs at St. Peter's worn-out jokes.

JAMES CALVERT SMITH, St. Augustine, Fla.

THE PURGE TO CONQUE

DEAR SIRS: Your editorials are t
They could be capsuled such a
dreamed up concerning the Russi
in Poland. It goes: "Confession
for the Pole."

ED MCSTURGES, Denv

MESS A MISS, WILL YO

DEAR EDITOR: I have just read (the
Hubbell's story A Game for T
26th). In the story a *thirteen-yea*
wears her hair on top of her hea
her nails, wears earrings and wea
I think it is very disgusting. I a
also tall (5'8") like the girl in t
But if any girl in our neighborho
get fixed up like that we would
was *strictly ickie*, "but def."

ARLENE SLOTE, Linco

BUNNYISMS

DEAR SIR: Bunny McLeod and
nyisms and Sam Goldwyn and
props (The Week's Work, Aug. 1
nothing on my wife's mother. H
is always tripping over her m
with little remarks such as whe
she "slept like a hog"; and re
"52-20 or Fight." Another tim
sisted that a "boy's best friend i
become a mother!" and sighin
trophized: "Heaven help anyo
helping themselves!" She's oc
sounded a sensible note with "
as debt and taxes!" But I wo
she meant when speaking of my
"She keeps her nose to the rhines

B. F. PHILLIPSON, Remsen

. . . How come you missed Bunn
"There are a lot of nice people
wood, but not many," and "
never as bad as they turn out"?

C. D. RUSSELL, New

MALE CHEESECAKE

GENTLEMEN: Was very happy
picture of John Grimek in T
Mail (July 12th). It is about t
one exploded the too popular m
the lads that we girls are here
joyed but not to enjoy. How a
pictures of the better specime
manhood—life guards, artist
weight lifters?

For instance, in the article The
Tan Myth (July 12th)—why a the
and not a single "he-man" to be

MRS. MARY M. C
Los An

*Okay. Here's something in th
boy style.*



No other pen writes like a Waterman's



Two new beauties...winners on any Campus!

Try to match these for value!

Waterman's brings you everything you want most in a pen! Smart new styling. Scientific design for restful writing. Matchless performance! A truly personal pen, for the 14 kt. gold point is carefully *ground by hand* to match your own writing style! See, try, the new Waterman's at your dealer's soon.

THE NEW CRUSADER $5

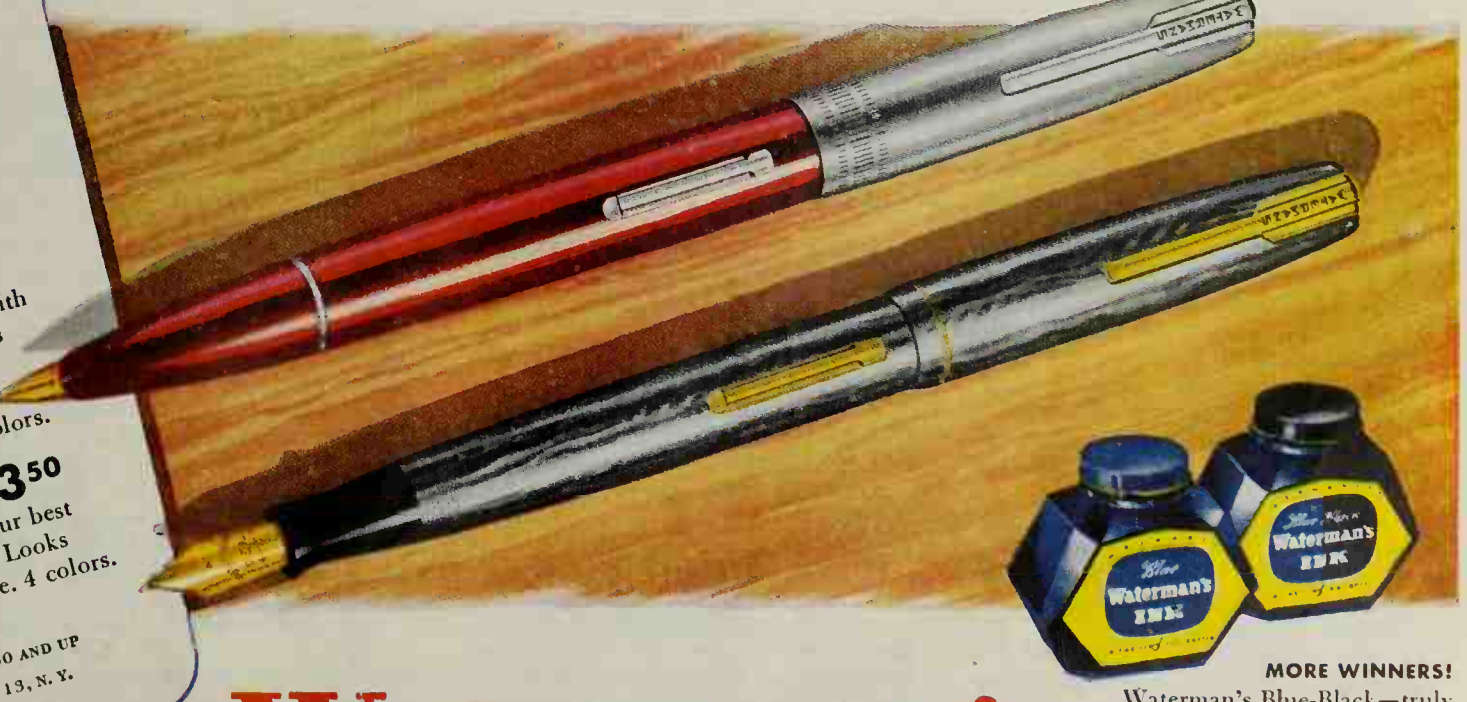
A true *Taperite* . . . sleek, slim, trim with features of other pens costing twice as much. Lock slip cap (no threads!) of satiny Lumalloy, new tarnish-proof metal. Models for him, for her. 4 colors.

THE NEW STALWART $3.50

Big, handsome, husky—by far your best buy at anywhere near this price. Looks and writes like it cost a lot more. 4 colors. Models for men and women.

OTHER WATERMAN'S $5, $8.75, $13.50 AND UP

L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



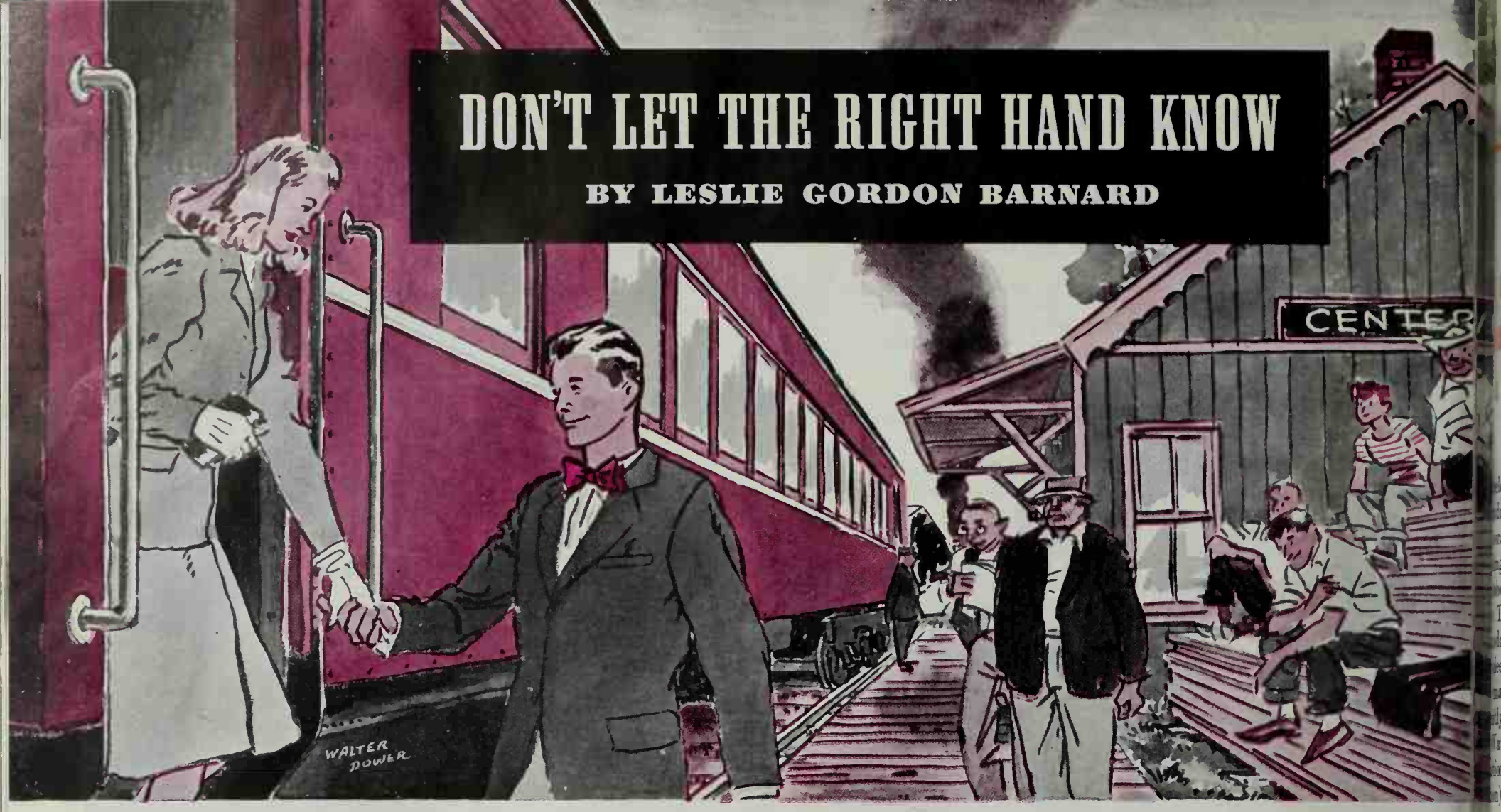
Waterman's

MORE WINNERS!

Waterman's Blue-Black—truly permanent. Washable Blue—safe for school, home. New, 15¢ size—50% more ink than others at 15¢.

DON'T LET THE RIGHT HAND KNOW

BY LESLIE GORDON BARNARD



"My gawsh!" Will Gregg, the station agent, whistled. "Don't tell me that's Joe's girl." "Wife," Father said and wondered how Mother would take t

IN ALL his life Father had never felt like this. Behind him sat Joe and Mother. Beside him sat Sally. His heart thumped as he turned the car down the station road, partly because he was desperately afraid Sally might never come back again, and partly because he was going to give her something. He was going to give her two hundred dollars —and Mother knew nothing about it, or so he hoped. Saturday, while Mother was busy marketing, he had drawn it—feeling furtive and guilty—from their joint account. Of course he would tell her later. Let that bad moment take care of itself.

He'd done what he could for Sally; shown her the views from the orchard, taken her out to the barn, explained to her about blights and sprays and yields and co-operatives. Yet all the time there had been a terrible tenseness, because of Mother. . . .

When Joe's wire had come, saying, "Can you meet us Friday afternoon train?" Mother had glanced up sharply and said, "Us?" and Father had edged her past the rest of the message as if she were a shying horse. Saying nothing, she had gone out into the kitchen and started a tremendous baking, allowing herself only a little slamming of pots and pans.

"You'll come to meet them?" Father asked hopefully.

"Why should I?" Mother said, so Father went alone.

Will Gregg, the station agent, asked him, "Not feeling so good?"

"Could be," Father said dryly. Then the train came in and there was Joe helping the girl off.

A row of youths straddling a lumber pile gave with a wolf howl.

"My gawsh!" Will Gregg whistled. "Don't tell me that's Joe's girl."

"Wife," Father said.

"Glory, glory!" Will said, and Father knew he was wondering how Mother would take this.

Father knew also that he should be stiff with Joe for pulling this fast one in the middle of finishing his education at the expense of a grateful country, but instead he shook Joe's hand strongly. "Wish you happiness, my boy," he said, and Joe said apologetically, "We—I figured it'd save a lot of fuss and argument so we—we just up and did it."

"So I see," Father said.

What Father saw was a girl in a green suit, a girl with shining hair and half-frightened eyes, trying to put on a good show, and not doing too well.

"This is Sally," Joe said.

"Hello, Sally." Father smiled.

The look fled from Sally's eyes; she flung her arms around Father and kissed him, and Father forgot everything he should have remembered—especially Mother.

Stiff as a ramrod, Mother met them at the door, in her best black dress. She gave Joe a peck on one cheek, which both men knew was just her undemonstrative way. "This is my mother, Sally," Joe said.

Briefly Mother extended a hand. "I'll show you the room," she said and Father's throat tightened. He knew she didn't mean it to sound as if she were renting them a room for the week end.

WHEN they came down Sally looked subdued but hopeful. Her lips and fingernails were very red, and she was, Father had to admit, highly attractive in lounging pajamas. Mother, never strong on color or show, took a look and said she guessed she'd better start getting supper.

"Could I help?" Sally offered.

Slowly Mother turned. "Ever peel potatoes?"

"Why, yes—I—"

"There's potatoes to peel," Mother said. And Father thought: Come, this is better, until presently he heard Mother saying, "If you'd ever raised potatoes on soil like ours you wouldn't peel 'em that way!" Joe, shrugging, went out and chain-smoked on the doorstep. He should have known, Father thought, that Mother just couldn't help being thrifty. Every cent they could scrape had gone into Joe's education and now went into their joint account at the bank. You can't shake a habit like that very easily.

"Your mother's a fine woman," Father said.

"Sure." Joe nodded.

It was like that. Tense. Some parts of the week end better; some not so good. . . .

Now, driving Joe and Sally to the train, Father felt terrible. It had never occurred to him that he would not have this time alone with them until he'd backed the car out. And there, waiting in her best dress and the hat she'd fixed over, was Mother.

"Y-you coming?" he stammered.

"Why not?" Mother asked.

On the station platform Father stood first on one foot and then the other, uneasily conscious of the envelope in his pocket with its ten crisp twenty-dollar bills. Finally, edging Joe aside, he turned his back carefully to Mother, and said, "I want you to give this to Sally after you get on the train, Joe. It's a—a wedding present. From both of us," which was true enough, coming as it did from the joint account, his and Mother's.

Joe nodded, thanked him, and then they turned. Right off Father saw the mistake he had made, leaving those two women together. Something awful had evidently happened because Sally was trying to brush away tears and Mother looked like a dragon that has just effectively flicked its tail. Then with a rush the train steamed in, halted, panting. The conductor shouted, "All aboard!"—and Joe and Sally were gone. In Father's heart was a sick fear that Joe might never again bring Sally back here.

Stiff and straight, Mother stood waiting for him to get into the car. Silently they drove off. He would have to confess now, but it didn't seem to matter. The breach between Sally and Joe and Mother was now between himself and Mother—the first seri breach in their long life together. he knew they must have it out now

Father came right to the po "What was Sally crying about?" asked.

Mother's lips tightened. "I gu that was my doing. Maybe you w approve."

"Maybe not," Father said, the h in him growing.

BLUSHING, Mother said, words like hard pebbles, as t always were when she wished to co any strong feeling, "It's somethin wanted to talk to you about, once t got away. While you were up gett that feed Saturday I dropped into bank. There's not as much in our count as there should be. Some's b taken out."

Father braced himself. "I mean tell you soon's they'd gone. I well, that Sally should have a wed present—from us. So I drew it while you were at the market. T hundred, it was. I slipped it to Jo give Sally on the train."

Mother looked as if a bolt struck her. "You did *what?*" she manded.

So Father repeated it. He s "There it is, and I can't truthfully I'm sorry. They'll need all they get hold of."

A queer look came into Moth face.

"Well," she said, "they won't v for a while. Not with four hun dollars."

Father's mouth opened. "Four h dred—"

"Your two and my two," Mo said with grim relish. "What d suppose I was in the bank for? W d'you suppose I was just tryin tell you? The child seemed—q touched when I gave it to her."

Father just sat there staring at wonderful woman he had mar The silent kind. Undemonstra That was Mother.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HE COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC HOME LAUNDRY by Jacobs

TS PROVE OUR CLAIM
LAUNDERALL DOES
A BETTER JOB.

ow are the results of recent
nducted by the Detroit Test-
atory—for over 40 years
g commercial independent
oratory for the automobile
. The washing tests were run
ardized materials and pro-
emed by them to be suffi-
ake a fair comparison and
y applied to each machine
ter of 6 to 8 grain hard-
nal average according to
was employed.



No Other Washer Has All These Features

★ **MORE THOROUGH WASHING**
With Re-Verse-Pul washing action

★ **NO BENDING OR STOOPING**
Top-Fil-Dor is waist high

★ **GREATER SAFETY**
Safti-Latch protects careless hands

★ **DAMP-DRIES—DRIPLESS**
Roto Drier damp-dries clothes ready for the line

★ **SCIENTIFICALLY TIMED CYCLES**
Hydro-Pul Drive takes guesswork out of washing

Nationally distributed through 6,000 carefully selected dealers.

WASHED 28 TO 41% CLEANER!

USED 18 TO 27% LESS SOAP...

17 TO 27% LESS HOT WATER!

BETTER BUILT TO DO A BETTER JOB

Laundera ll

F. L. JACOBS CO., DETROIT 1, MICHIGAN

Plants in Detroit, Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Holly and Mancelona, Mich.; Indianapolis, Ind., and Danville, Ill.

Distributed in Canada by J. H. Connor & Son, Ltd., Ottawa

What-to-wear schedule for undergrads



8 AM Up and into your "Mansco" shorts —so well-behaved (no binding, clinging, no classroom squirms) you hardly know they're there. ("Mansco" undershirt, too!)



8:04 Climb into a fine "Manhattan" oxford-cloth shirt (button-down or spread collar, white or colored) . . . add an all-wool "Manhattan" tartan tie or solid-color knit, both very, *very* popular this fall . . .



8:06 If a sweater's called fo ou your head comes a "Mnsco 100%-wool pullover crew-neck—(ma be a sleeveless V-neck is for you . .



3PM You slip into something "more comfortable"—one of your sharp, solid-color, wool sportshirts, tailored to perfection by, you guessed it, Old Maestro "Manhattan" . . .



8PM If there's a nip in the air, tuck in a pure-wool "Manhattan" muffler—tartan or solid. (Note the "Manhattan" hanky, too) . . .



11PM? Back in the sack with imn cula "Manhattan" Tattersall fla nele pajamas . . . See your dealer today for the a other "Manhattan" things for the fall s nest

Go back to school
this semester with

Manhattan Mansco

COPR. 1947, THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO.

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY, MAKERS OF "MANHATTAN" SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, PAJAMAS, SPORTSHIRTS, HANDKERCHIEFS, MUFFLERS AND "MANSCO" UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, SW TRUN

THE FARMER SEEKS A WIFE

Continued from page 12

politely till you finished talking. ie would have gone and done the I done it well."

er roared. "A fine thing! Well, I e's just plain dumb."

y was able to find for us two men ould help out. They were Mr. LaBombard, a French Canadian ourteen children, and Mr. Suds a truculent individual who swore and continuously, and drank an vable amount of beer of his own icture. I was forbidden to hang near Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith a Model T and furnished trans- on for Mr. LaBombard.

er never admitted to himself how ime Henry spent with Anne, but ot into the habit of taking "a little up to the main road in the early s. Henry usually strolled back er. He didn't seem particularly hen he was with Anne.

I fished late at the dock, and out dusk Anne and Henry would ap- a canoe, lazing along. When was around, Anne's voice was al- couple of tones higher-pitched was the rest of the time, and she a lot.

HAT day when the letter came and er made his scene in the kitchen, was ready for the battle because d Henry very much. And she at no matter how nice he was, be- rmer automatically scored three against him with Father.

next day, faced with the necessity ning everything before Mr. Cool- ived, Father went forth to push along. Before noon Mr. Smith 'll be a so-and-so if any city so- n browbeat me." And Mr. La- d said, "I'll tink I'll not *walking* ne." They drove away together.

second blow came that night, its effects weren't felt until the rning. Henry sought Father out ibrary. I was reading a Ralph Barbour book in a high-backed nd either they didn't see me or I was paying no attention.

y said, "Mr. Forman, I want to nne."

was no explosion because Fa- s absolutely sure of his ground. ," he said, "I like you a lot. But understand that Anne means a al to me. She's used to a different n the one you could give her. sed to expensive things. It t work out and so I can't give my on. Perhaps to make things eas- everybody, it would be better if n't come around any more."

where I sat I could see the cur- he library door twitch.

didn't say anything. There was cted silence. I could tell Father making a genuine effort to say thought must be said, as merci- e could. Lately he had begun to admire Henry, which was a great on in the light of his feeling about But because he loved Anne, he estly trying to do the best thing

Henry didn't say anything Fa- ced some more along the same en he stopped and again waited ry to say something.

said, "Good night."

r went to the door with him. he came back down the hall he e. Her head was up and her eyes imming. Father said, "Hello, didn't know you were around." rushed past him and up the stairs. ld hear her sobbing. At the top ed long enough to say in a tense You're—you're nothing but a Khan."

"Who, me?" Father looked around to see if there were somebody else in the hall she could have been talking to. "Now what have I done?"

He headed for Mother at once as was his custom when he was in trouble, or when the world's people were not acting reasonably.

When I reached the kitchen Mother was saying, "But we ought to judge the young man as an individual, Farnsworth, not by what he does."

And Father roared, "If he weren't a peasant, yes."

"I keep telling you farmers are not as poor as you think they are."

"I can well imagine. I suppose they summer at Newport, and winter at Palm Beach. They—" He paused when he saw the look on Mother's face, and bowed his head. "Levia, my little family has not always scorned my advice. But I am resigned to being hated for Anne's sake. I will try not to be bitter."

Mother sighed. "I suppose it has never occurred to you that tomorrow morning



"It wasn't a bit like the newspapers"
COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

you won't have anyone working for you at all."

Father snapped erect. "You don't mean Henry will stay away?"

Mother just shrugged. Father lifted his eyes to high heaven and bellowed, "Why can't anyone around here act like a reasonable human being?"

The next morning Father puttered around the yard pretending that he wasn't looking up the road. By 8:05 his face showed his feelings in spite of his efforts to hide them. By 8:10 he knew the worst, and made no pretense of hiding anything. Automatically he started toward the kitchen and Mother, then thought better of it and went out to the car. He asked me if I wanted to ride.

We drove over to the Zebulon Warner farm, where we found Henry riding a mowing machine in the middle of a field of tufted timothy.

Father and I got out, climbed the fence and walked across the newly cut grass. When we reached the uncut part of the field we waited until Henry came around on his next trip. He stopped the team of matched blacks and sat looking at us, saying nothing.

Father said with extreme heartiness, "Well, good morning, Henry. How are you feeling?"

Henry said, "Good."

"I was afraid when you didn't appear this morning that you might be ill." He paused. Then he said, "I see you are not ill."

"No," said Henry.

"I was wondering why you didn't come to work. I'm in a very bad position; we've got to have these things completed before August 3d when Mr. Coolidge comes." Henry said nothing. After a moment Father continued, "What was your reason, Henry?"

"You told me I had better not come around any more."

Father laughed. "Why, I thought you understood I meant only in the evenings to see Anne." Father went on to explain more fully. Then he told a couple of good stories. "Well, I am glad that this misunderstanding is all cleared up. Will you be at work this afternoon or will it be tomorrow morning?"

Henry said mildly, "I am good enough to work there, but not good enough to come and see Anne?"

Father bellowed, "I never—" When he was this far through the sentence he must have realized that bellowing was the worst possible strategy. So with each word the volume of sound diminished until when he had finished he was back to his ordinary voice again. "—said anything like that, my boy. I had hoped last night I had made plain how things stood in the matter of my daughter. I think you are a fine young man personally. I just do not want Anne to live in poverty."

"I'm not poor."

Father smiled knowingly. "Of course not. Poverty is relative." Then he added, "You will come back tomorrow morning, won't you?"

"Yes," said Henry. Then after a second's hesitation he added, "But I *should* stay here because we're behind with the haying. If we get in a jam later, will you help us out?"

"But of course, my boy. Naturally."

BEFORE we left, Henry had agreed to go over that evening and talk to Suds Smith and Romeo LaBombard about coming back to work.

But I couldn't quite understand Henry's giving in when he had Father at his mercy. It didn't make sense.

At home, however, Father's troubles were still manifold. For one thing this was one of the days when Gifford and Davis did not appear. These two men were the plumbers and they would show up regularly for a couple of days, get everything torn up, and then not appear for several days afterward. Father held a shouted conversation with them over the phone during which he elicited promises from them which I was pretty sure they couldn't keep.

Also Father had his troubles with Anne. She would not look directly at him, she held her chin in the air, and her eyes were red most of the time.

The third afternoon the windows were open and I could smell ginger cookies clear down at the dock. When I got into the kitchen Mother and Anne were talking and Anne was so upset that for once she didn't demand that I be sent from the room. She was saying, "—told him I'd be willing to marry him in spite of Father but he wouldn't agree to that. He said he could manage Father all right if he had a little time. As if *anybody* could ever manage Father. Henry makes me furious. Not wanting to go ahead, being so timid, wanting to wait until he can convince Father and keep relations pleasant all round. I'll be an old, old lady with a lined face and gray hair, maybe even as



It's a way thousands use to wake up vital and gay, and eager to get going! Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine each night.

Here's how it works—without magic or mystery. Taken warm at bedtime Ovaltine promotes *sound sleep* without drugs. It also supplies specially processed food elements to restore vigor and energy while you sleep. And as a plus value, furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most of us should have for keen vitality.

So each cup is a 3-way aid to better sleep and brighter, peppier, happier mornings. Why not try it, and see!

OVALTINE

NOW TRY
Dustless
SWEEPING



Reduce Germ Laden Dust!

Eliminate Sweeping Compound!

Dustless brushes used with Arbitrin sweeping fluid eliminate up to 97% of germ laden dust and reduce sweeping costs 20%. Arbitrin fluid, poured into a metal reservoir in the brush back, filters through the tufts and keeps dust down as you sweep. Dustless brushes are used in thousands of schools, factories, offices, stores, and institutions. There is a Dustless brush to fit your needs. Write for sizes, styles and prices today.

MD

Milwaukee Dustless Brush Co.
530 N. 22nd St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.
Please send facts about Dustless brushes.
Name .....
Street Address .....
City, State .....

in league with leisure



THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

For three quarters of a century, Kentucky Tavern has been a world champion whiskey thanks to its distinctive flavor. The mellow "Tavern" taste is unmistakable . . . as different as night is from day. Try Kentucky Tavern and see for yourself.

KENTUCKY TAVERN

COPYRIGHT 1947 G. D. CO.

n as thirty years old before I get to
y Henry at this rate. Believe me, *I'll*
on Father."

vent back to the dock. You couldn't
feeling sorry for somebody who
ed something as much as Anne
ed Father to say yes.

ter in the afternoon I went back to
itchen because sometimes the too-
n cookies were left in a pan for me.
ner was still in there and Henry was
ig a drink of water. She said,
ry, I'd like to have you eat supper
us this evening, and then you could
l the evening with Anne."

nry said, "Thank you, Mrs. For-
but I better not come tonight. It
3 be hard on Anne pretending all
ng I wasn't there. Would you let
ll you when I think the right time
ome?"

hat will be fine, Henry. I will be
ng for you to tell me."

. Suds Smith and Mr. Romeo La-
ard and Henry worked hard every
nd things began to shape up. They
ed the painting and put in the grass
They put the last touches on the
beds; Romeo LaBombard did that.
o liked flowers. They turnpiked
ad with the town road machine, but
t Henry's better judgment.

said to Father, "A friend of mine
make any road. He drove down
the pasture, in a little different
every time. That way the grass
wore thin, and in wet weather he
have any trouble with slippery
This was practically a two-hour
n for Henry.

ell, I intend to have a road," said
testily. "I wouldn't expect the
President of the United States to
down across a pasture."

road looked very nice when they
rough, with the dirt all dragged up
center where it would pack well.
rounded to shed the water; and of
, the Addison County clay, having
een moved, was still pretty soft.
ry also helped Gifford and Davis
up the septic tank for the guest-
Whenever there was any work to
ie at the guesthouse, Henry always
d to take particular pains with it.
Gifford and Davis were through,
got out the hose and filled the
tank with water.

t evening I heard Father say to
r, "You know, Levia, I caught
shirking for the first time today.
s standing there running water into
tic tank at the little house—some-
that's completely useless because
k will fill anyway after we've run
ew baths. It's all right, though.
his last day, and he was just try-
stretch it out to get full time. These
s need every cent they can earn."

Mr. Smith and Mr. LaBombard
nry all through, Gifford and Davis
septic tank for the big house late
the next afternoon. They promised to be back bright and early the following morning if it didn't rain.

It rained. It began in the early evening and rained hard all night. I awoke once and heard the sound of the waves on the lake. I could hear the rain pelting against the window and the wind sighing in the pine trees east of the house. The air was full of sound but it was sound that made you feel dry and secure where you were, and lulled you back to sleep.

It was still raining at breakfast time the next morning and it poured steadily all day. Gifford and Davis did not come.

IN THE afternoon Father put the side curtains on the car and started for town to explain to Gifford and Davis about Mr. Coolidge and the necessity of having everything done before August 3d. I went with him.

The loose clay on top of the road had soaked up the rain and become as slippery as grease. We had gone only a little distance when the car slipped sideways down into the ditch. Father tried everything to get it out. The clay caked on his shoes until they were twice their ordinary size. Finally he set the gas, put the car in low, and let the wheels spin very slowly. He had me steer. Then he pushed.

He got the car up into the center of the road all right. But the moment he got it up there it slid slowly off into the ditch on the other side of the road. Then he tried to put the chains on but the car was at a considerable angle and slid off the jack.

Finally he just tied the chains around each wheel and managed to get up to the main road. Somehow we got to town. Coming back with the chains on we came through all right, but we left deep ruts.

After supper Father went out to see if the boats were pulled up far enough. All of a sudden we heard a horrified yell, and then Father's steps on the porch. He burst into the room, looking shaken. All three of us were on our feet.

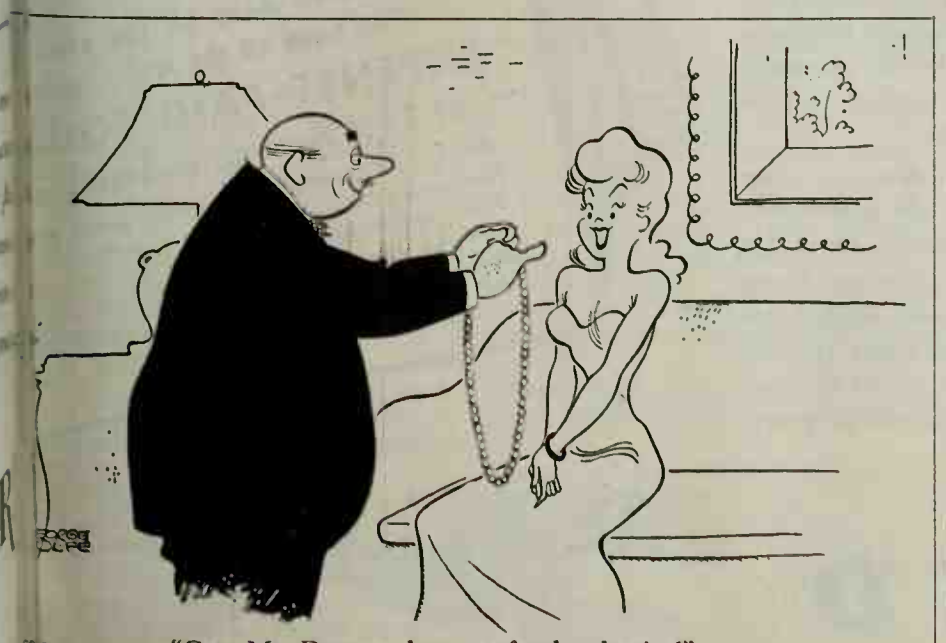
He said, "Now, Levia, be calm. Take your example from me. I am sure there is some perfectly natural explanation for this. But while I was walking across the back yard a huge apparition appeared beside me. It was so real that I could hear the noises it was making. Levia, hand me my lantern and my revolver."

We must have made a peculiar picture as we went toward the door. Father led the way, carrying the lantern high, his revolver in his right hand. Mother was only a step behind him looking determined and prim. Anne and I crept along behind them in spite of Father's warning to stay in the house.

We crossed the porch and started across the yard. Father shouted, "Now then, put up your hands, all of you!"

Nothing happened. We went forward a little farther and I think we all recognized the apparition at the same time.

Clay hardpan is almost impervious to



"Gee, Mr. Doxey—how perfectly ulterior!" GEORGE WOLFE

Only Palmolive Brushless Offers You this Proof!

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of every 4



BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
LESS RAZOR PULL—Said 75%
CLOSER SHAVES —Said 69%
SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN—Said 82%



And this way really works—no matter how you shaved before!

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new, different Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—*no matter how they shaved before*—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves! Here's all you do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. *This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave!

Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!

PLATTER PATTER

by Anne Cleveland



"Of course he's got something you haven't got! Look at those Dick Farney recordings!"



A FAVORITE WITH ALL AGES: Sparkling young Brazilian baritone, Dick Farney, slips touches of Latin languor into his delivery. His slow, "come-to-me" style is as mellow and romantic as a full moon! Hear this unusual singing star as he "gets you by the ear" with "*Just an old love of mine*" and "*For once in your life.*"

Majestic RECORDS

MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION, ELGIN, ILLINOIS



EARLY FALL *is Best of All*

for a restful, uncrowded vacation

● If you are one of several million Americans whose work won't permit a mid-summer vacation . . . . cheer up, *you're in luck!*

We invite you to find out what many smart vacationists already know . . . that *early Fall is best of all,* for pleasant, relaxing trips. In fact, there's a growing movement all over this Nation to "spread out" the vacation season, into Autumn, Winter and Spring.

This Fall you'll find that *"the heat is off",* in more ways than one . . . off the thermometer, off transportation, hotels, resorts, National Parks. There's more room, more fun, and more relaxation wherever you go.

And you can go almost anywhere, in Greyhound's deeply-cushioned highway coaches. You can reach the pleasure places of all 48 States, cruise up into Canada, down to Mexico.

Vacation begins the minute you step aboard, meet pleasant fellow passengers, and view thrilling scenery, close up.

Today, more than ever, Greyhound is the outstanding value in travel, with fares lower than those of any other type of public transportation. *You'll save enough dollars for extra days of pleasure.*

GREYHOUND does all the plan
—You have all the fun . . . wit
EXPENSE-PAID TOU
of This Amazing Americ

At many Greyhound stations and Tra
Bureaus you can purchase Expense-Pa
Tours, which offer a wide variety of fu
filled vacations in handy "package" form. I
good-time assurance . . . with your ticket, hot
and sightseeing all planned and paid fo

Only

GREYHOUND

serves all the 48 States and Canada

r. The septic tank hole by the big
e had filled with water and the septic
being empty, had floated right up
f the ground. It was looming there
e middle of the yard. The tile line
roken. My father stood and looked
mess. The fight seemed to be gone
f him. His shoulders slumped and
id, "Levia, the elements are against
Man cannot fight the elements."
rained more in the night, and when
ot up the next morning the septic
had floated even higher, tipped over,
partly filled. It was back down in
ole on its side. The road was a
ss. The wheel tracks made the eve-
before had filled with water and
nally softened the clay all around.
t the sun was shining and it was a
morning. I went with Father when
oked at the road and at the septic
Father kept muttering the word
race." It was one of the few times I
saw him when his confidence was
ly gone.
er a while he got out the car, which
ad the chains on, and we churned
ay to the main road; from there we
over to the Zebulon Warner farm
ound Henry.
ry didn't say anything. He just
to hitch up the team. Father said,



"Oh, dear. I didn't get you anything!" ERIC PETERS

o late now to do anything, Henry.
raid we're defeated."
," said Henry. He worked a min-
two in silence, and then he said,
over there and try to put things
e if you'll trade works with me."
de works? You mean work here
u?"
ry nodded.
er said, "I could probably work
ng. In a short time I could prob-
mprove the methods materially.
am too old for strenuous work."
s is bookkeeping," Henry an-
. "We're way behind on our ac-
and on our breeding records. I
oing to catch up on those today
t was too wet to hay-it. I can't let
y longer but I'll work at your place
ll do the bookwork for me."
er said, "Harumph," and then he
and Henry introduced him to Mr.
n Warner. The two men walked
ogether.
syed with Henry. He phoned a lot
ple and pretty soon Romeo La-
rd and Suds Smith appeared. By
he Henry had two teams hitched to
uble wagons for them. Henry
is car over to the gravel pit. There
couple of shovelers already there
ot of other teams were beginning
ready to swing it right side up and dump it back down in there?"

Suds said, "Seems as if I ought to dig some of that mud out of the bottom so she'll set right." Henry agreed that it was a good idea. Suds climbed down and dug out the mud. Then they dumped the septic tank back in place. Along about eleven o'clock Gifford and Davis arrived. They hooked the septic tank up again and Henry rigged a hose to fill it with water so it wouldn't pop out again if more rain came.

At noon when Henry came into the house he said to Mother, "Mrs. Forman, I'll thank you for that invitation now."

And mother, acting just as if she hadn't heard him, said, "Henry, I wonder if you would care to have supper with us tonight?"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Henry. "This is a surprise but I guess I can make it."

I didn't get the idea. If he thought Father had changed his mind he was wrong. Anne's crying and Mother's coolness during the last few days had only made him more stubborn. Father wanted to give in because he hated to be on the outs with his womenfolk, but he just wasn't going to see Anne make a mistake. I didn't believe Anne and Henry would ever get anywhere unless they defied Father. There would be a crisis that night if Henry came to supper.

Late in the afternoon Henry hitched onto the town's road machine and began to scrape the rapidly drying road. When he was through he drove his car over it several times and then scraped it up again. With the many loads of gravel that had been put in, it was in pretty good shape. At five o'clock everything was done and Henry went home.

Father came home half an hour later. He drove in without any chains on. He went over to the place where the septic tank had been and it was a flower bed now. Romeo LaBombard had transplanted flowers so it looked very nice.

When he went into the kitchen, Father looked dazed. I could see, though, that Mother's lips were a straight line and her eyes bright. She said, "Farnsworth, Henry is coming to supper and to spend the evening with Anne."

"Fine," said Father.

Mother just stood there and looked at him in amazement. Then she drew herself up again, taking her courage in both hands. Very distinctly she repeated, "I said, Henry Warner is coming to supper and to spend the evening with Anne."

"I heard you. That's fine."

He said it absent-mindedly. Then he added, "You know, Levia, that farm of the Warners grosses three thousand dollars or better a month. A *month* mind you. They're milking over one hundred cows. Just think of that. Thirty-six thousand dollars gross is a big business. And all their stock is pedigreed. I worked on the books and the breeding records today. They have a lot from the Montvic and Rag Apple strains, whatever those are. Their pedigreed bulls bring thousands of dollars. Why, Levia, their net is tremendous. They just have Henry and his father and two hired men. Levia, I'm surprised you didn't tell me that a good farmer could make money."

MOTHER'S face was a study but Father didn't seem to notice. "They have a fine modern house. The thing that fools you is that the outside needs painting. And that they go around in those work clothes. They have a hired girl and every winter during the slack time Henry's father and mother go to Florida. While they're gone Henry runs the place and—" He was interrupted by Henry's arrival in the yard. I ran out to see him. Anne just happened to be out that way already.

I heard her say, and her lips were set and her chin held high, "I want you to understand, Mr. Warner, that having you here to supper wasn't *my* idea. I don't have to *chase* anybody. I don't have to beg—Henry, you get away. Henry, don't you dare kiss me. Father will—"

But Father was standing right there in the doorway and he didn't. Henry must have been pretty sure of himself.

Mother was beaming out from under Father's arm. Father said, "It just this moment occurred to me that you kids might like to live down at the lake in the guesthouse summers when Henry's people are at home in their big house."

Henry said, "Well, now, wasn't it dumb of me not to think of that?" . . .

That was August 2d. Henry and Anne were married that fall and visited in the White House during their wedding trip. Henry and Mr. Coolidge hit it off beautifully. Mr. Coolidge's invitation was meant to make up for not coming to see us, I guess. Instead of coming to see us that next day, Mr. Coolidge was sworn in as President of the United States. Father felt cheated after all his work and worry. He roared considerably. He bellowed that it was damned suspicious that Harding's death had come just in time to keep Mr. Coolidge from visiting a Democrat. He implied that these Republicans would go to any lengths.

THE END

Does lots more than keep hair Looking Handsome



IN SUMMER YOUR HAIR NEEDS EXTRA-SPECIAL CARE

Kreml contains a special combination of hair-grooming ingredients, which is found in NO OTHER hair tonic. That's why a single application of Kreml in the morning keeps hair in *perfect order* throughout the hottest, stickiest summer day. But Kreml does *lots more* than this—

NEVER SMOTHERS HAIR DOWN WITH GREASE



Kreml *never* leaves hair looking greasy, sticky or caky. Kreml always feels so CLEAN—so COOL on the scalp.



WHEN BURNING SUN SCORCHES AND DRIES YOUR HAIR

Kreml is actually great to lubricate a dry scalp. It helps 'condition' hair in that it leaves it feeling softer, more pliable. It also removes dandruff flakes. Use Kreml daily this summer for that handsome, cool, clean-cut appearance from morn till night!

KREML Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

Removes dandruff flakes. Keeps hair better-groomed without looking greasy



What your *handwriting* tells you about your "E. Q."*

Write "dextrose is food-energy sugar" here . . . then read the grophologist's onolysis of the somple most nearly like yours.

Your personality, your character, your ability to make money and to achieve success . . . even your hopes for happy marriage may all be indicated by your handwriting.

See for yourself how your handwriting suggests whether you're dynamic, placid, energetic or listless.

Analyze your own handwriting

Write "dextrose is food-energy sugar" in the space above.

Compare your writing with the basic type that most closely resembles yours, (masculine types to the left—feminine types to the right). See how a famous graphologist's interpretation may suggest how rapidly your body consumes dextrose . . . the food-energy sugar that chiefly maintains your mental and physical *Energy Quota.

What maintains your "E. Q."?

Pure white, sparkling dextrose sugar is the basic carbohydrate which provides power for all mental and muscular activity. It is the "fuel" sugar of the body, always present in the blood stream and in all tissue cells.

No matter what your occupation or activity, the energy necessary for all muscular and mental effort is largely supplied by dextrose sugar.

This page is presented for your interest by Corn Products Refining Company, one of the producers of dextrose sugar.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.



This handwriting reveals initiative and originality. This man may be a successful author. His physical and mental activity is derived chiefly from dextrose.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.



Here we find original ideas and imagination combined with accurate achievement. He should find success in sales work. He probably uses more-than-average amounts of dextrose to sustain his vitality.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.



This manual worker perseveres in his job, but his quick temper is a handicap to his progress. His lack of emotional control has nothing to do with his daily use of dextrose.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.



This young man's script shows ability to concentrate, doing work calmly and accurately. His physical stamina and mental activity are sustained by dextrose sugar.

dextrose is food-Energy sugar.



This executive's writing indicates great driving power. He is optimistic, and very impressionable. His vigorous pace is chiefly powered by dextrose.



dextrose is food-energy sugar.

This woman's writing reveals mental and activity, good education and versatility executive ability and business sense. Always on the go, dextrose helps provide her with energy.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.

This intelligent young woman is independent in thought and action. She works quickly and carefully. She is a pleasant associate. Her vitality is high, her activities are powered chiefly by dextrose.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.

Here we find a very emotional, affectionate nature. She is the protective, motherly type. She has strength of character. She is the type who uses average daily amounts of dextrose sugar.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.

While cheerful, warm hearted and sympathetic, this girl will not be imposed upon. She accomplishes practical duties calmly and efficiently. Her energy is powered by dextrose.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.

This rhythmical script reveals the keen mind of an artistic woman. Eternally young, she is interested in everything new. Healthy in mind and body, dextrose helps maintain her energy.



dextrose is food-energy sugar.

This young man's ambition and accomplishments are hindered by his physical condition. He is under nervous pressure, and is easily exhausted. His energy may be restored with dextrose.

dextrose is food-energy sugar.

This young woman's writing indicates a logical mind. She possesses good executive ability. She will be an efficient homemaker. Her calm, well-poised activity is supported by dextrose sugar.



© C. P. R. Co., 1947

GOLF'S BAD BOY

Continued from page 23

l confined his activities to golf. This
more effective, Stranahan whip-
im again and much more deci-
But things never get dull around
During this match a newspaper
rapher snapped Stranahan blast-
of a trap, the shutter clicking well
rank had hit the ball. Stranahan
rebuked the guy, who had been
pictures when Frank was in a high
He looked up the photographer
ae match and apologized, admit-
ere had been no cause for his pro-
t that time a confidant of his said,
es things like that because he gets
himself for making a bad shot."

Dominated by Will-to-Win

incidents indicate he is not as ma-
otionally as he might be; but more
ant, they illustrate his competitive
He wants galleries to like him be-
simplifies the matter of winning;
ted Quick's tactics for that grudge
s a means of combating fire with
fired his English caddy because
ght his chances of winning were
eopardized. His one motivation
d is, victory.

impelling desire to win, called the
nstinct in boxers, has been his
ark ever since he was old enough
games. He started playing golf at
nly because playmates dared him
At that tender age he considered
ne sissy, preferring football. He
his love of football before golf
arge of him entirely.

nterest in weight lifting popped
early age, too, when he clipped
of those "you-too-can-be-strong"
sent it in. That led to bar bells,
lls, ropes and pulleys and all the
e's been slightly hipped on the
ever since. His living quarters are
with physical culture magazines
rts books.

e time he was sixteen Frank was
g many fine country-club golfers
been playing since Garfield was
hool never held too much inter-
im. Books finished a poor second
whether he was at Inverness, his home club, in Florida or at Pinehurst, where his family maintains a house. But he was known only locally until Nelson went to Inverness as the club pro in 1939. Thereafter, Frank was the Texan's shadow; a sponge soaking up every drop of information from the taciturn champion.

"I've had a lot of credit for teaching Stranahan," Nelson recalls. "He was gripping his club all right when I first started to teach him. He first said to me, 'I want some of that bottom-drawer stuff.' We went out and I was amazed to find out that the boy didn't know how to slice or hook a shot. He beat me a couple times, almost as often as I beat him (Frank was sixteen then), and yet he didn't know how to hook or slice. I showed him how to make these shots, and he said, 'Man, this is the most fun I've ever had in my life.' Yet it was a long time before he knew how to place a low shot."

But it wasn't long before he was winning championships. By 1941, when he was eighteen, Frank was begging his father to let him join the pro safari with the Nelsons, Hogans and Sneads. Instead, his father sent him to a private school in Arizona. He distinguished himself there by winning the Arizona State Amateur, adding the Ohio Amateur to his mushrooming collection after he returned to Toledo. That summer he became the youngest golfer ever to win the Trans-Mississippi title. The kid played the finals in true killer style, shooting a 64 to go seven up in the first half of the 36-hole match. Meanwhile, Nelson and practice wore down the rough edges of his driving, irons and putting.

"Byron and I used to practice coming out of traps at two bits a shot," says Frankie. "He was a great teacher. I wish I'd listened to him more." The Stranahans and Nelson gave Inverness some sort of record in 1942. Byron won the state P.G.A. title, the elder Stranahan won the state senior title and Frank repeated as the men's amateur champion. Just to complete the clean sweep, Frank, who had never deigned to enter it before, captured the state junior championship. This was the year, too, when Bing Crosby and Jimmy Demaret came to Inverness for an exhibition. Nelson sprung young Stranahan on his rivals and murdered them.

That fall his plea to join the golfing nomads along the tourney trail was rejected again. Enrolling in Miami University, he hardly had his clothes unpacked before the Army snatched him. Three years in service added up to 800 hours as chauffeur of a four-engine bomber. Even then he used furloughs and leave time to dash about the country and play with the pros.

On one occasion, while still in service, he had a few days off to compete in the North and South tournament at Pinehurst. Fearing wartime competition would be no good, he invited Ed Furgol, a fine amateur who since has turned pro, with him as his guest. "All he did was lick me and everybody else," Stranahan remembers with chagrin.

Discharged in October, 1945, Stranahan checked in at Toledo just long enough to get his civvies. A month later he whipped the cutthroat pro gang the first time in the Durham, North Carolina, Open. Just by way of piling the heat on him the final day, they paired him with Hogan, red-hot favorite. Stranahan beat Hogan to the wire by one stroke. Thereafter, he finished in the first five in four pro tournaments late in 1945.

Never Too Tired to Practice

These performances and his consistently brilliant shot-making in 1946 made believers out of the most skeptical pros. They used to kid this earnest, ambitious youth; now they accept him and respect him as a rugged competitor. In the final analysis practice has done the trick. We've seen Stranahan practice for an hour in the morning, play a tough 36-hole match, and follow up by whacking golf balls until dark. And then play catch with those bar bells.

"That's where I've got it on a lot of guys," Frank explains. "I'm as tough as ever after 36 holes. They laugh at that bar-bell stuff but that's what does it." Nelson and Hagen tried to tell him a year ago that he practiced too much.

"You'll go stale," warned Nelson, who achieved his championship the hard way.

Stranahan took heed, practiced less, eased up for a while. "It damn' near ruined me," he says now. "My game went to pot and I got back quick to that practicing. I don't know how anybody else does it but that's the way I have to do it."

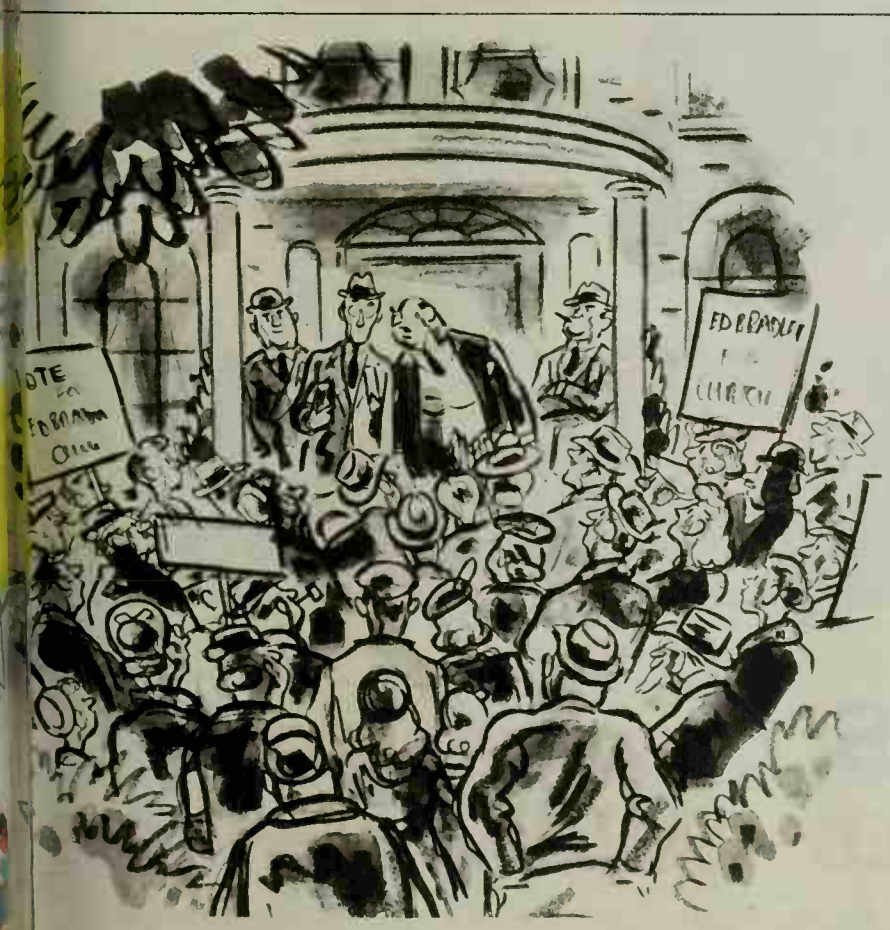
His great disappointment last summer was at Baltusrol, New Jersey, site of the National Amateur. After the 36-hole qualifying test, the low 64 scorers' names were pulled out of a hat. No one was seeded. Thus it happened that Stranahan and Ward collided in the second round. Stranahan lost the first three holes, and Ward, Frank's victim in the 1946 Western Amateur, never gave him a chance to recover. Stranahan bowed out of the picture with a petulant display of temper.

"We play golf all summer to get ready for the National," he rasped. "What happens? Medal scores don't mean anything. The best players meet right off. Anything can happen in these early 18-hole matches. I don't get it." The autocratic U.S.G.A. maintained a beautiful silence, but Frank's father didn't.

"You win championships by beating everybody in the field," he said, and nothing further was heard from his peevish offspring.

Since then Frank has been a little less talkative—but doubly determined to win. He could start in the National Amateur—by beating everybody in the field.

THE END



"I don't mind conducting a front-porch campaign, but get some of those damn voters off my petunias" LEONARD DOVE

PING GOES THE SPRING

Scientists of leading American watch company solve old problem. Eliminate commonest cause of mainspring breakage

When watches keep erratic time or suddenly stop and can't be wound, the cause often is *mainspring failure.* Steel mainsprings frequently lose power. Or, weakened hy rust, they break.

Yes, mainsprings in closed watch cases can and do rust. High humidity with a sudden drop in temperature causes condensation of moisture. A tiny pin point of rust begins. And *there* is where the spring breaks.

But now the Elgin Watch Company has developed "Elgiloy" metal and from it a miracle mainspring: DuraPower*. The DuraPower Mainspring *eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* It retains its resiliency indefinitely, gives a steady flow of power for greater accuracy through the years. It *will not rust!* Only Elgin watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have the DuraPower Mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also at repair shops for replacement in many previous Elgin models.

*Patent Pending

Glamour Legs by MOJUD



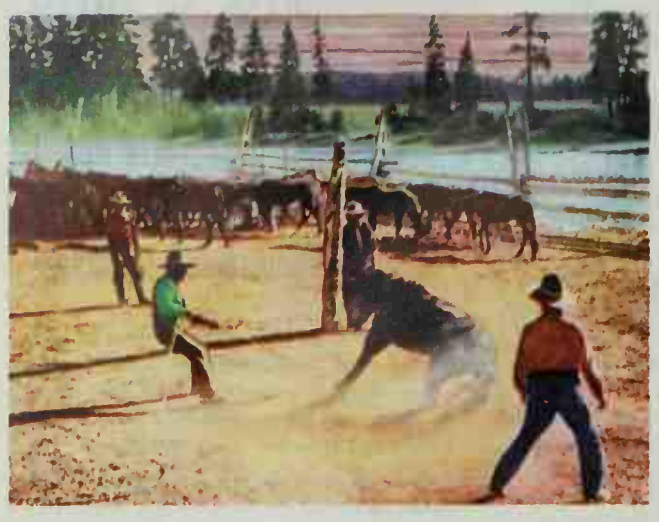
If your target is glamour legs, score a sure hit with Mojud nylon stockings . . . so sheer, so sleek, so skin-hugging.

At better stores everywhere.

MOJUD the dependable HOSIERY

TRADE MARK REG.
©1947 MOJUD HOSIERY CO., INC., N.Y.C.

How bronc-busting went top-hat



1858 **Today's spectacular** rodeos had casual early beginnings. Cattle and horses roamed an open range. Herds mixed, so ranchers held annual round-ups or rodeos. In the year the name Corby's came to Canada, cowpunchers competed informally in riding and roping.



1889 **Grinding saddle leather**—wild horses—this color was too good to go unnoticed. Champ riders staged shows and charged admission. When the name Corby's passed its 31st birthday in Canada, many men were gaining skills later used as Rough Riders in the war with Spain.



1940 **Every section** of the country produ… west riders." Many never saw the … they gave breath-taking thrills for crowds … York to Calgary, Canada. When the nam… was 82 years old in Canada, 200-odd pub… drew contestants.



1947 **Frontier Celebrations,** "Stampedes," and the big indoor rodeos attract national attention. They're fast, hard-riding shows. The spills and chills are top excitement even though the audience often seems dressed for a banquet. Rodeos are now gala events—*the kind that call for Corby's.* Be it formal or informal, lasso yourself the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Pardner, you'll enjoy Corby's.



CORBY'S . . . A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blende*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

HE VOICE OF ALBANY'S SILENT MAN

Continued from page 19

d n alleged Dewey stooge. In Bain-, when the other kids were reading dreadfuls and dime novels between ges of their Latin books, Ives was ng looks at tracts by William Allen , Robert M. La Follette, Sr., Eu-V. Debs and other radicals of that In college, Ives was known as the vik. In his senior year, he nearly rown out of school for leading a against compulsory Sunday-after-chapel.

swung even further to the left graduation, when he worked as a clerk in New York City for four and attempted to support his wife s son, George, in Brooklyn on $25 . "I thought," says Ives, "that I ing to become a Communist then."

Better Pay Reforms a Rebel

n 924, however, the Manufacturers Company transferred him back up- t the more respectable salary of a year, and in the untainted Re- n atmosphere of Bainbridge and go County, Ives' left-wing im- atrophied. Only a bit of the spirit llion remained. In 1925, the young ican war veterans of Chenango revolted unsuccessfully against l Republican machines, and Ives Bainbridge branch of the insur-

years later Ives came over and fine speech nominating a rebel named Melvin C. Eaton to be leader. The speech helped Eaton to lick the machine. Later that ton repaid the favor by getting e Republican nomination in a election to fill a death-caused va- the State Assembly. Since, in can Chenango County as in atic Mississippi, nomination is unt to election, young Ives was d in politics.

first few years in the legislature ventful. The Assembly was con- y the Joseph A. McGinnies ma- wealthy older men, among ves definitely was not included. y thing which disturbed the calm eriod was a series of boisterous ns by the intermittently over- Ives. These included Olsen and entrances into staid political , and one classic case when Ives ful mood stormed through a ho- ich a Republican convention was d, leaving behind him a wake of ed beds, complete with prom- cupants. Not everybody appre- e joke.

5, however, he was involved in revolt of young Republicans, led by a brilliant prodigy from ady named Oswald D. Heck, n the 1936 session began, Ives imself sitting in the Speaker's He found himself out of the chair just as fast the following n he continued his fun-loving it was discovered that he and aign manager, Melvin C. Eaton, ised just about twice the num- atronage jobs that actually ex-

nick political switch to save the Heck became Speaker of the , and Ives took *his* job as ma- der. In that year, too, Ives be- etotaler. From this fresh start, egan to build a ten-year reputa- ne of the finest lawmakers to of the legislature that produced D. Roosevelt, Al Smith, James worth and Robert Wagner.

Republican majority leader, Ives ed a State Labor Relations Act closely paralleled the national t was called the Little Wagner Act. Then, as chairman of the bipartisan Ives Labor Committee, he pushed through legislation which set up a state mediation service for labor disputes, a system of unemployment insurance and workmen's compensation laws, and a much needed state Department of Commerce.

Out of this Ives committee came the New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations, the first of its kind in the country; and a textbook, The American Story of Industrial and Labor Relations, which is used now in some of New York's high schools to choke off labor-management hatred at its source. Another commission headed by Ives reported out the Ives-Quinn Bill, which set up the State Commission Against Racial and Religious Discrimination in Employment.

All this comparatively progressive legislation got Ives into trouble with the right wing of his party, but no die-hard denunciations were as strong as those which were leveled against the Ives-Quinn Bill. William M. Stuart, an assemblyman from Steuben County in the northern part of the state, ranted that the bill would "bring on the greatest wave of race riots and blood baths in Northern history, and a resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan." None of these things ever happened, of course.

In addition to all this, Ives and Heck set Republican policy for the state while Democrat Herbert Lehman was governor, and they pulled the party together by means of regular conferences of the top legislative leaders every Sunday evening in Heck's hotel room—a pair of functions which Dewey took over as soon as he moved into the governor's mansion in 1942.

That was the year Ives began to decline slightly. His relations with Dewey were cold and correct, but he always was a party regular so he still fought hard for every piece of legislation handed to him by the party. The Assembly got to know, however, that whenever Ives got up on the floor and said, "This is a political measure," it was something that Dewey and not Ives wanted.

A Walk Out of Politics

Finally, early in 1946, Ives asked bluntly what his chances were to be nominated for the U.S. Senate. "Frankly, none," he was told by J. Russel Sprague, Dewey's top political adviser. In New York, the tradition for many years was to have a "balanced ticket"—that is, a Protestant, a Catholic and a Jew in the top positions—and both Ives and Dewey were Protestants. So Ives quietly packed his bags, and announced that he was accepting the deanship of the new School of Industrial and Labor Relations which he had helped found at Cornell. That's when the wake was held for him at the Ten Eyck Hotel.

The resurrection came pretty fast. No sooner had Ives put his feet on his desk in his new office at Cornell than Major General William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan announced his candidacy for the senatorial job. Dewey adroitly slapped the mild Wild Bill down, on the grounds that he had been too disastrously defeated when he ran for governor in 1932. Then Dewey announced, through Sprague, that ex-Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum was the man. The county Republican leaders turned Drum down because he was an armchair general, and much too far to the right. So less than two weeks before the Republican convention at Saratoga, Dewey did not have a candidate.

Then word got out that the Democrats were going to nominate ex-Governor Herbert Lehman for the Senate. Panic spread in the Republican ranks. An in-



Brother to a "Bench-Made"



• We can't make every pair especially for you—but we can give each one that "bench-made" look. Not by any trick. Just by taking the finest close-grained leather and carefully crafting it into the kind of clean-lined Walk-Overs you see here.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Walk-Over prices $12.85 to $15.85 A few styles at $16.85

Young men styles by

WALK-OVER

"UNBLOCK" your DIGESTIVE TRACT

And Get Genuine Relief That Makes You Feel Really Good Again

Don't expect to get relief from headache, sour stomach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and other alkalizers if the cause of your trouble is constipation.

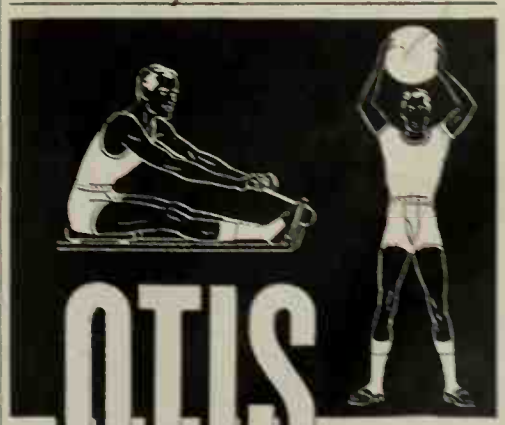
In this case, your real trouble is not in the stomach at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% of your food is digested. And when the lower part gets blocked food may fail to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is something to "unblock" your lower intestinal tract. Something to clean it out effectively—help Nature get back on her feet.

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as directed. They gently and effectively "unblock" your digestive tract. This permits all 5 of Nature's own digestive juices to mix better with your food.

You get genuine relief from indigestion so you can feel *really* good again.

Get Carter's Pills at any drugstore today. "Unblock" your intestinal tract for real relief from indigestion.



OTIS

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY for Men and Boys

For full value in comfort, wear and style ask for OTIS—for chilly days OTIS WINTERWEIGHTS are just right.

TRADE MARK

OTIS UNDERWEAR, 57 Worth St., New York

NEED EXTRA INCOME to meet the high cost of living?



Say good-bye to money worries by using this profitable plan.

COLLIER'S offers you an opportunity to make a substantial spare-time income to meet the high cost of living. Or perhaps you want extra money for education, new clothes, travel, and "extras"?

To increase your income, you simply take care of new and renewal subscriptions for Collier's and *all* popular magazines. For money-making supplies, all you need do is mail a penny postal or the coupon below.

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-15
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation details of your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

NAME _____ (Please Print)

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____

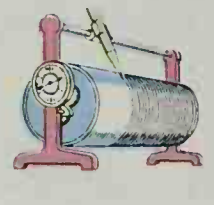
STATE _____

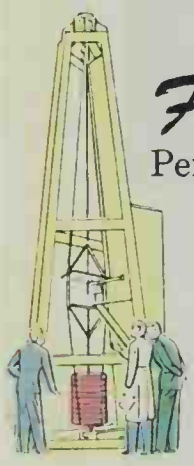


IN the Eagle Laboratory, MIRADO pencils must run the gauntlet of the toughest tests ever devised to guarantee pencil quality.

For Durability . . .

this Mileage Meter demands that every MIRADO lead shall make a line over 35 miles long!

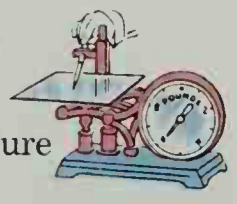




For Smoothness . . . this Giant Pendulum requires that MIRADO *prove itself* the smoothest pencil that can be made.

For Strength . . .

this Pressure Scale insists that a MIRADO point shall withstand far more pressure than your hand will apply!



TEST A FREE SAMPLE! Just write us on your letterhead, naming this magazine, your dealer and the grade you wish. Better still, buy a box of MIRADO today . . . your *money back* if they aren't the finest writing pencils you have ever used!

EAGLE "Chemi-Sealed" (SUPER-BONDED)

MIRADO

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY

703 East 13th Street, New York 9, N. Y.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO





5¢ EACH ...less in quantities

formal conference decided that the only man capable of beating Lehman would have to be a country boy well known upstate, and with a good enough record to cut into Lehman's labor and racial-minority votes. This was the equivalent of finding a Hindu-Moslem baseball team in Calcutta. There was, however, one Republican in New York State who fitted this difficult bill—Irving Ives.

Two days before the convention, Ives was called out of retirement, and a few hours later, he stood on the same platform with the man who had sent him into political oblivion. The Republican strategists were right. The state A.F. of L., for the first time in its recent history, refused to support a Democratic candidate, and thousands of labor votes poured into the Ives column. So did thousands of Negro, Jewish and Catholic voters who remembered Ives' antidiscrimination bill. When the smoke of the election had blown away, Ives had beaten the seemingly invincible Lehman by the comparatively narrow margin of 2,559,365 votes to 2,308,112.

Today, after his first few months in the Senate, Ives is rated as a good mixer, a sharp wit, an indefatigable committee worker, and a man with fine principles who sacrifices them, if necessary, on the altar of party regularity. He is extremely snappy with the repartee on the floor of the Senate and in committee hearings.

Fought Antilabor Provisions

Nearly all of Ives' reputation so far is based on his work on the Taft-Hartley Labor Bill. His other votes have been straight down the line with the party. When the labor bill was still in committee, Taft wanted to eliminate industry-wide bargaining entirely, and reduce all unions to a loose federation of weak locals; Ives fought him on this point and got the provision eliminated.

Taft, Senator Allen J. Ellender of Louisiana and Senator William E. Jenner of Indiana wanted to require a two-thirds vote of the workers of a plant before their leaders could negotiate for a union shop; Ives got the requirement scaled down to a simple majority. Taft and Senator Joseph H. Ball wanted to knock out the Norris-La Guardia Act to permit employers to get court injunctions to stop strikes; Ives watered this down so that only the NLRB can get an injunction, and only in a jurisdictional strike or secondary boycott. Ives f... fought Taft on a measure that ... have allowed legal strike breakin... on another which, if carried to ... treme, even could have prevented ... men from talking to one another.

On the floor of the Senate, Ives ... unsuccessfully against the pr... which eliminates union-administer... fare funds, and the ruling which ... izes unions with Communist offic... this point, Ives was teamed up wit... liberals as Wayne Morse of C... George Aiken of Vermont, Jame... ray of Montana and Claude Pep... Florida, and the hard-pressed lab... ions were loving him. Then he per... his sensational flip-flop and ended ... Taft's side. At *this* point, the co... tives began to sing, "Ives is our ... camouflaged a bit, perhaps—b... boy."

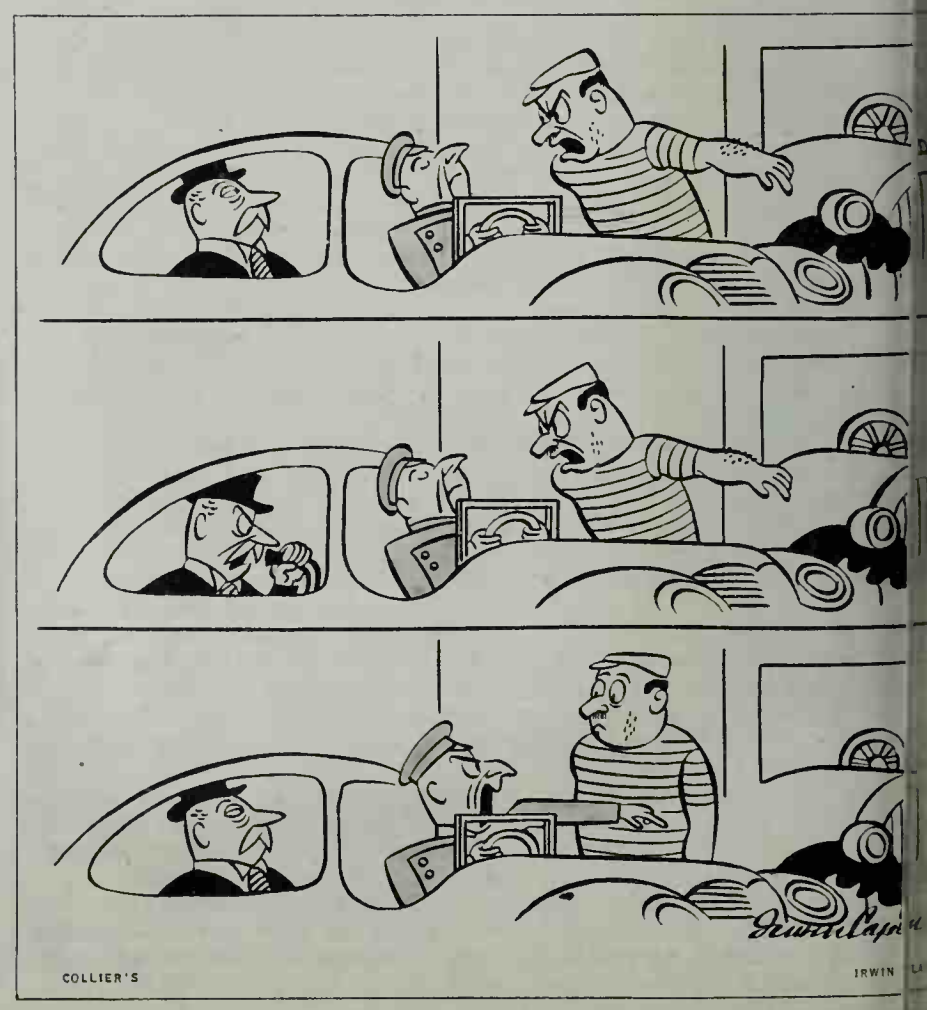
On June 23d, an A.F. of L. del... from Rochester came down to W... ton to see Ives. The delegation w... by Tony Capone, chairman ... Rochester Central Trades Counc... pone said, "An awful lot of the gu... supported you in the last electi... here, Senator. What are you d... them?"

Ives answered, "I haven't chang... iota in my attitude toward labor. Th... are a lot of bad things in this bil... have to go along with my party ... come a maverick, and a maverick ... a lot of noise but doesn't acc... anything. If I'm going to do anyth... labor later on, I'll have to stick w... party now." The A.F. of L. m... away, some of them apparently s... (Nevertheless, a few weeks lat... of L. President William Green h... largely responsible for the "react... labor bill and urged all A.F. of L. m... bers to vote against him.)

This is the sort of effective locu... circumlocution, that causes Ives t... called the Voice of the Silent Ma... conservatives in Congress say, "T... is all right. He's going to be a r... publican wheel horse in the Senat... one liberal senator suspects Ives ... to say, "He's the kind of liberal ... with us until just before the fi... call." Most of the Senate prog... declare that they haven't given ... Ives yet.

All of which, baldly stated, ad... a lot of assorted votes for Dewey.

THE END



THE DEVIL IS A GENTLEMAN

Continued from page 15

Mohammed Shaalan was a young handsome appearance, but he was with an inner anger and burst Why have I been brought here? her—"

Inspector said soothingly, "I have respect for the sheik, your father. seat yourself. A cigarette?"

not smoke."

t is wise. I myself smoke too He stubbed out the butt smol- between yellow fingers, spilling from the tray on the desk and g them tidily into a wastepaper "You will excuse me asking s," he said, "but I am obliged to n everybody who knew Major —"

not know him! I never wished him!" Shaalan clenched his hands, and the stone of his signet s a red eye gleaming balefully in tric light.

Shaalan, do you know Khurrem cer?"

oung man answered, "The ques- ndecently personal. I have her, but she turns her face from even sends back my gifts. A woman should divide her he added vindictively.

re were you when Rasim was

y table." Mohammed Shaalan dun-colored eyes of Inspector become suddenly brilliant, and ng his lips said, "I cannot be do not know when he was killed. booth when the girl danced and her dressing room."

?"

use no woman has ever refused cause—" He sprang to his feet silk of his undergown rustling uted, "I refuse to be questioned My father is powerful, and we luntafiq are true Arabs who do our heads to Baghdadis!"

IK did not stop him as he went he door, but said as it slammed, all Iraqs." The little man and voicing a thought, mur- A very difficult young man. He watched." Hearing his own smiled, saying, "I have an un- habit of speaking my thoughts, will forget what you heard, Mr. . But you wish to speak?"

roprietor of the Great Caliph ously walking the room hugging ed hands. "It is so awkward," "So very awkward. But I realize withhold information."

are an excellent citizen, Mr. What is this information?"

mmed Shaalan was not in 's room. I myself was there, . I was waiting to warn her ss she withdrew her favors from asim, and conducted herself y, I would break the contract her back to Damascus. As you said, I try to be a good citizen. un a house of ill fame," he said ight lips. "Vice shocks me." . . . nspector Chafik was leaving the fter checking the identities of ns, he stopped at the door of 's dressing room. The girl had orted to her hotel, and Chafik he room with Abdullah and nethodical search. The heavy of jasmine made him press his ief to his nose. "Perfume is s," he said to the watchful "The fact is well known to urers in America, judging by isements in their magazines." g as there are women there will e, sir."

flower attracts the bees," said He picked up the ash tray from the dressing table. "What do you see here, Abdullah?"

"Sir, I see a glass tray three inches square containing the stubs of five cigarettes. They are stained with lipstick and were therefore smoked by the girl." He gave a smile of triumph as he added, "I did not expect to see anything else. Mohammed Shaalan does not smoke."

The Inspector said, "That is true. I offered him a cigarette. Besides, we were told he was not here. What else do you see, Abdullah?"

"I see nothing, sir—"

"I also see nothing. You will note that carefully." And he left the room, followed by Sergeant Abdullah, who was fumbling for his notebook with a puzzled expression on his dark face.

IN THE morning Inspector Chafik sat on the edge of a chair in the office of the chief inspector. His superior, a burly Englishman who was a former chief inspector of Scotland Yard, held his present appointment from the Iraqi government. He was a man whose liver gave him an unpredictable temper. He was also justly proud of his department, so when he roared, "A man murdered under your nose and nobody arrested!" Chafik nervously twisted his black *sidarah* and meekly bowed his head.

"There were three hundred guests," he said. "The killer was aided by the confusion. You yourself, Mr. Ellsworth, will be the first to understand my difficulties." He smiled ingratiatingly and went on, "If you will direct me on the basis of my report—"

Ellsworth said, "It's a very thorough report and a black one for Shaalan. My God, Chafik, there'll be the devil to pay if we pick him up for murder! A thing like that might well rouse the Muntafiq."

"I have handled him cautiously for that reason, sir. If only Mr. Hassoon had not been so observant—"

"He did his duty. Now we've got to do ours. And what's this damfool paragraph in your report about Hassoon?" The chief inspector picked up the file and read, "Observes the full ritual of daily prayer, including *coubh, zhor, acr* and *magreb*. Unmarried—" He flung the file down. "His religious habits are his own affair. Tell me about the girl."

"Chief Inspector, she is undoubtedly the agent of a foreign power and used her charms on Major Rasim for obvious reasons. With your permission, I intend to retain her passport until the investigation is completed. And I will use her," Chafik added in a hard voice.

"Could she have killed Rasim?"

"She could—and she is an excellent actress."

"He may have threatened to denounce her." Ellsworth drummed the desk and then asked abruptly, "The knife's untraceable?"

"It could have been purchased anywhere. These knives are mass-produced in your country, sir."

"But they don't make 'em to kill people!" The chief inspector picked up Chafik's report again and reread the paragraph referring to the weapon. "A thin blade," he said. "External bleeding insufficient to stain the killer's hand. No fingerprints." He shrugged. "It's a tough case, Chafik, and I don't propose to muddle you with suggestions. You have your own methods and perhaps the less I know about 'em the better. I leave it to you."

The Inspector stood and bowed. He said, "Sir, I am honored by your trust and will do my best. But all is with God." He salaamed with the curved fingers of his right hand to his forehead, but when he was in the corridor and had closed Ellsworth's door he murmured, "I leave



An old horse is old for keeps – but an old engine can be made young again

You can't look an engine in the teeth, but you can tell its age by its performance—and new Sealed Power Piston Rings can knock years off its age, saving oil, saving gas, and lengthening engine life.

Whatever the make, model, or degree of cylinder wear in your car, truck or tractor, there is a Sealed Power Piston Ring Set specifically engineered to do the best possible job. These sets are made up from twenty-six (26) basic designs of piston rings, proud product of 36 years' use as original equipment by major engine builders. See your Sealed Power Franchise Dealer. Send a postal for illustrated, informative new booklet on 7 ways to save oil. It's free and may save you real money. Sealed Power Corporation, Dept. K9, Muskegon, Michigan. In Canada: Stratford, Ontario.



In addition to Sealed Power Individually Engineered Piston Ring Sets, ask for Sealed Power Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves, Valves, Water Pumps and Chassis Parts.

Keep your war bonds! Get $4 for $3!

© 1947 Sealed Power Corp.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

it to you. I leave it to you. How very nice to be the chief inspector!"

In his own office Chafik found the woman Khurrem waiting with Sergeant Abdullah in attendance. She was quietly dressed in the Western style, but a black shawl, like a Spanish mantilla, was draped over her head and from under the folds her great eyes looked out with suspicion and alarm. The sergeant, who was hovering behind her chair, made a gesture as if pleading for clemency but the voice of the Inspector was cold as he said, "You have your passport?"

He took the passport, embossed with the arms of the Syrian Republic, and wrote out a receipt. Khurrem said, "This is outrageous!"

"It is a precaution," answered Chafik. "It does not suit my purpose that you should leave Iraq. You are accustomed to taking orders, Madame, and now I give them."

"You talk riddles. I am only a woman who sings and dances—"

"You do both delightfully!" He turned to a ponderous steel cabinet and took out a file. "The pattern of your life," said Inspector Chafik casually, "has the intricate weave of a Kirman carpet and the more one studies it the more one sees. Your father, who was a Syrian, gave you a Turkish name. You were born in Istanbul and taken to Damascus at the age of ten. You were orphaned four years later and there is a gap in your life until you reappear in Tabriz, Iran, as a cabaret entertainer in the last year of the war."

"Is that a crime?" She put a cigarette into a jeweled holder and Sergeant Abdullah hastened with a match.

CHAFIK said, "It is not a crime. And as I am a broad-minded man I think no evil of you because you lived with Mr. Ali Muzaffer, a very prominent member of the Left, or Tudeh party." There was a musical rattle of bracelets as Khurrem's hand shook. The little man tapped the open file and continued in the same casual voice, "Here is where the pattern becomes very interesting. You crossed and recrossed the Middle East from Teheran to Cairo, and the men you charmed were military men and government officials, never any others. Those were your orders, Madame?"

"I refuse to answer such a question."

"And rightly so. Of course the connection of the Tudeh party with our very powerful northern neighbor—" Inspector Chafik paused. "Sergeant Abdullah, where are your manners? The lady's cigarette has gone out." He waited a moment and then said gently, "Madame, I am not interested in political matters this time. Only murder. I require a well-trained agent—one so charming as yourself, for instance."

"I? Work for you?" The woman was pale, trembling.

"I am a gentleman," Chafik said, "and it would distress me to retain your passport permanently. Mr. Hassoon might dismiss you from the Great Caliph and then perhaps you would find it difficult to find other work in Baghdad," he added sadly.

Khurrem picked up her long gloves and drew them carefully over her slender hands, the palms of which were touched with henna. "What are your orders?"

"You will continue to entertain at the cabaret, but you will be very kind to Mohammed Shaalan who has long admired you. Other orders will be given later. And you will, of course, be discreetly silent about our interview."

"I think you are the Devil!"

Inspector Chafik rose to his feet and bowed. "That is with God," he said. . . .

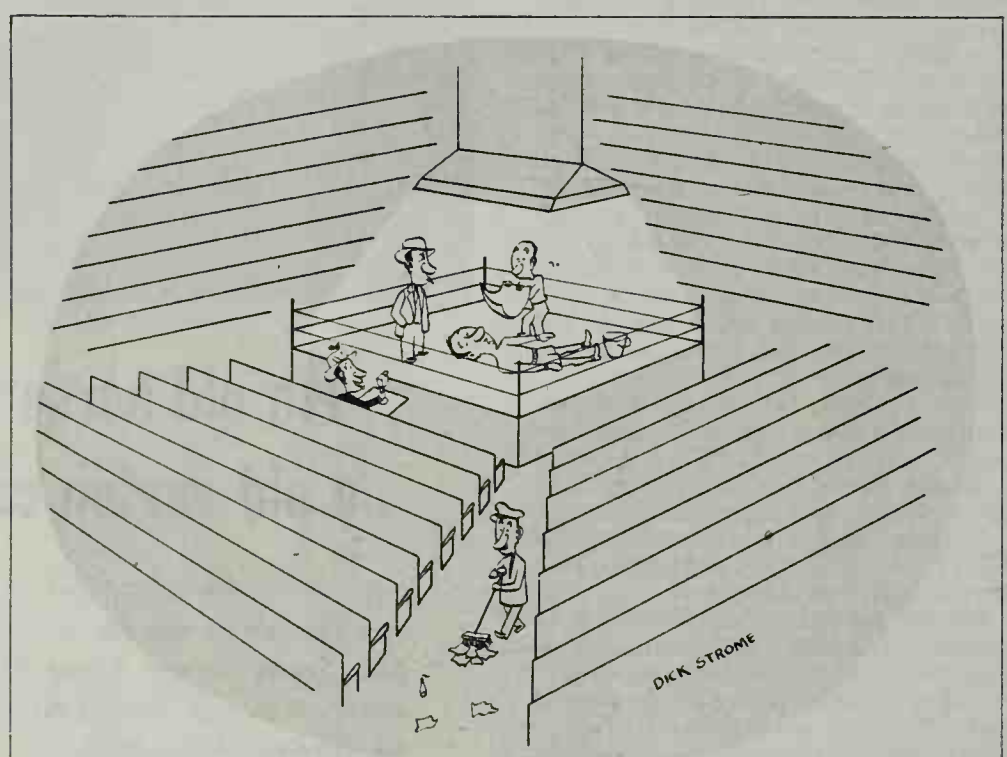
Five days after the interview between Inspector Chafik and Khurrem the Dancer, a sandstorm spread a dirty canopy over the Baghdad sky. It was a day of oppressive heat and the air was filled with dust and stinging insects, while the noises of the city became strident as tempers shortened.

In the Nassah Quarter two men stabbed each other over a debt amounting to thirty *fils*. A husband at Kadhimain, wearied of his wife, strangled her and dropped the body in the Tigris, and was caught by the police. In his headquarters on Al-Rashid Street, Inspector Chafik read the reports and said, "One regrets these things, but conditions are excellent for my little plan and tonight, Abdullah, we put it into action."

Shortly before ten o'clock, Khurrem, performing to a half-empty cabaret, received a note slipped into her hand as she left the stage for the booth occupied by Mohammed Shaalan. The Arabic characters which marched from right to left across the paper had a certain tidiness, and left her in no doubt of the writer, although the note was unsigned.

She read:

"In the name of God the Compassionate. You will invite Mr. Shaalan to your hotel and proceed there by arabana. You will leave the carriage and enter the hotel ahead of him. Be assured that your virtue will be protected."



COLLIER'S "Just a moment now, folks, and we'll have the defeated champ over to the mike for a few words" DICK STROME

Khurrem tore the letter into shreds. Her fingernails were red daggers and her look was dangerous as she tossed her stormy hair and went slowly to the booth where Shaalan was awaiting. She passed Hassoon who said, "There are such few guests I am closing early. Please inform your new lover." Khurrem brushed him with her shoulder, a gesture of contempt.

When she passed through the gap in the flowering shrubs she found a smile for Shaalan, but it faded when the Arab said, "I saw a man speak to you! I saw you lean against him!" and fumbled with the gun under his robe.

The woman said in a husky voice, "Thou fool!" and her small teeth clenched on the stem of the jeweled cigarette holder. Then she opened her bag and took out her gloves. "We close early. I am weary. Will you see me to my hotel?" Partly closing her great eyes she looked at Shaalan through lashes thickened by kohl.

When they left the cabaret an arabana swung out of the waiting line and drew to the curb, and a man in a café across the street went quickly to the telephone. He dialed a number and shortly afterward Inspector Chafik, who was relaxing at his favorite cinema, rose as he felt Abdullah's touch on his shoulder.

The little man said, "Now I shall never know who put the body of the collector of Chinese jade in the parrot cage at the Central Park zoo." He looked over his shoulder at the screen and shook his head regretfully as he left the cinema.

The street was almost empty. Dust, weighted with moisture sucked from the river by the day's heat, fell softly and a blue haze obscured the lights. Sergeant Abdullah said, "One eats dust," and Chafik answered, "It is our lot." They walked under the pillared arcade to the top of Al-Rashid Street and turning at a sign which read, MA'MUN HOTEL, entered a dark passage. A door leading to a neglected garden opened and three officers of the Metropolitan Police, their tunics smudges of white in the darkness, saluted smartly.

THE Inspector stationed himself behind the partly closed door and polished his nails with a handkerchief. Presently he raised his head as the clop-clop of horses' hoofs sounded up the street, but he did not speak until there was the double crack of a driver's whip. Then he put away the handkerchief, saying, "It is the signal," and opened the door another inch.

As the carriage drew up, Mohammed Shaalan, muffled in his robes against the storm, jumped down and extended his hand to Khurrem. The woman said softly, "Follow me in a few minutes," and went up the passage to the hotel fumbling in her bag. When Shaalan had given money to the driver he waited until the carriage had disappeared into the haze of dust and then glided after Khurrem with the smooth step of the desert dweller.

At that moment a car came up the road and pulled to the curb, and a man crossed the sidewalk with a single leap. The blade of an uplifted dagger darted like a serpent's tongue toward Shaalan's back.

Inspector Chafik threw back the garden door with a twist of his left shoulder and thrust out his arm in the same movement. He felt the burn of steel on his wrist as he wrapped his arm about the throat of the man and flung him violently against the wall of the passage. At the same time Sergeant Abdullah, crouching on the parapet above, descended with his full weight and a cry of, "Thou dog of dogs!"

The three constables rushed from the garden, and the carriage driver, wheeling his horses, joined the confused huddle of struggling bodies.

In a quiet voice Chafik was heard to say, "The ferocity of a pack of wolves is not equal to that of a pack o Please do not tear him to bits."

The steel jaws of handcuffs Sergeant Abdullah rose from the and said with wonder, "Sir, it i soon!"

"He fitted the pattern," answe Inspector, and went to look at t hollow-eyed man who was now in the grip of the police.

Hassoon was crying, "In the of God let me kill him as I kil other lustful dog! The evil in th of men! The honey of women!" began to quote from the Koran i voice, "By their tokens shall the be known, and they shall be se their forelocks and their feet . . pestilential winds and in scaldin . . . In the shadow of the black sm

The voice changed to gibberi Sergeant Abdullah said, "G touched him. He will not hang, madness has always been there. my shamed face because I did no truth, that this man who never and hated lust was himself fill lust for the woman Khurrem, killed those she favored. Yet, si and not a theory must have gui to the truth."

"I told you to note the fact. tray in which we saw nothing stubs of cigarettes. You disapp Abdullah!" Inspector Chafik dip the prisoner's pockets and sh handful of salted melon seeds. smoke, so this one nibbles," he s strong the habit that he nibble presence of Major Rasini's cor placed the husks of the seeds in on the table. And in his own offi tray piled with husks. Yet in K dressing room, where he said h for her, were no husks. There was not in the room and therefor when he said Shaalan was not th

"Such deduction has the clar flawless crystal," said Abdullah.

"It was clear because God ma And the rest of the story is a p woven threads. Who else but could have stolen behind Ra made the fatal thrust? He tried another victim by putting susp Shaalan, but that failed and he w driven to murder. Fortunat vented," Inspector Chafik add ing to Mohammed Shaalan.

"By God's mercy—" the you said.

"And by my arm and the n guarded you from the moment the Great Caliph! You will find t tafiq a safer place than the cal Baghdad. Please give my com to the sheik, your father." Cha was a dismissal and Shaalan, w perspiration from his face with of his headcloth, murmured, your House," and left meekly.

THEY took away the man who was now chanting fro ran, "The beauteous ones with l eyeballs . . . whom man ha touched, nor any jinn . . ." Chafik turned to Khurrem wh the shadows with her shawl veiling her face. The perfume o made the little man sigh as he envelope from his pocket and the woman.

"Your passport, Madame." H and then said with a note of re voice, "I took the liberty of e ticket for Damascus by the Na Desert Autobus, leaving tomor noon."

Khurrem said softly, a lit catching her throat, "Yes, you the Devil!"

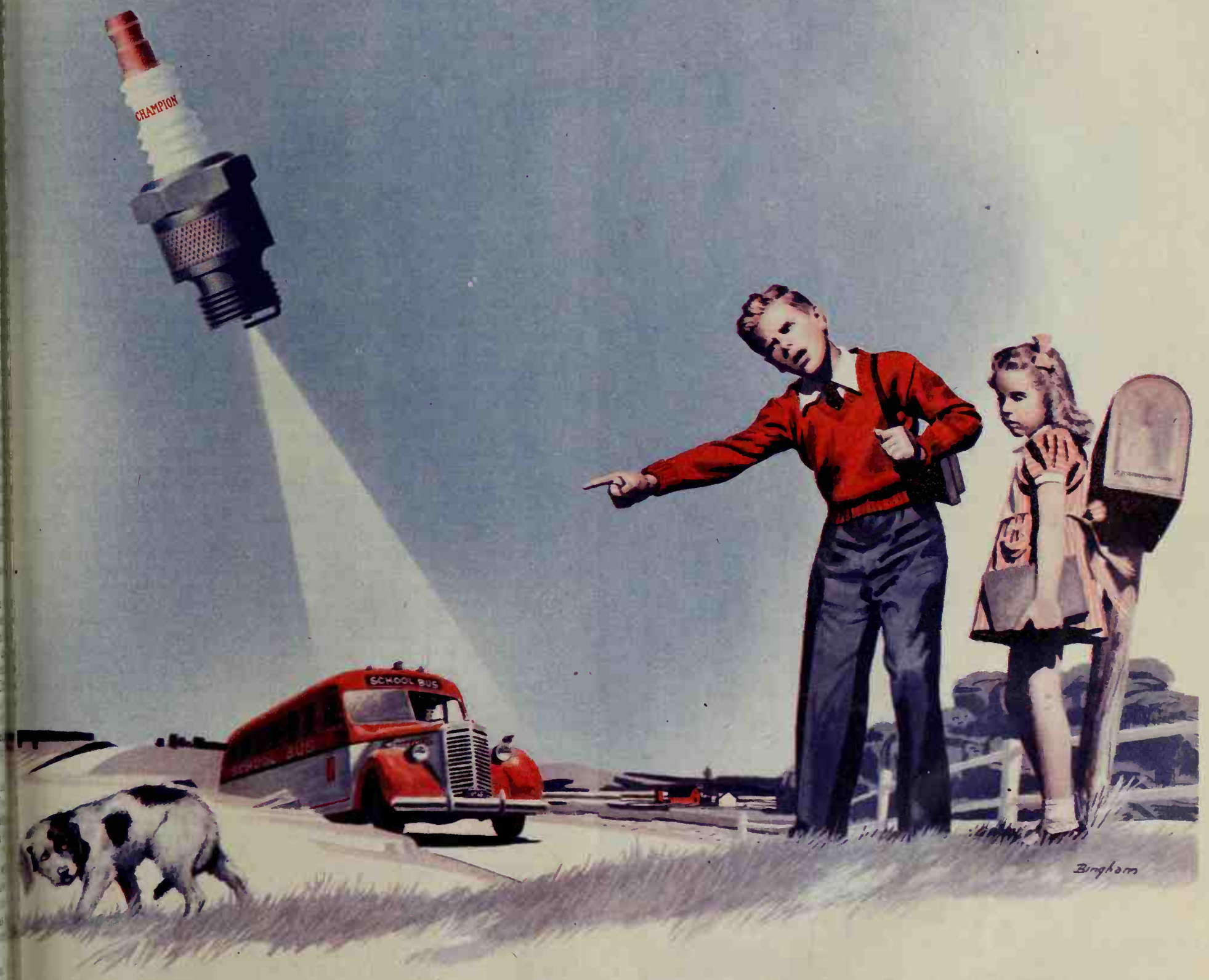
And with his most courte curved fingers hovering near h in a salaam, Inspector Chafik "But you will agree the Devil i man—"

THE END

Dependable

CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG



…ool bus is symbolic of a whole new …tion which has never known the neces- …trudging weary miles to school. We …itrally a nation on wheels with buses, …cks and tractors playing a vital part, …and indirectly, in our daily lives.

Engines turn and wheels roll. Spark plugs are a vital factor in keeping these engines operating efficiently and economically. On sheer merit, Champion Spark Plugs have earned the preference of most users because, in a word, they are *dependable*.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND NEW
DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS
FOR YOUR CAR

…he CHAMPION ROLL CALL . . Harry Wismer's fast sportscast every Friday night, over the ABC network . . . CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

COBBS

The Master Blend



IF YOU want finer whisky for less money —COBBS is your brand. Here is luxury whisky in everything but the price tag . . . master-blended to bring you new levels of richness and gratifying flavor. Compare!

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD. 27½% STRAIGHT WHISKY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

BLENDED WHISKY • 86 PROOF
COBBS DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA., PA.

BROTHER JAZZ

Continued from page 17

Door closed I worked successively at the 18 Club, the Hickory House, and the Red McKenzie Club.

One night Paul Smith dropped in and suggested that I spend the holidays cruising on the Empress of Britain.

"All you've got to do is organize an eight-piece band for a nine-day cruise," he said. "The sailing date is December 28th; the ship stops at Cuba and Jamaica. You'll be back in time for the cold weather."

I barely escaped from Fats Waller in time to make the sailing; I was on the wagon except for wine but there was plenty of that around. That afternoon we played an introductory cocktail party. A tall steward named Flack stood near by and stared at us all the time.

Wanted a Piano in the Bar

The next day Paul and I were in the Knickerbocker Bar with our guitars. Bob Neely, whom we'd known at Perona's Bath Club, came in. Neely ordered drinks and asked me to send for the boys.

"We'll get a piano in here," he said, "and have some music."

Flack shook his head when we asked that one of the small uprights be brought in. "Absolutely not," he said quietly.

Neely went to the captain. Flack disappeared and returned with two deck hands and a piano. Later I was called to the office of the cruise supervisor, a woman.

"Mr. Condon," she said, "as leader of the orchestra you are entitled to freedom of the ship. I must remind you, however, that this is not true for the musicians under your direction. They must not gather socially in places reserved for passengers."

"Such as the Knickerbocker Bar?"

"Precisely."

I took a firm grip on my temper and then let go of it.

"My dear lady," I said, "the musicians in my band did not come on this cruise to make money or to provide themselves with employment. They are on vacation from jobs which pay them five times the coolie wages you are giving them. They are here to enjoy themselves and to relax, not to be locked in a coal chute during the time they are not performing.

"If you send them to sleep with the cargo and drink off the rudder, and if you can force them to do it, don't exclude me. Wherever they go I'll go with them, and I'll go first."

I didn't wait for her to answer; I walked out and called the boys together.

"From now on I want all of you in the Knickerbocker Bar as often and for as long as possible," I said. "That's all."

I went into the bar and sat down with Paul and my brother Jim. I was so angry I forgot about medicinal drinks and ordered whisky. In somewhat less than a hundred thousand loosely chosen words I described my encounter with the supervisor. Paul sipped his drink thoughtfully.

"Now that you've started talking for the boys, why don't you keep on doing it?" he asked.

"Just let anybody start pushing them around," I said. "Just let that steward Flack—"

"I don't mean that," Paul said. "I'm thinking of jazz musicians in general. Ever since I've known them they have been playing in night clubs and saloons and dance halls, being hired with no one to bargain for them, being fired with no one to argue for them. Like most artists they are inarticulate outside of their own medium of expression. A lot of articulate people are enthusiastic about our music, but is there a jazz man who can talk for his music, bargain for it, publicize it?"

I had to admit there wasn't.

"Why don't you be it?" Paul [said] to me. "You know the musicians, you [and] people like me, who want to do [some] thing for jazz, and you have hem[orrhaged] of the larynx. You couldn't stop [talking] if you wanted to. Why don't you [put] your monologues to a good purpo[se]."

We drank a toast. "To the em[ancipa]tion of jazz," Paul said.

That fall McKenzie turned up [with a] job in Greenwich Village, at a [place] called Nick's.

Nick Rongetti had a long chin[, a] lot of ideas. He liked jazz and [played] a lot of it, created by the best me[n] able. His club was a place on [the] Seventh Avenue; it was drawing [a] audience downtown.

"I hope you'll be happy here," [he said.] "Now get up on the stand and pla[y]."

For the next eight years I was [in and] out of Nick's oftener than the m[anage]ment. He fired me regularly—it may h[ave had] something to do with sunspots—[but] hired me on schedule. He was [always] justified in bouncing me, and he [was] always logical in hiring me again. [Although] we had the same point of view—[we] lieved in jazz and wanted other [people to] lieve in it—but Nick had one th[ing] propaganda and I had another.

"Play the music," Nick said.

"Play the music and talk abo[ut it]," said. "Talk about it to the right [people]. Get pictures and articles in new[spapers] and magazines. Get it on the rad[io]."

"Get up on the stand and pl[ay] guitar," Nick said.

Between sets I talked with [cus]tomers, particularly those whose [interest] or spoken word might help th[e club]. Sometimes I considered that my [talk] at one of the tables was doing [more for] jazz than my appearance on th[e stand]. Nick disagreed with me. "I want [you on] the stand," he said. "I am no[t paying] you to talk." I tried to explain [to him] that because of talk the club [was] mentioned in newspaper column[s] that make the music better?" he [said].

Acquiring Ideas of Promo[tion]

One night I met a quiet you[ng man] with round spectacles who said h[e was] for a magazine publishing comp[any]. name was Ernest Anderson.

"How can this music be pro[moted]," I asked him.

He told me. I missed one [word] and part of another. "You'r[e fired]," Nick said. Anderson and I bec[ame] ners.

In the summer of 1941, [Jack] Russell and I went to Chicago t[o play] the Brass Rail. Pee Wee sta[rred] Josh Billings and Slim Kurtzm[an]. were sharing an apartment. K[urtzman] drove to the Brass Rail to meet [Pee Wee] and take him home each morni[ng]. always stopped along the way a[t a] milk from the driver of a mil[k wagon]. One morning they found the [wagon] front of a large apartment ho[use]. driver was in the building; th[ey] for him to appear, getting sle[epier] thirstier. Finally they decide[d to] a few quarts and pay the man [for the] day. Someone saw them as th[ey drove] away, took the license number [of the] and telephoned the police.

Half an hour later the two thi[rsty men] in jail. They got word to me a[nd] phoned Uncle Dennis.

"Why did they want to drink [milk]," asked. "If it was liquor it [would be] easier to straighten it out, a[nd I] understand the need for a drink [of] at half past four in the mornin[g, but] milk. Well, I'll do what I can."

By the time the case was call[ed] o'clock that night everything [was] ranged. Pee Wee was a pathet[ic] [figure].

od before the magistrate. He was earing his band uniform—tuxedo rs and a tan jacket. He had neither d nor slept in twenty-four hours; is hungry and he needed a drink. nagistrate stared at him. Pee Wee, s shy, dropped his eyes.

hat do you do?" the magistrate

p-p-p-play the c-c-c-clarinet," Pee aid.

e that you stick to it," the magis- aid. "Don't let me ever again hear drinking milk. Case dismissed."

only good result of our stay at the Rail was a story about us in Time ine; propaganda for jazz, I felt, orth anything. Nick didn't send for that fall.

ie Anderson wanted us to invade gie Hall. Whiteman had been there, enny Goodman, but neither had the customers real jazz. We decided in with a Fats Waller concert, using l band to back him up.

e! Perfect! Wonderful!" Fats hen I asked him. I saw the gin e coming again, so I ducked. Fats ad a manager, so we completed the ements through him.

Waller concert was a limited suc- John Hammond wrote a program which he said, "In one sense this t is an event. America is paying for the first time to one of its opular artists, Thomas Waller . . . ca does strange things to its great In any other place in the world s Waller might have developed famous concert performer, for he was eleven he was a gifted st, pianist and composer. But was not white and the American t field makes a racial exception r a few singers . . ."

zz band is necessarily small; on the ie stage we were lost. Ernie with me that the place was too or our purpose; we visited the ement of Town Hall, the cultural arters on West Forty-third Street. ked if we might rent the concert ne Saturday for the twilight hours n five thirty and seven thirty. We ed that the music to be presented zz. "Are you sure you have the ace?" the man with whom we were ting asked. We said yes, and he s a price of $150. The date we vas February 21, 1942.

h I stepped on the stage to make announcement I took a long look udience. Finally I spoke.

ly," I said, "and gentleman."

musicians had a good time and the who finally arrived made up applause between them to give ression of a full house. The box- tatement showed that 346 people the balcony, 147 occupied the ra, and no one sat in a loge. The gross receipts were $480. "Shall we try again?" I said to Ernie.

"By all means," he said. "Let's give a series. We'll either get a following or discover once and for all that no audience for jazz exists."

The Town Hall management was helpful; when we asked for a series of dates for the Saturday twilight hours the price was cut to a hundred dollars. We tried again on March 7th; a few more people sat in the balcony, a few less occupied the orchestra. The gross receipts were $426. But again the applause was persistent and enthusiastic. We went back on March 21st for a final try before the warm weather. Afterward Ernie was excited. The gross was $516.75.

"It's the handwriting on the wall!" he said. "Next year we'll give a concert every month. We're on our way!"

I was happy too. "Someday we may have as many followers as the harpsichord," I said.

That fall we resumed our concerts at Town Hall. When the first one was over the customers stamped, whistled, and beat the seats; Ernie reported a box-office high of almost $800.

Praise From a Leading Critic

The next morning after finishing work at Nick's I went home, propped myself up in bed, and browsed through the Sunday papers. In the Herald Tribune I came across a piece by Virgil Thomson, the paper's first-string music critic.

"The jazz concert that Eddie Condon directed yesterday afternoon in the Town Hall," it began, "was to this reviewer one of the most satisfactory musical experiences of the season."

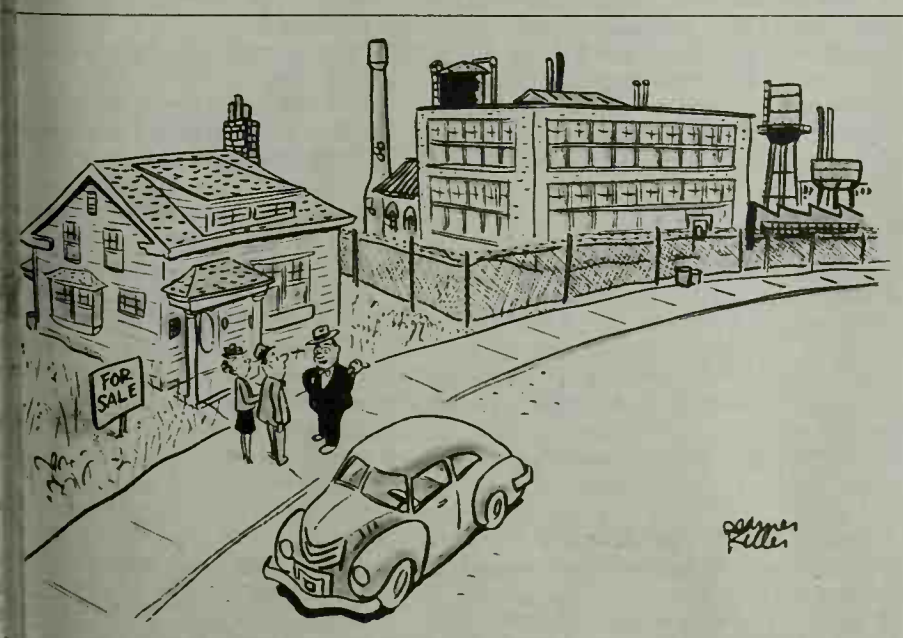
So far so good, I thought. I read on; Mr. Thomson was a little irritated by the "affettuoso manner" of the soloists. I'll speak to the boys about that, I thought. Then came the final paragraph:

"The whole was magnificently sustained and varied, everybody playing something worth listening to, and everybody uttering phrases that had to do with those the others were uttering. The nine-part tuttis were of a grandeur, a sumptuousness of sound and a spontaneous integration of individual freedoms that make one proud of the country that gave birth to such a high manifestation of sensibility and intelligence, and happy to be present at such a full and noble expression of the musical faculties."

I read it seven times. Then I pushed the papers off the bed, turned out the light and went to sleep.

THE END

This article and the two which preceded it are selections from the forthcoming book, We Called It Music, by Eddie Condon and Thomas Sugrue, published by Henry Holt & Company.



won't be annoyed by that factory. They're on strike most of the time"

REAMER KELLER



Etruscan bridal couple and wedding ring shown.

TRADITION

Etruscans prized the lovely Orange Blossom as a symbol of nuptial bliss, imported at great cost by the wealthy.

Today genuine Orange Blossom is the name of the finest in Engagement and Wedding rings. Traditionally correct and styled in a wide variety of designs to suit the taste of the modern bride-to-be.

Hand-wrought in precious metals, these exquisite rings reflect a superiority characteristic of the house of Traub . . . yet they are easily within the reach of every would-be-wed.

Write for illustrated booklet
"Orange Blossom Tradition"
Engagement Rings — $50 to $5000
Wedding Rings — $9 to $1000

Traub Mfg. Co., 1942 McGraw, Detroit 8, Michigan

Genuine
Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings
by Traub





Quick Starts

. . . Long Life

WILLARD BATTERIES—Automobile • Truck and Bus • Radio
Motorcycle • Tractor • Aircraft • Marine • Diesel • Stationary
Sold and serviced by Willard Dealers everywhere.

"SAFETY-FILL"
BATTERIES
Willard

Dependability • Performance • Long Life

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. • CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • TORONTO
A subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

YOU TOO CAN BE A GENIUS

Continued from page 21

"Oh, Herb," she said. "A book! I can hardly believe it!"

She had nothing on me. . . .

From Harry's Bar we drove out to the Wyatt estate on Long Island. It was no improvement. The first thing I saw was a white curving drive. The second thing was a big white house with a terrace and a lot of grass around it.

The third thing was James Wyatt.

He was on the terrace waiting for us with a cold one in his hand and the sun shining on his bald spot. That was where ambition got you. A bald spot before thirty. He came toward us with that superior look on his puss.

"Ah," he said. He was the kind of guy who said ah. "A lovely day, isn't it? I'm so glad you could come."

He wasn't talking to me.

MYRA gave him her hand and a glad little smile to go with it. I looked at her and thought about the book I was supposed to have written and I could see the orange blossoms in her hair already. But there was no point in throwing the fight before I'd even started. I got the first punch in fast.

"We wouldn't have missed it," I said. "It isn't often we literary men get to come to a place like this."

It got him with his guard down. He was grinning and nodding and being the gracious host, and for a minute he didn't catch. Then he did a fast double-take.

"I—beg your pardon?" He was blinking like a traffic light. "I didn't catch that, I'm afraid."

He couldn't catch his own name till he'd heard it the second time.

"Literary men," I explained. "Writers. You know." I made like a typewriter. "Books," I said. "People write them."

He said, "Ah," again. He blinked. He frowned a little. He took off his glasses and polished them and put them on.

"Books," he said.

His mind worked like lightning, all right. A quick flash and then darkness. Try to read the paper like that some night.

Myra kept looking at both of us, kind of proud and happy.

"James," she said, "Herb has written a book!"

James looked at her for a minute. Then he turned and looked at me. "You? A book? With words, and everything?"

I put my shoulders back and stuck a finger into my vest pocket. I nodded.

James giggled.

"What's so funny about it?" I asked.

He kept on giggling. He was having a wonderful afternoon. "Oh, this is delicious! You've written a book!" He had to stop for another giggle. He said, "I didn't even know you could read!"

And that guy ran a publishing house. No wonder literature was in a bad way.

"Okay," I said. "Wait, that's all. You'll see." I remembered that I hadn't really written a book, after all. "You'll see," I said.

I wondered when.

In a minute I found out. Myra was standing there with her eyes looking like those of a little girl with a secret.

She said, "Of course, you'll see. Herb's going to give you the first chance at it, aren't you, Herb? Soon as it's finished."

I could promise that safely enough. "Sure."

"Ah," James said. "I see. It isn't finished yet." I didn't like the way he said it.

Neither did Myra. She said, "Maybe you don't believe it. We'll just show you, won't we, Herb?"

"Sure." I was agreeing with everything that day. Well, what could I lose? Now that I'd gone this far I might as well play out the hand.

Myra looked smug. She was a girl with a piece of cake in her h now she was going to take the fi

"We'll show you," she said. " row—"

Something had happened to m ach. "Tomorrow!"

"Why not?" she said. "You s could finish it in a few hours."

I'd said it, all right—but why? at Myra and I looked at James, had been between me and him, ri is where I'd have backed down. run a bluff just so far, but if somebody's going to call you, y as well drop out of the pot a your money.

But there was Myra. She'd s neck out right beside mine, and v I going to do about it? She was a and happy; I couldn't kick he face. I had to let her down easy.

"Well—" I rubbed my jaw a l looked thoughtful. "I don't like on week ends. A man has to rel time."

Myra looked at me. "Oh, He said. I'd jerked the cake out of h "Come on," she said. "You c after the book's finished."

I shook my head. "Don't for guests. I can't creep off like t leave poor old James languishin

She had the answer for that. keep him company."

I thought fast. "No." I mad "I didn't bring my typewriter."

Myra's face fell. I patted m the back. Nobody could write without his typewriter. It had be close, but I'd stopped it. I took handkerchief and wiped my fore

And then James got one of ning flashes.

"Typewriter? You need a typ He smiled and nodded and ru hands together. The perfect h said, "I'll have one brought up room right away. . . ."

He started toward the house.

I watched him go, and then at Myra. She was bouncing. had lights and her topknot trem what we literary men call delig

"Oh, Herb!" She clapped h "Just think: Tomorrow I'll be your book!"

I'd have been glad to pay anybody who could prove she

"Sure," I said. "Oh, sure."

She grabbed my arm and h and we started toward the house

MY ROOM had a couple of overlooking the terrace. one of them, looking out.

Myra said, "Herb," behind m

I grunted.

"Herb, why do you have grumpy?"

It was a new rule in the write We had to be grumpy from ni

"Why wouldn't I be grumpy? my hands into my pockets Jamesey-boy spending the w end strolling on the greensward girl? I should laugh and sing.

She made a soft little sound up behind me and touched my

"Why, Herb. I believe you're

I wasn't just fretting about t tion of the greensward.

I said, "Okay, so I'm jeal watched that guy work out on —only I wasn't in love with th

She had a soft, happy laugh places like that. She used it. S my arm. Her head was on m and the topknot tickled my ch

"Silly!" she said. "What are rying about? Have you fo promised to marry you as s book's finished?"

was what I was worrying about.
en," I said. "I've got an idea.
ist forget about the book and get
l right away."
no." She rubbed her cheek on
ulder. "I'd never forgive myself.
ustn't ever, *ever* let me interfere
ur work."
voice was hushed, her eyes looked
mine. It was a solemn moment,
it. But I looked at her and I
t kid about it. I felt cold inside.
uble was, she believed in it.
my hands on her shoulders and
at her.
, "Look. Maybe I'm not so much
ter. Maybe I'm not much of any-
But just remember—whatever
s, I love you."
ow," she whispered. Her eyes
ining and her whole face had a
glow in it. I took a deep breath.
now and tomorrow I was going
a book or break an arm trying.
idered how I was going to drive
town with my arm in a sling.
remember it," I said. I took an-
eath. Then I kissed her.
was when the typewriter came in.

the first hour I looked out the
ow. For the second I looked at a
e. For the third I looked at the
er.
slick, new, shiny. It had a piece
paper in it.
wasn't anything on the paper.
trouble with writing a book
o be that you had to have some-
write about. And my mind
exactly like the paper. Blank. I
smoking cigarettes until the sun
wn. Long shadows crept across
nsward, and the little birds twit-
pily, going to rest.
ttle birds wouldn't have known
riter if they'd met one in their
tree. In their place, I'd've twit-
o.
d out a sigh and wafted it over
writer, and there was the sound
taps outside my door. Myra.
t about chasing her away. I
about pretending to be sick.
Then I thought what the hell—it had to come sometime.

The door opened softly and Myra put her head in. Her eyes were big and a little scared.

"Herb," she whispered, "can I—come in?"

I looked at her and for a minute I didn't say anything. She was awed and happy and there were candles burning in her eyes. I was the guy who'd lighted them. I was the guy who was going to blow them out.

I said, "Sure. Come on in."

She came into the room on tiptoe.

"How—how are you getting along, Herb? Is it nearly done?"

I didn't look at her eyes. I watched the topknot. It wiggled just a little with excitement. I shoved my chair back.

"Sit down," I said.

She sat down on the edge of a chair and leaned forward, looking at me, kind of breathless.

I said, "Listen." I was having trouble with my voice. "I've got to tell you something."

"Well?"

I cleared my throat. I didn't look at her. "There isn't any book," I said.

I waited. There was one of those silences. The heavy kind. Then she said, "I don't understand. You told me—"

I lifted my shoulders and let them drop again. "I know. I was a little crazy, I guess. But I wanted you to think I amounted to something."

"You mean you—lied?"

I couldn't think of any other word for it.

"I wanted you to marry me," I said.

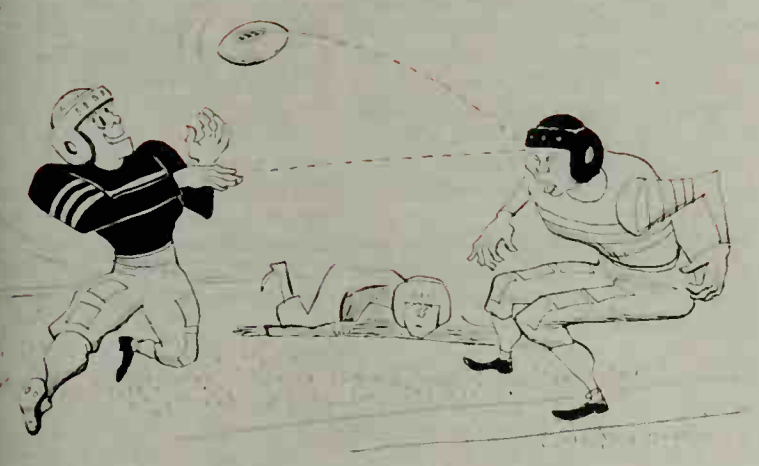
The sun had gone down. The room was full of shadows. Everything was very still. I looked at the floor and waited for Myra to say something.

I wasn't feeling so good.

I said, "I did it because I love you."

She said something then. "Oh. I see," she said. "You love me." She made it sound like I'd insulted her. There was frost three inches thick on it. "You love me. So you lie to me. You humiliate me before James."

I raised my head and looked at her;



AL ROSS

SPORTING ODDS

One of the most unusual forward passes in modern football story occurred during the University of Detroit–Central State achers game in 1941. In the fourth quarter, Detroit halfback mer Madarik took the ball from center and stepped back to iss. His pass was intended for Art Link, Detroit end; but just Madarik released the ball an opposing player rushed in, and e ball was partially blocked and deflected upward and rward. Madarik rushed down the field, caught the ball ten rds from where he had thrown it and raced 60 more yards for touchdown.

Clem Stava, Cicero, Ill.

OLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting lds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. ontributions cannot be returned.)



In paintbrushes . . .

nylon outwears other bristles 3 to 1

More and more professional painters are choosing nylon-bristled paint brushes. For nylon bristles last at least 3 times as long as the best animal bristles. They lay on a smooth, uniform film . . . can be used with all paints. Originally available for professional use only, nylon-bristled paintbrushes are now produced in sufficient amounts for all. Remember—for longer service in all types of brushes, buy brushes with the name *nylon* plainly marked on brush or package. At brush counters everywhere. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Department, Arlington, N. J.

Product of DU PONT *Plastics*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

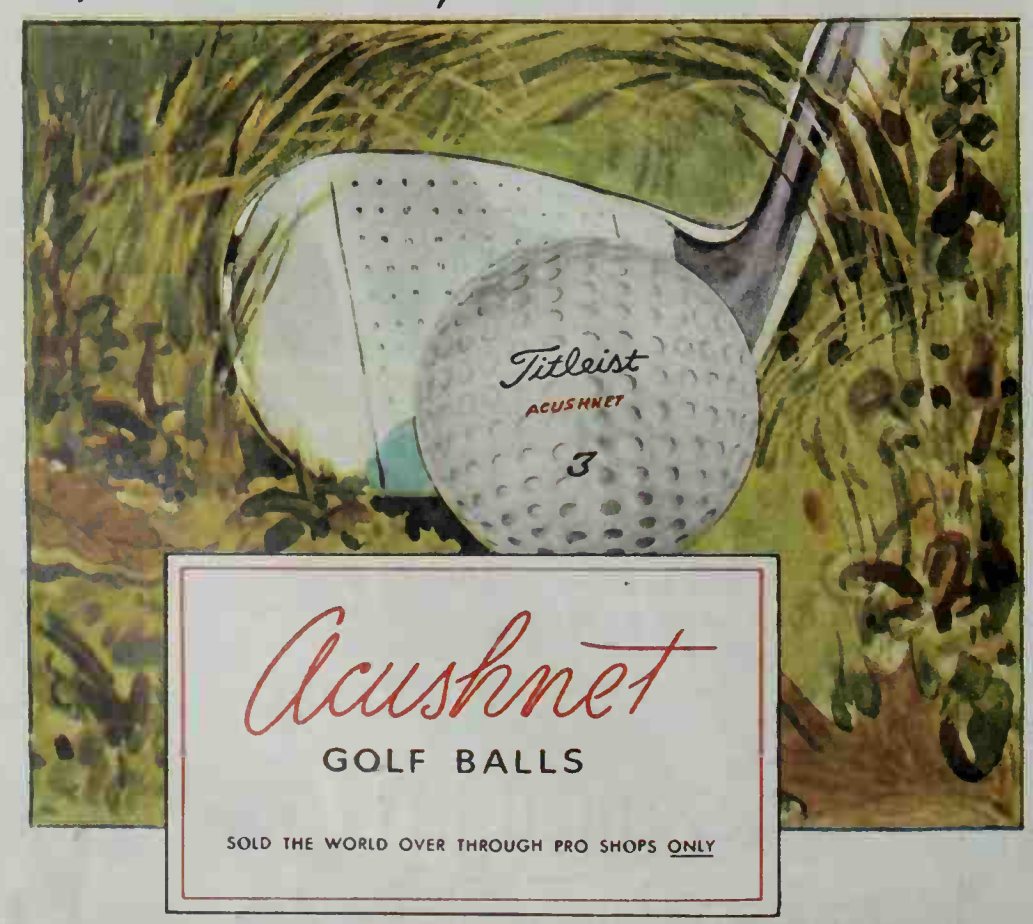
When you hook a drive into deep rough —



And it's a long carry to the green —



Boy, oh boy! - how an Acushnet Titleist helps!



ACUSHNET PROCESS SALES COMPANY, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

her mouth was tight. There was pink in her cheeks and her eyes stared at me.

What I mean, she was mad.

She said, "How do you think I'm going to explain this to James?"

I kept looking at her and I could feel something starting inside me. I tried to hold it down but it kept boiling and boiling. My ears began to feel hot and my hands trembled a little.

Myra said, "I'll never be able to face him after this."

I took deep breaths. I counted ten. I counted ten more, just to be sure. "That's all you're worried about, isn't it—what James will think. Why don't you marry him, then?"

Her cheeks and her eyes were blazing. She was burning up, by the numbers.

"All right," she said. "If that's the way you feel about it, I will. At least he's a gentleman. He wouldn't lie to a girl."

I said, "Ha. Has he ever told you about his war experiences?"

She made a kind of choked sound and jumped up from her chair. Her hands were clenched into fists and she was staring at me, very mad.

I stared back, just as mad. "So go on and marry him. I wish you luck."

James was the one who'd need the luck.

Myra stood there looking at me for a minute longer. She started to say something, and didn't. She bit her lip. Then she turned and went out.

As soon as she was gone I got up and started circling the room. For the first five laps I didn't think anything. I just walked and was mad.

The next five I thought about Myra. She'd got me into the whole thing. All I wanted was to get married and live like anybody else, but she had to have some kind of genius around the house. I had to do something big.

Well, I'd done something big. I couldn't have made a bigger bust if I'd taken special exercises.

On the eleventh lap I looked out the window. Myra was down on the terrace, with James. She was standing close to him, looking up into his face. I didn't have to ask what they were talking about.

Eight laps later I was almost ready to feel sorry for Jamesey-boy. He was stuck with it now. He'd never have a peaceful five minutes again. I could see just how it was going to be—right up to the time he went into a sanitarium with his nerves shot, his publishing business shot, and his wife looking for another sucker.

Somewhere around the thirty-seventh lap I got my idea. It would take a lot of work, but who cared about that?

I was mad enough even to work.

A COUPLE of months later I was sitting in Harry's Bar when Myra came in. She stood by the door, looking around. I had an idea whom she was looking for—me.

I concentrated on my beer, hard. The bubbles kept breaking away from the side of the glass and rising to the top. The juke box played something soft and dreamy and I moved my glass around, making wet circles on the table.

And Myra's voice said, "Herb."

I looked up. She was standing by my table and when I looked at her something happened to my breathing, the way it always did. I hadn't seen her since that day at James', two months ago. We were finished, through, *kaput*. I didn't have a girl any more. Only, my breath hadn't found out about that yet.

"Oh," I said. "Hello, Myra." I tried to think of something else to say but all I could think of was, "Sit down."

She sat. We looked at each other across the table. She had combed out her hair; the topknot was gone. The juke box played it soft and low, with tears.

"Herb," Myra said. "I—" She hesitated; then it came out in a rush: "James showed it to me. Yesterday. Your book, I mean. He thinks it's—wonderful."

Maybe I jumped a little. I hadn't thought about him showing it t But I could see how he'd think good idea. I borrowed one of l to fit the spot.

"Ah," I said.

I drank some beer. I looked and then down at the table. "V you think of it?" I said.

"I thought it was wonderfi Her voice was kind of strained. it will be a big success." I wai said, "I had no idea you could v that, Herb."

It was a surprise to me, to didn't tell her that. I waited.

"I want to congratulate yc She stopped. Her eyes looke I kept on waiting. She said, "I

Then she started to cry.

"Hey!" I said. That wasn't been waiting for. "Come on, said. "Cut it out, will you?"

She cried into her handker was one of those little ones, a soaked. I gave her one of mine.

"Quit it, now," I said. "What's ter with you, anyway?"

MYRA blew her nose. It w were her eyes. She lool "Herb," she said. She stopped "Am I really like that?"

I played it safe. "Like what?

"That awful woman. In yo She sniffed. Her eyes looked a and weepy. "The one who drov band into a sanitarium."

I thought about libel suits a

"Of course not," I said. "V you get that idea?"

She looked at me and start again. When she could talk "Don't try to be kind, Herb. everything you said about her." came across the table and touc and went away again. "Herb- ever forgive me?"

I raised an eyebrow at her. you? Why? What differenc make to you?"

The tears had made streaks o Her mouth was trembling. Her small, like a mouse.

She said, "Bub-because I lo wuh-want to marry you."

I set my glass down and sta *"You?* Want to marry *me?"*

She nodded. I put on more catch up. "But what about Ja

"James!" she said. "I've n anything about James. It w you, Herb. Ever since college."

I blinked. I shook my he were always yapping about hi

"Because of you," she expla cause I wanted to be proud o cause I love you."

I looked at her hard. "Ye you with him on the terrace You weren't just talking abou lems of the postwar world."

"No," she said. "We we about you."

"Uh-huh."

"He said you were a no-g loafer. He said you were ju paper bum. He said you were flusher and a liar." She paus at me. "So I slapped him."

I stared at her for a minu began to grin.

"For that alone," I said, "I'd She leaned over toward me. I said.

She did. Several times.

"Herb!" Myra said. "Oh, *d*

The first thing a literary to learn is to keep the libel family. "Listen," I said. "I idea. I'm going to write a st girl who likes to take care

I watched her eyes while They had a kind of dreamy l

She said, "Oh."

She said, "I can't wait to re babies. . . ."

I made a note of it.

THE END



he U. S. Leads the World in Air Freight

scheduled Airlines of the United States operate the largest freight transportation system in the world. A fleet of 700 es, all of which carry cargo as well as passengers, plus a of 50 all-cargo planes, provides air freight service between undreds of communities served by these lines.

e times since 1941 the scheduled Airlines have reduced reight rates, including 25% reduction effective August 1, 7. Thousands of tons of goods today are moving on regular schedules at rates as low as 16¢ per ton mile. This air- transportation is saving shippers thousands of dollars in scores of ways . . . from packaging and handling econo- to elimination of warehousing and speed-up of turnover.

reight is the newest arm of America's strength in the air. ined today by the nation's industrial enterprise, it is alert ver ready in case of national emergency.

You get there quickly, comfortably and economically when you go by *scheduled* Airline. Passenger fares are lower even than before the war. Air Mail is only 5¢. So, travel, mail and ship—by air! Call the nearest Airlines office or your travel agent for reservations. This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's *scheduled* Airlines and leading aviation manufacturers.

Air Transportation Strengthens America

In one day, one scheduled airline dispatched planes from one airport carrying these varied commodities as Air Freight:

- Piston Rings
- Upholstery
- Machinery
- Ribbon
- Rubber Thread
- Meters
- Iron Lung Mechanism
- Oil of Wintergreen
- Iso-octane Gasoline
- Military Clothing
- Fountain Pens
- Nylons
- Printed Matter
- Rayon
- Golf Bag
- Raw Film
- Bicycle Pedals
- Eyebrow Pencils
- Hearing Aids
- Table Cloths
- Newsreels
- Movie Films
- Draperies
- Dresses
- Live Sea Food
- Radios
- Shoes
- Tools
- Furs
- Art
- Night Dresses
- Brassieres
- Carving Sets
- Lamps
- Bank Checks
- Gardenias
- Camellias
- Diplomatic Pouches
- Airplane Armored Plate
- Bathing Suits
- Neckties
- Aircraft Parts
- Clock Dials
- Cut Flowers
- Valve Parts
- Photographic Film
- Orchid Plants
- Raincoats
- Watch Parts
- Ammeters
- Surgical Knives
- Watch Novelties
- Cable
- Stationery
- Dog
- Perfumes, Cosmetics

THE SCHEDULED AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES



FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

BY TED SHANE

A boy's dream come true: A banana split garnished with three different kinds of ice cream, and in reserve a Sambee flanked by two flavors of ice-cream da

Could you drink a Sambee or a Skyrocket? Or perhaps you'd prefer a Moron's Delight. They're all super for hot dys

SHOULD you find yourself on New York's Fifth Avenue next Thirst-day and should you have the price, you can try a Sambee. That is, if you want to. It's pronounced Zombie, and while it isn't alcoholic it *is* intoxicating.

Right before your eyes, the soda jerk—pardon, dispenser (remember we're on Fifth Avenue!) will scoop a mess of deliciously crisp-looking bits of fresh pineapple, peaches, berries, oranges, apples—whatever's in season—into a tall, cool glass. Over this he will squirt a dash of sweetening, then two scoops of French ice cream or sherbet. Next he will fill the glass to the brim with freshly squeezed orange juice, hook a hunk of orange to the side—and serve. You can see and eat this minor miracle of hot-weather concoctions at the original H. Hicks and Son's Aerated Water and Soda Bar, Fifth Avenue.

While there are those who will contend that the absence of carbonated water in this delectable ambrosia disqualifies it for such a title, VIPs (Very Important People) like Al Jolson, Robert Cummings, or the Gish Sisters, who drop in for their daily Sambee, will tell you it's the supersoda—the drink of the future.

There is nothing cheap about the Sambee. It sets you back fifty cents. Sundaes run a dime less and the good old-fashioned ice-cream soda these days costs thirty and thirty-five cents—the latter for fresh fruiters. Let us remember we are taking America's most democratic drink on Fifth Avenue, smack among the Tiffanies and the Astorschnozzes. Ambrosia in crystal goblets on turbine yachts never did come cheap. And let us remember also that you can usually find a soda jerker of great sensitivity and magnificent imagination at your favorite corner soda fountain bar—where ambrosia retails at comfortable prices.

In Hicks', the daytime is devoted largely to feeding sodas and food to anyone with money, but if you drop in of an evening you'll find yourself rubbing shoulders and begging straws of a high-hat, a general, a plain ordinary dignitary or Mrs. Roosevelt. Or you can hear Fred Allen sucking the lees of his chocolate soda noisily, while he argues violently with Oscar Levant, who takes the same. Jim Farley also takes chocolate soda; and as soon as Joan Crawford hits New York she makes a beeline for Hicks' and orders two chocolate mint sodas with coffee ice cream—to catch up on what she's missed in Hollywood.

But they, Bing Crosby, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Walter Winchell, alone do not consume the four thousand sodas Hicks' puts out a day—more on sweltering, or parade days. Drop in anytime after eleven of a morning and you'll see them lined up three deep behind the fountain—lady shoppers at noon, debs after school, and people like you and me all the time. Night-club owners in the n borhood come for a really unadulterated drin presumably to taste good ice cream, and Hicks' lacks the nostalgic comfort of a small drugstore soda fountain, it is a sort of u holic Stork Club.

While it has been logically assumed tha Hicks invented the ice-cream soda, the drink little longer history. Historians apocryphally ute ice cream to Nero, who dispatched foot-r slaves to the high Alps on hot summer days to back snow, over which he poured honey an juices. Marco Polo is said to have brough recipe for "milk" ices from the Orient alon spaghetti, and from Italy it went to France it became "butter" ice, by the inclusion of Charles I imported it to England via a French named Di Marcis, tried to keep it a secret, b cook blew his big mouth and it became a n delicacy.

On May 9, 1777, one Philip Lenzi, confec told his patrons via the New York Gazette t cream might be had at his shop "most any A few years later Dolly Madison got into by serving strawberry ice cream at the White

In 1838 or '39 a Frenchman named Rousse ran a perfume shop in Philadelphia along soda fountain, dropped some lemon squi seltzer water and the new drink became so p

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

that its fame spread as far as New York. The drink became iced and multi-flavored, and was dispensed from fountains as elaborate as a Mohammedan temple. "Youth, as it sips its first glass," advertised a fountain of the times, "experiences sensations which, like those of love, cannot be forgotten."

Oddly, it took nearly sixty years before the ice cream met the soda water. One Robert Green, while selling the soda of the day—sweet cream, artificially flavored sirup and marble-dust water—in 1874 at a Philadelphia fair, ran out of cream. He fetched in some ice cream from a near-by confectionery store and since his customers wouldn't wait for the stuff to melt, threw it recklessly into the drink. First day's receipts were only eight dollars, but at fair's end, he was raking in all of four hundred. And the ice-cream soda had been invented!

How the Sundae Was Invented

Almost as many claim the invention of the sundae as do the soda, including the elegant Hicks. Most authorities agree that the sundae came into being when a sodaman found himself out of carbonated water on the Lord's Day. Ingeniously he thereupon merely covered the ice cream with sirup and served it "dry." It was only a step thereafter into the world of the banana split, with its heaping masses of ice cream, crushed fruits, nuts, whipped cream and cherries.

And of the Flaming Fudge Sundae. Yes, if you find the right dispenser, he will whip this matter together for you. All he does is saturate lumps of sugar in brandy, embed them in marshmallows which are placed atop a hot-fudge sundae. The sugar is then ignited, and the heat melts the marshmallows which lava down the sides of the fudge, making a very beautiful Vesuvian sight indeed, and a warming thing on a cool day, or vice versa.

A Hicksian soda, made properly with crushed fruits or sirups, ice cream and whipped cream, becomes not only a delight for the eye and taste but a pretty nutritive dish. Dietitians have found a dish of vanilla ice cream contains not only the best available proteins you get from milk, but plenty of vitamins from A to Whee, the latter being the morale vitamin. Some think ice cream may have won the war. "I don't mind the beans," cried a Navy man, "as long as they top 'em off with ice cream!"

There are nonfattening sodas, as well as fattening ones—one contains sherbet, the other ice cream—and it is possible to go on an ice-cream diet and lose weight, while keeping up a personal sparkle. A few years ago a dreamer put out spinach ice-cream soda on the market. Youth, alas, said it was spinach, and the pox with it—but in time the human race may become lotus eaters and such a meal-in-itself may return.

Tastes among Hicks' customers run about the same as they do on Main Street, or at the giant milk bar outside most American cities. Charlie Lesher, Hicks' veteran sodaman, says the chocolate soda is the favorite, with coffee and strawberry following hard behind. Men favor chocolate; women coffee; and the kids go for the fruit flavors, or affairs called Hubba Hubba, sundaes in which ice cream is piled high with fruits, nuts, chocolate shot, whipped cream and the kitchen sink.

Above all, Lesher and his fellows know how to make a soda properly. This consists of putting one and one-half ounces of crushed fruit or sirup into a sixteen-ounce glass, stirring in a soda-spoonful of ice cream, whipped cream or coffee cream. The glass is then filled three fourths full with the fine stream of the carbonated water—and two scoops of ice cream are floated aboard before the glass is filled to the top with the coarse stream (great care being taken to hit the side of the glass, as the cold water hitting directly on the ice cream would form ice crystals on it). Lastly the angelic brew is garnished with whipped cream.

Nourishing floats, milk shakes and malteds are made in the same way, except cold milk and chilled sirups and more ice cream are used in place of carbonated water, and the drink is mixed until the container frosts up. And, of course, freezes are made with soda water, sherbets and fruit juices entirely.

Nothing, of course, is quite as hard on a busy sodaman as a creative customer, who dashes in at rush hour and cries: "I want a root-beer soda, with crushed pineapple, cherry and vanilla ice cream and some walnuts on top of the whipped cream!"

Such a zombieish concoction is altogether possible, and in all probability would be most delicious. I see no reason, therefore, why I shouldn't urge you to ask your dispenser for any of the various combinations of chocolate soda—chocolate mint with coffee cream, very cooling; bittersweet soda, made with bitter chocolate; a Boston Roof, bittersweet with salted peanuts on top; chocolate banana; milk chocolate soda; or ginger chocolate. Not long ago a woman asked for such a drink at Hicks', said it was a favorite in her day. Obligingly the boys got it up for her. I tried it and found I was a happier, less thirsty, zingier man for it!



"You'd be surprised to know how many old laws are still on the statute books!"

COLLIER'S — FRANK OWEN

The Hoboken Soda—and Others

Among other flavors, Hicks' gets up a Hoboken soda, which is a strawberry soda with coffee ice cream; and an Orange Glow, which is orange juice, orange ice cream, and cream whipped up in the mixer and is a lovely sunset-colored and thirst-wrecking thing. Or you can dream up and name them yourself: pineapple and maple-walnut ice cream; fruit salad soda; pineapple coconut; lemon banana; or blueberry soda with chocolate cream. Yes, you can even ask for a hot soda and not get a dirty look. For some time fountain geniuses have tried to make "hot" sodas for winter fare; and now milk, vanilla ice cream, coffee sirup and malted milk heated in the automatic heater make a very smooth thing indeed.

In the float line, you might go for a Miss Simplicity At Sea—a cunning mixture of egg, vanilla ice cream, vanilla sirup, whipped cream and ball of floating ice cream; or for a Crème de Menthe freeze—juice of half a lime, shaved ice, a couple of dippers of lime or fruit sherbet, soda water, a severe shaking up, after which more sherbet is floated alongside a sprig of mint. And a cherry, with a stem on it—for easier fishing.

Nor must we neglect the malteds, such as the old stand-by: the chocolate with egg; the butterscotch, the honey malted, made with fresh honey; and the fruited egg malted, which not only has an egg, raspberry sirup, ice cream, milk and two standard spoons of malted, but a few drops of angostura bitters—presumably to remove that ice-cream hang-over you may have picked up the night before.

Which brings us to the eatin' dish of the soda world: the sundae. Basically the sundae consists of two scoops of ice cream, surmounted by sirup, and/or nuts, marshmallow and/or whipped cream and cherry, employing any or every flavor of ingredient the taste buds yearn to bloom for.

Glamor dish of the sundae world is the banana split. Hicks' charges seventy-five cents for their split, and you can name your own ingredients, or which side you want showing on the whole banana which is used. Aboard this are perched three balls of multiflavored ice cream, then three different crushed fruits, fresh or in sirup, go on this. Whipped cream festoons these yummy mountains (wow!), nuts snow on the cream, and cherries top it all. Eight hours are required to consume a Hicks' banana split properly, which accounts for the excessive charges (they include labor and fountain space rental, remember!).

Like the sea, the banana split is never the same—you can call for any of the twenty-seven flavors of ice cream and you can have them festooned with coconut, blueberries or peanut brittle, in case you have good bridgework. If you like your bananas vertical and not lying down, you will want a Merry-go-round Banana Royal in which the banana is quartered and laid flat alongside the mounded scoop of ice cream. Or you can demand that your banana be "wheel" sliced, or you can have it pulped and strained for all I care. The important thing, be it a Green-Eyed Monster Split—naked pistachio gleaming wickedly between innocent vanilla and heaps of whipped cream and stuff—or an Orange Malted Banana Royal—orange sections and orange sirup and orange pineapple cream—it all tastes the same—wonderful!

The parfait, of course, is the sundae with a French accent. Served in a sort of glass flower vase, instead of a banana split or sundae tulip dish, the parfait stems from France, and in it several layers of variflavored ice cream are alternated with crushed fruits, then topped off with the inevitable whipped cream and cherry. This vertical sundae is the world's most beautiful sight, and rivals even such Technicolored eye-and-taste dazzlers as Turner's Sunset and the Cherry Strawberry Pineapple Delight, which includes besides normal fresh fruits diced green-dyed pineapple. And any drink you desire may be frappéed. The frappé is a float in which the amounts of milk and ice cream are reversed, and in which crumbled cookies, wafers or macaroons are mixed.

Try These on Your Appetite

As with the soda, the variations on the sundae theme are also endless. Roasted cashew nuts on fudge and ice cream make up well; as does the coconut tangerine job which you might get in a Miami version of Hicks'. The St. Patrick's sundae is good on March 17th—green mint ice cream with hot fudge; and the Old Glory, or Red, White and Blue sundae—vanilla and strawberry ice cream, surmounted by cherries, and blueberries à la Betsy Ross—it's patriotically delicatesse on the Fourth of July!

Or adventuresomely try a Newport sundae—chocolate sundae with bits of milk chocolate, a coffee roon—coffee ice cream and sirup with macaroons; or a coffee salted-almond sundae. However, we suggest you be specific should you want to try out something called a Thrill of a Romance, a Skyrocket or a Spellbound sundae. These dishes are usually locally named as are the Scotch sundae—butterscotch and peanuts atop plain vanilla, with marshmallow and *no* cherry; or the Atomic sundae, which has cropped up most scientifically.

The Atomic contains four scoops of ice cream, crushed cherries and pineapple, butterscotch, disintegrated cream, all sprinkled with chocolate "shot," presumably the atoms.

It is so named because it probably not only blows one apart but also inspires the Atomic ache. And there's the Holy Cow. This awesome skyscraper evidently needs two stomachs to hold it, for it contains several balls of ice cream each poised on the other, drenched with so many ingredients and whipped cream that the purchaser exclaims, "Holy Cow!" should the dispenser have done his work well.

These days the bobby-soxer is demanding more and more on her dish. So don't be discouraged when on ordering a dish that contains marble-nut ice cream, pineapple pistachio ice cream, tutti-frutti ice cream, crushed cherries, uncrushed blueberries, Nabiscos, black walnuts and a rasher of bacon on top of whipped cream, the sodaman tartly asks, "Can you come in next Wednesday for a fitting?"

Remember, you may be an Escoffier of the Fountain of Youth and have a drink named after you!

THE END

BACK AGAIN...

Kentucky's finest straight Bourbon



Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...for 6 long years

Six (yes 6!) patient years of aging have mellowed Old Charter to the peak of richness and flavor. It's the whiskey that *didn't* watch the clock! Taste it and you'll be convinced. For Old Charter is Kentucky's finest straight bourbon.

ALL PRE-WAR WHISKEY **OLD CHARTER**

TRADE MARK

THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

TOO MUCH BRASS

Continued from page 13

of legislation. They have no right to operate as an organized pressure group."

Representative Hoffman was even more critical. "The job of the military," he said, "is to fight wars and to train and make plans when there isn't any fighting. But the military aren't satisfied with that; they are trying to take over the country. In my committee, we have had a great deal of trouble with generals and admirals. They are constantly sneaking around trying to find out who is going to testify on matters that we are investigating. Then they go to these witnesses and attempt to put pressure on them to change their testimony.

"Only the other day, a couple of officers tried to tell me I couldn't have a certain file on an officer who is being promoted in spite of a shabby record. We have evidence that this officer perpetrated a dishonorable deed; veterans who served under him gave us the facts. But the War Department said we couldn't have it.

"When we insisted, the Department then claimed the file couldn't be found. We asked who had gotten up the file, and the answer was, 'We don't know.' I finally got fed up and told them, 'You deliver that file by Monday morning or we will subpoena the Secretary of War, the General Staff and every other brass hat down the line until we get what we're after.' We got the file without further monkey business."

Questions Annoy the Military

Representative Reed gave voice to a complaint that is very general among members of Congress. "I particularly resent the attitude of the old-tie military toward Congress," he declared. "They merely tolerate us because we provide their appropriations. But when we want to know for what these huge sums are to be spent, they get very annoyed. Their whole attitude is that they are doing us a favor and that it's none of our business what they do with the money we provide.

"Another thing I emphatically do not like about the military is their propaganda in our home districts. We are flooded with letters from constituents writing that some general or admiral has told them this and that about some issue being considered by Congress. My answer to such letters is that it is Congress, and not generals and admirals, that makes the decisions on such m

Other Congressional leaders w equally angry, were less outspok from the record of the session it that a deep-seated antipathy tow military exists on Capitol Hill, a if the world situation were not acing, the military would have c a lot worse than they did.

As it was, they took a severe di Their appropriations were drasti duced and, with the exception watered-down unification bill an overdue promotion-reform measu legislative program got nowher versal military training, keyston program, was deliberately pige

To sincere friends of the arm ices this situation on Capitol Hi tremely disquieting. It is very for of what may happen in the futu ticularly if and when the threat abates. If the attitude of the pres gress is a straw in the wind, t Army and Navy face very roug as peacetime organizations. methods and their operations in r policy matters, the military have much of the good will won during the war.

Nothing demonstrates this mor than the universal military traini dle. Numerous national and lo have repeatedly shown majority for this measure. Yet, today, nearer adoption than when it w duced in Congress nearly three y

The failure of this vital defen be enacted is due in a large meas military themselves because th supplied some of the most pow position ammunition.

A graphic instance was the di of the effectiveness of the powerf in favor of universal military tra the President's Civilian Commit committee, made up of disti educators, clergymen and other was unqualified in its endorseme need and value of UMT. The re the single most influential declar UMT. It made a tremendous in both on the country at large Capitol Hill.

The obvious cue for the War ment, after the publication of thi report, was to follow it up ag with other civilian backing, there is abundance in the cou y. stead, the first thing the War De



"They won't be such good friends after they find out neither ever heard of the other"

COLLIER'S

GARR



Pictured in this Sinclair Opaline magic act are
DANNY KAYE and VIRGINIA MAYO
stars of Samuel Goldwyn's
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"
in Technicolor

...like Magic

Premium Sinclair Oil gives your car more power

Your car's power goes up like the magic of levitation when you use *premium* Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil. That's because Opaline cleans carbon, sludge and other power-stealing deposits from cylinders, piston rings and pistons – keeps your motor clean as a whistle.

Opaline cleans as it lubricates, because special, Sinclair-developed chemicals are blended into the oil at the refinery.

Tests prove old cars respond like new when Opaline cleans up motors . . . new cars keep their pep and power with Opaline.

Get more power from your car. Save on gasoline. Save on oil. Ask for *premium* Sinclair Opaline Oil where you see the Sinclair H-C Gasoline sign.

PREMIUM

SINCLAIR OPALINE MOTOR OIL

REG U S PAT OFF

Keeps your motor clean as a whistle



did was to unleash a swarm of generals to harangue the populace with ghosted speeches. Generals no one had ever heard of outside of Army circles took to the forum and the air with ponderous generalities that convinced no one of anything.

Apparently, it never occurred to the military that generals are supposed to be in favor of military training. Or that they have a direct personal interest in the matter. The more men under arms, the more wartime generals will keep their jobs.

But the alert opposition didn't miss these points, or the opportunity to make the most of them. The speeches were a godsend to UMT foes. It enabled them to shift public attention from the civilian report to the military and give substance to the charge that the military is "attempting to obtain control of our youth." The result was a counterbarrage of statements and declarations that cracked around the heads of the military like drumfire.

The Case of Central Intelligence

Another striking example is the history of the protracted effort to establish a permanent Central Intelligence service. The crucial need for a unified Intelligence organizations in these ominous times is readily conceded on all sides. Such an agency has been urgently advocated by all the civilian and military chiefs of the War, Navy and State Departments since 1945. Yet the proposal languished apathetically in committees in Congress. The underlying reason for this dangerous procrastination was opposition to military control of the proposed agency.

This attitude was voiced by Representative William Jennings Bryan Dorn, South Carolina, in an executive meeting of the Expenditures in the Executive Departments Committee. A general was testifying on the budget of the Central Intelligence Group, a War Department agency. The general stressed the need for adequate funds to ensure effective Intelligence functioning.

Dorn, an AAF enlisted veteran who fought in the Battle of the Bulge, heartily agreed with that. But he hotly challenged the competence of the military to direct a unified Intelligence system.

"We got plenty of information about the enemy down in the lines," Dorn told the general. "But you generals up above never did anything with it. We knew the Germans were going to attack, but you did nothing about it. That's why there was a Battle of the Bulge."

So the essential defense measure continued to gather dust in chary committees. Representative Hoffman's committee finally settled the matter by literally booting the military out of the way—and out of control. The committee wrote a provision into the bill expressly requiring that the director of the unified Intelligence service must be a civilian appointed by the President. And to further guard against military officiousness, the committee also added a provision prohibiting the agency from exercising police or internal security powers.

Thus, stripped largely of its militaristic features, the plan finally was approved by Congress in the last days of the recent session.

A number of government agencies have had acrimonious undercover collisions with the military. Chief among these is the State Department. Since the incumbency of Secretary Marshall, working relations between State and the military have appreciably improved. The brass respectfully keep their distance with the former Chief of Staff. But under former Secretary James Byrnes, relations between the State Department and the military repeatedly verged on open warfare.

One instance was the announcement by the Army Air Forces of plans for a world-girdling flight by a squadron of B-29s. The provocative project was proclaimed at a time when Byrnes was engaged in delicate negotiations at a Foreign Ministers conference in Paris. Without even troubling to inform the State Department, the AAF blandly announced the scheme at a big Pentagon press conference.

Acting Secretary of State Dean Acheson was furious. He blistered the military privately, and publicly made it clear that the AAF had another think coming. They hastily dropped their grandiose adventure and nothing has been heard of it since.

The oldest naval officer on active duty, Admiral William D. Leahy today is not only one of the most potent military figures in Washington, but he also wields influence in the personal counsels of President Truman on a wide range of subjects, particularly foreign affairs. Under Roosevelt, Leahy was no more than a liaison officer between the White House and the military. That is his true function as Chief of Staff to the President, a wartime-created job.

But under Truman, Leahy has become one of the President's most trusted personal advisers. The one-time ambassador to Vichy accompanies the President on practically all his official trips, and is an invariable guest at intimate gatherings, particularly on the Presidential yacht.

Leahy is also credited with being largely responsible for the President's insistence that the U.S. sell arms to Latin America. Byrnes and Acheson opposed this on the ground it would lead to an armaments race. But Leahy persuaded Truman to press the matter on Congress. It failed to act, however, despite a special message and several speeches by Truman on the matter.

Leahy affects a forbidding aloofness toward newspapermen in general. But privately, he maintains close ties with several correspondents who specialize in foreign affairs. During the period last year when relations between Byrnes and Truman were strained, friends of the former charged Leahy with instigating some of the news accounts.

Immediately after Byrnes' return from the Foreign Ministers conference in Moscow, Truman summoned him to the White House yacht. On the ship, Byrnes encountered Leahy, who demanded, "Jimmy, what are you trying to do, appease those Russians? You're being too easy with them. The thing to do is to take no foolishness from them."

Byrnes bluntly retorted that he was Secretary of State, and he would let the aged sea dog know when his advice was wanted.

One thing that kept relations between the State Department and the military on edge was the persistent airing by some military figures of opinions and judg-



"The bathroom was too small for the tub, so we made it into a shower"

COLLIER'S CARL HARRIS

ments on delicate foreign situations. Such conduct is not only contrary to U.S. tradition and deep-rooted sentiment, but also to military statutes. Army regulations specifically prohibit military meddling in public affairs.

Army Regulations 600-700 states: "Members of the Army of the United States usually appear before the public in an official or semiofficial capacity and so contribute to the impression formed by the public. Consequently, care will be taken to differentiate between personal ideas and opinions, and official plans and purposes. Furthermore, their military status limits the extent to which members of the Army may, with propriety, make public pronouncements on political, diplomatic, legislative, administrative measures, and on matters the treatment of which tends to prejudice discipline, to involve superior officers in controversy, to interpret official publications, or to define military procedure."

Despite this express prohibition, brass hats have sounded off on policies and problems of critical national moment. A recent case was a speech made by General Mark W. Clark, at Fort Lewis, Washington, following his assumption of command of the Sixth Army. Addressing the massed troops over a loudspeaker system, Clark declared, "We are not able to see eye to eye with Soviet forces," and demanded a tough policy in dealing with them.

Douglass Welch, staff correspondent of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, reporting the speech in a two-column front-page story, stated, "Clark's frankness startled even newspapermen."

Unquestionably, Clark has abundant grounds for feeling as he does. Also, there can be no argument on the accuracy of his charges against the Soviet; that isn't the point.

Clark is an Army officer; a senior commander four-star rank. As such, it is not his province to speeches against a nation with which the United is nominally at peace. That would have been u and unthought of a few years ago. It is contrar American tradition and practices, as well as be pressly prohibited by regulations. Were an Ar Navy officer of lesser rank to disregard his obli in such a manner, he would be subject to cou tial action.

Further, as an officer, it is Clark's duty to regulations and orders. It is questionable whet disregard of mandates by a senior officer is co to discipline in lower echelons. Every military stresses the necessity of officers setting an exan meticulous obedience to orders.

Apparently some of the military have reso stratagems to safeguard themselves against ch These have been transparent devices, but at le have indicated an awareness of the proprieti regulations. The most common of these dodge trite introductory remark, "I am voicing only m personal opinions and not the official views of t Department."

Lieutenant General J. Lawton Collins, as the Public Relations Division of the War Depa used this dissimulation in a talk in which he lec civilian audience on the role that the militar have in the conduct of the nation's foreign affa

It was in this speech that Collins startled hi ers by observing, "Now let us look briefly at th situation as the War Department sees it today gallant former commander of the V Corps was by the grins of his audience. It never occurred that he had mocked his own words in first anno he was not talking as a War Department spo and then declaring that he would present t Department's views.

Marine Corps Spokesman Starts Somethi

During the hearings last winter on the arme unification bill, General A. A. Vandegrift, Corps commandant, prepared a 24-page statem he proposed to make before the Senate Armed Committee. The measure was a compromise out by the War and Navy Departments after t clawed each other to a standstill in an unseem and-dog fight on the original far-reaching mer As part of the compromise, both departments to give it full support. It was under this Vandegrift, an obdurate foe of unification, su his lengthy, and highly critical, opus to Navy S James Forrestal.

Forrestal whittled the statement down to si Among his deletions was an angry charge t Army had a secret plan, in effect, to scuttle t rine Corps if the unification bill went through.

Vandegrift delivered his statement as ed Forrestal. But the Marine "underground" ha fully primed members of the Senate comm what had been deleted from Vandegrift's st And when he finished making his innocuous tion, the senators asked questions which enabl degrift to make the provocative accusations the Army that his superiors had censored.

The result was front-page headlines in eve paper in the country, followed by numerous e criticizing the President, Forrestal and others enforcing unity among the brass hats on th stymied vital defense reform. On Capitol H legislation was again thrown into jeopardy t overcome only by the utmost effort.

The nation is justly proud of every comp its military forces. From George Washin down, many have been elevated to the highe offices. But always it has been as civilians an generals or admirals.

Throughout the nation's history, it has alw resented and resisted any manifestation of meddling in public affairs. The Constitution provides for civilian rule, and by tradition an ing that is the American way of life. In all th lent eras of U.S. history, there has never bee on horseback.

These are perilous and uncertain times. O forces must be strong and alert. Above all, have competent military leaders in whom th has the utmost confidence.

There are admirals and generals who, by t verse disregard of the national way of life an tions, are undermining that essential confid directly impairing the strength of our milita lishment. These brass hats are doing the natio disservice in many ways.

THE END



e "Dutch Boy" Stepping Out with his ew Blended Paint

In Colors or White...It's Blended Just Right...To Keep Your Home Bright

he "Dutch Boy" takes a step in the bright direction . . with his new *Blended Paint.*

And a colorful step it is . . . bringing you the mous "Dutch Boy" quality in lovely, sparkling *ints* and gay, glossy *Trim Colors* as well as a daz- ing *Bright White.*

Each is specially *blended* by the Boy in the Blue veralls to *stay* beauty-bright . . . to *keep* your home oking right.

ded to Protect Beauty 3 Ways...

ouse paint has three different jobs to do. So, the new Dutch Boy" Paint comes in 3 different blends. Each end does a special job especially well.

(1) Blended White *stays* White. (2) Blended Tints *stay* ght. (3) Blended Trim Colors *stay* Bright.

The "Dutch Boy" has never dipped his brush into gher quality paint. It is the result of over 30 years of ntinuous, outdoor paint tests . . . the longest research ject of its kind.

So remember, when it's a question of *weather*, it isn't question of *which*. Now as always . . . in the new nded colors and white . . . "Dutch Boy" is *Good int's Other Name.*

THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "DUTCH BOY" WHITE LEAD

1. **Bright White, Blended to Stay White:**



It goes on white and it goes *on* staying white, because "Dutch Boy" Bright White is *self-cleaning!* It permits rain to wash away dirt. Covers exceptionally well, and gives a dazzling, durable exterior finish.

2. **Lovely Tints, Blended to Stay Right:**



If you go in for color, you'll go for these "Dutch Boy" Tints! They keep their crisp, petal-freshness . . . because they're specially blended to assure lasting color and uniformity.

3. **Smart Trim Colors, Blended to Stay Bright:**



It's a bright idea to add cheery, long-lasting brightness with "Dutch Boy" Sash and Trim Colors. They're blended to keep their high gloss and color! Just the thing for doors, shutters and porch furniture, too.

Special "Dutch Boy" Blended Primer: An undercoat of great sealing and hiding power that hugs tight. When used under a topcoat of "Dutch Boy" Bright White or Tints you get a perfect 2-coat paint job, even on unpainted wood!



Picture Your Home in Color at Your "Dutch Boy" Dealer's

Here's a handy way to preview your home's new color scheme. At your "Dutch Boy" Dealer's try different colors on this miniature-house display. Choose from combinations of brilliant White, fresh Tints, and distinctive Sash and Trim Colors.



FREE
Color-Scheme Booklet!

Over 40 full-color illustrations show you how to style your home for lasting beauty with the new "Dutch Boy" Blended Paint. For your free copy, address Dept. 18, care of the nearest office listed below.

. . . . . Mail Coupon Today! . . . . .

National Lead Company, Dept. 18
(Address nearest branch)

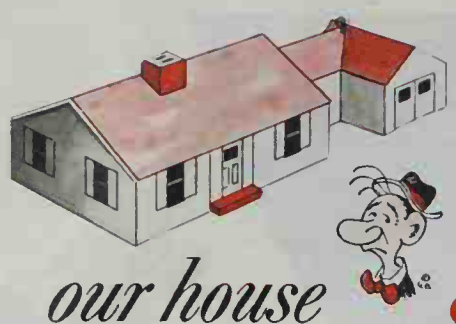
New York 6; Buffalo 3; Chicago 8; Cincinnati 3; Cleveland 13; St. Louis 1; San Francisco 10; Boston 6 (National Lead Co. of Mass.); Philadelphia 7 (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.); Pittsburgh 30 (National Lead Co. of Pa.).

Please send me a free copy of your new color-illustrated booklet: *"Blended" Beauty For Your Home.*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....



our house was a sad shack!



We were put out, and I don't mean evicted! It would have taken all the piggy banks in China to scrape up enough money to replace that warped wood siding and get a re-do on the paint. Even then I knew the budget was in for an annual crack-up if we didn't want our home to get looking like something strictly-from-tenement!



now our nest looks like the best!



While I was fretting about the mess at our address, a kind friend told me about Careystone Asbestos Siding. My, what a build up! According to her, this wonderful material was beautiful and dutiful . . . needed no paint to preserve it . . . was fireproof, termite-proof, rot-proof.

"That's for us," I said. And wiser words were never spoke! For I called the **CAREY** dealer, found out how little it cost, figured how much we'd actually save by making our place a you-can-be-proud-to-live-in-it-home, and presto—the transformation was complete!

Honestly, this Careystone Siding (they tell me it's made of Asbestos Fibre and Portland Cement . . . lasts a housetime) is well worth looking into. Why don't you . . .



GET ALL THE *facts*

. . . about Careystone. Learn how much it can do to bring old houses up-to-date . . . to cut maintenance costs . . . to start new homes off on the right foot. Your local Carey dealer will be glad to give you complete details—or if you write us direct, address your request to Dept. C.

Careystone *asbestos siding*

In Canada: 1557 MacKay St., Montreal 1, P. Q.

Asphalt Shingles—Asbestos Shingles and Sidings
Asbestos Wallboard—Rock Wool Insulation
Miami-Carey Bathroom Cabinets and Accessories

THE PHILIP CAREY MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI 15, OHIO

MAN HUNT IN MOPANG

Continued from page 26

entire game-warden personnel, including young Tom Corn of Mopang County, had been called into the hunt. It was this last item which had claimed the interest of the one-eyed poacher, moving him deeply. A forest from which game wardens had been amputated was a blueprint of paradise. Such luck seemed like compensation for a life of poverty and hardship. Scarcely able to believe his ears, he checked with the storekeeper.

"So they ain't overtook this Creeper Conway yet?"

"That's what the fellow just said," Sim said. "Maybe them two bloodhounds'll help."

"Too much water in this country to work a bloodhound good—except on deer an' moose."

"There's a law against that."

Ignoring the storekeeper's reproof, the one-eyed poacher proceeded to his final point. "Did the radio say thet the game wardens—includin' Tom Corn—was huntin', too?"

"You heard the man," Sim said. "I saw Tom Corn go by at daylight, this mornin'. Jumbo Tethergood said Tom was goin' to the Junction for the bloodhounds."

It was true! For once in his persecuted life, thought Jeff, he and Zack Bourne, comrades of the jack light, the demijohn and the jailhouse, would have a free field, and already the small bucks were fat on the spring meadow grass along the headwaters.

THE one-eyed poacher's future lay clear. He would proceed at once to Zack's cabin up the lake, lure Zack away from his devout and law-abiding wife, Sarah, and together they would set forth into the forest to feast upon wild meat, as the Lord had intended they should.

Jeff could not depart without a word of sympathy for the fugitive, who, unwittingly, had done him such a splendid turn. "That poor Creeper Conway," he said to the storekeeper. "All them state policers, an' mounties from over the border, an' bloodhounds, and now game wardens, too, after him. I feel sorry for him."

"How do you feel," Sim asked, "about the man he killed in the car on the highway, two weeks ago?"

"Don't feel nothin' about him. I never knew him. Now, Sim, if you'll jest sell me a few supplies, I'll be on my way."

"Your credit's a mighty skimpy thing, old-timer."

Glowering, the one-eyed poacher drew himself tall. "You can charge 'em against my check," he said, "when it comes."

The storekeeper sighed, and gave in. The Coongate financial dealings were as erratic and uncertain as a beetle on a hot stove. Jeff concluded his list of supplies. "An', yes, I might's well take them two bottles of Dark Hazard rum. I'm goin' up to visit Zack Bourne, an' Zack likes to take a swallow before meals, or after."

"What'll Sarah have to say about it?"

"I ain't come to that, yet."

Jeff stowed his provisions in his frayed knapsack, picked up his rifle, and departed. At seventy, he was tall, erect, and long-striding—a magnificent figure of a man, nimble of wit and foot. . . .

Now, under the dripping cedar, he recollected that at several points along the trail toward Zack's cabin he had sampled the Dark Hazard. He had enjoyed solitary high tea at Leadmine Cove, and an exclusive party at Caribou Rock. Opposite Genius Island, the cold spring rain had overtaken him. He had warded off the chill to the extent of four bobs of his Adam's apple, and had advanced through the storm, singing in fine voice, and kicking the puddles dry, till drowsiness fell upon him, and he had crawled under the cedar to rest.

Having brought himself up to da cautiously turned his mind to the sensation. The businesslike appro the kisser, whether real or ima caused the back of Jeff's neck to Warily, Jeff turned around. He v alone.

On similar awakenings in the p one-eyed poacher had seen a va horrid hallucinations, such as la proachful trout, and falcons perc his wrists, but never had he seen a beautiful, lonely and lovable, l hound which was now laving hi with a tongue as limp and slippe wet moccasin.

"It ain't possible," Jeff muttere disappear."

But the hound, far from disap turned his massive head, and sniff gasped in astonished sympathy ar tion. It couldn't be true! It wa trick, like those other times. The like Thomas Jefferson Coongate, one eye!

Jeff clasped the hound. "Swee he said, "we're made for each oth goin' to name you Zibe, after deer dog that a warden shot fo ago in cold blood for runnin' a n water."

The hound snuffled moistily Jeff's shirt collar, and sighed lik blowing. The one-eyed poach never seen such wonderful ear were over a foot long, and velv touch. Jeff shook his own head v This rendezvous in the forest c be real, he thought. But while i he intended to make the most of

"You pertected me in my sl said to Zibe. "We will hunt t long's we live. You want to smel track, Zibe? You come along w

On the last, rainy mile t Bourne's cabin, Jeff conducted s periments to determine Zibe's At the Chancery Portage trail, h doughnut in his hand, and call The doughnut vanished, but mained, his tail batting the bru eral times, Jeff stopped short in and whirled suddenly. Alwa stood there, his one eye watery v and adoration. But the acid test Zack Bourne's cabin door.

JEFF entered without knocki off his dripping hat, and shut squarely in Zibe's face. Sarah had just lighted the lamp, and, a Jeff, her face clouded. No goo come of this marauder's visit. Jeff Coongate was an ill omen, only catastrophe. Even now, he were greeting each other with lo and an exchange of welcoming

"Jeff! It's you. My, I been to see your ole face," said Zack.

"Why, dang your empty so It's been months since we had venison! You know what's h All the wardens—"

"I knowed it!" said Zack. you'd come, if you heard wha Sarah heard over our radio ab Corn, an' all of 'em, up here h murderer. I says so to Sarah, Sarah?"

Blinking unhappily, Sarah s told me Jeff Coongate would

Sarah was interrupted by which, through the bottom cra cabin door, sounded like a gian his throat. This was followed b ing of toenails on wood.

Zack jumped for the deer ho his rifle hung. Sarah blanched.

"The murderer!" she said.

Jeff Coongate's one eye rolle ful relief. Zibe, beyond all d real.

"That ain't no murderer, S

othingly. "That's my hound, Zibe. had him long." He flung open the nd Zibe solemnly trotted in.
't he a lovely animal?" Jeff said /. "He come to me, whilst I lay th indigestion under a tree. He me, an' guarded me. We took to her right away."
med to Jeff that he was not getting r response from Zack and Sarah. changed anxious looks.
Coongate!" Sarah said. "There ital murderer at large, and you liberately stolen the state's blood-
one eye narrowed. The state's ound! This was the trick, which, g, he had suspected would be on him. You build up a pure thought, and they take it away ou, and you are lonesomer than
can't steal a dog that ain't got no he said defiantly. "That dog's a k, like. Belongs to the first man s him."
he's a bloodhound!" Sarah said. e radio said not half an hour ago, of the hounds slipped his collar loose in this section."
come to me his own self, cold rable in the rain," said Jeff. "I low that he's the missin' hound, plans for him, my own self. The ot another hound, an' beyond can't work a hound good in all —except maybe on a good fresh k. Hey, Zack?"
remained glumly silent. Sarah Jeff Coongate," she said, "people earching for that dog."
a fact," said Zack. "It come radio."
hin' for Zibe, are they? Search- ny hound? In that case," said jest tuck him away in the spare . I'll need a dry blanket to cover ah. Zibe's had a hard day."
Zibe concealed in the spare room, anxious waiting hung over the o ease things, Jeff brought out aining bottle of Dark Hazard Sarah resigned herself to pros- a dangerous evening.
tly, her husband and her unin- est began relating past experi- law-defiance, some true, some They spoke of illegal moose f venison gravy in May, of eared in posted waters by torch- s the Dark Hazard loosed its eir heads drew close in friend- spiracy, and the vast confidence They devised imaginary tortures inary game wardens, such as staking them without clothes on anthills.

Sarah had listened before to these fantastic plots, none of which had ever seen fruition. But against the possible day, she offered silent prayer: "Dear Lord, forgive Zack for coming under the evil spell of Mr. Coongate. And please, Lord, remove Mr. Coongate from my midst, and his stolen hound, too, and bring the murderer in these parts to justice, so that we may sleep again."

Now, through the roar of the rain on the cabin roof, Jeff Coongate heard footsteps in the mud outside, and a hail from the darkness.

"The law has arrived," he said casually to Zack.

ZACK opened the door to admit two game wardens and a gentleman from the Northwest Mounted. As always, in the presence of game wardens, the one-eyed poacher was at his histrionic best. It was simply by way of maintaining the dignity of his caste.

The leader of the wardens was young Tom Corn. Even though soaked to the nether parts of his clothes, Tom seemed crisp, quick, and canny. He was blond, and nicely knit to a compact one hundred and ninety pounds. But the old woodsman stood a head taller, as, in distantly mutual respect, they gazed at each other.

"We're looking primarily for the murderer," said Tom, moving toward the comforting warmth of the stove, "but we've also lost a bloodhound."

"Your busy day," said Jeff, with seamy solicitude. "Have a swallow of Dark Hazard, an' forget your troubles."

Warden Corn disdained so much as a glance at the bottle. "This hound," he said, "comes to the name of Jep. He might have wandered up here."

Jeff managed to look meekly co-operative. "Don't remember a hound by that name," he said, "but I never forget a face."

"Jep's got only one eye," Tom said.

"Poor feller. How'd he lose it?"

Sarah Bourne appeared on the verge of collapse and revelation. Zack stared hard at the empty wood box.

"I didn't hear how he lost the eye," said the warden, holding his hands to the stove.

"I should think," said Jeff, "that the other bloodhound would be enough."

"He got caught in a bear trap."

"Then why can't you fellers track this Creeper Conway by your own selves? If you could track a moose in wet sand, you'd've had him a week ago."

Tom turned. "Jeff," he said cannily, "there aren't many left that can track



"He certainly is S-T-U-I-P-E-D, isn't he?" LEW FOLLETTE



Ever wonder why **Super-X**

SILVERTIPS

stop game so cleanly?

For years, Western Super-X SILVERTIPS have been *The Stop Sign of the Game Trails*. Using them, thousands of deer hunters have found that SILVERTIPS add many *extra* yards to the range at which most of their shots are taken.

Now Western/Winchester ballisticians, using a new photographic X-ray technique and a long block of gelatin show you why. These remarkable X-ray high speed photographs taken at one-millionth of a second per exposure, make it possible to record the action of a SILVERTIP bullet at any point of its travel . . . either in air or in tissue.



OTHER SUPER-X SILVERTIP cartridges suitable for Big Game Shooting include: 257 Roberts, 270 Winchester, 30-40 Krag, 30-06 Springfield, 300 H & H Magnum, 348 Winchester, 375 H&H Magnum.



THIS BOOK FREE . . . Ask for Western Ammunition Handbook giving full particulars of SILVERTIPS. Send name and address on postal card to Dept. 7-C Western Cartridge Company, East Alton, Illinois, Division of Olin Industries, Inc.

WANTED! *Sportsmen to cooperate with farmers and join local and national organizations for game preservation and restoration.*

HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME YOU CAN SEE THE REASON WHY

So that expansion would be even in *all* directions—and be scientifically recorded by the camera—the long block of heavy flesh-like gelatin rested on a wide rubber band. Naturally, the four stages of penetration required photographing four separate, but identical SILVERTIP bullets.



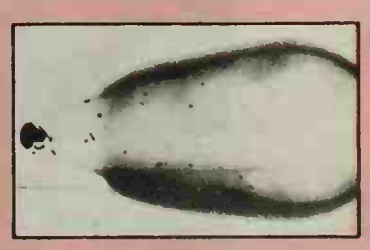
X-ray photograph Number 1 shows a Super-X 30-30, 170-grain SILVERTIP bullet moving at 1,680 feet per second (its normal velocity at 200 yards). Bullet is about to enter the block of heavy flesh-like gelatin which rests on a wide rubber band.



Number 2 photograph shows a SILVERTIP 30-30 170-grain bullet after penetrating 4 inches of gelatin. NOTE: Expansion of bullet has begun. Cavity caused by displacement of gelatin in path of bullet's travel has started to form.



Number 3 photograph shows that after 6 inches of penetration, the SILVERTIP 30-30, 170-grain bullet is still intact and about to emerge from the gelatin block. NOTE: incressed size of cavity. Small black particles behind bullet are tiny fragments of lead washed from nose of bullet.



Photograph 4 shows that the SILVERTIP 30-30 170-grain bullet has passed completely through gelatin block creating tremendous shock as evidenced by large cavity left behind. You can expect the same energy, deep penetrstion and msximum stopping power on your game.

Western
Super-X
CENTER-FIRE CARTRIDGES

DIVISION OF OLIN INDUSTRIES INC.

CARTRIDGES • SHOT SHELLS • TRAPS AND TARGETS



The Imported Botanicals they grow start a Tom Collins off right



Yes, sir! These men raise what it takes to start a Tom Collins off *right*—the prized IMPORTED BOTANICALS that make Hiram Walker's Gin so much *tastier*. Tangy *cassia* from China, fragrant *coriander* from Czechoslovakia, spicy *juniper* from Italy—all the wonderful flavor-making herbs and berries that give this grand gin its *extra goodness*.

Only the "vintage year" botanicals... finest-flavored of all . . . are good enough for Hiram Walker's Gin. To them Hiram Walker adds its years of skill in making superlative gin.

The flavor that starts your Collins off *right* is right there in that bottle of Hiram Walker's Gin.

HIRAM
WALKER'S
Distilled London Dry
GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

ou. If we had you, it might be a
sier."
zing haughtily at the three visitors,
id, "I am otherwise occupied."
re, Jeff," said Tom. "I know.
intent on catching a killer. That
you and Zack a free field. I'll be
you around. And if you happen
that bloodhound, just get in
"
ad to be of any small service,"
eff, his voice like pure sirup.
denly seeing a way out, Sarah said
visitors: "Won't you stay the night
is? We have vittles—an' a spare
"
sistibly reveling in the suspense,
elishing the dread in Zack's eyes,
ined with Sarah for a hair-raising
nt. "Nice, comfortable room Sar-
ot here," he said. "Two could sleep
bed, an' one on the rug. Warm, an'

anks," said Tom, "but we're on our

en they had departed, Sarah took
knitting, too frightened for speech.

e latest newscast merely corrobo-
ed what they already knew. One of
oodhounds had slipped his collar
ot lost: the other had been caught
trap: the rain had impeded the
: and the murderer was still at large
district northwest of Mopang Lake.
now every brook an' branch in that
y," said Jeff.
u ought to," said Zack. "You
our whole, dismal life there."
ime to you both!" said Sarah.
hink," said Jeff, "that I'll jest give
bite to eat. Any of that canned
n left, Zack? I want him to have
st."
ing the next two days of rain,
onscience grew as slowly, but as
dently, as a pearl in an oyster.
trouble sleeping, and sought com-
nocturnal confidences with Zibe,
upon the bed beside him.
eetheart," Jeff said one night, "I
leave you for a day or two. I got
n' search out that murderer."
is threat of parting, Zibe moaned
rust his slippery nose against the
odsman's cheek.
e radio said last night," Jeff ex-
explained to Zibe, "that two ward-
d a mounty hadn't been heard
two days. I ought to let 'em suf-
I got to go, Zibe. You stay true,
n't wag at ole Zack. I don't trust

next morning Jeff stalked restlessly
the house. Zack thought he rec-
the signs.
n' to let Zibe loose on a deer
he asked.
urned, glaring. "Turn my dog out
rain? You think I'm cruel to ani-
I'm goin' out there, my own self."
at?"
goin' to find them wardens, an'
Creeper Conway, too."
ou let Zibe loose, he might jest
to pick up a scent an' lead you
'em."
" said Jeff. "If I find 'em my-
lets Zibe out of the whole deal. I
be, an' aim to keep him. If I, per-
find the wardens an' this mur-
oo, what use they got for Zibe
re? It follows that Zibe will then
e."
oid outlaw of Mopang Forest said
to Zibe, took his rifle, and his
k, and struck out into the rain.
he radio reports, he knew that in
al way, his destination was the
River district, rugged, densely
d, remote. The storm had obliter-
ost of the signs, but he picked up a
enched, blackened coals of a fire,
e twigs showing fresh, white ends.
ally, when he was sixteen miles
ack's cabin, the paper covering of
bandage.
of 'em must've got hurt," he mut-

tered, and, as a matter of policy, hoped that it was one of the wardens.

It turned out to be the mounty, however, when Jeff stepped around a boulder an hour later and saw the posse's fire. The mounty lay half asleep against a log, his right leg in a crude splint and bandaged to the knee. Tom Corn sat in the shadows beyond the fire, the light gleaming restlessly on his rifle barrel.

"Howdy, Tom," said Jeff. "Campin' out?"

The warden was on his feet like a shot, his rifle leveled. When he recognized his visitor, he lowered the gun, and said, "Howdy, Jeff."

"Where's the other warden? Git homesick?"

"I sent him away this noon, to try to get out, and get some grub to us. We ran out day before yesterday."

"Oh," said the one-eyed poacher, elaborately taking a cold pork sandwich from his knapsack. "Hungry?"

The mounty and Tom Corn stared longingly at the sandwich. Jeff sat on a cold stone and munched delicately, and with relish.

"What happened to you?" he asked the mounty.

"Fell. Broke my ankle, I think."

Jeff flipped crumbs from his mustache. "Too bad. Seen anything of Creeper Conway? I come to help you boys out."

"Yes," said Tom. "Right here is his last sign. Our fire is on top of the last one he built—maybe yesterday. By the way, you heard or seen anything of that lost bloodhound?"

"Nope, Tom. Not a thing. You won't need him, not with me along to do your tracking."

"That . . . just . . . might . . . be," said Tom, swallowing as he eyed the last crust of sandwich disappear into Jeff's mouth. "We found one of Conway's moccasins here, worn out. One foot will be bare."

"Well, Tom, if you'll jest be quiet now, so I can get a wink of sleep, I'll catch your man in the morning."

The young warden smiled. The old-timer's boast, superior as it sounded, might just come true. Tom watched Jeff settle his huge, catlike form around a root. The old poacher was instantly asleep. He was at home, thought Tom, anywhere in the woods. Root for a pillow. Rain meant nothing, cold less. And that tantalizing trick of his with the pork sandwich was just like him: he was an actor beyond everything.

The thought of the sandwich made the warden's throat contract. He glanced in the dying firelight at Jeff's knapsack. It bulged attractively. And even as he watched, old Jeff's hand fell lovingly, and protectively, across the sack.

A SOFT footfall broke the stillness. Tom dropped a hand on his rifle. Jeff was instantly alert. Both men turned their faces toward the black forest at the moment a sad-faced but seemingly happy bloodhound trotted toward the fire.

The bloodhound was Zibe!

The mounty, too, had awakened. "There's our hound," he said.

"Here, Jep! Here!" said Tom Corn. Tom couldn't believe such luck. With Conway's castoff moccasin, and the rain stopping, Jep would surely run Creeper Conway to earth. "Here, Jep! Here, boy!"

It was just as well that in the dim light neither the warden nor the mounty could see the look of righteous malevolence in Jeff's eye. Zack and Sarah had double-crossed him! Zack, softened and corroded by marriage, had been prevailed upon to let Zibe loose. Together, you might say, they had robbed him of his one friend.

"Well, Jeff," said Tom, "it looks as though Jep had made your acquaintance."

The one-eyed poacher cringed and



Come to
MISSOURI
for Rest and Recreation



Right now Missouri beckons with beauty. First hint of Fall is in the air...balmy days and cool, restful nights. Trees blush with brilliance.

Fishing's good! Or you may prefer horseback riding... hiking...blissful rest. Resort facilities are many and excellent...and prices reasonable. Plan a trip now to the famous Missouri Ozarks.

(R-5)

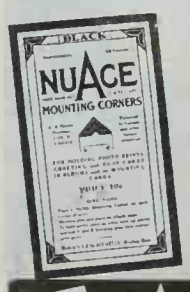


WRITE FOR FREE FOLDER...
and further information to: Missouri Division of Resources and Development, Jefferson City, Mo., Dept. 40A.



"But he wanted to be a cowboy when I took this picture. I protect all my precious snapshots by mounting them with NuAce Snapshot Mounting Corners."

NuAce Corners are quick, easy to use, and attractively embossed. They stay glued, but permit instant removal of the snapshot. Ask for NuAce, the better Mounting Corners, at 5¢ and 10¢ stores or at your favorite film counter. Available in 12 colors for only 10¢ per package of 100; 60 for 10¢ in gold or silver.



ACE ART CO., READING, MASS.

BEFORE IT'S LOST OR DAMAGED..

MOUNT IT WITH NUACE Snapshot Mounting Corners
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

glowered, as Zibe cavorted about him.

"Go away, dog! I'm sleepin'."

Zibe stopped, perplexed. "Warden Corn," said Jeff. "Call off this monster. He's lappin' my face."

"He does seem extra friendly," said Tom, exchanging a wink with the mounty. The answer to the missing bloodhound was now clear to both men.

"Pat him, Jeff. Just be kind to him," Tom said. "He might not stray any more."

"He trusts you, Jeff," said the mounty.

Zibe playfully caressed the embarrassed poacher with a muddy paw.

"He wants to play," said Tom.

"Then let him play with you fellers. I don't aim to sleep with no strange dog."

But it was obvious that the dog and the old man were not strangers. Jeff gave up all pretense.

IN THE first light of day, Tom Corn's stomach was a vacuum, and he awoke to find Jeff and Zibe sound asleep in each other's arms. It was a sight which, under ordinary circumstances would have been touching.

"I could eat a photograph of a load of hay," groaned the mounty.

Tom said, "I could do with an old skull stuffed with bugs. Let's wake up Jeff an' see if he'll give us a sandwich."

They woke the one-eyed poacher and pleaded that they had been three days without food, and that it was unnatural of him not to share with them. In fact, it was criminally unmerciful.

Jeff Coongate yawned and stretched. He smiled in a manner commensurate with high sacrifice and self-esteem.

"I have shared," he said. "I have given all. I have fed your danged old bloodhound till he's all podded out."

Zibe leaned worshipfully against Jeff Coongate's leg. There was a moment of silence, and then the one-eyed poacher played the sweetest revenge card of his career. "Boys," he said, "how would you like a loin steak of venison, salted an' peppered, an' broiled right over this fire? I might be able to find a little water cress to go with it, though it's early for cress. I got a junk of pork—Zibe couldn't quite finish it—to make a little gravy out of..."

"Shut up!" the mounty croaked.

" 'Course," said Jeff, "I realize it's only late May, an' the law's on deer, but still an' all . . . There ain't a trout brook within ten mile of here, even if we had a fishline, or a bit of dynamite an' fuse."

The mounty looked pleadingly at the warden. The warden scratched his head. Jeff Coongate had him backed to the wall; Tom swallowed painfully. His stomach now seemed full of old tennis balls. But then he thought of Creeper Conway's moccasin.

"Go ahead, Jeff," Tom said. "Get a deer."

"I have your permission, Warden? An' can I take Jep, an' dog this deer? It would be quicker."

Tom played beaten. He hung his head. "Take the dog," he said meekly. "Get the deer back here soon. We can't hold out much longer."

"Very well," said Jeff. "I shall obey your orders, Warden Corn. An' I hate to think of what people will say."

Jeff went down to a spring to drink, and while he was gone, Tom Corn rubbed the bloodhound's nose with the escaped murderer's moccasin. He rubbed it deeply, and thoroughly. "There, you mutt!" he said. "You've been in bad company, and you're going to be in worse, if you can remember the smell of that moccasin."

Jeff returned cheerfully from the spring. He caught up his rifle, and examined the breech. "Come, Jep," he said. "Come along with ole Jeff Coongate, an' see life in the woods."

Jep went slowly. He whimpered in a strange way. "Did I feed you too much?" asked Jeff, as they went along in the forest. "Here, here, Jep. Here's a buck track made after the rain. It's hot, Jep. A little buck. Jest right for us to feed off of. Drive him to water, an' I'll do the rest."

But Jep, it seemed, had other ideas. He bore away from the deer track, snuffling and rapt in the mysterious obsession of a strong scent. He began to run, and Jeff had difficulty in keeping pace.

It was nearly noon, when both Jep and his master were sweat-drenched and tired, that Jep began to sound the call of a chase near end. "A-roop, a-roop" he went.

A short time later, the one-eyed poacher saw the track of a bare foot. That moccasin! Tom Corn had tricked him! Ahead of him the fugitive came into view, climbing a tree. Below the tree, Jep danced and loudly and triumphantly a-rooped. Jeff saw the man draw an automatic from his pocket, and level it at Jep.

But the old woodsman's rifle was too fast. His shot ripped loose the echoes, and Creeper Conway dropped from the tree, holding his right wrist.

"You don't want to shoot at dogs, young feller," the old woodsman said. "They's plenty deer an' moose around here. Shoot at them. But not dogs."

By way of emphasis, Jeff closed his hand on Creeper Conway's arm, and Creeper thought he had been clutched in a steel trap. "Leggo, you big lug!" said Creeper.

"I'll jest have to take that little gun of yours, Creeper, an' we'll go along back."

"You know the way?"

"Know the way? Why, son, this is my home. You take the lead; me an' Jep'll be right behind you."

"Does the pooch bite?"

"Nope—he jest swallows whole."

Thus escorted, the Creeper made no further attempts at escape. The lonely forest had whittled him down, and he thought he might prefer hanging to being lost in the wilderness.

The party was welcomed by the mounty, young Tom Corn, and several others, who, during Jeff's absence, had arrived to rescue the missing searchers.

AMONG the newcomers were several newspaper reporters and photographers. They took pictures of Jeff Coongate and the Creeper, Jeff Coongate and the mounty, Jeff Coongate and Jep. They also asked to take a picture of Jeff Coongate and Warden Tom Corn, of Mopang County. Jeff declined.

"He tricked me. He sent me out to dog a deer, but he filled Jep's nose full of old moccasin, an' all we got was this Creeper Conway. Spoiled a whole mornin's hunt. I ain't goin' to appear in no photograph with him."

On the trip out to the settlement of Privilege, the one-eyed poacher craftily reminded Warden Corn of his order for venison—in May. "That order ought to hold, Tom," he said. "I give all my food to the state's hound."

"It doesn't hold, old-timer. There is no longer an emergency."

"How do you know anything about the emergency in my stomach—an' Zack Bourne's, too—for the taste of venison?"

"You'll have to wait till fall. It's the law."

Jeff's one eye lowered demurely. He bowed his head. "I understand, Tom. An' there's no hard feelin's. I reco'nize the position of the state."

"What?" Tom Corn blinked suspiciously. He would have been willing to bet that the old poacher's humility was about as genuine as a plastic nickel, and that even now he was planning a meal of fresh liver. "So you've reformed, hey, Jeff?" he asked.

Jeff sighed. "Yes," he said, "when I seen you men out there, pertectin' us from crim'nals, an' the privations an' hardships you went through, to uphold the peace, it jest come over me, at last."

"Uh-huh," said Tom.

QUICK RELIE
FOR
SUMMER
TEETHING



EXPERIENCED Mothers k
that summer teething mus
be trifled with—that summer
sets due to teething may serio
interfere with Baby's progre
Relieve your Baby's teeth
pains this summer by rubbin
Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—h
actual prescription of a fam
Baby Specialist. It is effective
economical, and has been
and recommended by millio
Mothers. Your druggist has

DR. HAND
TEETHING LOTI
Just rub it on the g



INGROV
NAI
Toe Inflamed, I
Sore or Callouse
Pressure of the gre
into the sensitive n
causes this painful fo
A few drops of
Dr. Scholl's ONIX
relieves soreness, pa
and loosens embed
nail for easy remova
Dr Scholl's ONIX

OLT
Hard R
GA
CA
Used By The



WRITE FOR OUR CATALOG: Featuring Bert Pop
"Duck Calling" set
No. D-2 Regular Duck Call $1.50—Regular Crow Call
Mallard Call $3.50—Deluxe Perfect Goose Call $5.00—
Call $1.50—Two-Tone Turkey Call $1.50—Adjustable G
Call $2.75. Ask your Dealer or order direct—no C. O. D
PHILIP S. OLT C-347 PEK

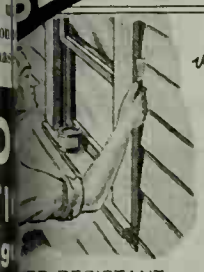
ACCOUNTA
BECOME AN EXPERT
Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $
Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroly at
time for C. P. A. examinations or executive account
Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training and
of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help.
book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."
LASALLE Extension University, 417 So. D
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 940-H, C

A GOOD POINT TO REMEM
SAF-T-HED
THUMB TACKS
Extra
for
Pro
GUARANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH

WONDERFUL WAY T
EASE MISE
OF SIMPLE PILES
Here's a single soothing prepa
to speed relief from miseries of s
piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts a
to relieve pain and itching—so
inflamed tissues—helps prevent
ness—reduce swelling. The hel
get is wonderful!
So, to speed relief from itchin
pain of simple piles, get Pazo*.
doctor can tell you about it.
druggists' in tubes with perfo
pile pipe for simple, thorough
cation—also tins and supposit
*Pile Ointment and Suppositorie



SEAL DRAFT CRACKS



with PLASTIC WOOD

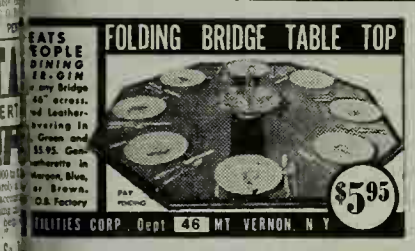
EASY! No skill required. Handles like putty . . . and hardens into wood.



w She Shops ash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

sufferers relieve nagging backache quick- they discover that the real cause of their may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are chief way of taking the excess acids and ut of the blood.
disorder of kidney function permits poison- ter to remain in your blood, it may cause nag- kache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep rgy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness e eyes, headaches and dizziness.
wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, iant diuretic, used successfully by millions 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poison- te from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



AMMER? GET THIS FREE BOOK!

128-page book, "Stammering, Its Cause tion," describes the Bogue Unit Method ific correction of stammering and stut- ccessful for 46 years. Benj. N. Bogue, 7. Circle Tower, Indianapolis 4, Ind.



"But, Tom—they's jest one favor I want to beg of you."

"Yes?" said Tom, warily.

"I want a few moments alone with Jep, before we part."

"All right, old-timer."

Jeff drew Jep apart from the others. It was a tender farewell. It seemed to Tom that in the two faces there was a singular and moving likeness—each with one eye, each with vast folds of wrinkles, each with a great and uncompromising heart.

"So long, sweetheart," murmured the one-eyed poacher.

Jep ran out his tongue a foot or more and caressed Jeff's forehead eloquently, and a lagging photographer got a nice, heart-rending shot of the scene. A moment later, Jeff turned and stalked off into the forest, where he doubled back, half circled, and came out on the trail to Zack Bourne's, making excellent time.

SOME days later—Jeff and Zack decided to let things quiet down a little—the pair strolled innocently into Sim Pease's store. They were planning a well-rounded expedition into the little Mopang country. They dreamed of speared salmon, dynamited trout, and a hind quarter of poached moose.

"Your check's come," said Sim, as the two woodsmen entered. "You got about twelve dollars of it left over, from what you owe me."

"Twelve dollars is ample, Sim," said Jeff. "Give us that slab of bacon, some tea, four sticks of dynamite—we got to blast some stumps out of Zack's back clearin'—an' fuse an' caps. An' four bottles of Dark Hazard rum, an' . . ."

"You've run over already," said Sim.

"Lay it against my next pension check, then."

"All right," said Sim, "but what'll I do about the dog?"

"Dog?"

"I been holdin' a dog for you for two days—some kind of a hound. He's out back."

"Holdin' a dog for me?" Jeff was perplexed.

"Sure," Sim said. "Seems all the newspapers run a lot of pictures an' stories about you, an' Creeper Conway, an' this old hound-dog. Jep, his name is."

The one-eyed poacher mopped his forehead. "You mean to say Jep's here? Where is he? Lead me right to him! How did—?"

"It seems," said Sim, determined to conclude his explanation, "that some ladies downstate read all them newspaper stories, an' got to fussin' an' grievin', an' finally took up a collection. They bought the dog, an' sent him to you. He come by express Tuesday, an' he's got a bad cold."

"You let my dog catch a cold?" said Jeff, edging toward the storekeeper.

"No. I never done it. He had the cold when he come off the express car. 'Twas drafty."

Jeff paused no longer. He charged across the store and into the back room. He ripped the crate apart, and Jep leaped forth, alive and beautiful, but ill.

"Honey," moaned Jeff. He spread his arms wide. "You've come back to me!"

"A-roop," went Jep, twitching his fevered nose.

Jeff gathered the hound in his arms, and, with great dignity, re-entered the store.

"Leave that hound with Sim," said Zack, "an' let's get on our way. I got the rum an' stuff all packed."

"Take it all out again," said Jeff. Gazing imperiously first at Zack, then at Sim Pease, he said, "Cancel the whole order, an' charge it to five pounds fresh ground hamburg, one dog collar, best grade with brass studdin' an' name plate, an'—"

"Cancel the rum, too?" said Zack hoarsely.

"Cancel the rum, too. An' instead put in three bottles Dr. Waldo's Cough an' Cold Elixir, that little woolly blanket on the top shelf, an' one of them little cynical thermometers for takin' the temperature of the sick."

Zack wilted, bewildered by his unpredictable comrade. "What about our trip that we been plannin' an' dreamin' of, all these last days?"

"Ain't goin' to be no trip. I'm a fam'ly man, now. I'm savin' my money, these days. I got two to care for, an' pervide for. You can have my jack light, Zack, an' my salmon spear an' gill nets, an' snares. Come, Jep. Come along with me, honey. See you sometime, Zack—maybe."

THE END



"But, darling, when we were married I told you that your money meant nothing to me!"

COLLIER'S — JON CORNIN

How easy...to have Odorless Freshness



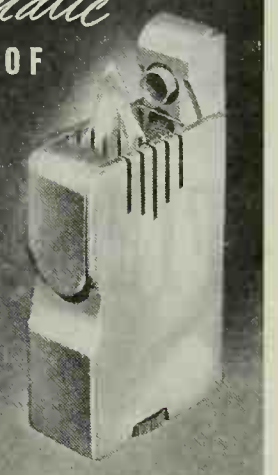
Sani-Flush takes care of one chore faster, surer, easier. You just sprinkle it. And real, odorless freshness is achieved because Sani-Flush cleans and disinfects the toilet bowl thoroughly. It works chemically. Germ-laden stains and film are removed. There's no work . . . no messy scrubbing.

Won't harm septic tank action. Good in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.



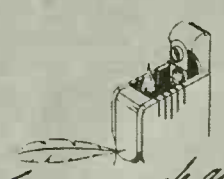
Sani-Flush
USE IT REGULARLY

DURALITE
Automatic
WINDPROOF LIGHTER
$6



featuring
FEATHER-TOUCH ACTION

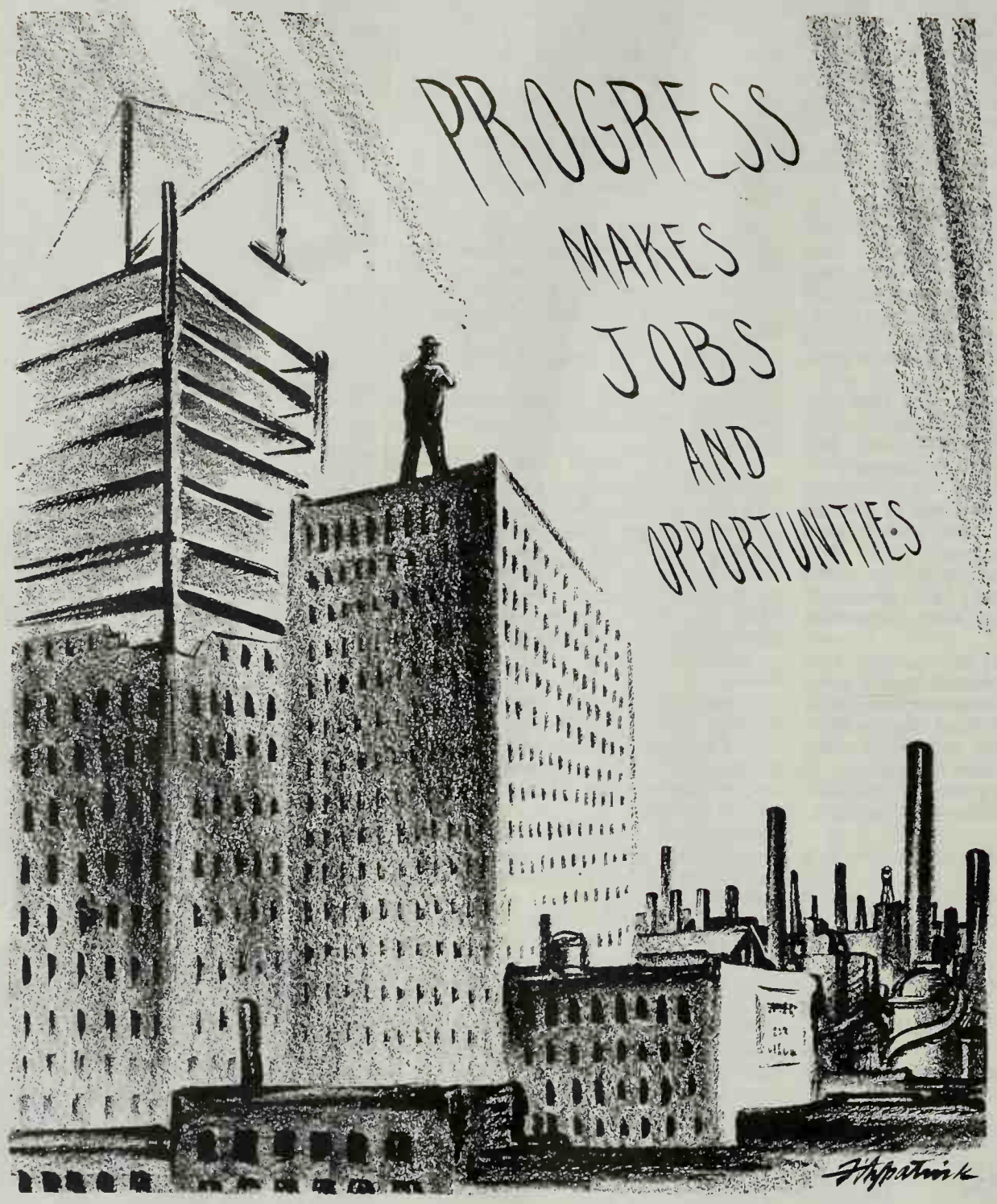
IN ONE ACTION it opens and lights, *instantly* — even in a gale! Automatic-action lever responds to a mere flick of your finger with never-failing accuracy. Smartly streamlined . . . handsome as fine jewelry . . . thoroughly windproof — and a champion for fuel capacity (precision-engineered spring cap makes it practically evaporation-proof).



feather-touch action

At leading dept. stores, jewelers, smoke shops, etc.
Exclusive distributors
RAYNO CO., 1065 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn 16, N. Y.
HOLLIS CO., 11 Commerce St., Newark 2, N. J.

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing



FINISHED? WE'VE ONLY STARTED

THE latest reliable organization to take a body blow at the idea that the United States is a mature and even aging nation is the Twentieth Century Fund.

You're familiar, no doubt, with the we're-finished idea, which has been in circulation for at least 25 years last past. Well, according to the findings of a staff of 20 Twentieth Century Fund experts who have been studying the question since 1944, the fact is that we've only made a good, promising start at utilizing this country's resources and developing its possibilities toward the goal of a comfortable life for everybody who will work.

According to a detailed report recently got out by this group, we have increased our use of power from water, coal, electricity and natural gas 343 times since 1850. Thereby we have raised the value of output per man-hour of work almost five times, and have cut the average work week by 33 per cent.

For all the stupidities of which our home-grown and foreign ill-wishers accuse us, we've at least had sense enough not to hold back new inventions, as a rule, on the ground that they would destroy old jobs. We've realized that in the long run every scientific and mechanical advance makes more jobs and opportunities than it rubs out.

If we'll just stay on this track, the prospects for the future look excellent, even though there may be ups and downs economically in our free-enterprise system. In the planned economies up to now, there are only continuous downs.

We can hope eventually to cut poverty to the irreducible minimum in this country, if we'll only keep capital and labor reasonably free, and monopoly under fairly strict discouragement and, above all, if we'll strive endlessly to go on increasing our productivity.

And we can kick our present heritage overboard most effectively by becoming afraid of technical progress, and by falling for the pessimistic notion that as a nation we've finished growing. As a matter of mathematical fact, we've only begun our possible growth.

NO FOREST RAIDS, PLEA

AN OMINOUS story is coming out o National Forest system of the Far Wes tween the Continental Divide and the Pacific

These timberlands, property of the fe government, cover an area of some 80,0 acres. Livestock grazing is allowed in them certain extent, under federal permits—th there are critics who say that even this has overdone of late years by some livestock ra

Now, the National Livestock Associatio similar groups of Western stockmen are tryi persuade Congress to take these forests from U.S. Forest Service control and turn over to the states where the forests lie— where the stockmen have more political str than they can muster in Washington.

The stockmen also want the right to bu legal titles to forest lands to be used for gr purposes.

Says the American Forestry Association:

As a raid upon public resources the plan stockmen is astounding in its audacity. Thi plan to break up the National Forests. The str is to put pressure on Congress to eliminate g lands from the forests and give permit holde right to acquire such lands in fee simple. We not believe the 80th Congress will be trapp this strategy.

The American Forestry Association, inc tally, is not a group of conservation fans e sively. Its membership includes a lot of lo and sawmill people.

There may be ins and outs to this situatio which we are not aware. But we hope Con will scrutinize all aspects of this proposal stockmen with the minutest care and will down the whole scheme if any ratlike aro detected in it.

The ruin of these great timber reserve vacation lands via cattle destruction o grasses binding their topsoil is something should not be permitted the Western live men or anyone else.

SEE WHAT WE MEAN?

WE WERE remarking a while ago t would be a long step forward if ma us, especially in educational and governm circles, would stop using overstuffed word take to talking and writing plain English.

Little did we expect at that time that so c an illustration of our meaning as the one about to reprint would be so soon forthco It was, though. Dr. Wilbert E. Moore, Ass Professor of Sociology at Princeton, recent dressed the 17th annual meeting of the E Sociological Society in the Columbia Univ Men's Faculty Club; and, as reported by t most always accurate New York Times, he paragraph from the speech, so help us:

The lack of theoretical preoccupation on th of many sociologists actively at work obs industries is not so much in the failure to m conceptual scheme explicit as it is in n hypotheses and analytical problems explicit area of research is the "social structure" a mally constituted and as it informally op Within that area the aim is clearly descriptiv not analytical.

Now, it well may be that in that mess of Dr. Moore uttered a truth capable of m mountains, electrifying the hearts of men maybe even causing the angels to sing song. But if nobody understood his state how could a waiting world profit from it?

We know we can't understand it; we'd b ing to bet that few if any of the 300 socio who heard the Moore speech understood th sage we quote; and we'd like to ask Dr. M In plain English, Doc, just what the hell you trying to tell the world, anyhow?

Collier's

EPTEMBER 13, 1947

EN CENTS

97693

EISENHOWER ON EDUCATION
by ALDEN HATCH

WAR BRIDE—
a Short Story
by QUENTIN REYNOLDS

HEARTLESS HARVEST—
Woes of the Migrant Worker
by HOWARD WHITMAN

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME CALIF



ow at less than prewar prices—the tire that outwears prewar tires

HAT BETTER ADS for B. F. Goodrich tires are here than letters from typical B. F. Goodrich wn owners? Here's one from Sheriff Edward il of O'Brien County, Iowa, shown point- he tire in the picture above.

ve driven over one million miles, over all roads and under adverse conditions, during nty-two years' service as sheriff. I have never any tire that could compare with the new oodrich tire. I have driven at extreme high ed—in sub-zero winter weather over frozen illed with chuck holes—and again over these roads in the extreme heat of summer.

"The B. F. Goodrich tires on my present car have gone over 32,000 trouble-free miles, and they are still good for many more miles of hard driving."

The picture was taken at the time this letter was written.

B. F. Goodrich tires have a wider tread that gives you more mileage because it puts more rubber on the ground—distributes the wear over a wider area. You get better traction on wet roads, quicker stops, greater safety. And because the body of these tires is made with more cords and stronger cords, you get extra blowout protection.

You can now buy all popular sizes of B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tires for less than you paid before the war. And your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you an allowance on your old tires if they are still good enough to be used or recapped. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Ladd's kind of fighting...



Lamour's kind of loving...



Your kind of thrilling

Paramount presents

ALAN LADD
DOROTHY LAMOUR
ROBERT PRESTON
LLOYD NOLAN

in

"WILD HARVEST"

with

DICK ERDMAN • ALLEN JENKINS

Produced by ROBERT FELLOWS

Directed by TAY GARNETT

Screen Play by John Monks, Jr.

COLLIER'S

September 13, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Edi*

KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Direc*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photogra*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Hu*
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*Di*
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	*Di*
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Weara*
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	*Fic*

THIS WEEK

FICTION

WAR BRIDE — By QUENTIN REYNOLDS — 12
It took practice, but Anna played her role to perfection.

THE HULK — By EDWIN LANHAM — 16
They were both on the beach—the father and the old boat.

THE GHOST OF THE SIXTH AVENUE EL — By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN — 20
Politics or marriage—Fred Boggs had a choice.

MR. MACHINE — By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS — 24
He and his son would play golf—but they wouldn't speak.

MAN RUNNING — By SELWYN JEPSON — 28
The Serial Story. Conclusion.

A SLIGHT PENALTY — By ANDREW GEER — 89
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

THE PREXY PLAN OF GENERAL IKE — By ALDEN HATCH — 11
Why Eisenhower accepted the presidency of Columbia University.

ACE IN THE HOLE — By KYLE CRICHTON — 14
Stan Musial returns to form in the Cardinals' pennant bid.

STYLED BY STUDENTS — By ULRICH CALVOSA — 18
Girls at Stephens College, Mo., major in clothes designing.

HEARTLESS HARVEST — By HOWARD WHITMAN — 22
The first of two parts. Migrant field workers are again plentiful and are often exploited.

RED SHADOW OVER THE PACIFIC — By WILLIAM L. CHENERY — 26
Collier's publisher sounds out military and civilian opinion in the Far East regarding Russia.

PUNCH LINES BY SULLENS — By HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW — 45
Meet the fighting editor of the Jackson, Miss., Daily News.

IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH — By LOWELL BRENTANO — 92
Facts about laundries and how they handle your soiled garments.

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIALS: *Uniting Western Europe • Harvest of the Silent Service • Translations, Please • Again the AAA* — 102

COVER — By *JERRY COOKE*

THE WEEK'S MAI

RHUBARBS

DEAR SIRS: Note your July 19th issue 's F.O.B. Detroit: On the cover we w given Hal Newhouser, on the inside Newhouser pitching secrets that h pitched the Detroiters into a dazzling games behind the Yankees as of Aug. 1 As far as I can see, only two teams e for the editors of Collier's: Detroit the St. Louis Cardinals, ahead of whor a motley collection called Brooklyn—t games. Why not drop the other te from the leagues, arrange a 154-g schedule between the Tigers and Ca and let the winners meet each other in World Series? TED AUGUST
Brooklyn (God Forbid), N

FEELTHY PEECTURES

DEAR SIR: I wish to register my vehen protest against the photographs which companied Coney Island (July 26th). haps at thirty years I'm too old-fashi to live in this brave, new world but I'll turn up a Puritan nose at the cur competition between publishers and H wood producers to endorse licentious ing. What this country needs is a re to the Gay Nineties.
BARBARA D. HUGHES, Essexville, M

. . . In the Coney Island story I wa terested in the way the problem of children was fumbled. If the need fo pervising children is so great that a s of policewomen and -men is nece to "ride herd" on them, wouldn't i more practical to provide a recre center for children where parents c check their children?
MRS. S. A. MILLER, Pickford, M

CLEAN HOUSE

DEAR EDITOR: I thought you woul interested in knowing that as a resu exposure of vice conditions in your a by Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw (For Sale, Nov. 23d), five of the nin councilmen were defeated. A new m has been elected. A new city manage take office August 1st, and I am rel informed a new chief of police will b pointed about that time. Every hou prostitution in Wheeling has been c up. Each of the madams was sent t penitentiary for two years, and "pimps" were sent to prison, one for years and the other for eight years.
W. E. BAKER, Elkins, W

ZZYDD CORP.

SIRS: Please ask Bandel Linn and Ferguson to include these handy ite

(Continued on page 87)

Vol. 120, No. 11. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield Changes in address should reach us five weeks in of the next issue date. Give both the old and dresses. Entered as second-class matter at t Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Mar or art submitted to Collier's, The National should be accompanied by addressed envelopes turn postage. The Publisher assumes no respo for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Unique life policy CHANGES to meet life's changing needs!



Marriage—new responsibilities. One of life's many changes this policy will help you meet.

State Farm's
ALL-IN-ONE POLICY
gives you
• 20 PAY LIFE
• STRAIGHT LIFE
• ENDOWMENT

Now! In one life policy! Economical protection when you need it . . . retirement income when you're ready for it!

State Farm's unique All-in-One policy gives you 20-Payment Life, adjustable to Straight Life or Endowment.

It's the one and only policy that gives this extraordinary *flexible* protection in one contract.

Here's why *you can't go wrong!*

1. Start your State Farm All-in-One policy on a *20-Payment* basis. You'll have it fully paid up in 20 years or less.
2. Switch to *Straight Life* if you find you need greatest protection at least cost.
3. Or adjust your All-in-One policy to an *Endowment* basis if you want income for retirement in security and comfort.

The amazing State Farm All-in-One policy is adjustable to *all* your normal life insurance requirements . . . no further medical examination is needed for any of the above adjustments.

Only State Farm has it!

Back of the All-in-One Life policy is the same sound management that built State Farm into the world's largest automobile insurance company. This policy is offered *only* by the State Farm Life Insurance Company.

You'll find the policy easy to read and understand. Your friendly State Farm Agent will be glad to give you the details. Get in touch with him today, or send in the coupon below.

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office
Berkeley, California

Canadian Office
Toronto, Ontario

State Farm Life Insurance Company
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me further information about the remarkable All-in-One life insurance policy.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *Zone* .... *State* .....

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... **HOW CAN A MAN** expect to be a business success without *looking* like one? Unruly, lifeless-looking hair . . . and loose dandruff on his coat, too . . . Well, he may be a 'wrong number' now—but wait till I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



IT'S A GREAT FEELING to know you look well-groomed, and you *can*—with just a few drops a day of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It makes a big difference in your hair's appearance. Checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is just the thing with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



BY FRELING FOSTER

More than 200 false killer whales were found dead on the rocky coast of Mamre, South Africa, on November 19, 1935. Averaging 15 feet in length and 3,500 pounds in weight, they had been lured inshore by the fish on which they feed and were stranded by the receding tide. Most of them were wedged together on their backs in small crevices and had died either of exhaustion or suffocation in their struggles to free their blowholes.

Of the ten best known collections of chess sets in the United States, the largest and most valuable belongs to a New Yorker. It contains more than 300 unique sets, some centuries old, which came from 26 countries and are made of 12 different materials, including jade and gold.

One of New York's most amazing misers was James Henry Paine who died in 1885 at the age of 80 in a $2-a-week garret in Bleecker Street where he had lived for nearly 30 years. During this time, the man was thought to be in dire poverty as he was seen daily searching garbage cans for food and gutters for cigar butts. But through an uptown friend, Paine secretly speculated in opera tickets and made so much money that, by living like a pauper, he was able to leave a fortune of $391,200.

The newest spectacle lenses are trifocals, or bifocals having a third part that corrects middle vision which is used, for instance, by musicians when reading music at a distance of two or three feet.

Inasmuch as 32,000 of the 35,000 inhabitants of Bermuda cannot vote because they do not own $250 worth of land, they have been unable to change the law that makes education compulsory, yet does not provide for free schools.

At a recent concert given in New York by an 18-piece electronic orchestra, the conductor employed a console through which the music of each instrument passes and is subject to control through corresponding dials and other regulating devices. This enables the leader to increase the volume of a single instrument to a solo part, feature groups or blend them all in the way he thinks best for a particular composition.

While most crooked dice fall ... side downward when dropped ... glass of water, one type is made ... out a permanent heavy side to ... detection in such a test. These ... are opaque and contain a dr... mercury which may be made to ... through a tiny channel, betwe... space in the center and another ... the surface. Thus, they are load... unloaded by being tapped on the ... "for good luck" or a similar rea...

At the Clinton Laboratories i... Ridge, Tennessee, an ingeniou... tem enables employees to fill ... for radioisotopes without exp... themselves to the radiation. ... behind a thick wall of lead, th... move the isotope wanted fro... pile, and bottle, dilute, weigh... pack it for shipping, by ope... mechanical fingers which they ... through a periscopic device.

The majority of the 165 dr... movie theaters in this country ... franchise fee of $1,000 and fiv... cent of their box office receipts f... use of a patented ramp-spacin... rangement that not only gives ... car an unobstructed view of the ... but also permits it to enter and ... its alloted space without crossi... line of vision of any other car.

The Calypso songs of Trinida... groes, such as Stone Cold Dead ... Market, have become so popu... the United States since 1935 th... singer alone, Wilmoth Houdi... New York's Harlem, has rec... over 400 of them.

On rare occasions, a short-wa... dio signal is reflected by a met... the ionosphere which gives it a w... that may be heard by those lis... to the message being transmitt...

Virtually all cities and states r... enclosed elevators in private hor... be equipped with a telephor... which outside calls may be ma... rectly. With it, a servant or a ... ber of the family can phone fo... if trapped between floors in a s... car when alone in the house.

Ten dollars will be paid for each f... cepted for this column. Contribution... be accompanied by their source of i... tion. Address Keep Up With the ... Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York ... N. Y. This column is copyrighted ... items may be reproduced without per...



That made-for-you look...

When appraising eyes turn *your* way, how well do you measure up? *Very* well, in skilfully tailored Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes! Smart to see ... comfortable to wear...clothes with the Trumpeter® label have that made-for-you look—and they're priced right. See your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer.

THE TRUMPETER LABEL
A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
... BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

60TH YEAR OF MAKING CLOTHES WITH THAT MADE-FOR-YOU LOOK

Quick

SUB-ZERO STARTS

because this New Alemite Creation gives Instant-Flow Lubrication



FAR MORE THAN A MERE MOTOR OIL

. . . It Contains a Patented Ingredient that:

1. **Cleans out dirty, sluggish engines** . . . and keeps them clean. Restores lost power and pep because power wasted by sticky valves and piston rings goes back to work.

2. **Assures instant lubrication the year 'round.** Flows fast at all operating temperatures. Gives quicker cold weather starts . . . saves your battery. Gives you a cooler engine in summer. Cuts repair bills.

3. **Actually increases gas mileage** in old cars—maintains new car gas economy thousands of miles longer. Makes *any* car cost less to run.

Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you.

A PREMIUM-TYPE MOTOR OIL Created by ALEMITE

WORLD'S LEADING SPECIALIST IN LUBRICATION

THE WEEK'S WORK



TOWNSEND GODS

Messrs. Cooke (left) and Calvosa study Stephens College photogeneity

ANDREW GEER (A Slight Penalty, p. 89) is the only horse marine we ever knew. When his dad's horse-trading stable at Graceville, Minnesota, burned down in 1914, the family went homesteading in southern Saskatchewan, 60 miles from the nearest railroad station. Nearest neighbors: antelope, coyotes and badgers. "The land was so flat you could stand on a rain barrel and see the Gulf of Mexico—almost," Geer claims.

When he was eight, Andrew rode an Indian pinto to school—when they built one. His dad had won the horse in a seven-up game down in Montana twenty miles below the Geer spread. "In those days you could buy a pretty good pony from the Blackfeet for $5," Geer says.

At twelve, Geer (five eight and 140 pounds) tried to join the 27th Lighthorse Canadian Cavalry and kill the Kaiser, but a British captain with a waxed mustache told him to go home before he paddled Geer's seat. "But I'm not anti-British," Geer says.

At fifteen, Geer was riding stampede at roundups and bucking contests. Later at the University of Minnesota, he footballed, and because he was heavyweight boxing champ, earned his college way sparring with visiting pros like Mickey Walker, Tommy Loughran, Young Stribling and Ernie Schaaf. Summers he valeted a race horse named Cincofield; played semipro ball under an assumed name; was caddy master and dance-hall bouncer. Out of practice, he bucked his last bronco bareback, at the St. Paul State Fairgrounds, deciding to stick to football thereafter.

Leaving college without a degree but with many pleasant memories, Geer rode blind baggage seeking work, sparred with Johnny Risko, went to sea for five years, finally marrying a lady passenger.

When he quit ships in '35, he had a tough time on the beach, winding up as steelman on the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge.

After a spell of sports-announcing and bond-selling, Geer retired to the side of Mt. Tamalpais and began writing with moderate success. In '41, he went to Africa to drive for the American Field Service, got to know the Syrian desert like California Street, San Francisco (where he now lives), and was in the heartbreaking Tobruk-El Alamein retreat with the British Eighth Army. "We carried over 20,000 wounded off the field," he says.

Thoroughly annoyed, Geer came home in '43, enlisted in the Mar[ines] and managed to get to Saipan, G[uam] and Iwo Jima for the landings. [He] came out a major, decorated.

A BRIEF run-down on the Haw[kins] Brothers, John and Ward [of] Machine, p. 24), goes like this: O[ne] fat; one is not. One has hair; the [one] is John. One likes to play golf [the] other to watch it. One goes his [way] the other goes his way, too. "[And] we're both very tired," they claim.

The brother fiction act has [been] going on for ten years; both to[ok] couple of years off for the late L[ast] Clambake; both are lazy; and [both] find a golf tournament the best [place] to hunt a story, especially with a h[ot] over. "The turf is easy underf[oot]," they chorus, "there's always a s[hade] tree handy to sit under and watch [the] pros go by. It's a wonderful life."

SO SODDY to be late with the [col]sier of Mr. Selwyn Jepson, w[hose] Man Running (p. 28) mounts wit[h ex]citement as it runs out. But Mr. [Jep]son lives in London and has [ex]Britishly reticent in informing us [of] slight, fortyish, average height, Sa[xon] haired-and-eyed, married, wit[h] book-stocked flat overlooking [Park] Street, and a small wooden hou[se in] Hants for when the weather is [nice]. "So we go there scarcely at all!" [he] advises.

Jepson served in both World W[ars] did such hush-hush stuff in Numb[er] he can't talk about it. "Now and [then] to get away from all this," he say[s] write a story."

This week's cover: Air-borne P[ic]. For our visiting photographer, [Ted] Cooke, and Pixeditor Ulrich Ca[lvosa] (Styled by Students, p. 18), air-mi[l]ed Stephens College girls flew to a p[ri]vate meadow near Columbia, Miss[ouri] and posed over hamburgers, [hot] boiled eggs and ants. The cover [girls] are: brunet Beverly Reeves of Sa[n] Calif. (in coveralls), who pilote[d] low studes Jean Barrenger, Su[san] S. C. (blue half pedal-pushers, [plaid] skirted blue-and-white-striped [shirt]; blond Jo Sperry of Bushnell, Ill. [in] green sweater); and Shirley Rich[ards] Habra, Calif. Shirley's in red p[ed]al-pushers, and a dark blue jacket [is] designed by Barbara Gartle[y] of Verona, N. J. Cooke and Cal[vosa] who daringly invaded dormitor[ies] make layout pix on pages 18 an[d] report the entire college is p[hoto]genic, largely unmarried and [not] intelligent. . . . TED SH[EEHAN]

What's Back of the Big Swing to Nash?

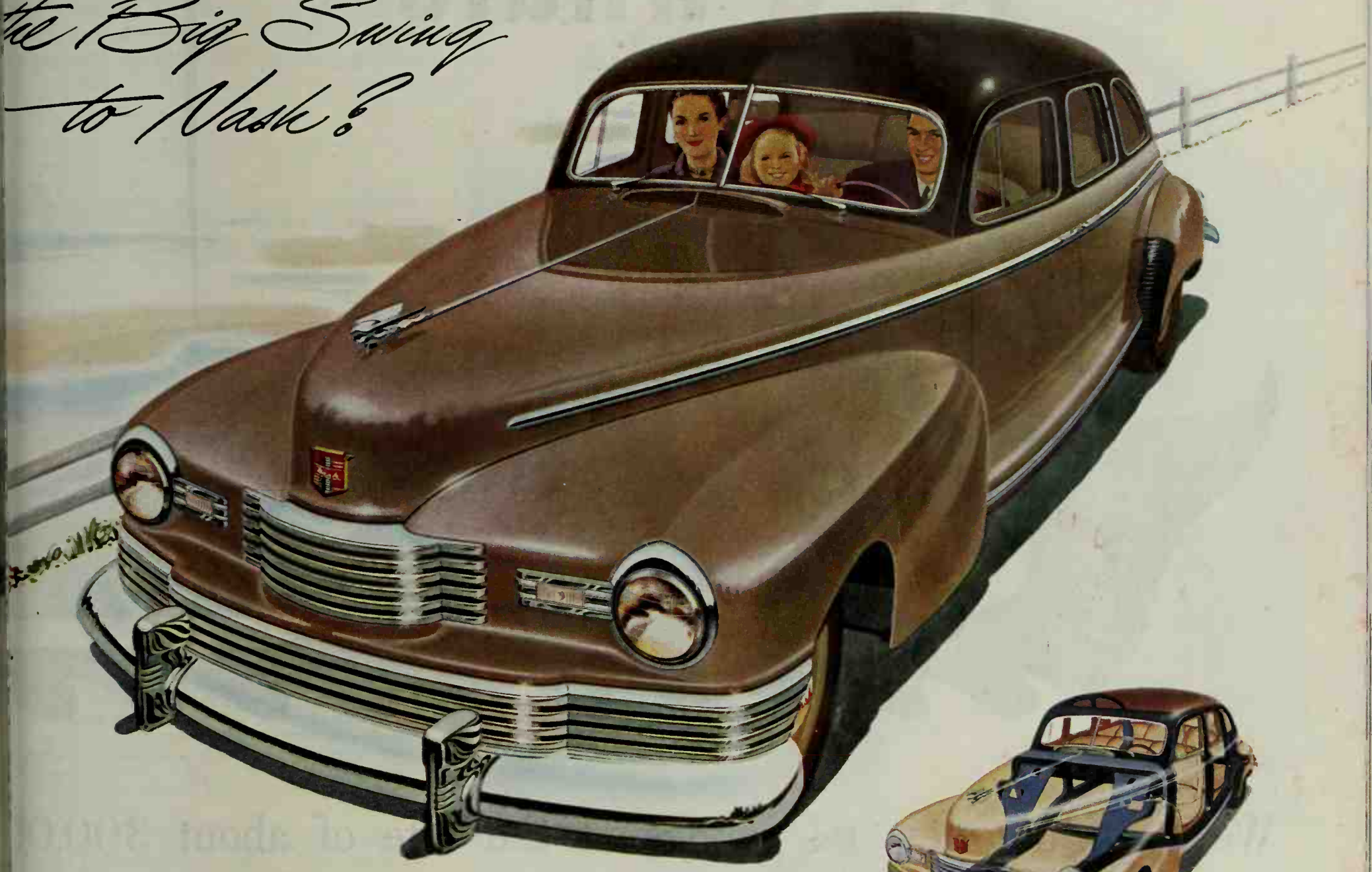
You see it on every road you travel...

Car after car is a handsome new Nash. And listen to the *talk* about new cars—it's about Nash!

It's about the amazing gasoline mileage of a Nash "600" . . . 25 to 30 miles to the gallon, 500 to 600 miles to the tankful, at moderate highway speed.

The "talk" is about Nash bigness and beauty. The extra seat-room and head-room you get. The big rear compartment that takes a Nash Convertible Bed!

The "talk" is about Nash Conditioned Air. Automatic heat and ventilation that banish forever cold drafts, dust, stuffy air. *And more—*



The "talk" is about the soft cushioned *ride* of a Nash —the only car in its field with coil-springing on all four wheels.

The "talk" is about the amazing new *safety* of Nash unitized body-and-frame construction.

And the "talk" is about Nash value and extra features.

Never before has ANY one new car appeared, that's been so far ahead in the things that count.

This, then, is what's behind the overwhelming swing to Nash. The reason *why* even greatly expanded production can't meet the demand.

There's a new kind of automobile dealer in America today. There's where you'll find the new Nash "600," and its brilliant running-mate—the Nash Ambassador.

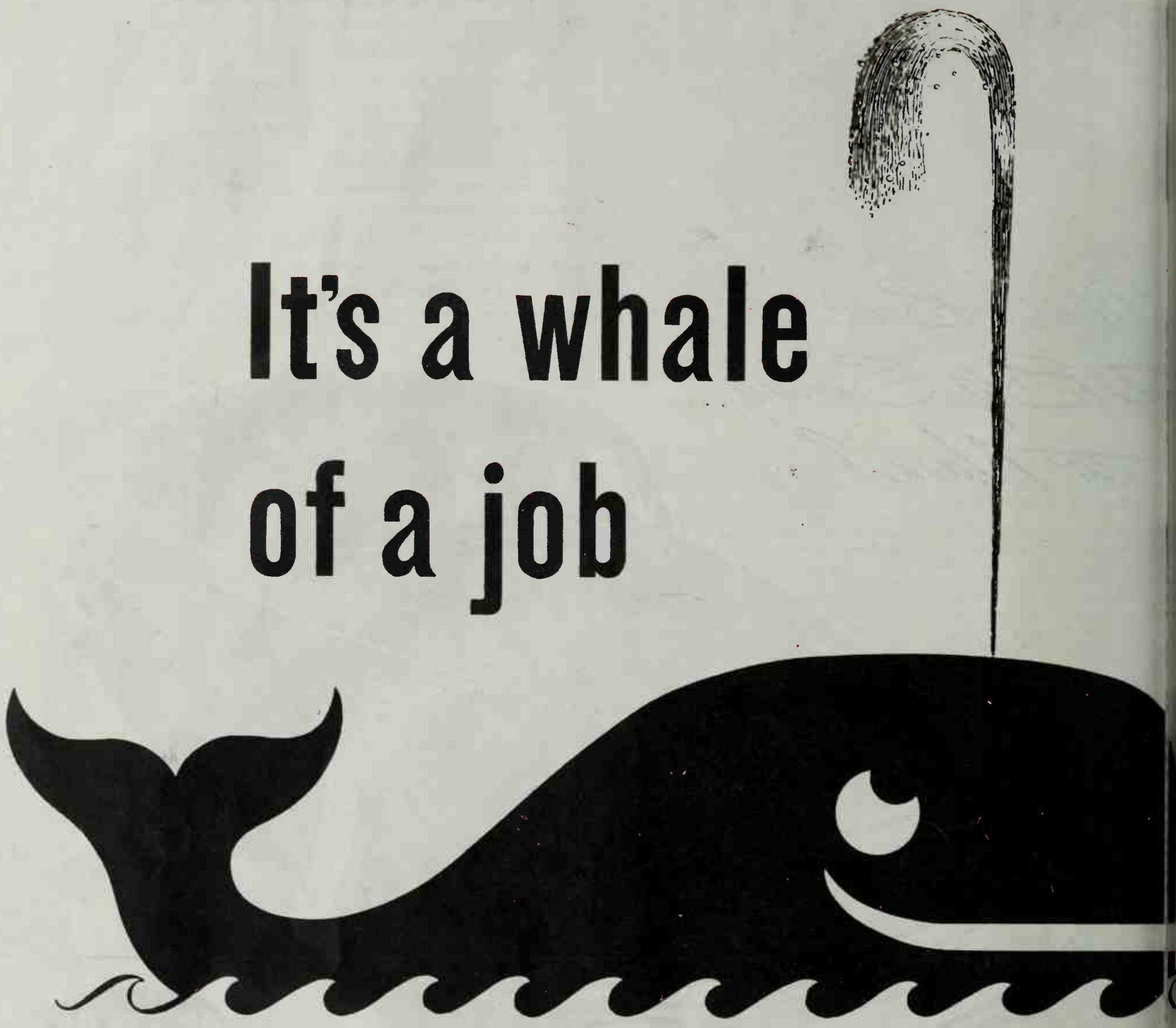


Product of Nash research and engineering, new Unitized body-frame construction sets the pattern for tomorrow. Built a new way, with body and frame *welded* into a single steel-girdered unit, it is lighter yet immeasurably stronger. 8000 spot welds eliminate weak body bolts and noise-making joints.

You'll Be Ahead With **Nash**

Nash Motors Division, Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit

It's a whale of a job



We're adding new telephones at the rate of about 300,00 a month. That is 10,000 a day... And still it isn't enoug

SINCE V-J Day, we've added more than 5,500,000 telephones to the Bell System.

But fast as we put in one telephone, there comes an order for another. Sometimes two more.

So even though we're going full speed ahead, we haven't been able to catch up with all the orders for telephone service.

We're moving faster than anyone thought possible—with shortages and everything—and we have bro all kinds of records.

It's a whale of a job and w eager and impatient to get it d For we don't like to keep anyb waiting for telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE PREXY PLAN OF GENERAL IKE

BY ALDEN HATCH

Some cried "Politics!" when the Army Chief of Staff accepted the presidency of Columbia University. Others wondered whether brass hats know much about education. But the general has some definite ideas on the subject—and, as usual, he pulls no punches

WHEN General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower finally accepted the presidency of Columbia University, the trustees were exuberant, the press was generally enthusiastic and educators acclaimed Columbia's choice. But some people were puzzled.

"What does a brass hat know about education?" they asked. "Has Eisenhower any ideas on the subject, or is he just going to be a front for Columbia?"

One friend who knew him well answered hotly, "General Eisenhower wouldn't be a front for heaven itself!"

As for his ideas about education, they are very definite. He does not claim to know a lot about the technique of teaching; he is more concerned with aims than methods.

As a matter of fact, one of the reasons the general hesitated to accept Columbia's offer was that his beliefs were so strong he was not sure they would fit into the academic world. When he finally came before the trustees with his answer, he told them, "All I can bring you is the convictions I have always held. I am not going to change my spots."

The trustees unanimously assured him that they wanted him, convictions and all.

The most important of these is the general's passionate belief in freedom of thought. That is the key to his philosophy of education.

The greatest teaching of all, he holds, is teaching people how to think. But in order to think, it is necessary to know all the facts. For example, he believes that the systems of Socialism and Communism should be taught in order that they may be understood. Pure Communism, indeed, might be a Christlike doctrine were it not for its political implications. It is dictatorship that he abhors.

Eisenhower stated his creed thus:

"Freedom of the individual, presupposing faith of a religious character in the integrity of the individual man, is the first leg on which democracy stands.

"The second is free enterprise, because total bureaucracy requires totalitarian government."

However, free enterprise must be modified by the necessities of a complex civilization. When you are part of a group, there can be no prosperity for the individual unless the group is prosperous. Eisenhower carries this thought beyond the boundaries of the country to embrace the whole society of the nations of the world.

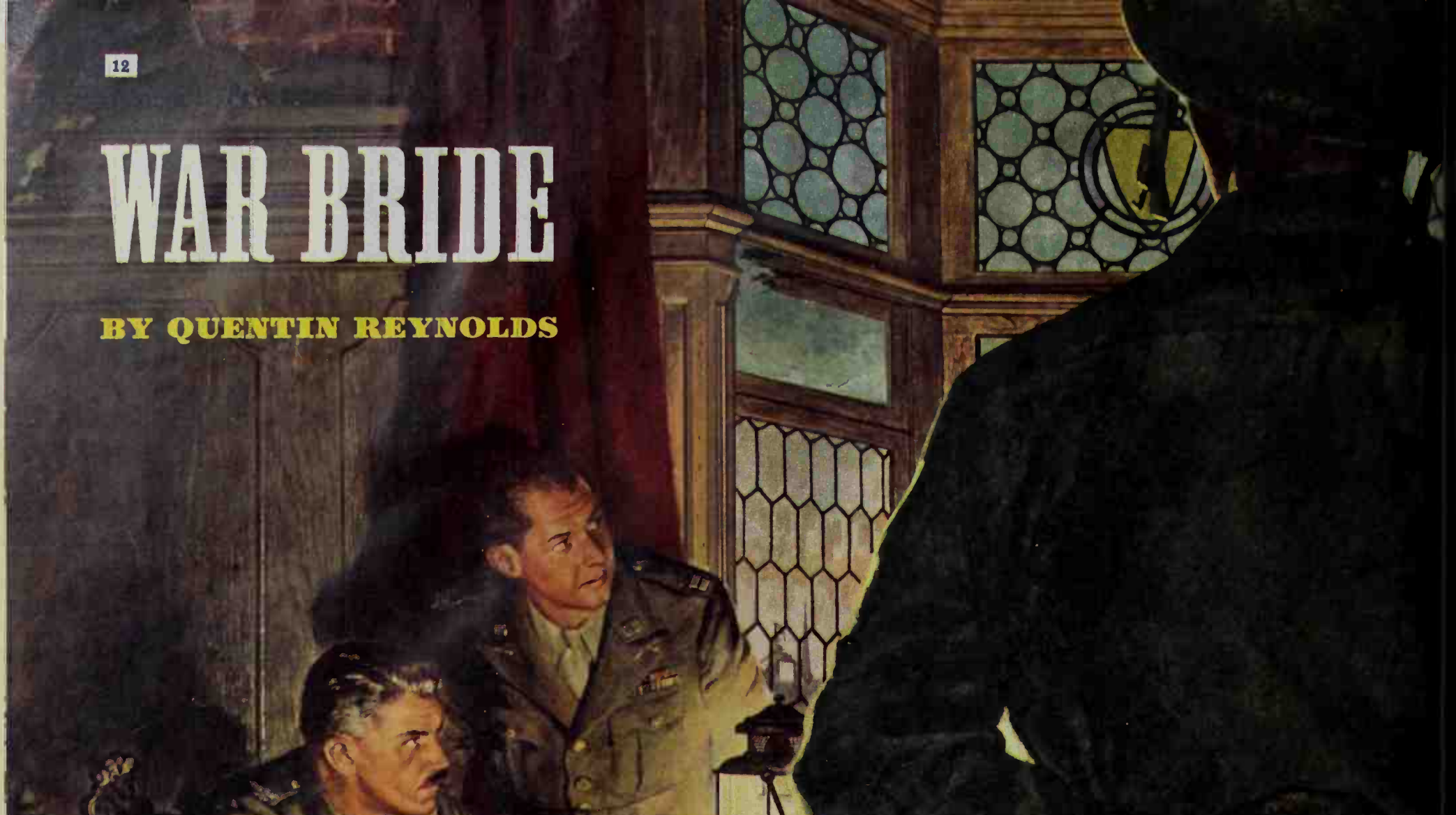
As to the manner of education, General Eisenhower thinks that the present increase of emphasis on teaching the humanities does not go far enough. He would like to raise the prestige and importance of our undergraduate schools, and he would like to see more liberal education interspersed with vocational training in graduate schools. Turning out a good engineer, for instance, is not the best that democracy deserves; it is more important that he should be an intelligent citizen.

Next to the art of thinking, the most important thing to teach is pride in accomplishment, Eisenhower believes. From ditch diggers *(Continued on page 30)*

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

WAR BRIDE

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS



The colonel watched her as she was being questioned. "Perhaps you can be useful," he speculated. "I need an interpreter. Report this evening at si

She looked just as sweet as sugar—but so does cyanide

ANNA GERHART dabbed at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. "Silly of me," she said shyly, "but you've been so kind, and —well, I haven't known much kindness in my life."

Bill Kirk of the Times cleared his throat. "That's all right, Miss Gerhart. You've been very patient with us."

Anna touched each of them with her tremulous smile and each of them smiled back. Then she left them. None of the ship newsmen said anything until Anna had gone. Then Bill Kirk said, "Poor kid, she's really had it. I don't like Krauts but this kid is different."

"Yeah," Benny Rose from the Tribune said, "I'll buy that. No one hates Germans more than me but this kid was—let's see—she's twenty-one now, so she was thirteen when the war began. Besides she's the first real good-looking war bride we've run into." . . .

Three decks below in a large cabin Anna Gerhart was alone. She had just said goodby to the woman who had been her cabin mate during the seven days of the crossing. Mrs. J. Alban Marsh, of Sterling Forest, Illinois, was a placid, comfortably upholstered woman who was returning with her husband, the Reverend J. Alban Marsh, from a church conference which had been held in Salisbury, England. They had been unable to get a cabin together, so Mrs. Marsh had been put in with Anna Gerhart. Mrs. Marsh, who at first had hated the idea of sharing a cabin with a stranger, melted when she first met Anna Gerhart.

When Mrs. Marsh entered the cabin for the first time Anna was standing there. Anna looked at her with frightened eyes—almost, Mrs. Marsh said afterward—as though she were afraid of being hit. But Mrs. Marsh, a sweet and charitable person, had smiled and said, "We are going to live together for the next seven days. I hope you don't mind an old woman like me being put in with you." And then Anna had smiled, a shy, tremulous smile, and her big eyes had filled with tears, and Anna had said softly, "You are so kind. I haven't known much kindness." Then Mrs. Marsh had put her arms around Anna and had held Anna's lovely golden head close to her ample bosom and had said, "Now there—now there. Why, you're only a baby."

IT HAD been a pleasant seven days for Mrs. Marsh. She insisted that Anna share the table which she and the Reverend Marsh had reserved for themselves. Once Mrs. Marsh had said with a faint trace of sadness, "It is as though you were our daughter, Anna, and we were taking you on a trip with us."

Anna had said shyly, "It is as though you were my parents and were taking me on a trip."

There were a great number of young men on board, including one unattached male film star, and al dicated to Anna quite unmistak how unattached they were and desirous each one of them was for exclusive company, but Anna given them nothing but shy, em rassed smiles and then had m closer to Mrs. Marsh.

Anna Gerhart and Mrs. M found a great deal to talk about. Marsh hadn't had a real audience many, many years, and she enj the obvious relish with which A listened to everything she said. Marsh, on her part, learned qu bit about Anna. She learned that na's father had been a Lutheran ister in Cologne. Anna had bee only child, and her father had su mented the teaching of the Col schools by giving Anna lesson English. By the time she was cl she could speak fairly good En Anna told Mrs. Marsh. Her f was always bitterly anti-Nazi, an dream was to get Anna to Am before the inevitable war came.

"Of course," Anna said a bit

ILLUSTRATED BY REN WICKS



Mrs. Marsh, "all Germans now
hey were always anti-Nazi. I sup-
no one will believe me when I
I laughed when I heard that Hitler
dead. I laughed because Hitler
d my father, and I laughed be-
e Hitler was dead. But I won't tell
ne that. They will say, 'Yes, yes,
Germans now say they hated Hit-
'

Hitler killed your father?" Mrs.
sh prompted gently.

nna nodded and looked out over
soft, calm sea. "Yes. Yes, he
d my father," she said. "I was
eleven then. It was Easter Sun-
and they sent him a sermon to
ch. Hitler was preparing the
try for war then, and he made
inisters preach sermons written
Goebbels and his propagandists."

Didn't your father preach that
ay?" Mrs. Marsh asked.

es, he did," Anna said proudly.
B not the sermon they had sent
He preached an Easter sermon
Martin Luther had preached back
520, about the Resurrection. He told of how the angels had come to the tomb of Jesus and how they had found the huge stone that had sealed the tomb rolled away. And he told of how one day a spirit of freedom would arise again in Germany, and that the people would roll away the stone of prejudice and ungodliness and tyranny from the tomb that was Germany, and that Germany would be free again."

Anna stopped then, and Mrs. Marsh noticed that she was biting her lower lip. Mrs. Marsh leaned over and put her plump hand over Anna's tiny one.

"There, there now," Mrs. Marsh soothed. "It's all behind you, Anna. Don't ever remember it again. Don't talk about it."

"I want to tell you about it," Anna said brokenly. "They knew what Father meant. Oh, yes. And storm troopers ran from the back of the church and dragged him from the pulpit. They sent him to the concentration camp at Oranienburg. An enemy of the state, they said. He died a year later. And then Mother just gave up. He was so much part of her that when he died, why, she just couldn't go on living. I went to live with an aunt in the country. It was in Bavaria. My uncle was a farmer, and I worked on the farm all during the war. I was too young for any of the—of the services the army demanded from the women of Germany."

"And then," Mrs. Marsh said gently, "the American Army occupied Bavaria and you met him."

"Yes, I met him," Anna said, and raised her eyes to Mrs. Marsh. It was as though a light had suddenly been born within her, and the light shone through her eyes and Mrs. Marsh, watching closely, pressed Anna's hand happily. Mrs. Marsh liked happy endings.

THE seven days had passed pleasantly. Now it was all over and Mrs. Marsh had kissed Anna goodby. Anna Gerhart was alone in the cabin; alone with her thoughts and her past. A rather large leather handbag on the bed held several symbols of Anna's past. Anna was wearing a simple black jersey dress. She wore a small triangular green silk kerchief, knotted loosely at the neck. Taking the bag to the white dressing table, she sat before it, looking intently into the mirror. Anna Gerhart frowned and shook her head. She had broken down twice during the morning, once when she had told the ship news reporters about her father and his last sermon, and again when she had bid Mrs. Marsh a fond if somewhat weepy goodby. Yes, she might as well do a complete new make-up, she decided. No make-up was proof against two sets of tears.

She reached into the bag and took out a bottle. She looked at the label and smiled. It read. "Made in U.S.A." With quick deft strokes she applied the powder base to her face. Then she took a small silver case from the bag. It held *crème* rouge. As she rubbed the cream into her cheeks she looked searchingly at the face which stared back at her from the mirror. Anna was an honest girl; she never lied to herself about herself. The face that stared back at her was oval. Luckily she had escaped the bovine face structure and rounded insipidity which was the heritage of most German peasant girls. The face, topped and framed by golden hair which had the effect of softening her features, was good. She nodded with satisfaction. She had been right to dye her hair. Once it had been sleekly dark, but in those days she had been playing a sleekly dark part. Now she was playing the part of a wide-eyed blonde; an ingénue with tremulous smile. But she never made the mistake of thinking like a blonde. Her intelligence had a hard, crystal-clear quality, and it was that which had enabled her to survive; it was that which had made it possible to be where she was today, only a few moments away from security.

Next came the eye shadow and then the soft face powder. Her hands moved quickly; she had done this hundreds of times before. Then she reached for a small gold tube. She looked at it fondly. This gold lipstick container was one of the last presents the General had sent her from Paris. He had been transferred to the Russian front shortly after that. The General had been sweet, Anna reflected, touching her lips ever so gently with the lipstick; happily it was *rouge fraise*, a shade kind to her blondness. She liked the sound of *rouge fraise;* she repeated it in English, "Strawberry pink."

She studied her face carefully, objectively, as an artist would look at the work of another, with critical faculties alert. It was, Anna told herself, a good job. No one would suspect her thirty-four years, least of all a lovesick American, so lacking in ambition, Anna reflected contemptuously, that he had never risen above the rank of corporal. Her shoulders twitched in a gesture of distaste. For six glorious years she had been the friend of generals and even *Reichsministers.* Now she was going to marry a corporal. What was it Goebbels had said when the General had brought her to a house party at Warnemunde, on the so cool shore of the Baltic?

"Du bist viel zu hübsch und verständig für einen General," the little doctor had said in his soft, beautiful voice, and there had been a question in his eyes. Perhaps she was too beautiful and too intelligent to be wasted on a general, as the doctor said, but the General had his points. The General had studied at Oxford, and his English was Oxford English. That's why he had been so insistent that she learn English; not the fumbling, halting English she knew from her high-school days, but the English that would enable her to fit in easily in the life that she was to share with the General one day in London when the British swine were conquered. And she had learned that kind of English.

She smiled as she thought of dear, stupid Mrs. Marsh. How valuable Mrs. Marsh had been! Oh, she had her story down pat; she'd rehearsed it as she had once rehearsed songs when she was singing on the Berlin stage. But she felt she had needed a dress rehearsal or two before meeting Ernest's parents. Mrs. Marsh had been a good but not critical audience. Those reporters, on the other hand, were more critical. But her story had gone over. Of course, her ability to produce quick tears had helped, but that too she had rehearsed often. And her story was, she felt, a good one. She especially liked her mythical father, who was by now quite real to her. And that story of his Easter Sunday sermon she felt was really excellent. The ship news reporters had really liked that.

Her father? Her father had been a schoolteacher, but she hadn't heard of him since 1934, when she had left home to join a group of strolling players. She would always be grateful to them, especially to Hans Trenker, the director of the group. He had taught her the art of make-up. He had taught her how to walk: how to use her hands; how to emphasize a line by throwing it away, by underplaying it; he had taught her many other things.

She replaced the cosmetics in her bag.

A FEW moments more and the whole past would be buried—would be as though it had never existed. She smiled as she thought of him waiting there on the pier. His parents would be there too. He had sent her pictures of them, the small, nervous-looking father and the mother who was, Anna was quite sure, a reasonable replica of Mrs. Marsh. The father would be easy to handle, of course. She didn't expect much trouble from the mother, either. Besides, she had a lovely present for the mother. From her bag she took a small package and opened it. Two heavy golden earrings, brightly polished, lay in the tissue paper. Unconsciously her hand stole out to caress the earrings, but she wasn't

(Continued on page 47)

ACE IN THE HOLE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Our own Sherlock Holmes delves into the baffling mystery of the bedazzled Red Bird and the misplaced batting eye —and turns up a guy named Musial



WHEN the St. Louis Ca
nals opened the season
Cincinnati they looked
a group of corporation directors v
had just met and declared a divide
They were smug, confident and c
tent. Ewell Blackwell bumped th
off that day and various undis
guished gentlemen continued to ha
them as the weeks dragged on. Du
one period they lost nine straight
were in last place with three victo
and twelve defeats. The pitch
couldn't pitch and the hitters coul
hit. It soon became plain that
Cardinals had contracted a severe
of astigmatism from a happy wi
looking at their World Series clippi

Chief among the deflated per
ages was M. Stanley Musial
Donora, Pennsylvania, who led
league in hitting last year, but
now making motions at the plate
a spinster repulsing a wasp wit
towel. There were rumors that Sta
was suffering from *expanso larg*
cerebello, meaning a swelled nog
After a spring holdout that
brought him a reputed salary of $
500 (entirely merited by his recc
he had taken on the airs of a le
lama and was not available for p
interviews. His shining face appe
in commercial testimonials, howe
and it was seen that his dome
taken on a triumphantly ovoid
pompous character.

"Obviously a case for trepan
and a tapping of the cranium," d
the more sultry and acrid of his cri

Luckily, this was not required
cause as Stanley's batting percen
slumped, the enlarged pate contra
in unison. By the time the New Y
Giants got done buffeting the C
around the Polo Grounds for t
straight defeats, Stanley's cap a
bobbing around so loosely on his h
that he obviously needed a seams
and a tuck.

The deflation became complet
the Brooklyn series when M
missed the last game by reason o
acute pain in the tum. The New Y
medicos announced that the ve
form nuisance must come out
mediately. But this meant M

At the bat or spearing them at
base, Stan Musial can be depe
on to do a competent job. This
ner is safe as Stan takes to the
haul down a high throw. Below h
mighty Musial bat connects for



ould be lost to the team for at least
weeks. He preferred to have the
sky thing frozen until he could get
ck to St. Louis and confer with the
ebrated Dr. Robert Hyland. In due
urse he was back in the line-up, a
ry chastened young man.

Nobody was happy over the ap-
ndicitis threat, but it was generally
reed that Stanley's new mental state
s an improvement. Now when he
od at the plate and twisted himself
o the amazing and familiar stance
servers could note a resemblance to
jolly thumping youth of yore. His
mp continued but there was happy
ognition that baseball had returned
normal, and a nice young man was
mself again.

"Those poor, poor Cardinals," the
er seven managers were undoubt-
ey saying to themselves. "If they
nt to get rid of that tragic, stricken
ung man, they have only to utter a
ht cry."

Musial, of course, is as near a
ural phenomenon as baseball has
l in years. He had simply knocked
everlasting tar out of the horse-
e ever since he hit the big leagues—
il this spring. In 1940 he was a
cher and outfielder for Daytona
ach, Florida. He landed on his
ulder diving for a line drive and
t finished his pitching career.

Now consider what happened next:
was taken on reluctantly the next
r by Springfield, Missouri, in the
stern Association, which is a
ss-C league. By the middle of the
r he was brought up by Rochester,
w York, then playing AA ball. He
t so well there that the Cardinals
gged him in for the end of the Na-
al League season.

The Brooklyn Dodgers were win-
g their first pennant under Leo
rocher, and the Cards were breath-
on their napes at every step. Every
ne during those last days was a na-
al crisis and Musial was thrown as
crifice into this den of tigers. In
lve spectacular games he batted
and almost saved the pennant for
Sam Breadon, Mr. Billy South-
th and the eager St. Louis rooters
can get half a crowd out any night
he week provided they are assured
pennant is safe.

That was comparable to pulling
ebody out of a poolroom in Oska-
sa, Iowa, to play Willie Hoppe,"
mitted the experts.

The kid was among the first four
ers in the National League in 1942,
first full year, and won the cham-
pionship in 1943. He was runner-up in 1944, went off to the wars (American Theater of Operations) in 1945 and copped the title again last year with .365. In three World Series he has delivered some resounding salvos for the Cause, but it can't be said that in any case he has dominated these important proceedings.

In last year's Series he got six hits in twenty-seven times at bat for a percentage of .222, but four of the blows were doubles, another was a triple and he knocked in four runs. He won the Most Valuable Player award for the National League last year (he also did it in 1943), polling 319 points out of a possible total of 336. One perverse judge placed him in ninth place, proving perhaps that he was a year in advance of the folk who found Stanley slightly insufferable this year in its earlier stages.

Making Him a First Sacker

What really set the *cognoscenti* on their ears last season was Musial's success as a first baseman. Eddie Dyer first let Ray Sanders go to the Boston Braves and then tried Dick Sisler on the bag. Richard immediately began to disprove the entire case for heredity by acting nothing like his father, the illustrious George Sisler, and Stanley was asked kindly to step in from left field and take over the chore.

"That boy doesn't make good," said the cynics with a shudder, "and Dyer is back in Houston hiding among the oil derricks."

The theory was that Stanley would be so worried about his fielding he would forget to hit, but Stanley never forgets to hit. He had trouble with his feet around the bag, but kindly people were soon saying he was the best first baseman in the league, which was not exactly true considering that Eddie Waitkus of Chicago was also around, but it sounded good and there was no general protest.

There was some small doubt in the beginning that Stanley would ever be a ballplayer. He had been a schoolboy wonder at Donora, playing basketball in the Stagg Interscholastic Tournament in Chicago and being looked on avariciously by certain football gentry at Pitt who considered him an excellent halfback prospect, but the loudest outcry came from Papa Lukasz Musial, who had worked hard as a Polish immigrant in the steel mills and wanted Stanley to take a college scholarship.

The crisis had arisen when Andy French of the Monessen club in the Pennsylvania State Association had wanted to sign him up. This was part of the Cardinals' chain and the salary was only $75 a month, but Stanley was boo-hooing around that he wanted to take it and Papa was bellowing large Polish swear words at the thought of such nonsense.

What saved the Great National Pastime from disaster was Miss Klotz, Stanley's high-school teacher. Miss Klotz was a mature and influential lady who was not only capable of guiding a sixteen-year-old like Stanley but also of overwhelming Papa Lukasz, who had an almost religious reverence for the erudite. "You go right ahead and play baseball, Stanley," said Miss Klotz, nodding sagely at Papa while Papa nodded back mutely as if to show he knew the proper thing for a patriotic American.

But the Cardinals took their time about calling for Stanley and in the meantime he went to the Pittsburgh Pirates and was just about to sign with them (which he would have preferred to do, anyhow) when Mr. Breadon's agents tapped him and sent him off to Williamson, West Virginia, where Stanley stayed two years. Anybody staying two years in a league like the Mountain State shows so little aptitude for his profession that Papa Lukasz would have been justified in retrieving his treasure by violence, but by this time he was too stunned to protest.

Things were very little better for Stanley when he got down to Daytona Beach, Florida, in 1940. He was pitching between turns in the outfield but he was also subsisting almost entirely on turnip greens and salt pork. He had married Lillian Labash, whose father ran a grocery in Donora, and their $100 a month in Daytona Beach only made Lillian (and Stanley) wish they were back at the store. Then Lillian broke the tender news that she was about to have a baby and all went black before Stanley.

What saved Stanley's reason and career was Dickie Kerr, who had been one of the few honest men on the notorious Chicago Black Sox and was now the Daytona Beach manager. He had won two games in that famous fixed series with Cincinnati, although supported by a group of thugs who were loyally trying to heave the ball into the grandstand every time they got hold of it. For his faithfulness Dickie got the same bag of peanuts from the noble Comiskey for pitching the next few years. When he held out in 1922, Comiskey suspended him and he was out of the game for three years. The point is that Kerr kept his loyalty for baseball despite this treatment and now came to the rescue of the Musials. He rented a larger house, took in the Musials, and Mrs. Kerr attended to Lillian while Dickie coaxed Stanley along.

But things looked dark for Stanley when he dived for that line drive and fell on his shoulder and ruined his pitching arm. Kerr kept him in the outfield and next spring when he reported to the Cardinals' camp in Georgia, Burt Shotton could plainly see he was no longer a pitching prospect. He was sent to the Columbus, Georgia, team where Clay Hopper, now the Montreal manager, was standing around with his tongue out waiting for pitchers.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Hopper, discounting all cries to the contrary. "It says right here you're a pitcher. Go on out there."

Stanley went out against the parent club on their way north from spring training and only heavenly intervention kept him from destruction. Terry Moore and Johnny Mize hit home runs, and other murderous characters whistled drives past his ears with such persistence that even Mr. Clay Hopper was convinced. It took a lot of searching among the clubs of the Cardinals' chain to find anybody who wanted Musial, but he finally landed at the afore-mentioned Springfield, Missouri, which was not too happy about the honor.

Hurry Call from Rochester

It was clear that he would have to hit with some briskness to stick with Springfield, because his arm was still so weak that on any long drive it took him three relays to get the ball back to the infield. However, by July his hitting had set off forest fires in great areas of the Middle West and his percentage had soared to .379. Tony Kaufmann up at Rochester had been sending tear-stained notes to the home office in search of a new outfielder and Stanley proved to be his man.

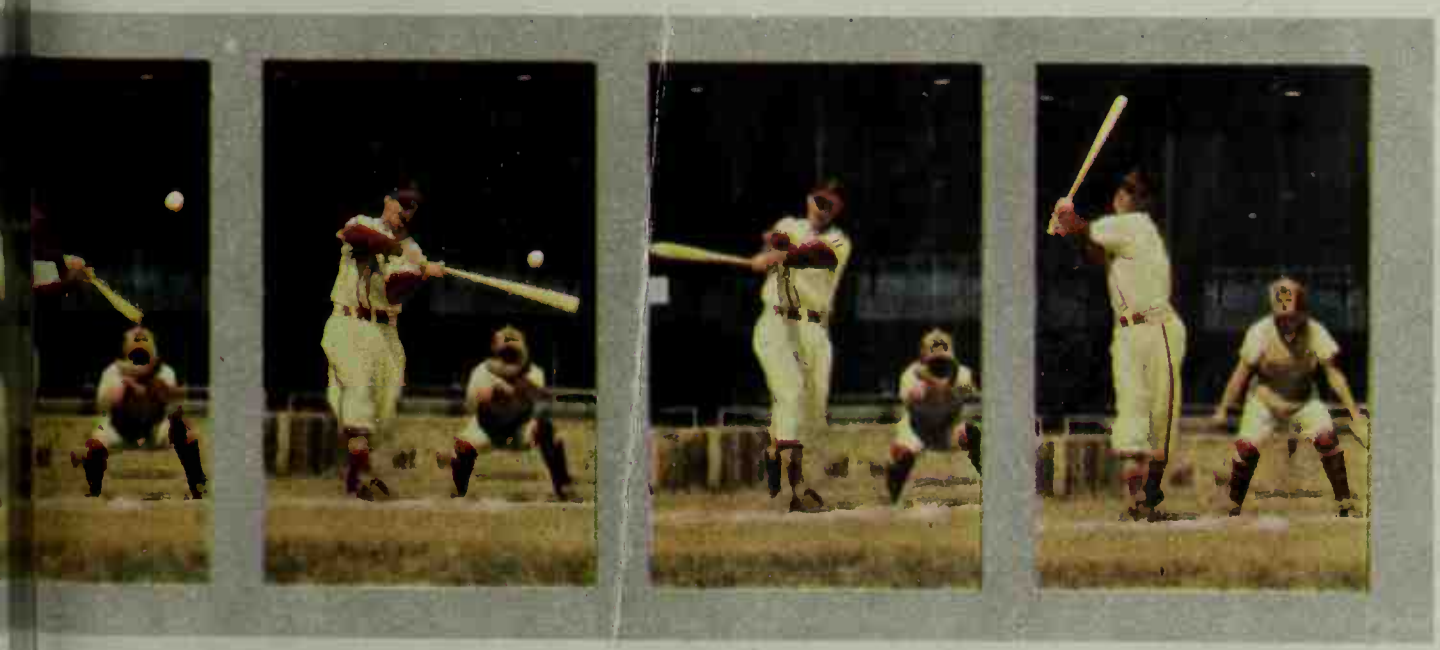
He banged things around at a .326 pace in the International and was then requisitioned by the Higher Powers as has been previously related. Quite the damnedest thing ever heard of in baseball—Springfield, Missouri, to St. Louis, Missouri, in one year, let alone one generation—castoff punk to first-stringer on pennant contender at one leap!

The next year (1942) began as a nightmare (something like the present one). His bad shoulder began to kick up and he couldn't hit and couldn't throw. After a miserable spell in which he could do nothing right, Manager Southworth benched him. Later he was put back in against right-hand pitchers and began playing a tune on the fences. In due time he was in against all opposition and has been hitting ever since (except this year). There were scowls when Southworth placed him in left field, because it was felt that was no place for a southpaw, but Billy refused to worry.

"When a boy has baseball instinct like that Musial," said Billy, "he can make the plays upside down."

The Cards had a terrible time getting going last year and weren't helped when Max Lanier, Lou Klein and Fred Martin jumped to the Mexican League. The ubiquitous Jorge

(Continued on page 56)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.



It was a comfort for Dennis to visit the hulk. He could stand at the wheel and imagine that the Bessie C. was new and bright, like the painting on the wall of the Blue W

THE HULK

The Bessie C. was on the beach now, and so was her skipper—but Dennis had a life to launch

BY EDWIN LANHAM

TWO men were filleting flounder in the fish market, and Dennis paused a moment to tch the flat, slicing strokes of the ves; then he started slowly toward dock beyond. He had always liked fish market, but today an angled nce from Joe Dobson made him omfortable. There was little pleasnow in listening to the talk of fish fishing in the market, now that his her was no longer at his place near window. It had been three days e his father lost his job in the mar-

Looking for your old man, Den-" Joe Dobson asked. The expresn in his watery eyes was probably pathy; he looked Dennis' way for an instant.

Yes," Dennis said.

He was here a little while ago. know that Mr. Brace, owns the view Hotel?"

Sure," Dennis said.

Mr. Brace gave him some fish to n," Joe Dobson said. "He's lookfor your old man, too."

he boy nodded, and went through e dock. The water of the bay was and shiny in the afternoon sun, off by a channel marker, near the uth of a tidal creek, several rowts were fishing. Weakfish must be ng, Dennis thought. That was the e to catch them.

Hey, kid," a voice called.

ennis turned. Standing by the of the icehouse, beside a tall ket, was Mr. Brace, the hotel er. He was a lean, brown man, the look of a dirt farmer about He had steady, pale eyes, and gaze made Dennis uneasy again.

ou're Jack Clifton's boy, aren't y"

es, sir," Dennis said.

ou know where I can find your r?"

ennis was pretty sure where his r was, but he shook his head. Brace frowned and stared down e big bucket. "I was out on the n this morning," he said. "Caught ifty-five porgies and I gave your r two dollars to clean them."

nnis slowly approached the et. He swallowed, and asked, n't he clean 'em, Mr. Brace?"

e *cleaned* 'em, all right. Sure, he ed 'em. But look!" Mr. Brace ted angrily at the bucket. "He 't scale a one of 'em."

nnis swallowed again. There was se telling Mr. Brace where to find ther, he thought. He looked into ucket. It was a lot of fish, fiftyorgies. He straightened and said, sure sorry, Mr. Brace. I forgot."

ou forgot what?"

forgot to scale those fish," Denaid. "Pop told me to scale 'em clean forgot. But I'll get it done away."

e hotel owner frowned. "Son, ought to tie a string on your fin- I haven't got time to wait around you scale those fish. Your father said they'd be ready by four o'clock and I made a trip here to get them. I can't wait around while you scale them."

"We can deliver them to the hotel, Mr. Brace," Dennis said quickly. "Is after supper all right?"

The man looked closely at Dennis for a moment, then nodded. "Okay," he said. "But you'd better tie a string on your finger, kid." He walked off to his car and Dennis looked again into the bucket. Fifty-five porgies was a glutton's dish of fish.

DENNIS borrowed a scaler from the fish market, and as Joe Dobson passed it to him Joe's watery eyes met Dennis'. Joe didn't say anything, but as Dennis started back to the dock Joe's big hand brushed his shoulder in a casual, friendly pat.

Fifty-five times, for fifty-five fish, Dennis scraped the scales from tail to head, cut away the stiff dorsal fin and side fins, lopped off the head, and tossed the parts into the water, where crabs had colonized near the market. He put the scaled fish back in the bucket, stowed the bucket in the icehouse, returned the scaler, and then he went to find his father. He knew where to look.

The bar was called the Blue Water, and occupied a square, one-story building across the street from the boat yard and a hundred yards from the big commercial pier where fishing boats brought their catches to be iced and shipped to the city. Fishermen and local workers frequented the bar, and often there would be a group of women in slacks and sunburned men in sport coats talking about their day's luck offshore on a charter boat.

For many years the Blue Water Bar had been the rendezvous of the charter-boat captains, and when a summer visitor from the resort section on the ocean side wanted to charter a boat he usually called the Blue Water Bar and asked Lou, the bartender, what was available. Whenever he went in the bar, Dennis studied the blackboard chart of the boats' schedules the bartender kept.

But before he looked at the blackboard, before he even looked to see if his father was there, Dennis always turned his eyes to the wall where a long time ago a primitive local hand had painted a regatta of boats in a mural circling the walls above the window frames. About a dozen boats were there, and of course Dennis knew the names of all of them, but the one he always looked at first was the Bessie C.

The artist hadn't got the lines quite right, although he had missed no detail. The Bessie C. looked a little squat in the mural, and sat the water with the complacent displacement of a tugboat, but the Bessie C. certainly had not been a tug. There had been no trimmer, no more seaworthy, no handsomer charter boat in all Atlantic waters than the Bessie C. There was no doubt of that.

Of course, Dennis usually reminded himself when he looked at the painting, the Bessie C. had been built a long time ago. The painting showed three people aboard, two men and a woman, and the wide-brimmed summer straws and striped blazers the men wore indicated they had set out to sea thirty years or more ago, at least twenty years before Dennis was born.

Dennis paused in the doorway and gazed at the painting, then reluctantly pulled his gaze toward the bar. His father was there, at the far end, drinking beer, with his back to a booth where a noisy party was drinking old-fashioneds. Dennis walked slowly across the room and touched his father's arm.

Lou, the bartender, grinned and said, "Hello, Dennis, how's the skipper today?"

"Fine," Dennis said, and waited until at last his father turned and looked down at him. His father did not speak, but his hand left the glass of beer and came down gently on the boy's shoulder.

Dennis waited until Lou had moved along down the bar, then he said softly, "Pop, I was over at the fish market, looking for you."

"I was there, Dennis," his father said. "I was there for a while."

"I saw Mr. Brace," Dennis said.

"Did you, boy?" his father said, and picked up his glass again.

Dennis thought that probably most of the two dollars had been spent. His father's face was flushed, and he leaned a little against the bar. One foot was on the rail, and the point of the bent knee showed white through a small tear in his khaki pants. Just the other day Dennis had sewed the tear up, and he made a mental note to get out needle and thread and sew it up again tomorrow.

"Pop," Dennis burst out. "You didn't scale those fish!"

His father's face was blank for a moment. The noise in the booth behind them was very loud, and Dennis looked away from his father's eyes and saw the people in the booth. They had obviously been out on a charter boat; a plump blond woman stuffed into mauve slacks and two men in expensive sport shirts. For an instant they held the boy's attention, but he heard his father saying, "Why, I must have scaled 'em, Dennis. That's funny. I was sure I'd scaled 'em."

Dennis gazed up at his father. His eyes felt hot, and he blinked. His father pushed his glass a little away from him on the bar and stared at it. As he leaned against the bar, his shoulders were slumped, but still looked big and powerful. He was a large man, a handsome man, Dennis thought, when he was shaved. Dennis liked him best in the morning, after breakfast, when he sat over his coffee and his eyes were clear. A little puffy sometimes, but clear. And even early in the morning there would be a little smile, a small rueful smile. It was in the morning, after he had drunk his coffee, and stretched, and looked at the barometer, that his father sometimes talked of fishing and the Bessie C. But later in the day, after the Blue Water Bar opened, his father became another person, remote and even evasive. Sometimes Dennis felt like a truant officer.

"What did he say, Dennis, about those fish?" his father asked now, self-consciously.

"He said you should have scaled 'em."

His father moved his shoulders uneasily and said, "Okay. I'll scale 'em after a while."

Dennis did not say that they were already scaled. He looked up at his father's flushed, uneasy face, turned, and walked quickly out of the bar.

THERE remained a little time of daylight, and though he did not estimate the height of the sun, and seemed to give no thought to where he was going, Dennis turned his feet purposely along the road that led past the mud flats and the marsh. He walked quickly, with his hands clenched at his sides, and he did not slow his steps until he came to the hulk. He stood a moment beside the road, looking at it.

The hulk lay canted in the marsh grass, its keel deep in mud. The sun and the wind and the rain had blistered and worn the paint, and dry rot had withered the wood, but from a little distance it almost seemed that she could float, that she could put to sea again. It was only when you came a little nearer that you could see where she was stove in, there near the bow. And it was only when you came quite close that you could see the faded letters of her name on the stern: Bessie C.

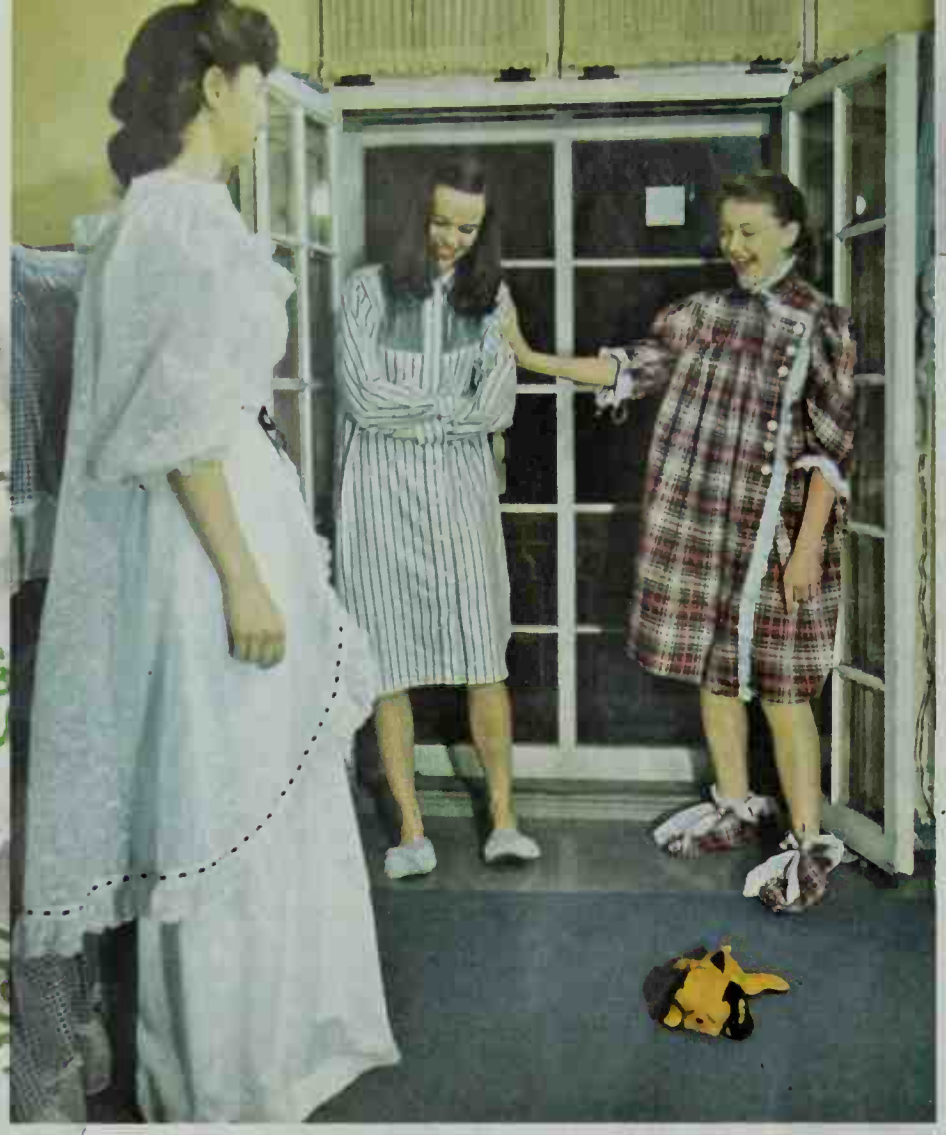
Once aboard, of course, you knew she was a hulk. There was stale oily water on the deck of the cabin, and barnacles now were berthed where she had once slept four. You had to be careful where you put your foot. It was greasy and slippery where the two engines had been and the housings had fallen in.

Dennis knew where to step, and he knew that the deck in the covered wheelhouse yet was firm. He could stand there and turn the wheel. Its connections with the rudder had long since rotted away and the wheel spun easily. He could stand at the wheel and imagine that the Bessie C. was new and bright, like the painting on the wall of the Blue Water Bar.

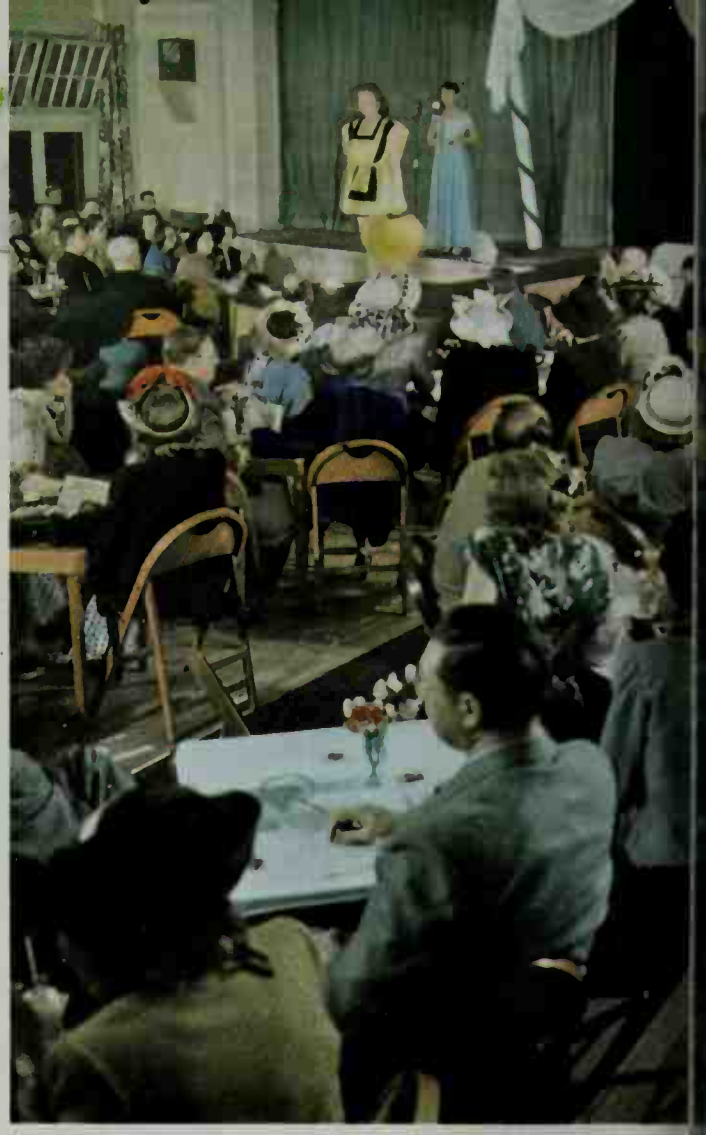
It was a comfort to visit the hulk, to

(Continued on page 97)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Ellie Schooley of Janesville, Wis., favors sleeping-time clothes, designed all of the above. Carol Peabody of Mason, Mich., is derided for her formal wear by night-shirted Evelyn Houghton of Ionia, Mich., and Joan Harris of Seattle in a nightie and cloth booties



Two hundred guests, including St. Louis and Kansas City and manufacturers, watch fashion show in night-club se Stephens College auditorium. Prizes were distributed an ninety-three originals designed, sewn and modeled by

STYLED BY STUDENTS

The girls wore cottons, the dates sport clothes at the "Cotton 'n' Cords" dance at Stephens. In foreground, left to right, Ethel Lou of Honolulu wears rayon suit by Barbara Gartley of Verona, N. J.; Marilyn Corson wears her own design in turquoise-and-black stripe and Jo Sperry of Bushnell, Ill., looks mighty pretty in a black plaid dinner dress designed by Ann Perry of Charlestown, W. Va.



It rains in Missouri and other places. Lou Edwards Richland Center, Wis., wearing checked waterproofed r by Ellie Schooley, stops between classes to chat with Car of Fayetteville, N. Y., who is ready for the weather i Zelan raincoat designed by Mary Jane Orman of Tuls You may see these two designs in department-store camp





BY ULRICH CALVOSA

AN babies design their own diapers? Can fish design their own flies? Can birdies design their own nesties? Can hangmen design their own ties?

All right, all right. It's the Stephens College girls out in Columbia, Missouri, get you this way, they being proficient to the point of dizziness in child care, fly- ng, ornithology, sociology and design. And, they do, the Stephens College girls lly do, design their own clothes—slacks, short pants, jackets, raincoats and the aceful garments they like to sleep in. After they design these things, they make up stitch by stitch, and after they make them they wear them. And after they them, the commercial world of manufacturers and buyers from big stores moves xpresses amazement that juveniles can figure out what they want to wear all by selves, buys them and makes them up by the thousands to sell everywhere.

his kind of business has become a regular thing at Stephens College. Mrs. Pa- Rowe, who heads the school's design department, has had to establish a clearing- e for employment and sales. Each year several of her graduates are sought out anufacturers of teen-age clothes in the St. Louis and Kansas City area for post- uate designing jobs. And Stephens College designs-by-students, bearing the offi- chool label, Susie Stephens Original, are gaining a modest prestige of their own mpus departments throughout the country. Students receive all fees.

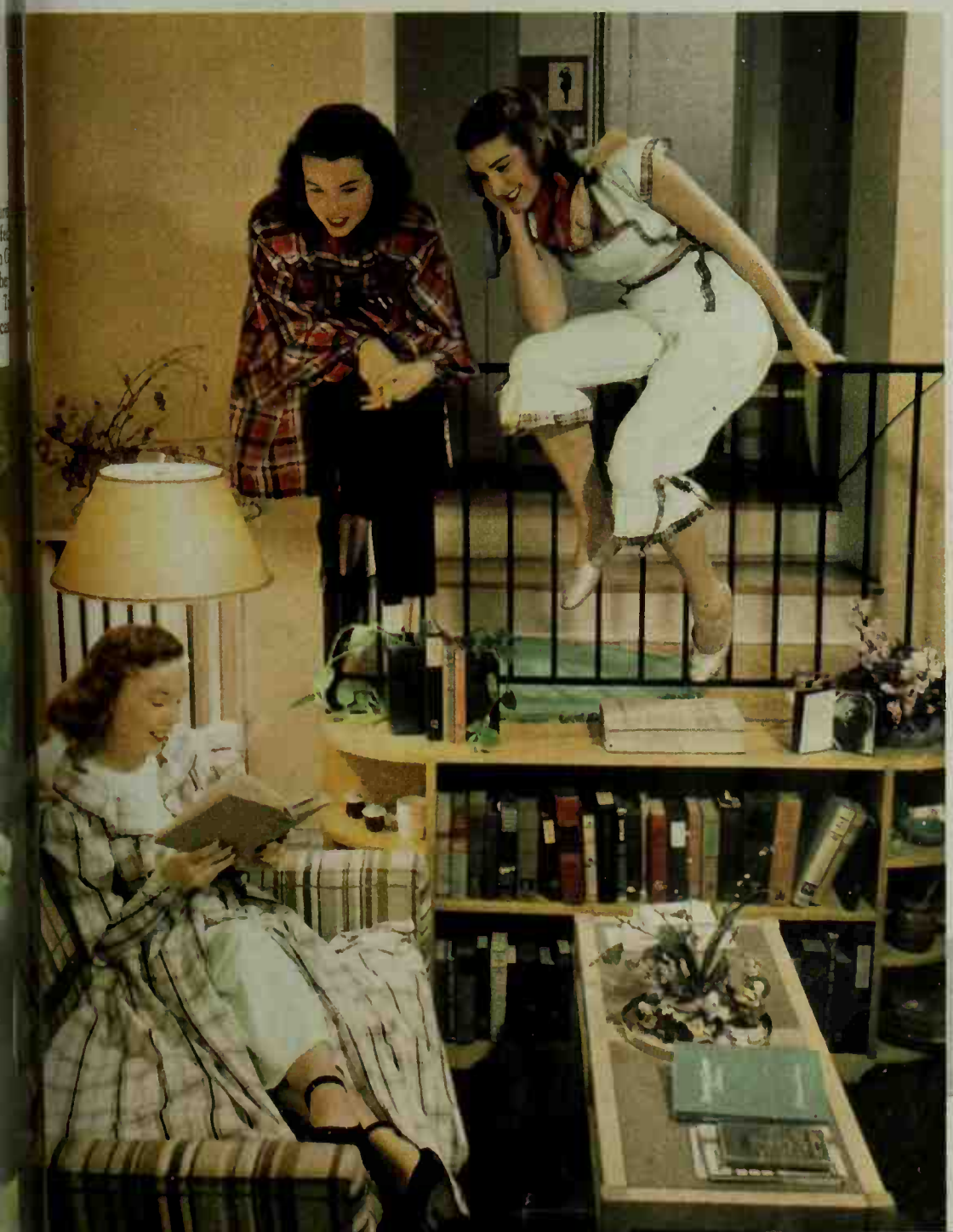
nce a year the Stephens design department puts on a fashion show in the modi- ight-club atmosphere (soft drinks—no hard liquor) of the auditorium of The e. Here students and faculty in evening dress greet their city fashion friends, good time is had by all. The photographs shown here were taken at the last , at which seventy representatives of commercial firms were present.

ine Stephens departments participate in putting on the show. Besides design they art, aviation, clothing construction, merchandise, personal appearance, pho- phy, radio and textile design.

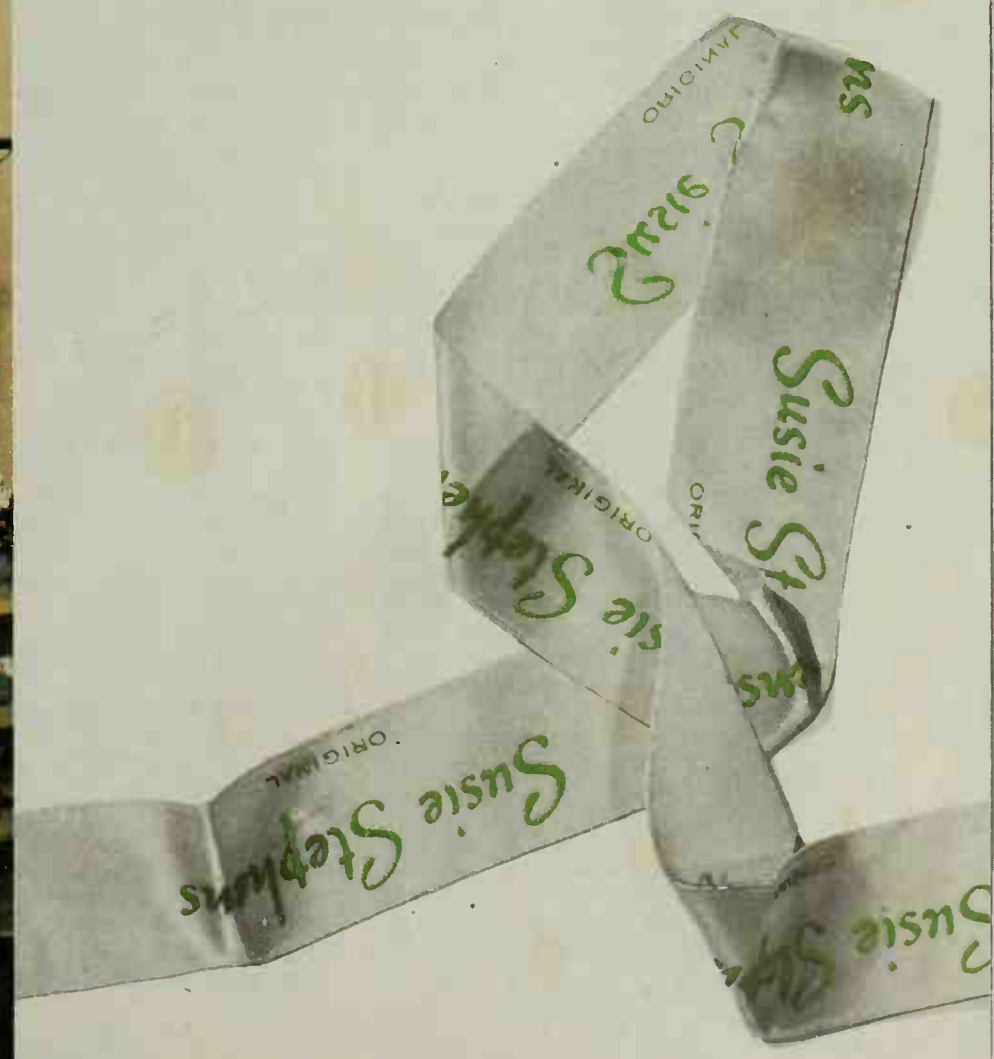
he connection is obvious except, perhaps, in the case of aviation. But out of Stephens students, 425 are learning to fly. They want good-looking clothes to , and after they get them, like as not, they'll fly their designing friends out to a green spot for a picnic. (See this week's Collier's cover.) ★★★



Stephens students spend more than some of their time on The Lake swimming, sailing and sunning. Mary Lou Dorsett of Tonkawa, Okla., (left) shows off her own rayon jacket and shorts. At right, Barbara Walker of Milwaukee, Wis., wears coat by Bunny Freesmeier of Clayton, Mo.



Uninhibited is the word for these by-college-girls and for-college-girls lounging clothes. Left to right, Valerie Pederson of San Francisco lounges in plaid gingham by Mary Jane Orman, Beverly Reeves of Salinas, Cal., wears taffeta robe with black slacks designed by Anna Jean Grey of Oklahoma City, and Jo Ann Reed of Larned, Kan., wears Ellie Schooley's pajamas



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE



THE GHOST OF THE SIXT

Edith wanted to marry Fred Boggs. The trouble was, Fred was a thinker; he wanted to make his influence felt in a troubled wo

PROBABLY everybody has heard the story about the fellow who lived in a house by the old Sixth Avenue el in New York City, how the first night after they tore the el down he would jump out of bed every time he didn't hear a train go by and holler, "What's that?"

That man is old Sam Hinkley, only they got the story wrong. Sam didn't jump out of bed because he missed hearing the trains. He jumped out of bed because he heard them.

Most people living on Sixth Avenue were glad to see the el go. It was dirty and noisy and they said it felt like the train was crawling into bed with you every time it went past the windows. Sam didn't feel that way about it. He was a motorman on the el and he wouldn't have swapped throttles with the engineer on the Super Chief.

"We're both of us serving the public," he would say, "except I'm transporting the poor people home which is more important than taking a talking horse out to Hollywood."

Another way the story they tell is wrong is in how many times Sam jumped out of bed the first night the el stopped running, which was December 4, 1938. It was only once and that was at 12:01, right after the last train went through. Sam jumped out of bed and said what the story says he said. Then he looked at his watch and a pleased look came over his face.

"Right on time," he said and he crawled back into bed. Nobody else heard that train go through, because everybody else on Sixth Avenue was getting the first good night's sleep anybody had on that street since 1878 when the el first started running with steam engines pulling the cars. Nobody else heard the trains after that, either, except old Sam. He kept right on hearing them even after they dug the subway on Sixth Avenue and changed its name to the Avenue of the Americas.

Sam's niece, Edith, who kept house for him in their apartment on Sixth Avenue near Waverly Place, said that as far as she was concerned Sam could think anything he wanted to, it's a free country and there was no harm in it. The trouble was that Sam and the el were in a way responsible for Fred Boggs trying to get into politics, which almost broke up a beautiful romance, among other considerations.

The trouble was, Fred Boggs was a thinker. He was a big muscular guy that some people claimed would be better off with his thinking if he had more brains to go with it, but that didn't stop Fred. When he came up to call on Edith, who was his intended, he went at it with Sam every time. The night the trouble started was no different from any other night, actually, except maybe that Edith finally got too much of it, like the last straw.

Fred said, "Sam, here's what I don't get. What's so special about the el?"

Edith said, "Now don't start in on that again, Fred, will you, please?"

Sam said, "I tell you, Fred. It's how you look at the thing."

"Here's the point," Fred said. "The way I figure it, the el must have been pretty special for you. Right?"

"Right," said Sam.

"Okay," said Fred. "So what's so special about the el?"

Sam tried to tell Fred how he felt about the el, how it gave him the same feeling a guy might get flying one of those big airplanes, except Sam was nearer to the ground and the people. Sam still wore his blue-and-white-striped engineer's cap all the time, and his eyes were squinted up as if he were still looking far off down the track. He had a face on him like a department-store Santa Claus, all red and round, with wrinkles around his eyes from smiling.

"Maybe to a lot of guys, the way they look at it," Sam said, "runnin' the el was just a job with no significance to it outside of a pay envelope at the end of the week."

"It figures," Fred said.

"It don't figure yet," Sam said, "because that ain't the point." He looked down at his watch and then he looked at Fred with that silly, apologizing smile people get when they're talking and a noise comes along where they can't hear each other. That meant the el was passing through, and Edith and Fred would always wait.

Sam put his watch back in his pocket and said, "Right on time."

"The way I see it," Sam said, "a man ain't doing a hell of a lot no matter what he's doing unless the people get some good out of it."

"That's the point!" Fred said. His eyes lighted up and he got up and walked up and down the room. "You gotta do some good for the people." That was a strong point with Fred. All the time he was up in the Aleutian Islands during the war, when he wasn't just sitting staring at the seals and wondering how he got there, he was figuring ways he could help the people when he got back.

"That's what I done," Sam said, "on the el."

"I don't get it," Fred said.

Edith got up and waltzed around the room. She'd do anything to get those two off the subject of the el. "Look at me, Fred," she said. "I'm dancing!"

"It's how you look at it," Sam said. Fred sat down and put his chin on his fist. Edith sat down, also. "Every morning when I started downtown I says to myself, 'Sam,' I says, 'there's a lot of poor people got to get transported to work and it's up to you.' And I transported them."

"Yeah, but—"

"Come evening, I says, 'Sam, there's a lot of poor people want to get transported home to the wife and kids.' And I transported them there. Public service."

"It's a thought," Fred said.

"It's how you look at it. The same goes for any job," Sam said.

"I get the public service all right," Fred said, "only what's so special about the el?"

Edith got up and walked out of the room. Fred had to go to the bedroom door and promise he wouldn't talk about the el and that he would talk to Edith, before she'd come out again. The trouble was that Fred was in a thinking mood and he had a lot on his mind.

AFTER they all got settled down again in the parlor, Fred said, "Edith, what do I do?"

"You think too much, which might strain your brain," she said, "but you're lovable nonetheless."

"No kidding, now. What do I do?"

"Okay, I'll play," she said, with a sigh. "You're a government employee, engaged in taking soundings in New York Harbor."

"There," said Fred, "you see? The world is going to pot, with crooks giving the people a raw deal all around," Fred said, "and what am I doing?"

"You're not making it any worse," Edith said, "which is saying a lot."

"I'm out in a rowboat letting a string out to see how deep the water is," Fred said, "while people are starving."

"Maybe if you put a hook on the line you could catch some fish at the same time," Edith said. She wasn't a nasty girl, but she had been through this routine with Fred before and knew what he was leading up to.

"Sure," Fred said, "you can laugh."

"When a girl is still single at age twenty-four," Edith said, "she laughs only at Abbott and Costello."

"We could still get married," said Fred, "right after I get my feet on the ground in my new line of endeavors. Politics."

Edith looked mad and said, "I could marry Everett Flawsom and then I wouldn't have to wait for you at all."

"Now, Edith," said Sam.

"Well," she said, "Everett asked me."

"I don't blame you for considering Everett Flawsom," Fred said. "He's a success in politics."

Sam said, "Everett Flawsom is a two-bit ward heeler who never did anybody any good."

"Here's the point," Fred said. man is in politics he's in a pos where he can swing some good to the people."

"Politics ain't the only thing," Sam. "You got a swell job now, F

"Sure," Fred said. "Wonderfu

"It's how you look at it. You soundings and keep the channel so the boats can keep on sailing, r So what would happen to the p of New York City if it wasn't fo being on the job? Starvation!"

Fred shook his head. Sam "Look at it this way. If it wasn' you, all the big boats couldn't tak for the four corners of the w blowing their whistles and shootin steam and looking like floating m tains, the way they do."

Edith said, "You can do a l good in the world just sticking on job and being a good citizen.

Fred got red in the face. "T the trouble," he said. "A guy stic his job all his life, like Sam on t and it don't add up to nothing. people are still as bad off as be Only after I'm finished with my c in politics, then—"

"Wait a minute," Edith said. had a funny look on her face. you trying to tell me you al signed up for this course in pol Is that it?"

Fred stuck out his chin in a born way. "I only put down a payment," he said.

"You gave Everett Flawson money? Our getting-married mo Edith looked like she was goi cry, she was so mad.

"You'll see I made a good dec honey," Fred said. "Honest."

"You made a decision all r Edith said. "Now I'm going to one. How would you like to ge of here and never come back ag

"Wait a minute," Fred said. "H the point. After I get in politics

"Politics! Politics!" Edith hol "For goodness' sakes don't you it takes brains to be a politicia goodness' sakes?"

"Now wait," Fred said.

"I'll show you who has br Edith hollered. She was all work "I'm going to get smart and Everett Flawsom, the way he me, and how do you like that dec politician?"

"Just a minute, Edith," Sam s

"That's okay, Sam," Fred sai soft voice. "As long as I know I stand. I guess it ain't right t a girl to wait for a guy who h brains."

(Continued on page 90)

Sam took out his watch, look it calmly and said, "Right on

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK HITESHEW

VENUE EL

BY IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN



HEARTLESS HARVEST



BY HOWARD WHITMAN

A group of migrant children from New Mexico in the sugar-beet and pea country near Berthoud, Colorado. Usually the whole family will work in the fields schooling for children is generally neglected. Plumbing for migrant workers is along primitive lines, as represented by the outhouses shown in this pic

A new crop of Okies, estimated in the millions, is wandering about the country, following the crops they pick. To get their story the author traveled 9,000 miles through 17 states, toiling in the fields. Here he describes working and living conditions you wouldn't believe could be tolerated in America today

THE open truck rumbled on, mile after aching mile. There was a tarpaulin to stretch over the rattling sideboards but it was unrolled only in a big rain or when the truck passed through a town—so people wouldn't see what was jam-packed inside.

The truck rolled and jounced, day and night, grinding out the endless miles through Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota. Fifteen hundred miles. Three days and three nights. If the cargo had been cattle, the law would require a stop every 36 hours to rest and refresh them. If the cargo had been pigs, better still—they would get hose showers along with their rest. But as it was, this rickety truck didn't have to make any rest stops at all. Its cargo was only people.

Jesus Martinez, his wife and four children were among the 38 human beings jammed into the back of the truck, forced to stand up most of the time because there wasn't room for everyone to squat at once. The women and children took turns sitting on the planks along each side, though one spot was reserved for Mrs. Rosa Lopez because she was pregnant.

When the truck stopped for gas, Jesus Martinez and the other men would scurry out and forage for food. Maybe they had a few dimes left for hot dogs and coffee. Or, after their money ran out, they could ask for leavings at a diner. A counterman would look at their faces and give out some bread ends and a little jam.

Then everyone would rush for the toilets, but there was never enough time to take care of 38 people. So along a lonely stretch of road the truck would stop and everyone would clamber down and dart for the bushes.

The first night, Joe the Boss drove straight through without a stop and when Jesus pounded on the cab and begged him to stop for the sake of the women he barked back, "Siddown! How the hell you gonna get to the beets if we don't keep a move on?"

The beets—the sugar-beet fields of Minnesota—were far away, and $22 an acre was going to be good pay, especially since all the jobs in Texas seemed to have been gobbled up this year. The family of Jesus Martinez was just one of thousands of Texas families who had turned migrant. The cotton fields at home had been deluged with surplus hands. And the citrus work had been bad.

When Joe the Boss was rounding up his crew in San Antonio the proposition sounded inviting. "Nice, easy work in the beet fields. Twenty-two dollars an acre—cold cash. I'm gonna take you there. I'm gonna give you the ride," Joe said. "You're gonna get a nice clean house to live in, free electricity and free water—everything free."

There was a break the third day, in Nebraska, when another truck of migrants up ahead smashed into an automobile. Five people were messed up. Joe the Boss stopped for an hour there, and he cursed at the way some crew bosses were so dumb they'd drive themselves to sleep instead of ta shifts with a driver the way he did.

The last day and night of the haul noboc Jesus Martinez' family had anything to eat bec their money had run out, and Joe the Boss w not give them time to mooch at the gas stops. " how'm I gonna get you to the beets?" he'd be w

So when they got into Minnesota, into the fields, the 38 people in the truck were huddle something like corpses after a bomb goes off. a few could get out of the truck without help. tumbled out. Some were sick and fell to the gr Jesus Martinez, a strong man, let some tears his cheeks when he helped his wife and chi down.

Anyway, here was Minnesota. Twenty-two lars an acre, and a clean house and free elect —and all that.

The "nice, clean house" is a peeling shack loose boards and a leaky roof and a sagging It is so tiny you can hardly turn around, ye Martinezes are going to have to share it wit other family—Isidro Sanchez and his wife an children. Of course, Jesus can hang potato across the middle so the Sanchez family cann when he and his wife and the others get undr to go to bed.

He can carry his water from over the hill an build a fire on the ground and heat some water wants to take a bath after a day in the fields. is an outhouse with four seats, two for men an for women. Only 63 other people will be usi

He had better get down to work. He a owed Joe the Boss $96. What for? Joe haule up from Texas, didn't he? He said he'd provi transportation, but he didn't say he'd prov free! Martinez owed him $20 apiece for hi his wife and 16-year-old Celia, and $12 apie



camp of Pennsylvania migrant workers, located near North Norwich, N. Y. Each shack consists of one om and houses an entire family. Now migrant labor is plentiful again, the problem is increasingly grave



ese men are migrants from Florida, working in the fields near Freehold, N. J. They are part of the East- stream (predominantly Negro) which follows ripening crops up the Atlantic Coast to New England

little kids. Joe the Boss would take that out of h pay.

Pay? Oh, yes, you get $22 an acre. That's good y. Maybe if you get the whole family out there rking (8-year-old Manuel, too) Martinez could dle fifteen acres or so.

t would take him ten weeks. In the meantime, ma Martinez could buy food on credit at the age store. She'd just sign a slip every time she ght something and those slips would be saved against earnings. Fifty dollars would be held k to make sure they would be on hand to top the ts in the fall. The Martinez family would be in t the day they started. They'd have to work their ds off trying to get out of debt the whole time y were in the fields.

his, then, is the dirge of the family Martinez. It the beat of many thousands of families in it. ce has returned to the fields. The war and the rtage of harvest hands are over. Migrants are ding out again like a swollen river upon the ways and into the camps and over the fields. saw this human tide ooze northward. It mounts he South and swells mainly into three great ams:

he Eastern stream surges with the ripening s from Florida up the coast to New York State New England. Its people are predominantly ro.

he Middle West stream boils up from Texas floods northward toward Michigan, Minnesota, rado. It is Spanish-American, mostly, com- d of Texas families called "Tex-Mex" or xicans."

he Western stream swirls with the harvests ugh California's fecund valleys up north to the e of Washington. Its migrants are mainly thern California whites, including thousands of Okies and Arkies who fled from the dust bowl in the 1930s.

Besides the main streams there are scores of little rivulets: Pennsylvania mining families who work the orchards of New York, Kentucky hill folks who dig potatoes in New England, and Missouri villagers who cut the asparagus in Illinois.

How many migrants are there? Nobody knows. Those who want to minimize the migrant problem say 600,000. Those who want to wring hands hard say 4,000,000. Edith Lowry of the Home Missions Council of North America—a Protestant church group representing 23 denominations, which has done the most work for migrants with the least noise—tells us there are 2,500,000.

Government Migrant Camps to Be Closed

I have seen a good many of them, covering 9,000 miles through 17 states to talk with them and to work in the fields with them. I have seen heads shake in Washington because now, when the need is rising, the government is closing shop at its 48 migrant camps—neat, model camps with clean houses, laundries, recreation centers—come December 31st. The federal medical program for migrants has already folded up.

Congress has dropped the migrant problem like a hot potato. In its adjournment jamboree at the end of July, Congress liquidated even the feeble if well-intentioned farm-labor program of the Department of Agriculture. Through its Extension Service, the Department of Agriculture was at least trying to facilitate the movement of migrants, setting up information stations along migrant routes, operating farm placement offices.

Congress had before it the Hope bill—known in some quarters as the "Hopeless bill" because it did so little for migrants—but even this wasn't passed. A futile $1,400,000 was allocated to state employment services for farm-labor placement, with some $200,000 for the U.S. Employment Service "to coordinate activities."

"The Department of Agriculture is left without any farm-labor program at all," Meredith L. Wilson, director of the Extension Work, told me. "As far as migrants are concerned, we're washed up on January 1st."

Just two months before Congress adjourned, Marine Major General Graves B. Erskine had given his report as head of a government committee to investigate the migrant problem. He had told us, "Migrant workers have been robbed of so many normal American and human rights that it is almost unbelievable."

This season, for the first time since the depression, migrants in Florida again knew the vapid taste of boiled potato peelings. It was better than going hungry. Some got a better break—farmers let them dig what spuds they could find in abandoned fields, and they could eat the ones that wouldn't grade.

Some, according to Margaret J. Harris, a Home Missions Council field supervisor, got a worse break; the Red Cross and the Salvation Army, which desperately wanted to help them, were barred from their camps—to avoid "coddling them"—even though the children had only thin broth and grits to keep them alive.

The cry of "surplus labor" came out of California as early as January. The cotton crop was in and migrant communities started reporting "relief loads." Families drove their jalopies dry in search of work. Thousands roamed and waited until May, when they poured into the ripening San Joaquin Valley. All summer California was swamped, its migrant camps bulging with families waiting for work.

Texas began disgorging migrants in February, much too soon, for the crops to northward weren't nearly ready. But the Army and the war plants had thrown so many thousands back upon the land that the fields were overcrowded. Then the citrus market collapsed (they said it was a transportation bottleneck) and the vegetable market sagged, too.

It is a new day in the fields. A good day because there are plenty of hands to bring in the crops, and we do not need to import Jamaicans and Mexicans as we did during the war. *(Continued on page 34)*

Mrs. C. Hernandez, with four of her five children. Family shares a boxcar with thirteen other people



MR. MACHINE

BY JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS

There was a title at stake, but that wasn't what they were playing for

THEY stood on the lawn in front of the clubhouse and looked out across the course. The fairways were carefully swept carpets of light green flanked by tall, dark green trees. The land was rolling, the roughs deep. A meandering creek managed to cut almost every fairway, and in the middle distance there was an artificial lake only the Devil could have contrived.

"Very pretty," Pete Muntz said. "A fine place to hunt mountain goats. But not to play golf."

Tom Farrar said, "Look who's screaming."

He grinned at Muntz. Pete was tall, loosely built. He wore a deep tan, an easy smile, and a necktie. That was Pete Muntz—always a necktie. He had a thousand miles of fairway behind him. A great many of those miles he'd walked with Tom Farrar, on exhibition tour. There'd been few tournaments during the war, and the old heads had to earn a living some way. Farrar and Muntz had done well. They'd played a lot of golf together.

Muntz shook his head. "It's no good."

He didn't like the deep roughs, the narrow fairways. He was one of the powerhouse crew—long off the tee—and he tended to spray his wood shots.

"I think it's fine," Farrar said.

Sourly, Pete said, "You would. You can't hit a ball far enough to get in trouble."

The clubhouse was big, faintly rustic, and filled with a great many people. A variety of people—players, press, officials, contact men from the sporting-equipment houses, radio technicians, and plainfolk who had come to look and talk and rub elbows. Tom Farrar decided the club might be a nice place to loaf through a sleepy Sunday—but not this Sunday. This was one of the year's biggest tournaments. This was a circus. They went through the crowded bar to the locker room.

"Make mine Coke," Farrar said. "Plenty of ice."

Pete said, "I should know," and went away.

Farrar dug his golf shoes from the locker that had been assigned to him. When he straightened, he found a short, pudgy man had come to ask questions. The man had a half-filled glass, an owlish look. He was swaying.

"The name's Brown," he said. "Local press."

Tom Farrar said, "Fire away."

"What about your shoulder?" Brown asked. "One day we hear it's broken, the next it's well. The same with your wrist. How about that?"

"There's nothing the matter with me."

Brown drank and then chuckled. "I'll write it, Champ," he said. "But I won't believe it. Nobody lasts forever. You enough left to win this one?"

"I'll come close."

Brown shook his head. "You won it last year. But it was different last year. This year the kids are back from the wars. Kids like that son of yours." He stared round-eyed at Farrar. "The Farmer looks very, very good."

"A fine golfer," Farrar agreed.

"For sure," Brown said. He rocked on his heels, eyes shiny with thought, "I'm nosy," he said. "I've got to be to make a living. I've got to ask about this fight between you and the Farmer. Is it like they say, blood clear up to here?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"I did. He says ask you."

Farrar said, "Looks like you're in a rut."

Brown looked moodily at his drink. "It's a big story," he said. "I've got to give it a play. I could do a better job if I had the straight dope. But it isn't necessary. Wire service says you two are ready to cut each other's throats. I can go on from there."

"You would anyway."

"Probably." Brown smiled. "But now I have no choice." He didn't seem troubled. "One more question: Are you retiring after this tournament?"

"It depends," Farrar said.

"It's guys like you," Brown said, "that make heels out of guys like me." The difficulties of a reporter's life brought a sigh from him. "But I know why it all depends. I worked on half the papers in Montana. I've got friends up there—people I owe money. They tell me things so I can pay them back. They told me about you and your ranch."

"Is that a fact?" Farrar said.

"The ranch's the reason you an' your kid are in there sluggin' each other—that's the way they tell it in Montana. It's one of the finest ranches in the state. A model layout. Everything new; everything expensive. A fine, big herd of blooded cattle. It cost a pile of money. All you had, and that much more from the banks. A sound investment. A steak factory like that can really make money—it could if you weren't spread out too thin. In Montana they're saying you can quit golf if you take this tournament—top money and the contracts that go with it. You can go back to the ranch and raise T-bones. If you don't you have to keep on playing until you get a new roll, or until the banks grab the old homestead."

"You know a lot," Farrar said evenly.

"It's true," Brown said. "I could write it. I could tie it up with the fight you had with the Farmer when you wanted him to work the ranch and he told you where to go. I could make one hell of a story. I could"—he tried to drink from his empty glass—"but I'm not going to."

"No?" Farrar said. "And why not?"

Brown was scowling at his empty glass with mild surprise. He looked down the corridor that led to the bar. He turned abruptly away. Then, remembering the question, he came back.

"Because," he said, "some things are nobody's damn' business."

He turned again, almost colliding with Pete Muntz. Pete cursed him gently, and put two Cokes on the bench.

"A breath like a blowtorch," Pete said.

Farrar said, "No cracks. He's a friend of mine."

"He's still a whisky barrel," Pete said.

He straddled the bench and looked at Tom Farrar. The locker room was jammed. Pete swished the ice in his drink.

"I played a loop with the Farmer this morning," he said carefully. "The kid took me for fifty bucks."

"I understand he's hot."

"Good is a better word. He's not as wild as he was, and he's hitting them just as far." Pete Muntz rubbed his chin and frowned. "The way it adds up," he said, "it's you or the Farmer."

"What became of Pete Muntz?"

"He doesn't like match play," Pete said. "He's got a plane reservation for every day this week."

THERE were a dozen pros working on the practice fairway, each with his own audience. Bill Ekstrom, Tony Gatto, Gus Hammerly—the old hands, the big names. Johnny Sands, a kid new to the tournament grind. Tucker, Webb, Rock. More big names. They'd all come out for this one. Thirty-five hundred top money, and a fat wad of contracts for the winner. Down at the end of the line, the Farmer had the biggest gallery. His caddy was far out on the green slope beyond the end of the practice fairway—seventy-five yards beyond. The crowd liked a long hitter; they liked the Farmer. He was a brown youngster, big of wrist, and as broad as a barn door. He could hit a ball into the next town.

Tom Farrar found room to work. The good people—the gallery—drifted up to watch. Tom Farrar answered questions; he autographed programs—and he wished they'd all go breathe on some else's neck. He kept that thought to himself. good people and their money made the wheels around. A lot of them had come out the day bef the tournament to see Tom Farrar hit practice b to see if he really was the Mr. Machine of g They'd paid for the right to ask questions.

A woman asked, "What club are you using?"

"Eight iron," Tom Farrar said.

The eight was the best club in his bag. The f iron, now—but he'd worry about that later. eight iron was flashy; he could drop pitch shot a bucket with the eight. The caddy could st flat-footed and pick the balls out of the air the first bounce. The gallery enjoyed that. T



Tom's putt rimmed the cup. The knocked the ball away, and crou read the green. Only Tom could h Farmer's drawl. "I'm sinking this," "My old man got himself a ranch t

ILLUSTRATED BY K. WIGGINS

...de small pleased sounds every time he hit a ball. "Just like a machine. . . ."

The pitch shots climbed the sky. The gallery ...kened. Farrar was a small man, whipcord and ...her, gray temples, and a jutting crag of a nose. ...t weighed one forty-five, soaking wet. He had ...ull hands, small wrists, and he had to be com- ...ely right to win. Split the fairway with every ...od, irons tight to the pin, and putt like an angel. ...uracy instead of distance. Years of work and ...illion practice balls had made a machine of him. ...machines wore out. He needed new wrists and ...ew shoulder. Still, the eight iron was all right. ...could please this gallery. He could coast.

...e decided he'd had enough and waved his caddy in. Then he remembered the four iron and changed his mind. He'd hit a few more, just for the hell of it, just to see. The caddy went back up the fairway. Farrar started working the four iron, using a full swing and all the club. The balls went out low and fast. Five of them went out as though on rails; the sixth took a wicked dive to the left. He got eight more down the middle, then hooked again. The gallery didn't notice, but Tom Farrar felt as though each hook was slugging him at the belt.

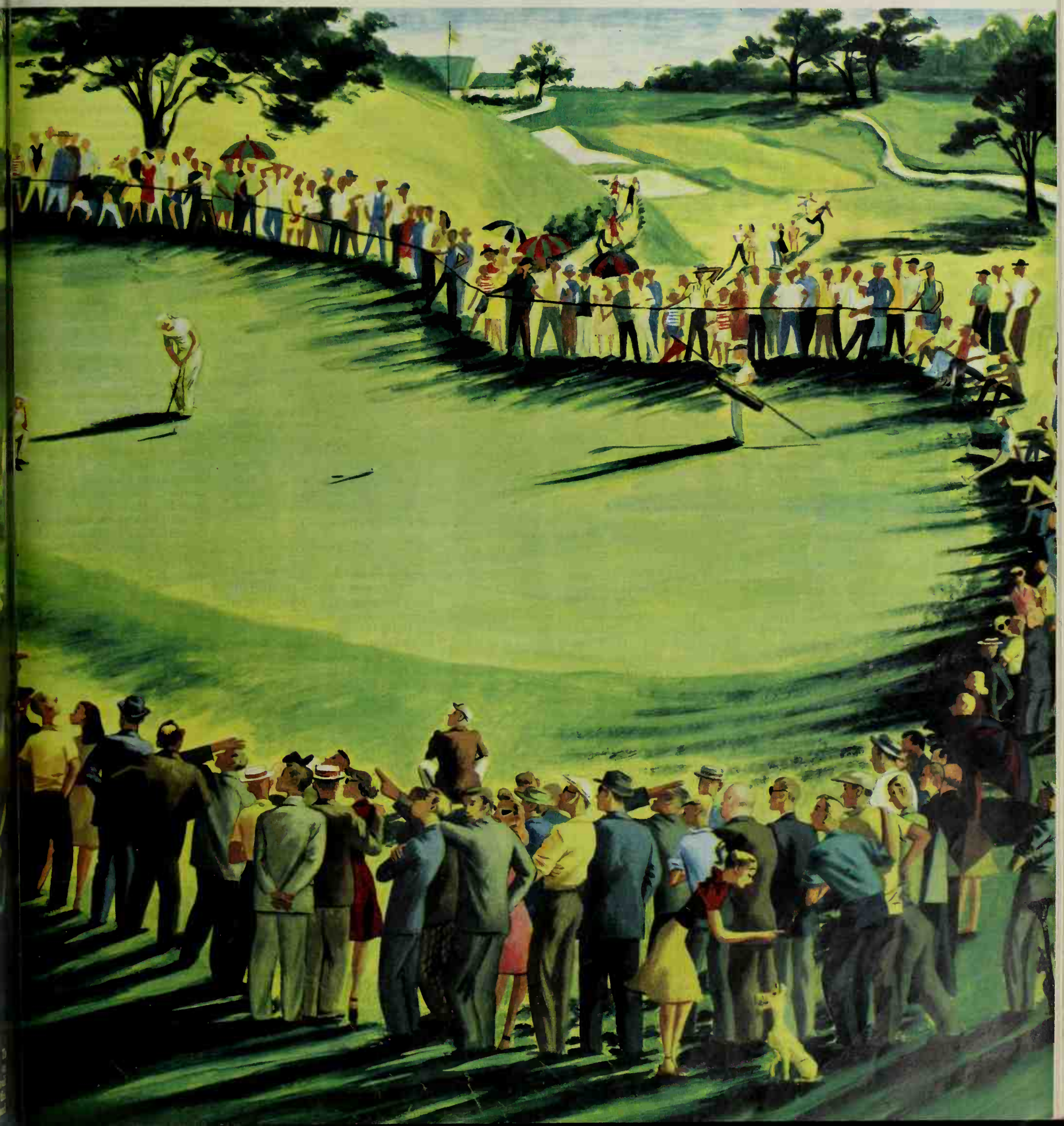
Pete Muntz said, "Try hitting 'em left-handed."

Farrar said, "It wouldn't help. The big trouble is I wake up a day older every morning."

"It's a way we have," said Pete soberly. . . .

Sundown. Molly Farrar pointed the car toward the city. Tom put his head against the back of the seat and watched the beer signs go by. There was time to think. How long ago? Three years—no, almost four—since he'd drawn a thick pencil line through the boy's name on the entry sheet, at Wonderly. Four years, and he had only to look into his mind to see again, the fury in the eyes that were so like Molly's eyes. White and shaking, the boy had flung a hoarse, "You'll make no farmer out of me!" across the room, and a reporter had put it on the wires.

Michael Farrar, the stocky Montana ranch boy, had become the Farmer then. Syndicated columns picked it up, drove a wedge of anger into a gulf already wide: MR. MACHINE *(Continued on page 83)*



RED SHADOW OVER THE PACIFI

As U.S. officers battle to rebuild Japan's industry and food supply, every action taken is influenced by the menace of Russian aims in the Far East, according to both military and civilian officials

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

RADIOED FROM TOKYO

SOMEWHERE west of the international date line where suddenly Monday steps back into Sunday the impression begins to form in your mind. It is not so much a thought as a feeling. You begin to see new looks in men's eyes, a grimness, a sadness, a resolution in the lines of their faces. Men who battled and won, who saw comrades suffer and die sometimes under dreadful circumstances, who finally after tremendous effort seemed to have achieved a magnificent victory are now disillusioned and anxious.

Regardless of their choosing, the future appears to demand a new struggle that will call for all the reserves of strength, of wisdom and of courage, that they and all others who love freedom and justice can muster for the next great emergency. You become conscious of a menace in the air, an impersonal threat larger and more sinister than the reckless ambition of any mere military conqueror. For there is a zeal and a passion in the Communist Russian thrust in the Far East that is all but religious in nature.

That consciousness of impending danger, of inescapable threat increases as you move westward from island to island. It is inescapable as the air you breathe. It saturates every issue and every problem. Nothing can be planned, undertaken or accomplished without taking into account the possibility of Russian aggression. Nobody, high or low, victor or vanquished, is unaffected. Nobody outside Russia is conscious of any power to mitigate or to restrain in any fashion the Russian will to convert or to conquer. Nobody, that is, outside the United States.

This is a report not of something dreamed, but of my observations during a visit of inspection I made as one of a group of editors and publishers invited by Robert P. Patterson, then Secretary of War, to look at the American occupation of Japan and Korea.

We were given the opportunity to talk to Americans and natives on most of our island installations in the Pacific north of the equator. We talked to military men, to civilians. We asked questions that might have embarrassed both military men and natives. Nobody, least of all Judge Patterson, suggested any particular line of inquiry or of observation, yet without exception we heard much the same story from Japanese, Koreans and American military men and civilians. Here is that story:

I did not see one American, one Japanese, one Korean, one Chinese, civilian or military, who wanted war with Russia. I did not meet one military commander who did not think that war with Russia would be a supreme tragedy for America and for mankind. I met many thoughtful, conservative American military leaders who feared that Russia will give Americans and the world no choice except war or surrender.

They believe that the United States will be attacked by Russia suddenly when Russia has completed a program of atomic-bomb development and construction. They say that already Russia is waging a quiet war against us in Korea as well as in Greece, and that only the noise of an exploding atomic bomb is needed to translate an ambiguous peace into an admitted war.

I do not say that these conclusions are sound or unsound. I do report that this is the prevailing opinion among military men and thoughtful civilians.

I asked one of the wisest of the generals if he thought war with Russia inevitable. He said he hoped not. Russia and not the United States, however, would make the decision. If Russia was determined on war, obviously nobody could prevent her from attacking the United States. He thought that the question depended very much on the state of mind of the Russian people. Russia has come out of a great war victorious. What effect on the Russians has this military triumph produced? Have they the feeling now that they are a conquering race, a people destined to be masters of the world? If victory in World War II has inspired in them a belief in their own superiority to lesser breeds outside the Soviet law, then the prospect for escaping war with Russia is dim.

On the other hand if the Russians are not driven by a determination to impose their will upon mankind, there is a chance of avoiding war. Some think that the decision will be made when Marshal Stalin surrenders office by death or otherwise. Some think that the decision awaits only the completion of Russian war preparations. Some of the military leaders say that Russia already has amassed an air force that outnumbers ours nine to one. They do not say that Russian planes are superior to ours or even equal to ours in quality. Whatever Russian intentions, everything that is done in Japan, in Korea, in China and in the island bases we hold in the Pacific, is carried on in the light of a possible unprovoked and sudden attack from Russia.

If you look at the behavior of the Russians in Korea or China the assertion is understandable. I hope that events prove these fears and expectations fantastically false. I hope that Russia proves as lamblike and benevolent as Russian apologists in the United States describe her to be. I can report, however, that few of the men responsible for the occupation and rehabilitation of Japan or Korea hold any such cheerful belief. The occupations of Japan and of Korea are similar, but basically different. I shall try to describe what is going on in Japan in this article. Korea is another story.

What has happened in Japan can be understood in part from what the Japanese tell you. I talked to an old Japanese statesman, a former admiral in the Imperial Navy whom I was able to reach because of a prewar slight acquaintance. I asked him if the occupation was irritating to the Japanese, who are a very proud people. He said of course there were minor points of irritation, that some Japanese were hurt and angry at being pushed around by soldiers, but, he said, these irritations are mere pinpricks. Every thoughtful Japanese, he said, realizes that without the American occupation Japan would be completely defenseless against any predatory power.

Plight of Conquered Japan

Warming up to the subject, he continued, "Japan has been conquered. We have no army, no navy. Not in fifty years, a hundred years maybe, can we build the arms to defend ourselves. Meantime, if we are to live and to recover, the United States must be responsible for our defense. Gen. MacArthur's campaign against us was very brilliant and very successful. He overcame larger forces. He outmaneuvered our armies. His victory was complete and we are helpless unless the United States accepts responsibility for us."

The old man spoke, I thought, with complete sincerity. Before Pearl Harbor he was counted an honest, friendly man by the American government, and his sincerity is still accepted by responsible Americans. His views as to the necessity of the occupation are, moreover, shared by all of the Japanese we encountered.

The Japanese reporters and editors we met in Osaka, for example, were a diverse group, representing many varieties of Japanese opinion. All who spoke were certain that the occupation was acceptable because it was essential to Japanese defense and recovery. That program is something new in this world. Americans are strange conquerors.

In this last world war, American science and industry devised and weapons of destruction in qua almost beyond understanding. B of dollars' worth of every conce weapon of destruction were sen ward to fight the Japanese. sometimes miles, of crates and of weapons and engines, trucks, and endless other items fill up s depots on Guam, Iwo Jima, Ok and many other places. Destr was fantastically complete. Bu the fighting ceases, Americans unable to continue hating and p larly unable to endure the unt of destruction. Throughout Jap Okinawa the American civil g ment is busily engaged in cleani making plans for the natives to r their destroyed homes and see devise ways of aiding the Ja especially, because their need t themselves is so great.

Generally, occupation auth do whatever common sense a man compassion can suggest to life as endurable as possible conquered people. The occu centers, naturally, in General Arthur. He is a remarkable ch as well as a brilliant general. become very religious in a bro reverent sense. He dramatize self, perhaps without conscious As he talks you think both of th tary man and of the orator eloquently projecting his own p view. You are reminded both austere John Barrymore and a passionate Oliver Cromwell.

General MacArthur is per that the Japanese have under real revolution in their opinion thinks their defeat marked the zation that their militaristic p were a complete failure and tha lies in the democratic Christia losophy expressed, after its fashion by the United States.

Whatever the fact as to Ja conversion, there is no doubt popularity of the general. I ca of the Dai Ichi building with a general and we moved out a s trance so that the waiting Ja might not be confused or disap or my own companion emba by applause intended for anoth

General MacArthur is sixty years old. He takes care of his p health although he works seven week. He is generally in his offic 10 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. and from until 8 or 9 at night. When y him at the office he is unhurri relaxed. General MacArthur in the occupation is like that Emperor, except the general bo

(Continued on page 41)

FAVORITE AT HOME OR AWAY!

"Fresh up" with Seven-Up!





FUN'S THE VACATION KEYNOTE
BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Cheerful 7-Up is the favorite with *every* member of a "fresh up" family. That's because 7-Up brings a full measure of pleasure with every sparkling sip. Fresh-flavored 7-Up quenches thirst completely as it takes part in the family fun.

Be a "fresh up" family. Join the millions who are now "7-Up Steadies". Order your family's supply where you see the attractive 7-Up signs.



COPYRIGHT 1947 BY THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY

YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!

PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.

CONCLUDING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM THE NOOSE

MAN RUNNING

BY SELWYN JEPSON



The Story:

One night in London, EVE GILL encounters JON PENROSE fleeing from the house of wealthy JOSE WOOD. Inwood lies murdered in his library. Jon has been at the scene of the crime covering u traces left by Inwood's wanton wife, CHARLOTTE whom he has been having an affair. Her dress co with blood, Charlotte had rushed to Jonathan's and told him that she and her husband quarrele that she struck him with a candlestick.

The police, however, are on Jonathan's trail an sympathetically takes him to her father's country in Kessingland and hides him. After hearing his Eve rightly suspects that Charlotte is using the i ated Jonathan quite ruthlessly. Disguising hers "Dorothy Simpson," a near-sighted, colorless se Eve goes to London and manages to get a job as maid to the supposedly grief-stricken widow. Soo learns that the real murderer, and Charlotte's real is a brutally sadistic playboy named FREDDY WILL

The police do not suspect that Charlotte and than even know each other, and the search for the smitten martyr continues. Quitting her job as maid, Eve telephones Charlotte, tells her she k about Jonathan, and starts blackmail proceed Then Eve drops into Freddy Williams' apartmen mistake." This time she poses as an aspiring a "Felicity Cunningham."

That night she learns that the two plotters, n at the thought of blackmail, have decided to do with both "Dorothy Simpson" and Jonathan. lotte is to place a notice in the personal column newspaper asking Jonathan to meet her on Tu Freddy Williams will be waiting to kill him.

Realizing her time to save Jonathan is growing Eve invites a number of people to a party at K land. Among the prospective guests is DETE SMITH, who is extremely fond of Eve and is w on the Inwood murder case. Meanwhile, the pecting Jonathan prepares to risk arrest for m and go to meet his treacherous ladylove.

Conclusion

WHEN I got home, Charlie and F agreed that I had done a reasonabl sible thing, although the Commodo not seem to consider I had been in any part danger, or if he did, he saw no objection to it.

It was nearly seven o'clock when I reache room again and could take stock of myself, I did in a hot bath designed to ease the nervo haustion I was feeling. This was Monday, and I would be taking an irrevocable step about than unless a miracle happened.

And one of my last good nightgowns wa draggled and ruined. . . .

I had just finished breakfast. Before C spoke I knew that Jonathan was going to ke tryst with Charlotte. Charlie said, "He's ca the nine fifty-four at Halesworth, Eve. Sur don't want me to stop him?"

"I want you to, but you mustn't." It was o'clock by my wrist watch. "How is he gett Halesworth?"

"He had proposed to walk to the main roa pick up the bus at the corner, but I didn't lik sound of it. I pointed out that if he were recog so near home it might be awkward for us. H that, and I thought I would take him to Hales in the Austin—not to the station. I'd let him a quiet spot near by. He gave me all sorts of to keep for him. I told him," Charlie conc "that if he wanted to come back to us, he Provided, of course, he was sure he hadn't spotted. You wanted that?"

"Yes," I said, and he went to fetch the A

Presently I heard them drive off.

I waited half an hour, the most miserabl hour I think I have ever known, and then w Halesworth myself in the Daimler.

It was ten minutes past ten when I parked t in a turning off the main street and went to th office. One of the telephone boxes was empt

I kept my back to the counter and the othe ple in the place while I telephoned to the Eas folk police.

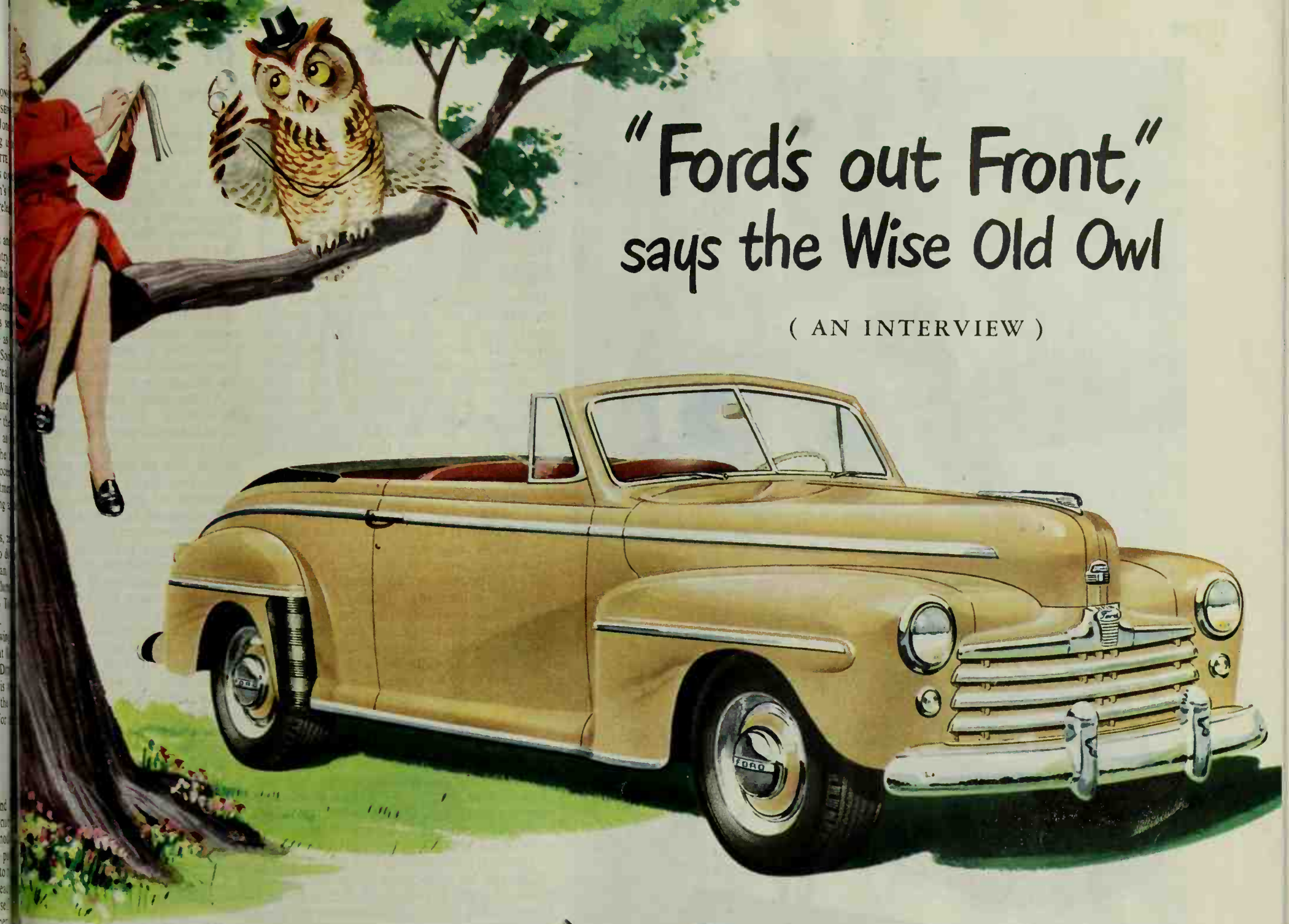
I did not ask for my friend Billy Bull. He be a shade too quick in the uptake and alt realizing instantly that *(Continued on pag*

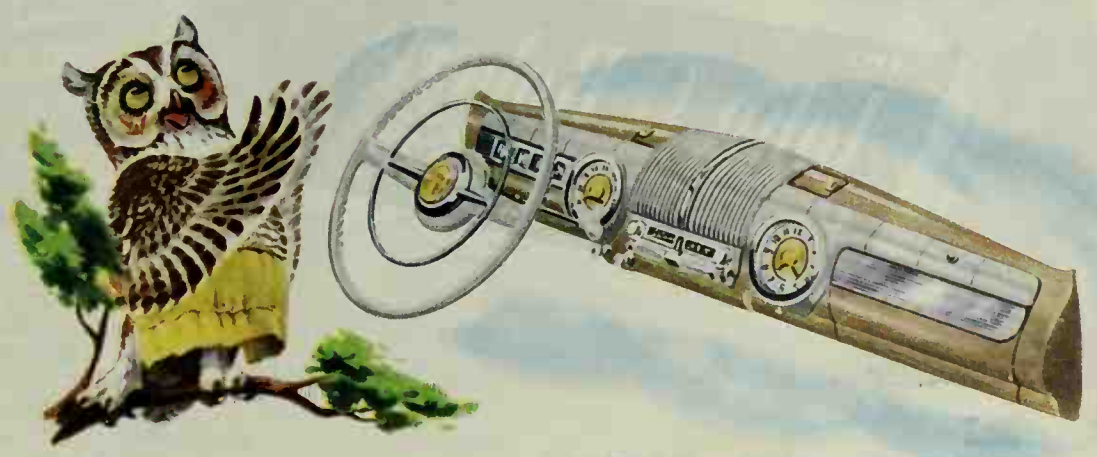
I thrust the dress into the soft mud at his con and then reached for the pistol in my st

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLIN

"Ford's out Front," says the Wise Old Owl

(AN INTERVIEW)





"I never saw a more beautiful instrument panel," said Mrs. Owl.

"DON'T give a hoot for gimcracks," the Owl said, blinking, "I'm a practical man, I am, and I want a car that I can depend on. Now you take the 1947 Ford line—there are cars that come perfect and I'll tell you why.

"First, you get your choice of engines," and here he raised his eyebrows, "no other car in Ford's class lets you take your choice of either V-8 or a Six.

"Then there's the matter of brakes," he went on. "They call 'em 'King-size' and that's what they be—with more braking area than any other car in Ford's class. The hydraulic feature makes them easy to apply, too!

"And, as to economy—well, I have a Scotch grouse friend who tells me it's Ford's 4-ring aluminum pistons and balanced carburetion that save a pretty penny on both gas and oil."

"But what about Ford BEAUTY," we asked. "Don't you have an eye for BEAUTY or are you too practical for that?"

"That's the wife's department," he replied solemnly, "but I can tell you she keeps me up days raving about Ford's longer, lower look, about the glamorous interiors and such. It's enough to drive a practical man mad."

"What are your views on safety?" we asked.

"If you are referring to Ford's 'Lifeguard' body I can tell you it's sound—really sound. But that's what you'd expect from the Ford people—thoroughly practical people. That's why Ford's out Front—and if you'd ask me I'd say they're out Front to stay!"

And with that, the Wise Old Owl blinked wisely and flew away!



"Fer savin' gas and oil ye canna beat 4-ring aluminum pistons," said the Scotch Grouse!





...what do you expect in a shoe?

FINE LEATHERS? Smooth styling? Comfortable fit?
The John C. Roberts Shoe will fill *all* your expectations.

Because it's truly a top-quality shoe, planned to offer you more for your shoe dollar. That's why we always take *extra* care in making the John C. Roberts Shoe—we want to make absolutely sure you get truly satisfying style, wear and comfort.

Try on a pair at your dealer's today. We think you'll agree it's an exceptional all-round shoe value—the John C. Roberts.

Also Robertson Shoes at lower prices

JOHN C. ROBERTS SHOES · Made by Friedman-Shelby
Division of International Shoe Company · St. Louis 3, Missouri
World's Largest Shoemakers

THE PREXY PLAN OF GENERAL I

Continued from page 11

to deans, every man should learn to value the thing he does.

In this connection, the general is all for raising the pay and prestige of teachers. "In order to have a truly educated America, we must have a top-flight educational staff. One that can take pride in its work and be assured of its proper place in the world," he says.

Eisenhower is counting heavily on the staff at Columbia for assistance in administering the university's affairs. "I need you to help me," he told Dr. Frank D. Fackenthal, acting president. Fackenthal, who as provost carried most of the burden in the latter years of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's administration, was elected a Life Trustee the same day Eisenhower was, and will be appointed Chairman of the Committee on Education.

Views on Technical Education

The general's approach to the technical side of education is that of a common-sense man who has had some difficult problems to meet and has learned something from them. He thinks that instruction in the vocational schools might profit by the use of the visual aids that were so successful in the Army training schools; and he suggests that there may be something useful in the Army method of teaching languages in a hurry.

A front for Columbia University, without ideas of his own? No one who has seen the general's eyes grow icy or heard his voice rasp out a sharp command can believe that. Though he has a modest manner and a genial grin, there is a case-hardened core of integrity in the man with which it is wiser not to trifle.

There are those who feel that Columbia might be a stepping-stone for Eisenhower to the Presidency of the United States. This is not the general's purpose in accepting the office.

After all, the avenues of politics are wide open to him. But he believes that his public utterances would lose their effectiveness if he had a political ax to grind.

He will not connive with the "Eisenhower for President" movement. As to the question of a genuine draft, he summed up his position when he told a reporter at Vicksburg: "No man could have the effrontery to say he would refuse. I have not been asked."

Some people have criticized the general for "deserting the Army" at a critical time. This is completely untrue. In a recent press conference he said, "I shall belong to the Army as long as I am above ground."

His understanding with the trustees of Columbia provides that the President and the Army shall have first call on his services, and that he will spend as much time in Washington, or anywhere else, as is necessary to fulfill his obligation to them.

The trustees came to the general at a propitious time. The Chief of Staff normally serves four years. If Eisenhower goes to Columbia next spring, he will have served almost three quarters of his term. There is no other job for him in the Army at this time. He wants to clear the way for younger men, and he is convinced that there are at least half a dozen generals who can fill the post as well as he.

Thus he faced the logical conclusion of the career he had begun thirty-six years before; but at fifty-six he had no desire to lapse into the desuetude of retirement: "I don't feel that I am about to stumble over my beard."

So he asked himself, "What can I do now?"

There were plenty of offers. Great industrial concerns offered him four or five times the salary Columb pay; but he felt it would not be lend his name to private interes

In the confusion of conflict sures, the offer from Columbi to open up a vista of future u It answered the question of how find a new career and still hold the disposal of the President. It to give him direct contact with t of young men and women who an important role in the futu nation. Most cogent of all, it w above the suspicion of selfish from which he could continue the things he believes.

At the same time there were drawbacks. The situation at C more complicated than that of nary university. Though not m owned, it is an essential part of City; and many of its problem problems of that great comple and religions in miniature.

Eisenhower would have pr smaller, more secluded school, might have had more time to perhaps to find out if he could enough to meet his own exacti ards. The prospect of stepping position of enormous responsi another, almost equally deman him pause. The fact that he was in the field of civilian educati major objection. Then there possibility that educators might outsider being placed above th

But once the general had ma mind, he no longer looked bac acutely conscious that he wa everything on the line. But h in Africa (at which time he l commanded troops in the field it again on D-Day.

"It is part of life," he says.

Conferring with the Tru

When the trustees of Colun to him with their offer, Ge grinned and said, "Go to see hower with brains. You don't (He was referring to his brothe who is president of Kansas Stat

However, it seemed the tr want the general. The date w 1947. The scene was the superi house at West Point, a few y the parade ground where Ike E of Kansas began his military c

Columbia's Board of Trustee their two supersalesmen to proposition before the general. Thomas J. Watson, of Internati ness Machines, who is an arde of General Ike; the other wa Parkinson, President of the Life Assurance Society. They utmost powers of persuasion discussion with Eisenhower, hearts were in it.

More seriously General E said, "The president of Colum be a scholar of renown, one w his way around the academic

"We have many fine schol campus," they answered him. seeking a leader."

They had been engaged in ever since President Butler ret spring of 1945. At the first the committee of trustees, ap select a successor to Butler, 1945, the name of Eisenh spontaneously suggested itself time Ike was still in Germany, was yet unconquered. The id like wishful thinking.

But it kept popping up. In of 1946, the trustees made a r approach to the general throu in the War Department. W back that General Eisenhowe



FOR PLEASANT MOMENTS—"Let others tell
of storms and showers—
PM foretells your happy hours!"
For Perfectly Marvelous mellowness, for
Positively Matchless taste—
Just dial PM 5-6-7-8, and get set for a sunny evening!



IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits.



to finish as Chief of Staff and was not thinking about any change.

That seemed to settle it.

On May 24, 1947, most of the committee were riding down Central Park West in Tom Watson's big limousine after a meeting that had considered—and rejected—another candidate. Out of a clear sky one of them said, "If we could get Ike now, would you still be for him?"

They shouted, "Yes!"

It happened as suddenly as that. The meeting at West Point was arranged; and the salesmen sold the general. At least he agreed to consider their proposition, providing that President Truman and the Secretary of War consented; that the trustees understood that his first duty was to the Army, in peace as in war; and that Mrs. Eisenhower was agreeable.

"Mamie never had any say about our previous moves — orders came from above," the general explained. "This time she must be consulted."

President Truman and Secretary of War Patterson not only consented, they were enthusiastic. Mamie was willing.

On June 21, General and Mrs. Eisenhower met in New York with the full committee. They thrashed the whole thing out and the general finally accepted. Then he was whisked uptown to the university to meet the deans and top administrators, including Dr. Fackenthal. As the general came into the formal magnificence of the trustees' room, wearing his familiar battle jacket with the single bright line of ribbons on his breast and the circles of stars on his shoulders, the silence was like the last second before H-Hour. It was not a hostile silence, but it was charged with tension.

Tom Parkinson, his usually jovial face grave, made a brief, formal introduction.

The Speech of Acceptance

There was a scatter of applause. Then the general began to speak:

"If, on December 16, 1944, I had called one of you gentlemen to my headquarters in France and told you that the Germans had just broken through east of Luxembourg, and said that I was assigning you, with full power and responsibility, to deal with the situation, you could not have been more surprised than I was when your trustees told me that they wanted me to take over the presidency of Columbia University."

A ripple of delighted laughter ran through the small audience. The warmth of Eisenhower's personality was like sunshine in the room.

"But after all," he continued seriously, "if I had given you that assignment and you were a reasonably competent person, as I know all of you are, the Battle of the Bulge would have turned out exactly as it did, because I would have given you the personnel, the organization and the equipment to do the job.

"I know that here at Columbia you are going to give me the personnel, the organization and the equipment to do the job."

In that brief speech was all the art of understanding the other fellow's feelings. It was completely effective because it was utterly sincere.

Five minutes later Ike was sitting on the edge of the massive table, with everyone crowding around him talking at full speed. General Eisenhower had won the First Battle of Columbia.

General Eisenhower is not quite a tyro in his new field. He spent all of World War I instructing men, and he never got to France at all because he was too good at teaching. After serving as instructor in various officers' training camps and at Fort Leavenworth, he was made Commander of the Tank Training Center at Gettysburg. Though only a captain, he had 20,000 men to train, and one small French tank for practice demonstrations. (American tanks didn't come off the production lines until that war was over.) He had to improvise a method of training troops in tank warfare without any tools, and at the same time maintain the morale of thousands of disappointed officers and men. It was like trying to coach a football team without any footballs.

It is a matter of record that young Captain Eisenhower solved the riddle brilliantly. His system of theoretical instruction enabled American crews to handle French and British tanks in battle after only a few weeks' advanced training under Lieutenant Colonel George S. Patton, Jr. in France.

Again, in the 1930s, Eisenhower, who was assistant to the Secretary of War, played an important part in developing the Army Industrial College.

Though Eisenhower was instructing in the art of war, he loathed the thing itself. The roots of this feeling ran deep.

As a little girl his mother had lived in Virginia at the time of the Civil War. The tides of battle washed around her house; soldiers of both armies ransacked it. Through childish eyes she saw misery and terror that she could never forget.

"War makes men like cruel animals," she said to her son. "They seem to forget our Lord and His teaching of love."

Eisenhower always remembered the urgency of his mother's words as she told him about those unhappy days. So he thought a great deal about peace while



"... But, John, don't you see? ... If you go now ... it may be the end of everything ... for us ..." COLLIER'S MISCHA

teaching men to fight. Throughout his years in the Army, he read widely on subjects far afield from his profession. His vital interests were in history and government; his preoccupation was with people, not cannon fodder, and his passion was for freedom and democracy.

On his tours of inspection during the war, he often invited an enlisted man to walk alone with him. Off they would tramp through the muddy fields, talking of trivialities until the commander's casual friendliness had melted the constraint of awe. Then he would ask, "What's bothering you, son?"

Almost always the boy would pour out his troubles, military and personal. It was Eisenhower's way of taking his own Gallup Poll of his armies; and through it he learned much of the needs and potentialities of youth.

To understand General Eisenhower you have to take him apart; for there are two opposite sides of him, that together make the whole man.

Intellectually he is the brilliant soldier, diplomat and statesman who led the greatest Army ever to be under a single command. He was successful in welding that vast polyglot organization of men into a fighting team, because he had the background knowledge to comprehend their national aspirations, virtues and faults, the wisdom to make allowances for them and the quality of leadership to inspire them to heights of nobility beyond the human norm. Eisenhower's thinking is on a world-wide scale. His hopes for mankind are extremely idealistic, yet there is a stern realism in the
approach. Should good intenti
Eisenhower has an alternative p
defense in depth is prepared. In
is a very sophisticated sort of ide
American Citizen of the World

But emotionally, General
typical Kansan—individualistic,
humorous and naïve. He still
the boy who rose at dawn to do t
on the farm before he went to sch
studied his homework at nigh
engine room of the Belle Springs
ery at Abilene, Kansas, where he
as night fireman.

His ways of having fun are
those of the boy. He likes to
hunt, play bridge or poker. H
a pretty fancy cook—at home t
hower boys cooked dinner ever
to give Mother a day off—but,
the contrary notwithstanding, he
wash the dishes. His favorite
spending an evening at home is
a sofa in the sun porch of his qu
Fort Myer and watch a 16-mm.
film. If it turns out to be a
drama, he simply goes to sleep.

The reason General Eisenhow
ently attaches less importanc
purely military function than t
his ideas before the American
that he believes "unless we achie

order we face an awful cataclys
concerned primarily with the
making a free and peaceful w
feels a compelling obligation to
tudes of men who were so loyal
an obligation to remove the thre
from their lives and from the li
the people of America.

Eisenhower contends that "t
security in the absolute sense
nation unless it is enjoyed by a
security is only relative."

He is convinced that one of th
pillars of the structure of worl
"a strong United States—and
mean strong only in a militar
mean strong economically ar
morally, and strong in every wa
to be strong."

As far as the danger of imme
is concerned, he told reporter
opinion no great nation in the
day would deliberately provo
The world is uneasy; the wo
wildered and walks in fear. ...
walk in our path of moral recti
strength to stand by our purpo

In private conversation, he h
"I want to go ahead realistica
recognition of the dangers, bu
object of peace foremost in o
He considers that the best way
our great objective is "to w
abroad, and so to live here at
the whole world will see that
way."

Columbia sought a leader, a
bia found one.

THE END

"Happiest Haul of the Day!"



Pabst Blue Ribbon

"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

Brewing Company,

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS
BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER



"EX-TRA! Read-about-secretary-marries-her-boss! EXTRA!"



ANN: BILL! It's about *us*.—our wedding! Read what it says about *me!*

BILL: Sure, honey! Where is it—oh yes: "Guests and well-wishers sighed with admiration as the distinguished-looking groom in his stunning Arrow Shirt with its *incomparable collar* came down—"

ANN: BILL! Look! Darling! Nobody cares about the old groom in weddings! I'm the Main Squeeze. Read about *me!*

BILL: Oh—sorry, my sweet! I'll look again. Hmmm . . . "One feature of this Arrow Shirt, noted by Style Scouts, is the Arrow 'Mitoga' trade-mark meaning: 'shaped-to-*your*-shape.' Or, rather, to *my*—"

ANN: BILL! WAIT! STOP! This is *no way* to start the glide into Married Life with ME! Now you read about me or I'll—

BILL: Darling, I grovel! I kiss your hem! I shall do your bidding *at once!* The bride . . . the bride—ah yes: "The bride, like every smart woman, knows all about the Sanforized label, in every Arrow Shirt. Knows it means: fabric shrinkage held to 1%! HEY! GIVE ME THAT PAPER!

ANN: Hah! Just as I thought—you're *barely* mentioned! What makes you so *mean*, you big lug?



BILL: Aw, I dunno. You look so pretty when you're mad. Besides, a bride really *should* know about the Sanforized label—and—

ANN: Honest, honey, men are *so* quaint! I've been gifting my brothers with Arrow Shirts since I was twelve years old! Oh, dar-ling . . .

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

$3.25 • $3.95 • $4.75

HEARTLESS HARVEST

Continued from page 23

But what kind of a day is it for the people?

A sad day, Monsignor John O'Grady, of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, tells us. Monsignor O'Grady, together with the Reverend Hermann N. Morse of the Home Missions Council and Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein of the Synagogue Council of America, has made an inter-faith study of migrants and jointly condemned the "lack of decent housing," the "absence of health and educational facilities" in migrant camps.

"Migrant workers are the most depressed labor group in the United States," these religious leaders asserted, and they asked, "Can the people of the United States continue to maintain an agricultural economy that takes such a toll, that demands so much in human health and human life?"

In a migrant camp near Smyrna, New York, Harvey Clayton and his wife, Mary, were eating a dinner of scrambled eggs and beans when I came by.

"Hi, yo!" he called.

"Any work yet?"

"Boss says next week."

Clayton's "home," in the rich beanery of New York State, was a cubicle partitioned off in a cowshed. It was seven feet high at one end and sloped down to five feet at the other. The heavy timbers made it look like a cave. Harvey Clayton and his wife had a board platform to sleep on, covered with loose hay. There was another board platform in the dark back of the room where the Clayton children, Melanie, 14, Joe, 11, Jerome, 6 and Elizabeth, 3, had to sleep.

The Claytons were one of 26 Florida families in the camp. And they were fortunate because the cubicles in the cowshed were a good deal more commodious than what the others had. The stable, for instance. That had been boarded up into tiny cells. The floor was dirt, with some hay in one corner and some more hay on the rough wood sleeping platform.

Nobody in this camp had a bed. From nine-month-old Rebecca Dewitt to 74-year-old Corliss Jones they all slept on the raw planks and some brushed the hay aside and preferred the rough wood because the hay was full of lice and fleas.

The smell of dung filled the stable, though it was much milder in the cowshed and after you stayed in the Clayton family's room for ten minutes you got used to it. Some of the other families lived in tiny hen houses. When Abel Thompson crawled into his house, doubling over to get through the door, there was just room for him to take three steps alongside the plank platform where he and his wife, Jessica, slept. If he took another step he'd be treading on their daughter, Grace, or tipping orange crate which was a crib new baby.

A preacher, the Reverend D. liams, engaged in welfare wor the migrants at near-by Poolv York, had come to this camp before the migrants arrived. H foreman shoveling dung out of t

"You're not going to put hum in there, are you?" the preacher

"Who says we're not?"

"Why, man, your whole cam ing but animal houses. Not on is fit for human habitation!"

"Well, they come here, don't must be good enough for them

The Reverend Mr. Williams, formerly worked among Africa said to me, "I thought I left pe hind in Africa. But here I finc living in stables and subsisting bread. People do not live anc that even in Africa."

Two Families in a Boxc

Out in Minnesota, the H family had come to work in the the beets. I found them living near the town of Blue Earth—in partitioned in the middle, anc family lived in the other end. beaten-up boxcar, had a leaky r ing, splintery walls and it sagg side on the crossties beneath it.

Cesareo Hernandez, his wif children lived in the front end, back end, which was so clutt cots and bunks in two layers could hardly walk through it, other couple with a grandmoth children, making twenty peopl the boxcar.

It was raining when I pulle asparagus camp near Rochelle and I welcomed the shelter of ar board house not far from the As I approached the sagging po to sidestep quickly. A youn giggled from a second-story "I'm sorry," she said. "I did to throw the garbage on you!"

It wasn't really garbage. It water and all the women threw windows. When you have eleve in a ten-room house the nicetie disposal are often overlooked.

It seemed the house bulged a l I stepped inside. It already had and they slithered in and out of ways, the stairways and the lan worms in a chunk of wood.

Mrs. Maria Herrera was b *tillas* on a wood-burning stove

"Your stove is smoking."

"Ha, ha. You call that smo



COLLIER'S "She's a sweet old thing, isn't she?"

It's *Smart* to own an Olds



Long, sleek, raey lines give this new Oldsmobile a dashing smartness . . . make it seem right at home in the Yacht Club atmosphere. And once you take the "helm" of an Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matie Drive*, you'll feel more than ever like the skipper of a luxury eruiser. For steering is just about all you do. There's no gear shifting. That's done automatically through all four forward speeds. There's no eluteh pushing—not even a eluteh pedal in the car! And Hydra-Matie Drive gives this new Oldsmobile all the smoothness of a skimming sailboat—all the flashing aetion of a speedboat at full throttle . . . Keep in touch with your Oldsmobile dealer, and some day you'll take command of a smart new Oldsmobile of your own!

Yachting outfit by Tilly Schanzer, Inc. "78" 4-Door Sedan by Oldsmobile.

Oldsmobile

WITH GM GENERAL MOTORS HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

*Optional at extra cost





CLEAN...means SMOOTH!

Yes! Your motor runs Cleaner and Smoother on NEW Improved 100% Pennsylvania Veedol MOTOR OIL



THE FILM OF PROTECTION

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York Tulsa San Francisco

THERE'S new magic in famous Veedol—an ingredient that minimizes oxidation, *checks* formation of harmful corrosive acids!

That adds up to a high standard of protection against costly bearing and piston trouble, against ring sticking and excessive wear. When your motor runs CLEANER, why it's bound to run SMOOTHER!

So drive in where you see the Veedol sign and get the motor oil that gives you *both:* a "fighting film of protection" from Bradford, Pennsylvania, crude . . . and the new, new "CLEAN-SMOOTH" treatment for your motor.

. "You should see when comes time and everybody is cooking at

at suppertime it was worse. stoves belched into two chimneys e whole house poured out odors oke. What a pyre in case a spark se! Luis Perez worried more about n the others did because his family a corner on the top floor. He and e, Lupe, took turns staying up at when the children slept. With no apes, no running water, and only p buckets to quench a flame—as rez pointed out, "Someone is wise d guard."

a big cannery camp outside of ston, Illinois, I found 26 families n a warehouse, an immense ware- with a tar-paper roof.

e big house, eh?" laughed Pedro uez. He was one of several d asparagus cutters in the camp. alked inside. The Rodriquez like the other 25 families, had a 15 feet square fenced in with wire ke a chicken coop. Blankets and were slung over the wire mesh to ch family privacy, though the ns stood only eight feet high. If ere that sort of person, you 't have much trouble looking nto your neighbor's house.

o Rodriquez peered down the aisle the door.

il hazy, huh?" he grinned. Yes, I could just about see the light in at the other end, even though id-afternoon. There was no floor he aisle and in the cubicles where ilies lived there was only gravel t, so that when anyone stirred his dust cloud rose up. With 26 , there was a good deal of stirring which made a great swirl of dust. t the dust settled after a few hours, e of it settled into the lungs of the g people.

at makes it bad for sleeping is the n," Pedro commented. "You can- p them quiet. They are coughing t long."

26 families in the place there a single window.

living conditions are duplicated houses made of tree limbs and sacks in the Imperial Valley of nia, the crumbling adobe hovels of kansas Valley in Colorado, the jn Minnesota with roofs so leaky milies must flee to their jalopies rains, or with such noisy rats that e José Alvarez cannot sleep.

at the families in Illinois living in mped backs of two-and-a-half-ton trucks, the floorless tents in Michigan, the barns and the stables of New York, the corrugated metal shacks in Florida, which blaze like ovens in the sun.

Some migrants have their own jalopies. Some even have pretty good cars, bought with gravy from the $150-a-week era of the war plants or with discharge money from the Army. A few make their own deals with the farmers and work free lance. Some are recruited by agents of the canneries. But the great bulk of American migrants work for crew leaders like Joe the Boss, sometimes called "row bosses" or "padrones."

The Ways of the Crew Leader

The Reverend Ellis Marshburn, Middle West supervisor for the Home Missions Council and one of the nation's keenest students of the migrant problem, says, "The crew leader's business is done in his hat, so nobody knows just what angles he is playing. It is common for him to make the migrant work out his transportation, and then make the farmer pay for it, too. Of course, neither knows that the other is paying.

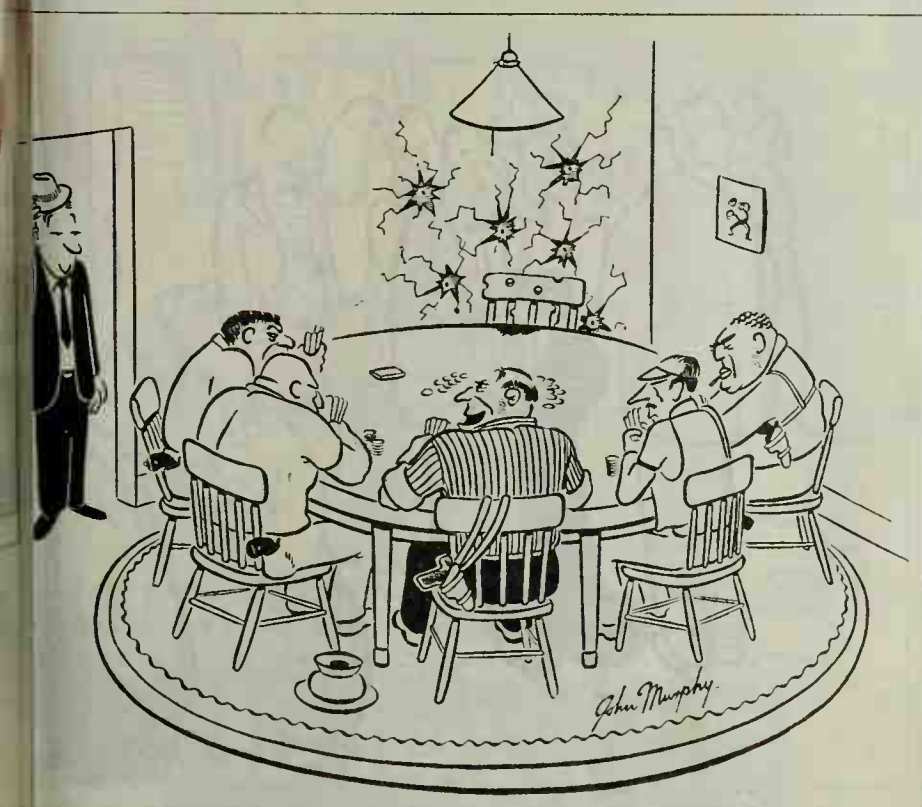
"A crew leader lives off cuts. The slick operator will take a double cut on transportation, a cut per head for every worker he brings, a cut for the use of his trucks on the farm, and a cut out of the hourly pay or the piece work of his crew.

"He usually runs a grocery store or commissary, and sells to the migrants on credit. Many of these people can't even read the slips they have to sign. They just put their 'X' at the bottom."

There are, of course, legitimate crew leaders in the business. Some have led the same crews year after year and some migrants are quite attached to "the boss." But, as the Reverend Marshburn pointed out, "The system is basically rotten. For every 'good' crew leader I have found, I've found dozens who take advantage of the migrant—and of the farmer, too."

It is a good paying business, though. In Chenango County, New York, where migrants were getting 60 cents a bushel for harvesting snap beans, I found the crew leaders taking 10 cents for every bushel their workers brought in. With a crew of 200, as many of them had, their personal earnings in one day equaled the earnings of 40 migrants.

Former State Senator John G. Sholl, who heads New Jersey's migrant labor program, told me, "The crew leader has still another angle—sometimes he will swing a card game on pay day and clean out his entire crew." The Consumers League of New York went into this angle



"Step right in, stranger. There's one seat open" JOHN MURPHY

in shoemaking as in bowling

Skill does it!



Slax Kegler

It takes real shoemaking to make a real bowling shoe . . . and Bostonian has done it with all the experience and know-how that go with the building of fine Bostonians. *Do they fit?* Mister, these shoes come in a full range of sizes and widths. *Do you want comfort?* They're made of pliant leathers and regulation spring wedge heels. *Stamina?* They're built for punishment and plenty of it. That's a bowling shoe as it should be made . . . and Bostonian has it. $8.95

BOSTONIAN Slax*

* Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SLAX FOOTWEAR, INC., NORTH QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS

NEW!

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

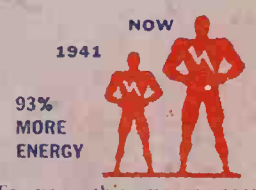
FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

Now last 93% longer!*

Enough Energy to Hurl This Daring Miss Over 100 FEET!

Imagine!—the girl weighs 110 pounds! Yet the total energy in one tiny "Eveready" flashlight cell—properly expended—is equal to the charge that sends her flying up—up—over the gasping audience, to land over 100 feet away.





*To you, this means nearly *twice* the energy . . . almost *two times longer life* of bright white light. And it's yours for the pre-war price . . . *still only 10¢!*

PACKED with new dynamic power . . . dazzling in performance . . . durable beyond any flashlight cells you've ever known, "Eveready" flashlight batteries give you the year's greatest energy value. That's a *93% increase* over the great record made by pre-war "Eveready" cells... nearly double the life of light. Yet you pay no more. Load your flashlight with new "Eveready" brand batteries! Good dealers have them . . . no price increase.

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation



in a recent survey, reporting "a particularly vicious contractor system" in which "the padrone makes a substantial income from gambling, authorizes the running of a 'house game' and commands a high percentage of 'the take.'"

In Berrien County, Michigan, the crew leaders ran such flagrant dens a few seasons back that the Berrien County Council of Churches stepped in and got the county sheriff to close them. After taking advantage of the migrants every which way, this was the crew leader's last resort. With gambling, liquor—and women, sometimes—he'd try to drain off the last penny the migrants might have saved. This way he could keep them continually 'mortgaged' so they didn't dare leave the crew.

Some crew leaders, called "contractors," make a deal with a big grower to round up so many migrants and deliver them to the fields at so much a head. In the Mississippi Valley I met contractors who collected $20 a head for every worker they brought to the truck farms. A contractor might submit to a little hijacking, too, if the price was right. On his way up from Alabama, if a farmer stopped his truck and had a fistful of money the contractor might let him look over his crew and pick out half a dozen head that looked good. The trouble is that if he picked out a strong-looking father and didn't take his wife and kids the contractor would have hell to pay, because the wife and kids would be whimpering all the rest of the journey.

Waiting Causes Many Hardships

Fenton Hurley, with his wife, Naomi, and their six children, came up the east coast with a crew leader and there were many things he could not understand.

"We're always early birds," he said. "But we don't get no worm."

They had gone to the potato fields in North Carolina but they were three weeks ahead of the harvest, so they sat on their hands and used up their money until, when the work came, they made just enough to pay back the crew leader for their credit at the commissary and they were broke again when he loaded them up for New York.

"Now we been in New York two weeks and nothin' doin'," Fenton Hurley continued. "The boss said we would find all the beans we can pick.' We would get half a dollar for a bushel and make 10 or 15 dollars a day, he said. I don't see anything like that."

So the Hurley family was in debt at the commissary again, maybe $3[illegible]. And after the crew boss ded[illegible] transportation it was going to ta[illegible] of bean picking to square thin[illegible]

Some of the younger men in [illegible] including some veterans, took a dimmer view. One said angrily, "I wantin' to get out of here sinc[illegible] day we hit North Carolina."

"Now take it easy," said Hurley. "The work's a-comin'."

"Yeah, it's a-comin'," the you continued. "But I don't see n[illegible] pilin' up your debts and then your head off to get out from u[illegible]

"Man, I'd get out of here rig[illegible] I could," said another. "Trou[illegible] boss has already got me on the $20 and I ain't got a cent."

The crew leader was in his co[illegible] smoking a cigar. We had a discu[illegible] he put it this way. "I try to take [illegible] of my people. The way I see Who's going to feed them if I [illegible] them on credit? I get them th[illegible] bring them up here on credit wh[illegible] broke. Who's going to give th[illegible] if I don't?"

He said in a lower voice, "T[illegible] money isn't good for these peop[illegible] of them would go out and get it. This way, I give them credit stick with the crew."

Why do the crew leaders bring in ahead of the crops? Why do them waiting around idle, goi[illegible]

"It's this way," a crew leade[illegible] Ferry, New York, told me. "[illegible] pend on the weather, and the comes and goes as it pleases. a crew lined up and tell 'em we l[illegible] certain day, I got to leave on tha[illegible] bad weather stalls the crop couple of weeks, that don't matter to me. 'Less I leave o[illegible] I say I'm leavin', my crew is g[illegible] and shove north with somebody

Farmers agree there's a goo[illegible] for having the harvest help in early. They come from long and you can't cut the time m[illegible] thin or your crop may ripen b[illegible] hands arrive and you may lose y[illegible]

It was with this in mind that t[illegible] can, Jamaican and Bahamian ments insisted that their 250,000 imported by the United States work during the war be paid fo[illegible] mum of three fourths of their time, rain or shine, good crop or such provision ever has been [illegible] our American migrants.

(The concluding article of t[illegible] will appear next week.)



"Yes, she does stand out—but I hadn't thought of her as a sore thun[illegible]

COLLIER'S DAVE

Honeywell CLOCK THERMOSTATS are here again!



the New *Chronotherm**

1 saves fuel * 2 maintains uniform comfort temperature * 3 automatically switches to lower fuel-saving temperature at night * 4 automatically returns to desired daytime temperature in the morning * 5 increases your comfort and convenience * 6 pays for itself in one or two heating seasons.

ASK YOUR HEATING DEALER TODAY ABOUT THE NEW HONEYWELL CHRONOTHERM

MINNEAPOLIS **Honeywell** CONTROL SYSTEMS

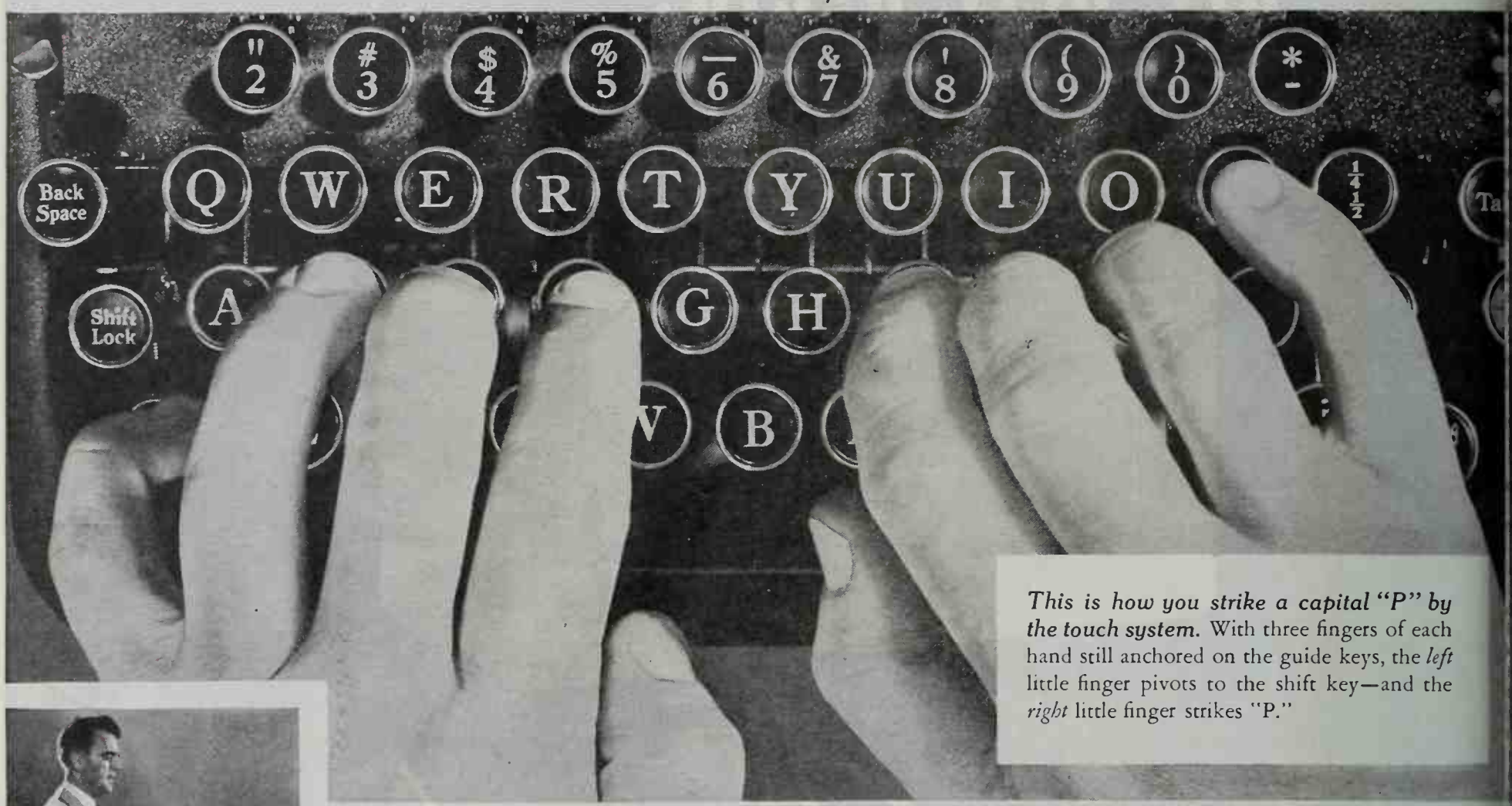
*only Honeywell makes the *Chronotherm*

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL REGULATOR CO., MINNEAPOLIS 8, MINN. CANADIAN PLANT: TORONTO 12, ONT.



"OF COURSE YOU CAN LEARN TO TYPE

says NORMAN SAKSVIG, authority on typing technique.
Over 200,000 typists and students have witnessed his amazing demonstrations.



This is how you strike a capital "P" by the touch system. With three fingers of each hand still anchored on the guide keys, the *left* little finger pivots to the shift key—and the *right* little finger strikes "P."



POSTURE is important. Sit erect, feet flat, to acquire comfortable balance and avoid fatigue.



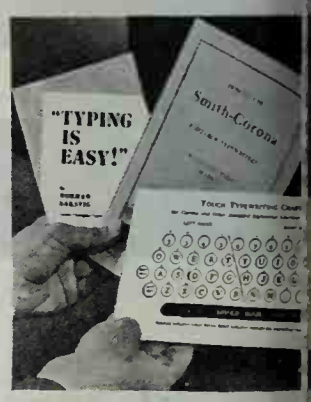
FINGERS should curve as shown, with wrists and arms relaxed. Tap keys briskly . . . finger action *only*.



PIVOT fingers from the "home" positions to strike keys with proper fingers . . . then return "home".



"HUG THE KEYS," says Saksvig—eliminate arm or wrist action, keep the fingers *close* to the keys.



ALL YOU NEED: Typewriter, i tion book, touch typing cha exercise on back)—then go

This fast sturdy portable has full size "office" keyboard

EQUALLY useful to typing student or "occasional" typist, Smith-Corona is "tops" in portables.

You'll like its good looks, its easy action, its complete equipment. And with reasonably brief practice, you can easily learn to type faster than you can write by hand.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate its many features—you must see them to appreciate them. An ideal gift to anyone who has writing work to do.



SMITH-CORONA

PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y *Makers also of famous Smith-Corona Office Typewriters, Adding Machines, Vivid Duplicators and Typebar Brand Ribbons and*

ED SHADOW OVER THE PACIFIC

Continued from page 26

s. His is the final word although
both the American government
Far Eastern Commission could
his decisions. Up to this writing
d great success in dealing with
representatives of the conquer-
ns, largely because he has had
e and brains.
lties have arisen not only with
ns, who maintain a strict party
position on all issues, but also
Australians who fear Japanese
Nobody, however, sees any
arly than General MacArthur
ity for Japanese recovery.
four main islands only 16 per
e land can be tilled. The rest is
ous or sterile. Even so, until the
got in command, this 16 per
e land supplied 85 per cent of
consumed by Japanese. Re-
lso that Japan is about the size
nia. Korea, Formosa and Man-
rmerly supplied the necessary
food—about 3,000,000 metric
r. This fed a population guessed
000,000. With the repatriated
from various lands, the popula-
v estimated at 78,000,000. Thus,
has to keep alive more people.

um Subsistence Standards

anese are smaller than Ameri-
the doctors figure that on size
t they can get along with about
ent of the food an American
food requirement just to keep
Japanese women is 1,285 calo-
or men, 1,470 calories. For a
to do light work 2,150 calories
1. You can't make a man work
pty stomach, so, for the most
f all motives, food has to be
the Japanese.
of our allies agree with General
r on this. Some have indicated
ess to risk mass starvation. The
work incredibly long hours to
. I have seen men and women
straight through the daylight
e rice paddies, during constant
nfall.
anese government, advised in
rtment by the occupation, has
all but 10 of the 90 golf courses
ire. Fields have been terraced
r on the mountainsides. What-
n effort can do is being done to
od production.
ndicap is the lack of fertilizer.
l—human manure—is what
ost at present. That is the rea-
egetables eaten by Americans
at a hydroponics farm near the
y of Kyoto. American doctors
e soil too thoroughly infected
owing Americans to eat fresh

vegetables. The Japanese mill about 95 per cent of the grain raised. This contrasts with the American practice of using 75 to 80 per cent of the whole grain. Consequently there is no white flour in Japan. Fish is a great part of the Japanese diet and fish is scarce because of the shortage of fuel for the fishing boats. So the occupation is trying to find ways of increasing the fish harvest. That is why General MacArthur had trouble with the Australians over a Japanese whaling expedition.

Farmers and fishermen and everybody else concerned with the food supply are regulated and controlled to the utmost to assure a fair division of what food there is. Farmers are allowed to retain 1,962 calories per adult from their own crops to feed their families. This is a smaller ration than has been found practicable in Germany or anywhere else. By a system of incentives—giving the farmer some scarce item he needs for his rice—remarkable success has been obtained.

Naturally a black market in food exists. Last year about a quarter of the rice went through the black market. This was chiefly private barter between farmers and people from the cities who had something to trade. A city family might trade a kimono for rice. I saw in Kyoto, women from the tenements with heavy sacks of potatoes on their backs. My interpreter told me that they were probably returning from the country with food they had gotten from farmers by direct barter. The black market happily has not affected the honor of the American Army up to now. Last summer 700,000 tons of food were imported and only 49 tons were lost by stealing.

This summer the farmers were delivering 104 per cent of the quotas of grain assigned to them. The system of rewards was evidently working. Nevertheless nearly every Japanese is hungry. I was told that anybody would work for food alone if full meals were promised.

In Japan no food is unrationed. The staple foods—rice, wheat and barley—make up 1,240 calories; fish, soybeans and other occasional foods add another 110 calories to make a theoretical 1,350 calories. This is less than half of what an average American eats. Even so, about five days a month, in the cities no ration at all is issued. In July, this year, the accumulated deficit of rations was 10 days in Kyoto, I was told.

This food shortage is basic to everything else. General MacArthur has approved schemes to provide more food for such groups as miners who do heavy labor. Scarcity of coal is responsible for many of the other deficiencies in Japanese life. One trouble is that the Japanese war machine recklessly exhausted the



"We haven't any of the newest models yet but you can see them in that place across the street" LARRIE HARRIS

Of America's leading Cigarettes one is

OUTSTANDING



PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke — filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos — gives you a smoother, mellower, more satisfying smoke.

-and they are mild!

Designed by HICKOK

Bachelor Button Be



$1.5

AND

oal deposits, which were rather est. Moreover, during the war nese used Koreans and war including, I was told, some s, to dig most of their coal. n ill-fed Japanese miners come somewhat impoverished coal ickings are none too good and is very short.

blem that General MacArthur cupation face is to find ways of Japanese production so that ay for their own food and not y upon American or any other fend off slow starvation. That ut to crack. The destruction e cities was thorough.

o 65 per cent of the residences ned or otherwise destroyed. no building during the war. houses and the few surviving e requisitioned for the occu- Even the Emperor's principal s burned down in one of the that swept Tokyo. It was not y bombed. Neither was the l and holy city, Kyoto, which rom Osaka, the manufacturing l Kobe, the great port. Rumor s that Kyoto was on the list of destroyed by the atomic bomb esident Truman struck it from cause of its historic and reli- acter.

ch criticism of the occupation The chief criticism centers ne of the theoretic economists their critics as fugitives from There is a slight aroma of the n gang of economists and about their conversations.

essmen Blame Red Tape

erals don't appear to object, businessmen think that Japan e back more quickly if the red tape that controls foreign removed. It is only fair to that foreign trade waits on the ty, the making of which is ot the responsibility of the from Harvard and Columbia. ot travel about Japan without unting evidence that Japan's complete. Hiroshima, where 0,000 people were killed, is a ample, but only an example. an occasional garden patch h the very center of bomb de- observed and photographed tomatoes flowering and fruit- ground where two years ago l experiment in atomic fission aken.

lked around observing the de- hich superficially now resem- was done to Essen and the lley cities, Major General Byers, Lieutenant General Eichelberger's chief of staff, hat the bridge of the river had Fantastic things were done to the bridges but 10 seconds after the bomb fell it would have been physically possible for the bridges to sustain the weight of a train of military trucks and tractors. The machinery might have been affected by radioactivity, but the bridges stood ready for traffic. They still stand, showing weird shadows on stone, the queer displacement and oddly illogical survival here and destruction there. So with the people.

A few of those who were injured and survived—ten, I was told—have the keloid scars from their atomic injuries. Otherwise Hiroshima is just another destroyed city populated by people who are trying to build something from nothing and who are strangely friendly to Americans who were the agents in the colossal catastrophe that befell them.

South of Hiroshima in the buildings of the old Imperial Japanese Naval Academy is the headquarters of Lieutenant General H. C. H. Robertson, the Australian commander of the British Empire Forces and General MacArthur's deputy in the occupation. A big, red-headed athlete who wears decorations for the highest valor, General Robertson stands with General MacArthur on guard over an empire irretrievably fallen. So far as it is possible to discern, there is no will in the Japanese people to revolt, to rise, to seek revenge for their defeat.

If they were persuaded they could successfully rise against their conquerors, possibly they might try, but they know they cannot—certainly not within the lifetime of any who might attempt to lead such an adventure. So they wait for the decisions of those conquerors who are to make the peace.

The occupation headed by General MacArthur parallels their own government and acts as adviser to it in all its relevant branches. The Japanese copy our institutions even to having labor organizations in general similar to our A.F. of L. and C.I.O. So great is the Japanese zeal to democratize industry after the American pattern that one of the reporters at Osaka asked us if we thought Japanese labor policy would be modified in the light of the Taft-Hartley Bill.

But overshadowing the occupation is the cloud of Russian intentions and Russian ambitions. Russian behavior in Japan is not conciliatory. Russian behavior in Korea falls just short of aggressive war. What we do, what we can do about Japan with safety to our own country depends upon whether or not Russia is determined to fight the United States and so, if victorious, master the world. The best military judgment is that Russia is not yet ready to perpetrate its own Pearl Harbor. Some say ten, maybe fifteen, years will elapse before Russia is ready. Meantime life must go on. The occupation would like to wind up in Japan. But for fear of Russian intentions the occupation could wind up in Japan very soon.

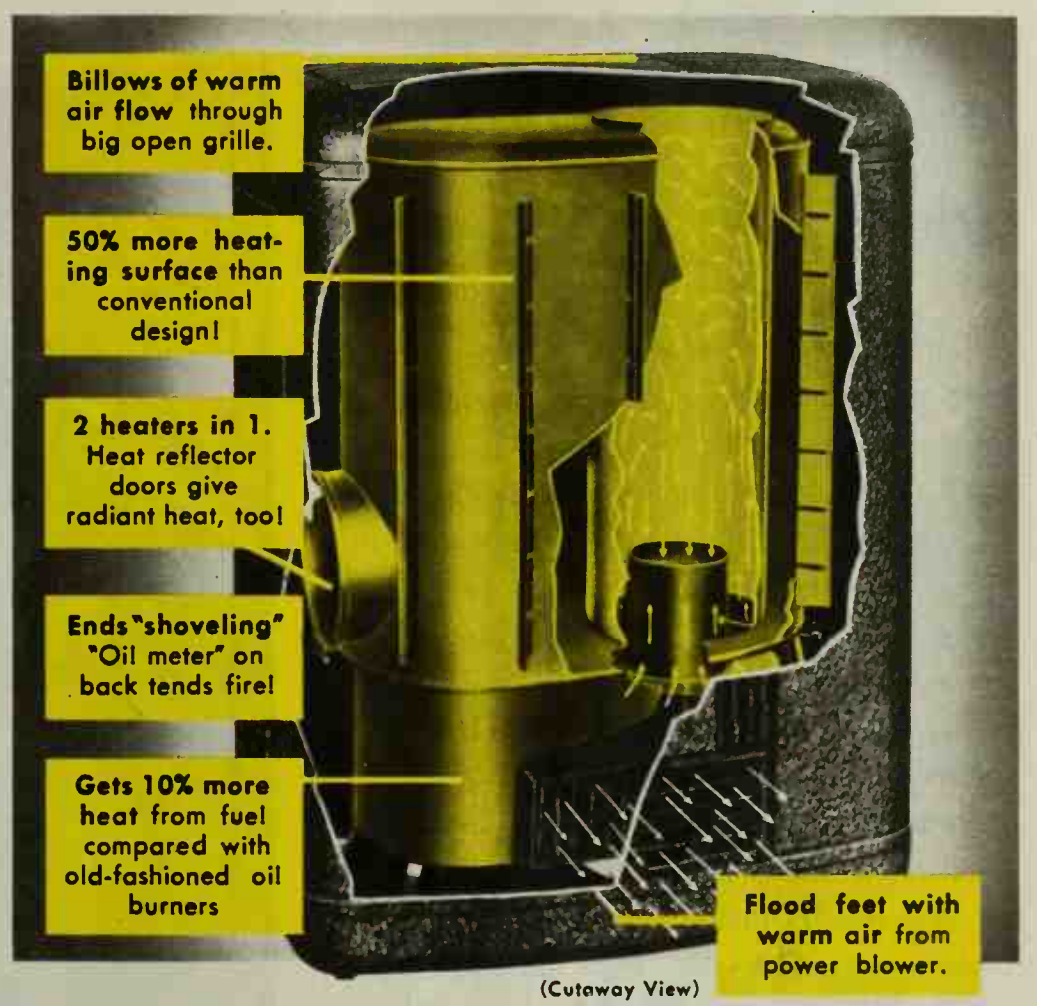
THE END



"My, you certainly have a large wardrobe!" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"Take-It-Easy" Heating

No Fire-Tending! No Work; Clean Heat—No Dirt with Coleman Automatic Oil Heater



(Cutaway View)

See how it moves the heat! Compare Coleman with any other heater—radiant heater or circular, any type of fuel and see which gives you most! Coleman is clean! No ashes or fuel dust. It's automatic with no fire building or fire tending! And it gives "all-over-the-house" heating. Heats 3 to 5 rooms. Coleman features (shown in cutaway picture above) *move* the heat. It gets down, to warm *you!*



"Arm-chair fire-tending"—in a cleaner house! All the "fire-tending" you do with a Coleman Oil Heater is "light it in the fall and let go till spring." Keep fuel in tank; turn a dial to regulate the warmth. No ashes, or fuel-grime, or dirt to mess up your house!



Warm floors mean better health. Coleman gets the heat *to the floor*—so babies risk catching fewer colds playing down there; so your feet are warmer. Even old people can throw away their hassocks and be comfortable, with a Coleman Oil Heater.

Order your Coleman Heater now from your dealer. Ask for free literature or mail coupon to The Coleman Co., Inc., Dept. CM-907, Wichita 1, Kansas; Philadelphia 8, Pa. (Terminal Commerce Bldg.); Los Angeles 54, Calif.

Coleman
Automatic Oil Heater

The Coleman Company, Inc.,
Dept. CM-907, Wichita 1, Kansas;
Without cost or obligation to me, please send illustrated folder showing all sizes and models of Coleman Automatic Oil Heaters.
Name_____
Address_____
Town_____ State_____

Keep cool as a cucumber—



HERE'S A SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD DINNER *that's easy to fix!*

● You're fresh and ready for fun when you greet the family. For this meal gets you away from your hot kitchen in a jiffy.

Then, watch how appetites, wilted by Summer's sun, spring to life at the sight of old-fashioned "hot" potato salad with its tangy bite and savory links of SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD . . . the sausage with the "just-right" seasoning. Not too spicy, not too mild—it's the blend that millions find is seasoned "just-right".

Swift uses selected cuts of pure pork. Rich in energy-building proteins and Vitamin B, its uniform quality makes this sausage America's favorite year after year. Look for it in the gay red and blue package with the bright plaid ends!



SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD SAUSAGE AND "HOT" POTATO SALAD. Pan-fry Swift's Brookfield sausages according to directions on the package. As the fat accumulates measure 6 tbsp. and place these into another skillet. To the drippings add ½ c. vinegar, ½ c. water, 1 tbsp. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, ⅓ c. chopped onions and 2 tsp. sugar. Bring to a boil. Remove from the range and add ½ c. chopped pimento and 1 tbsp. of chopped parsley. Pour over 2½ lb. (about 9) cooked, cubed potatoes. Top these individual servings with 5 cooked sausages.



The sausage with the Just-right Seasoning!



PUNCH LINES BY SULLENS

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

e story of Fred Sullens, the fighting Mississippi editor, o for 50 years has slugged it out with words and fists

ERY evening in Jackson, Mississippi, a bushy-browed graying man with a rotund shape and a ce sits down before a typewriter s out a column for the Jackson ws, of which he is editor and part The column is called The Low- the Higher-ups, by Frederick

rom the fact that he begins work off his shirt, and generally ends naked, probably the most re- thing about this man Sullens is still alive.

are two things Mississippians do y pick up the News, the state's uential paper. First, they take ander at the price of cotton; then ge into Sullens' front-page col- er which they are likely to laugh es sick or set out to get Sullens n.

s' column items are a combi- the humorous and the defiant a man whose boiling point is n Westbrook Pegler's. Some- y will be solely humorous, like complaining that the man who wife for $500 was violating the ling. But the perfect Sullens combination of wit and deadly insult.

ollowing item published years ago probably best exemplifies the tenor of his column:

"Jim So-and-So (naming a prominent state official) came to my office today. I beat hell out of him, his son, and his dog. If anybody else is looking for trouble, he'll find a well-preserved man in his middle fifties well able to take care of himself."

He meant it too. For years a session of the Mississippi legislature was not considered officially open until Fred Sullens had had a fist fight with one of its members, preferably on the floor. To quote Sullens: "I counted the day lost when I didn't have a fist fight or at least the threat of one."

He is scarred from head to toe from his many battles. The count on the number of times he has been threatened with shooting has been lost. Only seven years ago he and Governor Paul B. Johnson rolled all over the lobby of a downtown Jackson hotel using each other as punching bags.

His ability to survive ruckuses has given rise to the legend among his enemies, who include Mississippi's two ranting legislators, Senator Theodore G. Bilbo and Congressman John Rankin, that "nothing will kill the old buzzard." When Bilbo was elected governor for the first time, Sullens, who had bitterly opposed him, observed: "It's time to take the eagle off the capitol dome and put up a buzzard."

Because his column is devoted almost exclusively to Mississippi affairs, the average American outside the state has never heard of him. (Inside, the complaint goes, nothing can be heard but him.) But Sullens, now seventy, is probably one of the last of America's old-fashioned, rip-roaring, personal, fighting editors, ready to back up his words with his fists.

Though his columns have become noticeably gentler in the last year, for nearly fifty years Sullens has been the yeast in the half-baked political bread of a state beset by sectionalism, a one-crop economy, demagogues, Populism, an enormous racial problem, slow industrialization, widespread poverty, illiteracy, a rich cotton "aristocracy," and a crop of comic-opera politicians that can hardly be equaled anywhere.

His First Look at Jackson

Yet Sullens' presence in Ole Miss is almost accidental. In fact, after he got a look at it, he tried to escape. He was a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, when he got an offer to work for the Jackson Clarion-Ledger. He accepted though he knew nothing more about Jackson than that it was the state capital.

Consequently, he was amazed to find a straggling little country town of 5,000 with no paved streets, no sewage system, and apparently completely dominated by mule teams. Its few buildings, including the state capitol itself, were shabby. After a quick, shocked walk around the town Sullens started running for the train back to St. Louis. He missed it, and he and Mississippi have been married ever since.

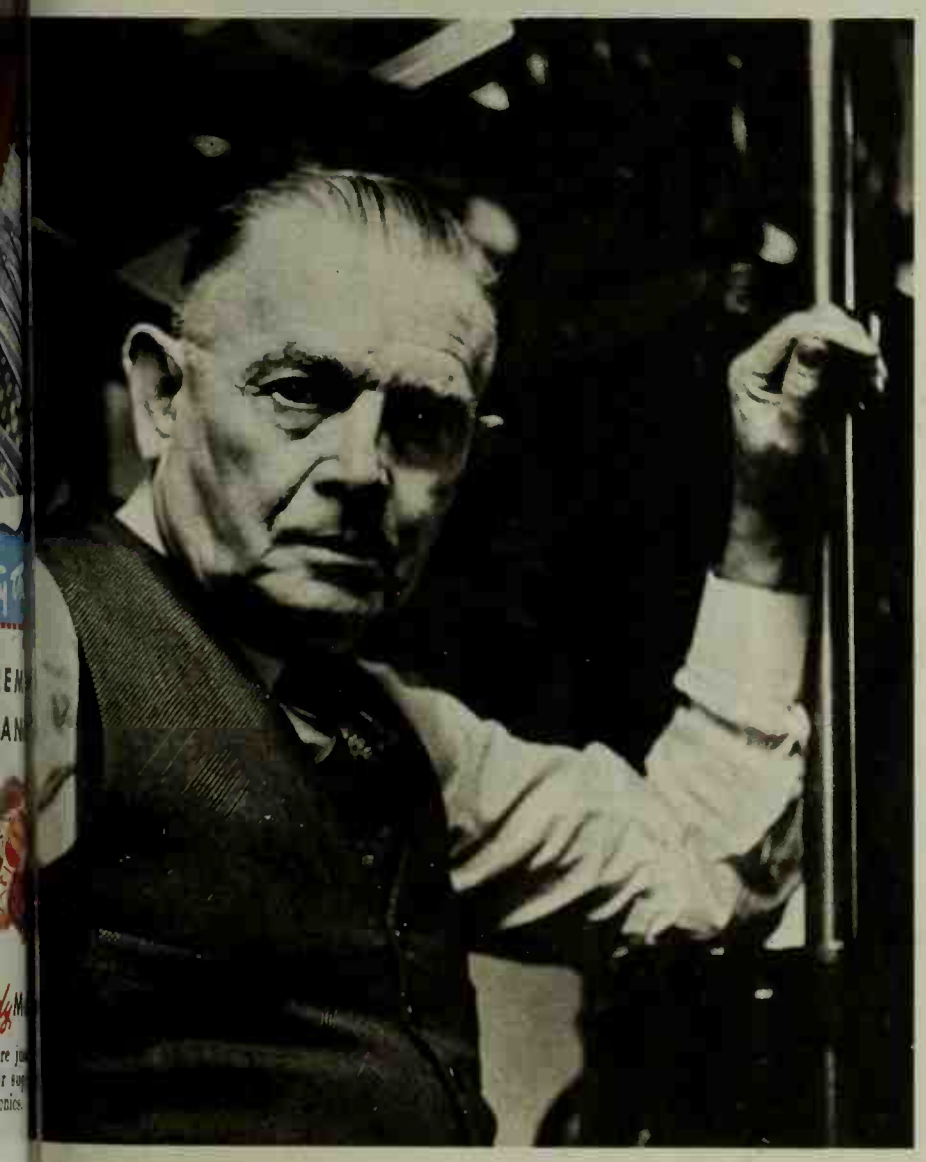
Sullens landed, he says, "fighting." For one thing, "news was suppressed at every turn. Anybody who was the least bit prominent could have a story suppressed and that simply didn't go down with me." For another, he was regarded as "a damyankee"—for while he had been born in Missouri, he was the son of a Union soldier. Worse yet, he was named Frederick in honor of General U. S. Grant's son, whom his father had cared for during the siege of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Sullens and another young reporter were the entire editorial staff of the Clarion-Ledger and wrote everything from editorials and dramatic criticism to want ads. To supplement their meager $15-a-week salaries, they were correspondents for papers in New Orleans, Memphis, Chicago and New York. Sullens was also correspondent of the then new Associated Press.

For three successive years, 1897-8-9, a yellow fever epidemic threatened Jackson, and the doctors ordered the city evacuated. Sullens refused to desert his post. "I remember," he says, "standing by the old state capitol and watching them go, first by the hundreds, then by the thousands, fleeing into the countryside. They were on foot, in buggies, surreys, wagons, on horseback and on mules. Finally the city was empty of everyone except me and a few stray dogs."

The third time this happened some people refused to leave the city and that

(Continued on page 81)



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHORS



America's Largest Selling Ale



WAR BRIDE

Continued from page 13

of them; she was thinking of Erik Stalmann, who had given ier.

ny ways he was the greatest had ever known. Where she ty, he had power. Where she had had genius. It was he who had the humane method of elimidesirables by means of the Stal*asverteiler,* which looked like but an ordinary shower bath. water the shower spouted forth as. Erik was a very great chem-Anna always had a profound or his mind. He had first inhe Stalmann *Gasverteiler* at z. Other forms of so-called gas immediately became obsolete. y the gas showers at Auschwitz inated ten thousand undesira- as Stalmann pointed out to took very little manpower to he *Verteiler,* which had been name. Because she admired much, she became interested in ss which had earned him such im and high decorations. She ed him why he used chlorine some other gas.

in your English dictionary," he with a laugh.

oked up the word "chlorine," that it was an agent which "had liate and disastrous effect on all ow organic life."

undesirables whom we are eliminate," Erik had told her, are most certainly the lowest of of organic life. So—chlorine."

ked up the earrings. Erik had to her from Auschwitz. It was e wrote, that the undesirables nything to the camp but their rable bodies, but he had found ings hidden on the body of one esirables, one of a group which from Budapest. The crafts- was exquisite, he thought; he e, but an expert who had ap- em for him suggested that they e been made by Cellini or one pils, and the creature from y had been removed had been of some means and—he admitously—culture, of a sort. Re- she rewrapped the earrings and he package into the bag. They would make a nice gift for her future mother-in-law.

She stood up and sighed. Hans Trenker was dead and the General was dead and Erik had been hanged. All dead but the American colonel, and she never expected to see him again. Her heart gave a quick leap when she thought of Colonel Ralph Furey. He was a dark, lean man with cynical eyes and unruly black hair. Anna had fled from Berlin long before the end. She had left her real name, Anna Dietrich, there in the rubble of Berlin, and she had left her dark, sleek personality there too. She actually did have a distant relative, an elderly married cousin, in Bavaria, and it was at his farm that she sought refuge. She had dyed her hair and had assumed the looks and character of blond Anna Gerhart. Colonel Ralph Furey had been put in charge of the district. All civilians were required to register at his headquarters. Colonel Furey watched her while she was being interrogated by one of his aides.

"Perhaps you can be useful," he had speculated, looking at her narrowly. "I need an interpreter. Report this evening at six o'clock."

ANNA had become useful to the Colonel. He had requisitioned a fine estate as his personal headquarters, and Anna found servants for him; she found which wealthy landowners in the district had fine cellars, and then it was merely a matter of sending a truck to these homes and requisitioning the old champagnes and brandy that the cellars held. Sometimes after dinner the Colonel would sit drinking the brandy of Napoleon or the champagne of Rheims, and talking while Anna listened.

"You must get over your hatred for Americans, Anna," he said once to her. "It is absurd, like your loyalty to Germany. After all, Germany let you down rather badly. Don't feel, Anna. Just think. Always think and you will survive."

She sat on the arm of his chair and ran her fingers through his dark hair. "I don't hate all Americans," she said caressingly. "You know me very well, don't you?"

"Yes, little blond girl, I know you," he smiled. "You should study Goethe a lit-



on't you think we'd better go outside before the others miss us?"

GARRETT PRICE



Now you can get the *hotter* water you need to make your clothes *whiter.* Now you can prove—as research experts on laundering did—that *the Hotter the Water the Whiter the Wash.*

NEW Temperature Dial Control! Get a *Ruud,* the Gas water heater with the *Monel** tank and the amazing Ruud Temperature Dial Control. You'll get *hotter* water. And you'll get it *faster, cleaner, cheaper!* Here's how!



1. You get Hotter Water! Ruud's new Temperature Dial Control lets you dial the exact degree of *hotter* water you need for *whiter* wash; then sends you *all you need...keeps it coming!*

2. You get it Faster! No waiting! No watching! Always plenty of hot water, so you don't have to skimp. The fast heat-speed of *Gas* gives you quick replacement of the hot water you use, *as you use it.*

3. You get it Cleaner! No more dirty water from a rusty tank, to stain your linens and sinks. The famous solid Monel tank of your Ruud Water Heater can *never* rust. It always sends you hot water that's sparkling-clean and pure enough to drink!

4. You get it Cheaper! For 101 uses... from the morning shave to the evening bath... Ruud-Gas-Monel gives you hot water cheaper. Take Ruud Thrift-design with the new Temperature Dial Control. Add the rock-bottom economy of Gas, plus the extra-long life of the Ruud-Monel tank. And pocket your savings year after year.

* *

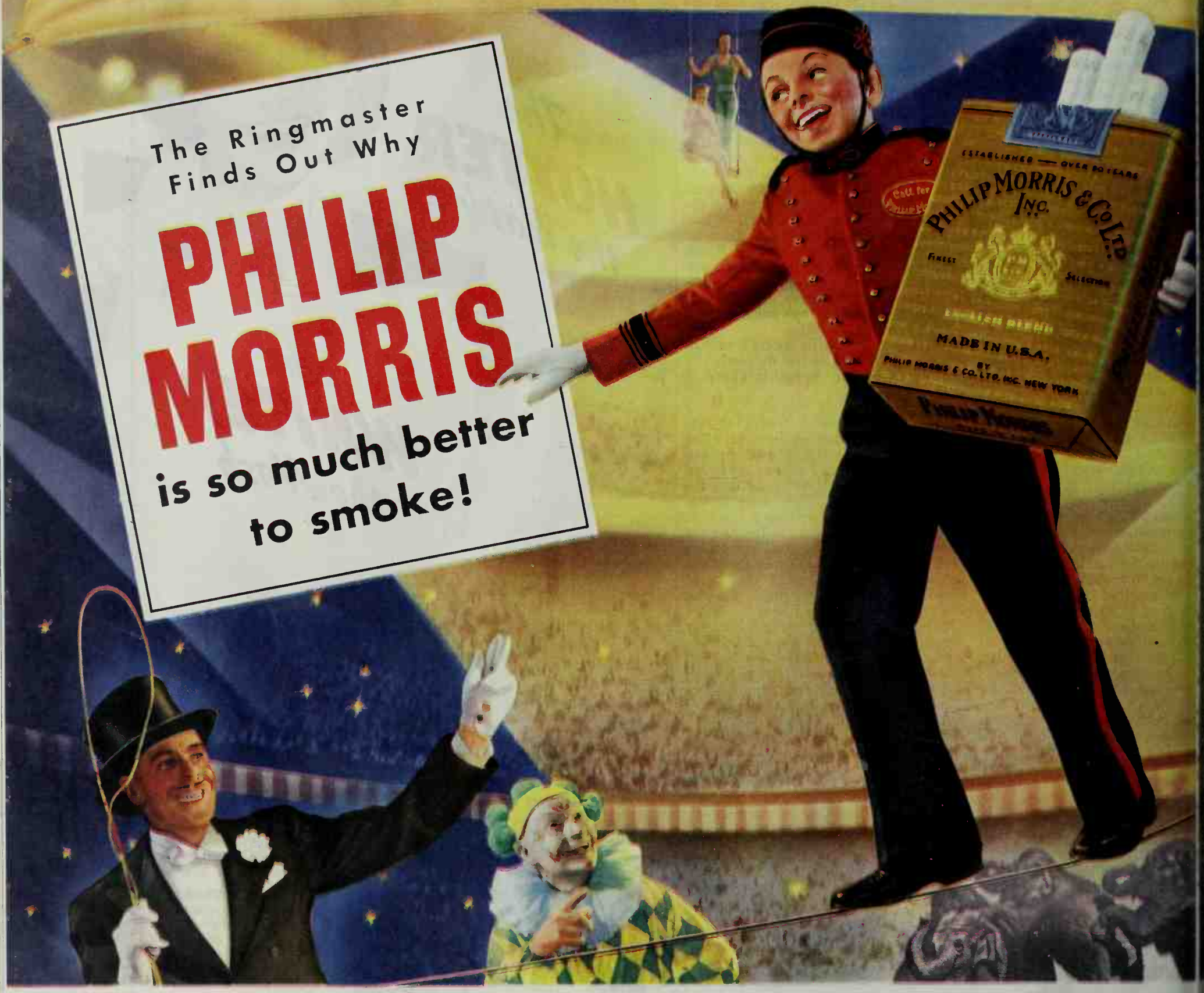
Flash! The new automatic washing machines are designed to work better with hotter water. Get the *hotter* water you need. Get Ruud, Gas and Monel.

In a national survey, 99.1% of our customers say they would recommend Ruud-Gas-Monel to their friends. Built for all types of gas including LP-gas. See your Plumber, Dealer or Gas Company today! Write for descriptive literature now!

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Pittsburgh 1, Pa.*

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



The Ringmaster thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is PHILIP MORRIS so much better to smoke?"

"Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. **"Less irritation means more enjoyment.** That's why the PHILIP MORRIS smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.

TRY A PACK TODAY!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

hen. He was very great, almost as Shakespeare. I am sure your d father, the pastor, often spoke ne?" He looked at her with mock-

smiled and slid from the arm of into his lap.
me about Goethe," she said, her hing his ear.
he once said, *'Menschlich ist es strafen, aber göttlich zu ver-* A nice sentiment, Anna. 'It is to punish but godlike to for-

don't believe that for a moment," ned.
true." He leaned forward to re- ass. "But remember the phrase. ttitude you would do well to de- light come in useful someday." nodded. The Colonel seldom ly. She never forgot anything he reminded her more than a little dead Erik. The earrings she had e the only reminder she had of k.
," the Colonel had said to her night, "you should go to my Germany will always be a coun- men rule. In America women u are very beautiful. Men will ou and be drawn to you despite s. It will be as though they are nto a clear pool and see some- irresistible there that they will pursue it, even if that means in the pool. You have that but it is wasted in Germany. Go ca, Anna."
" she asked simply.
a desirable G.I. and marry him. ung men of ours are very gulli- . But be sure and pick a wealthy

marriages are forbidden now," d reminded him.
ule is going to be relaxed soon. he easiest way would be to get ngaged to a G.I. When he goes merica he can send for you."
whom?" Anna asked simply. n I be sure to pick the right

olonel picked up a batch of pa- his desk.
returning home next week," he r.
to see you go," she said, quite

w that, Anna," he told her "I dislike leaving you, too, but I mily at home and I am very y family. You—well, you have re to look out for. The colonel placing me is a very dull, stupid chap. I have recommended that he retain you as a civilian assistant. But I wouldn't bother with him, Anna. He is bringing a staff of men with him. I have their names and records here. As a matter of fact, I trained these men myself. There is one worthy of your attention. He is only a corporal, but don't be misled by that. He comes from a very wealthy American family. Here you are, Anna."

He tossed a paper over to her. It showed a picture of the corporal and gave his record. She winced a little as she read, and then caught the Colonel's cynical smile.

"I think you will be able to handle him, Anna," he said smilingly. "Look at that record—college graduate—Phi Beta Kappa—two years of combat—good decorations. But be careful. He is young and idealistic. He is smart. Phi Beta Kappa is an intellectual fraternity. You must use—what shall I say?—restraint."

"You mean I—"

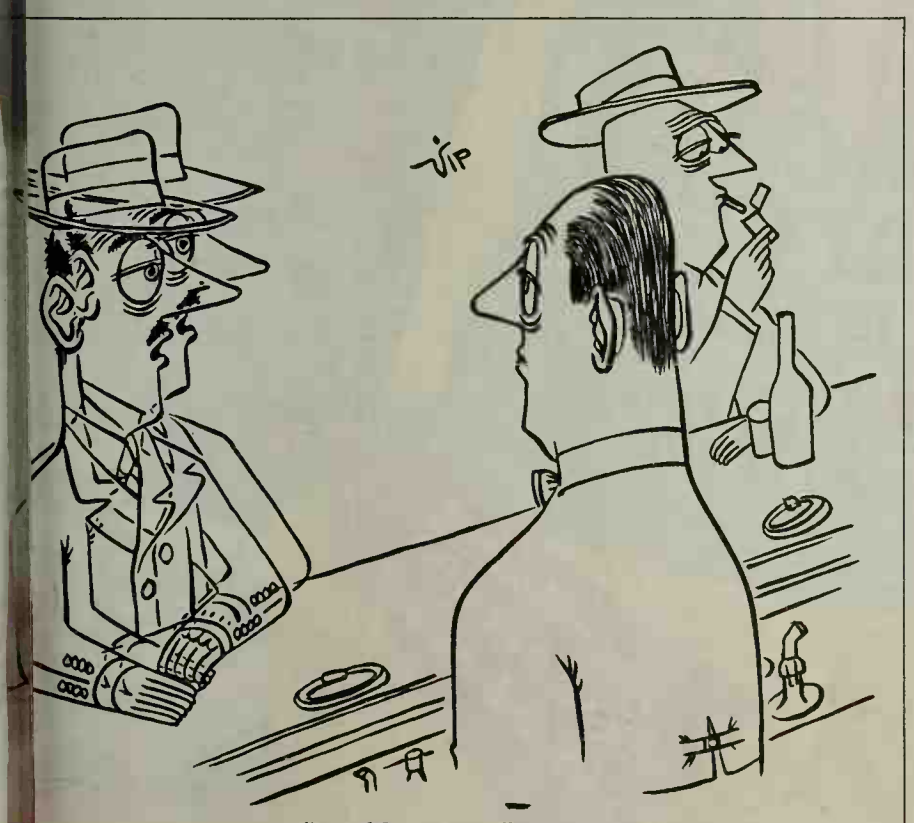
"It is easier to say in German," the Colonel had smiled. *"'Gib nicht zu schnell nach.'* In English we would say, 'Play hard to get.' Be an innocent, sweet little Bavarian girl. It is a part you will have no trouble in playing. And now, Anna, let us forget the future and think of the present. There is, I think, another bottle of champagne on the ice."

COLONEL FUREY had finally left, and the young corporal arrived with the new Colonel. He took little notice of Anna at first, but one could no more ignore Anna than one could ignore the warm Bavarian sun or the soft spring nights.

Each man of the Colonel's staff had done his best to fraternize wholeheartedly with Anna, but she had proved unexpectedly invulnerable. The Colonel, a decent man who was religious himself, was delighted with Anna.

"She's a fine little girl," he told his staff. "Leave her alone. Colonel Furey told me her story before he left. Her father was a minister who was killed by the Nazis. She doesn't go around protesting loudly that she was never a Nazi, like the others do. She just does her work well and minds her own business. I won't have anyone bothering her."

Happily, the corporal's German wasn't too good, and Anna was able to help him out quite often. She suggested timidly that she would be glad to give him some German lessons, and he eagerly accepted. They became casual, then rather close friends. Soon they were "Anna" and "Ernest," but even Anna's imaginary ecclesiastical father would have found



"Double Martini" VIRGIL PARTCH

World's Most Wanted Car Heater
Heats Hot in 90 Seconds
For Quick Comfort

Yes sir! Before I'm out of the driveway my South Wind is blowing hot heat into the car!

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!
"My goodness, it's wonderful to be warm and comfortable going to the store, school, church or movies. Before you know it, our South Wind is pouring out hot heat!"

HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!
"It's grand for old people! Our South Wind heats the car *quick* as scat. I can go riding in healthful comfort even on coldest days!"

Over 2,000,000 users cheer South Winds' self-created "drive-away" heat! No wait for engine warm-up. Fuel from the carburetor burns in a patented sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out exhaust. Easy to install. Fits any car. Get *your* South Wind, today. Sold with or without defroster at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages, service stations, coast to coast.

$29.75
plus small installation charge

South Wind
REG U S PAT OFF
90-SECOND CAR HEATER

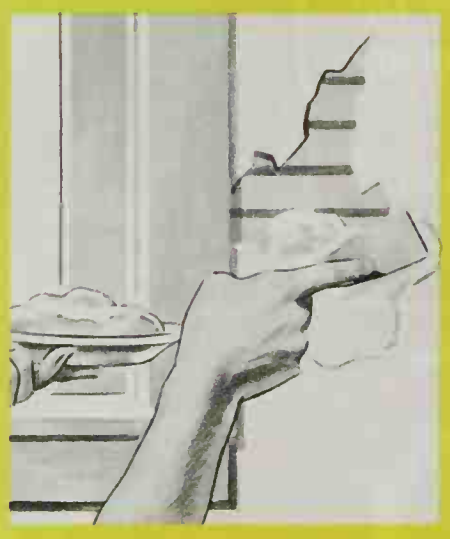
Only gasoline car heater proved by over two million users. Bears Underwriters' Laboratories safety seal.

South Wind Division, Stewart-Warner Corporation • Indianapolis 7, Indiana

Available Now! New South Wind "Custombuilt"
A luxury heating and ventilating system proved in aircraft, now ready for cars and motor transports. Automatically distributes heat evenly throughout car. Provides complete change of warmed fresh air every 60 seconds like the most modern home heating plant. $99.50 plus installation. Ask your service dealer.

Another Product of STEWART WARNER

Make these HOME REPAIRS before Winter



CRACKED WALLS

Cast an eagle eye over all walls and ceilings, and fill any cracks or holes with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix Rutland with water and apply with knife or trowel. Because Rutland is slower drying, it is much easier to use. Makes a smooth, firm patch that does not shrink, crack or fall out.



BROKEN CONCRETE

Holes in cement floors, walks, etc. are difficult to repair, as usual cement mixtures do not stick to the old surface. To make the job simple and sure, use Rutland Concrete Patcher. This is a scientific mixture that anyone can use. It is ready mixed. Just add water and apply with trowel.



HOLES IN ROOF

These frequently develop around chimneys, flashings, etc. Or they may occur anywhere. It's easy to stop such leaks with Rutland No. 4 Roof Cement. This is a heavy mixture of asphalt and asbestos which can be pushed into small crevices or applied as thick coat with putty knife or trowel.



LEAKY ROOFS

Old roofs can be made as
as new, for years to come.
Rutland No-Tar-In Roof C
ing. Easily applied with
brush. Forms long-lasting, he
tough film of asphalt and asbe
that doesn't crawl, crack or
Ideal for all roofs except shin
Costs only about 2¢ a square

ASK FOR FAMOUS Rutland REPAIR PRODUC



g in their relationship to censor. took Anna for what she appeared –a lovely, rather sad-eyed Bavarian ho had been too young to know he war was all about. They took valks through the green country d the city, and they found a swim- hole and splashed happily and in- ly in its cool water. Ernest was a ad, only twenty-three, but he had ent hatred of Germans, Anna out. This was hardly an unsur- able barrier to Anna. She, too, Germans, she told him. Hadn't lled her father and, indirectly, her ?

," she added thoughtfully, "my always taught me the doctrine of ness. He was a great admirer of e. Goethe once wrote, '*Menschlich bloss zu strafen, aber göttlich zu en.*'"

s manlike to punish, but it is god- forgive," the corporal translated. u don't need any more German from me." She had looked at him

ink perhaps I need more than Ger- ssons from you, Anna," he had nply.

she used to feel on first nights when she was Anna Dietrich.

"Claim your baggage," a loud-speaker droned, and she walked to where trunks were piled under the letter G. And then the moment came. She was well prepared for it; her sudden confused blush and her look of timid uncertainty must have seemed very convincing to the three who had been waiting on the dock. Then Ernest's arms were around her, and he was whispering confused, happy phrases, and then he let her go as his father's strong voice said firmly, "Come now, we want to meet our new daughter."

He seemed small standing next to his tall son, and he took her hands in his and said softly, "You are even lovelier than our son had said. I hope you will be happy with us. Tell her, Mama."

Anna felt herself being engulfed in a huge embrace. Mama was so much like Mrs. Marsh, and Mama's eyes were filled with tears.

"Welcome, my darling girl," she said to Anna. "We always wanted a daughter. Now we have one."

Anna bit her lower lip and then looked helplessly at Ernest.

"You are so kind," she said brokenly.

CH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I didn't forget your birthday, Daisy. I even went to th' jeweler's—but he was still open"

s quite easy after that. A month was sent home, but before he told Anna that he loved her; and with tears brimming in her soft e confessed her love for him. He send for her as soon as the rules Meanwhile, he would leave with her so she wouldn't have to

" she had protested, blushing. "I t take money from you. Not un- e married. Besides, I know how corporal makes."

ve a little more than my corporal's He had smiled mysteriously. "I can send for you very soon, Anna. like America. You'll like my par- d once they know you they'll like . . .

snapped the handbag closed. She out of the stateroom. The big ship ally tied to the dock, and Anna own the gangplank. Her heart ting a little faster now, and she excitement that she always felt onfronted with a challenge. Not t the pleasant tingle of expectancy

"I can't believe that I am really here."

"You are really here, sweetheart," he said. "Forever and forever you are really here. Now, which is your trunk?"

Anna pointed to a very old battered suitcase. It looked very forlorn among the magnificent luggage and glossy wardrobe trunks that surrounded it. Ernest's father looked at it and said gently, "It's a very small suitcase."

"But I didn't have much to bring with me," Anna faltered. "Only a few old dresses and—another pair of shoes—"

"There is nothing in the suitcase you value?" Ernest's father asked. Anna shook her head, a little bewildered.

"Leave the suitcase," Ernest's father said, taking her arm. "We'll just walk away from it. And, Anna, as we walk away from it tell yourself that you are walking away from your past." Anna looked at him sharply, but was reassured by his friendly smile. "You have lived with tragedy too long, Anna. From now on you will learn to laugh and to live. We will help you to forget the unhappiness. Come, my dear—"

The next half hour was a magic one for Anna. She settled back in a huge black car and held Ernest's hand tightly. Ernest's mother sat on the other side of her, and his father sat up with the chauffeur. Ernest's father did most of the talking. The car slid quietly across town.

"We have lunch ordered, Anna," he said. "Just the four of us, we thought. We have a suite for you at the Waldorf. And, Anna, we managed to pull a few strings. The wedding will be tomorrow, if that's all right with you."

Anna swayed closer to Ernest and looked up at him with limpid eyes.

"Whatever—whatever Ernest says," she said shyly.

They were at the hotel and an elevator sped them up, up, and it was as though Anna's spirit was soaring, too. And then they were in the suite which Ernest's father had engaged for her. Anna's startled cry of delight was genuine. The living room was filled with flowers. Anna ran to the window. New York, far below, looked like a toy city that was hers to play with. She turned and her eyes danced around the room. Why, that suite at the Ritz in Paris, which the General had been so proud of, had been nothing—she plugged up the channel into which her thoughts had flown. Paris? The General? That was a part of someone else's life—a dark, sleek, sophisticated girl named Anna Dietrich.

"Look into your bedroom, Anna," Ernest's mother said, with pleasant but mystifying urgency. "Go on, Anna, look."

ANNA flew into the bedroom. It was enormous. The bed was huge, and on it lay a pale blue chiffon nightgown and a matching negligee. Anna turned bewildered eyes to Ernest's mother.

"The closet," Ernest's mother said. "Look in there."

Anna ran to the big closet. She opened the door and a light clicked on. Her hands flew to her throat and a cry of sheer, exquisite pleasure came from her lips. The closet was filled with clothes. Her hands ruffled through them and her practiced eye noted the labels. There were satin and velvet dinner suits; there were exquisite street dresses, silk and lamé evening dresses; a dozen pairs of shoes, and—wonder of wonders—a long ermine coat.

"You see," Ernest's father said, his eyes a little misty, "You didn't need that old suitcase, did you?"

Impulsively—well, almost impulsively—she threw her arms around his neck.

"See, you've lost your girl to me already, son," he said, and his voice trembled with happiness.

"You shouldn't have," Anna said, shaking her head. "Those clothes are so expensive. No one can afford such clothes. No, we must send them back."

Ernest looked at his father, and there was a fierce pride in his eyes.

"I told you she didn't know, Father," he said, and there was exultation in his voice.

"Didn't know what?" Anna raised bewildered eyes.

"About Father's—money. Or about his big heart."

"Our son never told you that his father was a rich man," Ernest's mother said, smiling. "And one day it will all be—"

"He never told me," Anna faltered. "I would have been frightened."

"You will never have to be frightened again," Ernest's father said. "This is all yours, Anna."

"Until tomorrow," Ernest reminded her. "Then you'll have to share it."

"Ernest!" his mother reproved, but then she laughed and put her arms around Anna's shoulders. "He is an impatient bridegroom, little Anna."

A table was already set up in the living room. There were bowls of caviar glistening darkly in molded ice forms, and there were silver buckets from which



Fraser River and the old Trail, British Columbia. Gateway through which stage-coach caravans once rolled laden with gold from the Cariboo country. This famous canyon is one of nature's treasures of all time in the Dominion of Canada, home of HARWOOD'S BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

Sole UNITED STATES Importers:
R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

PRICES DOWN.. WITH THIS



MILLIONS OF TEST MILES PROVED IT!

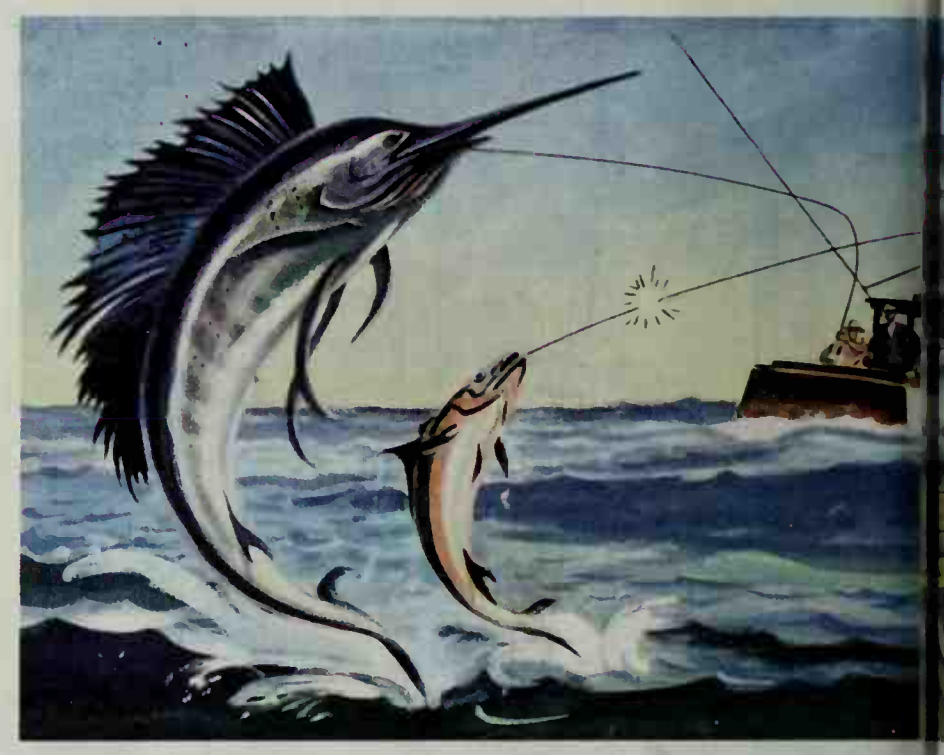
This is the record of the *new* Goodyear De Luxe tire in millions of miles of road tests in which tires were driven until the treads wore smooth:

> The *new* Goodyear De Luxe averaged 34% more mileage than the famous Goodyear tire it replaces. Yes, *34% more mileage!*

As you probably know, road tests are tougher on tires than ordinary driving. So the *new* Goodyear De Luxe certainly ought to do at least as well on the wheels of your car.

NEW!..POSTWAR PERFORMANCE—PREWAR PRICE!

This increased mileage actually costs you less. You not only get a new and better tire, you get it at a prewar price!



NEW!..STRONGER CORD!

The body of the sturdy *new* De Luxe is stronger because the c is stronger. The extra strength in the body means the tread made heavier. As a result, you get longer wear.

NEW!..HUSKIER SHOULDER —MORE EVEN WEAR!



The improved shoulder design of the long-lived *new* De Luxe makes the shoulder huskier, yet more flexible. In addition, it results in more even wear. The more evenly a tire wears, the longer it wears.

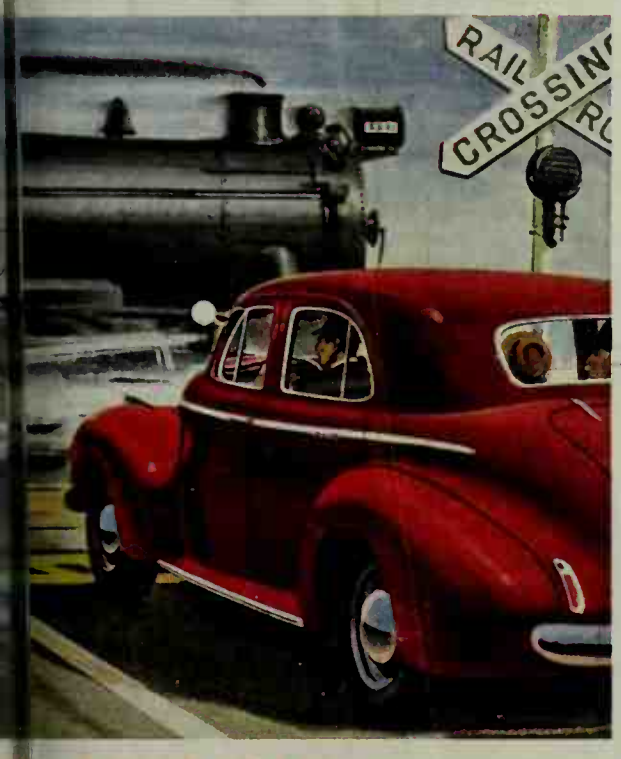
THE NEW GOOD

All-Weather T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOO

MILEAGE UP 34%

New Tire!



...WIDER TREAD
...TER TRACTION!

...ead of the sure-footed *new* De Luxe is ...and wider. It puts more rubber on the ... gives you extra traction when you need ... Your wheels grip the road better when ...p on the brakes or the gas.

• • •

...w Goodyear De Luxe tire is typical of ...ny improvements in tires that for 32 ... years have made it true that: More ...ride on Goodyear tires than on any ...nd.



Your choice of two famous treads:
The De Luxe Rib
The De Luxe All-Weather

...YEAR DE LUXE

...S THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

emerged the necks of champagne bottles.

They sat down. Anna was watching intently now.

"Will you give the blessing, Papa?" Ernest's mother said gently.

He bowed his head. So did Anna, and then she heard Ernest's father intone solemnly, *"Baruch Ata Adonai elohanu melech holem. . . ."* And then in English he said, "Blessed art thou, O Lord, who bringeth food forth from the earth. . . ." As he spoke he took a piece of bread and broke it in his hand.

"Maybe some of our old Jewish customs will seem strange to you at first," Ernest's father said.

Anna shook her head. "No. My father always said grace before meals at home. Our Lutheran prayer before meals was much like the one you just said."

"Ernest is not a very good Jew," his father said, "though he's a very good boy. Not many young American Jews follow the customs of their old parents who learned those customs in Hungary."

"That reminds me," Anna turned to Ernest's mother. "I have something for you." . .

SHE got up and went to the chair on which she had put her handbag. She opened it and took out the little package. She handed it shyly to Ernest's mother. They all exclaimed happily as they saw the golden earrings. Ernest's mother uttered little cries of pleasure and insisted upon getting up and hurrying to a mirror.

"Lucky my ears were pierced. Yes, as a little girl in Hungary I sneaked out one day and had them pierced. Look, Papa—how lovely—how lovely they are. They remind me so much of a pair of earrings my mother once had. She gave them to my sister. I cried because she didn't give them to me."

"Is your sister still in Hungary?" Anna asked, smiling.

There was a sudden silence. "My sister stayed in Hungary. We have not heard from her. I'm afraid she—"

"Your sister is dead, Mama," Ernest's father said gently. He turned to Anna. "It was not good to be a Jew in Budapest once the Germans took over. Mama's sister was sent to Auschwitz."

"We will not spoil your first day with us by talking about our own little family tragedies," Ernest's mother said firmly. "And I will always treasure these earrings. You couldn't have given me anything I would have loved as much. It is almost—almost as though my darling sister had sent these to me through you." Ernest's mother leaned over impulsively and kissed Anna on the cheek.

Anna reached out and
plump hand of Ernest's mo
came almost unbidden to he

"Come now, little daught
father said gently. "Please d

"I know I'm silly," Anna s
her eyes with her tiny handk
you're all so kind to me. A
not used to kindness. And th
look so lovely on you. Th
mother's. And now every ti
wear them I'll think of my m

"Enough of this." Ernest,
terful, reached for the cham
His strong hands twisted th
then let it pop. The wine r
cascading down the side o
Ernest laughed and filled fou

"To Anna and our futu
gaily, lifting his glass.

They all drank; Anna ch
and Ernest laughed.

"The bubbles," Anna gas
tickle me."

"We'll have to teach y
champagne, Anna," Ernest s

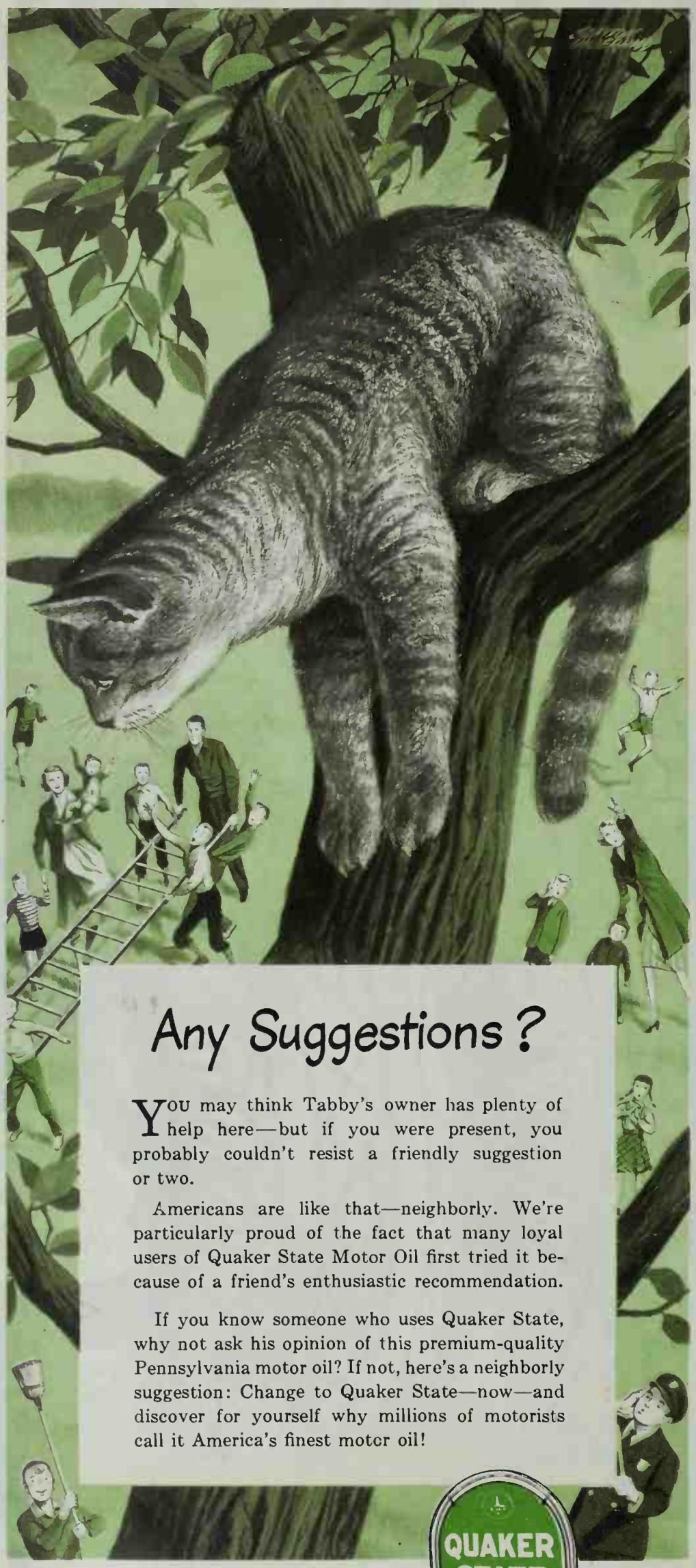
"I'll finish this," Anna s
him. "To you, Ernest, to
future. . . ."

She lifted the glass to h
over the rim she looked at
face of Ernest and at the ha
father wore, and then the h
earrings drew her eyes and he
tears, real tears this time, s
eyes, and through the tears
rings seemed to stare at he
cusingly—and the laughing
Stalmann somehow took the
earrings, and she could see
and she knew he was saying
be with you, Anna," and sh
that he would indeed alway
and that always she would h
her guard lest he take poss
mind and soul and even, she
a quick surge of panic, of h
that one day she would s
things he had done and of t
told her, and of how he ha
earrings and to whom they h

The thought made Anna c
tightly, as though to shut Er
consciousness. And then, as
a great distance, she heard
voice of her dark America
"Don't feel, Anna. Just th
think and you will survive
Anna put down her glass.

She opened her eyes and
the now anxious face of Err
smiled faintly and said softl
I almost fainted. It's bec
happy. . . ."

THE END



Any Suggestions?

YOU may think Tabby's owner has plenty of help here—but if you were present, you probably couldn't resist a friendly suggestion or two.

Americans are like that—neighborly. We're particularly proud of the fact that many loyal users of Quaker State Motor Oil first tried it because of a friend's enthusiastic recommendation.

If you know someone who uses Quaker State, why not ask his opinion of this premium-quality Pennsylvania motor oil? If not, here's a neighborly suggestion: Change to Quaker State—now—and discover for yourself why millions of motorists call it America's finest motor oil!



Quaker State Oil Refining Corp.
Oil City, Pa.

MEMBER PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION



COLLIER'S "Perhaps so, madam—but then so does your perfume!"

A fine car made finer

PONTIAC



le thrill of the first mile endures!

It's a great thrill to climb behind the wheel of a new Silver Streak Pontiac and put it through its brilliant paces. The big, smooth, quiet engine—remarkably economical in spite of its power—is master of every traffic situation. You ride in comfort as great as you could ask of *any* car. You experience ease and quickness of handling that come as an entirely new experience. Truly, it is a thrill to drive a new Pontiac. *And the thrill of that first mile endures!* Year after year, your Pontiac will deliver this same satisfying performance—for Pontiac is designed and built to endure! This is true of every Pontiac built—regardless of year or model. So make your next car a Pontiac—the car that will be a thrill to drive as long as you have it in your possession!

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR *on the air twice weekly*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



ACE IN THE HOLE

Continued from page 15

Pasquel had his eye on Musial, Terry Moore and Enos Slaughter. Jorge offered Stan a bonus of $75,000 and a five-year contract at $30,000 a season. That would seem to mean a total deal for $225,000, but in view of what has happened to American players since in Mexico, it probably meant only a certain grab of $105,000.

By staying a year below the border Stan would have had no United States income tax to pay and he would have possibly netted as much from the deal as he will save from twenty years playing here, but he turned it down. Without being too cloying about it, Musial put his refusal on the grounds of loyalty, both to the Cards and the good old U.S.A.

"I wouldn't like Mexico," he said. "The Mexicans wouldn't like Donora. We have two kids and they love it here. Why get ourselves all balled up?"

Stanley's Stance at Bat

Like all great hitters Musial has a style of his own and it is about as unorthodox as they come. As the pitcher winds up he curls himself back like a corkscrew. His bat is far back on his shoulder and the crouch of his body and the twist of his frame give him the appearance of a coil about to unwind. As the ball comes toward him he taps the toes of his front (right) foot three times on the ground, like a dancer pirouetting in a ballet. Then he either lets the pitch go by or takes a whack at it. How he sees it all from a cockeyed stance like that is one of baseball's mysteries. But Al Simmons broke all rules by hitting with his "foot in the bucket," Frankie Frisch was once a cross-handed hitter, Heinie Groh stood facing the pitcher and Mel Ott hit like a penguin, on one leg.

Musial thinks he has been lucky all along. "If I hadn't been dumb and fallen on that shoulder, I'd have been a pitcher and never got past the Three-I league." He considers it fortunate that he ever got back his arm at all and thinks being with the Cards was a break for him. Billy Southworth had a reputation for handling young ballplayers but as he says himself there was never any doubt about Musial.

"He wouldn't give up on himself," says Southworth. "How could I on him? Coming in with a ba that couldn't be good for an Everybody asked about him, eve watched him and he thought for he had to hit a home run every tim a miracle he *ever* came through i

In an era when big-name ball have personal managers, persona neys and fiscal advisers, it is no wondered that Musial's fame ha somewhat to his head, but it is possible that the blight will settle permanently. He is a great bal but unfortunately he has little co draws very few kopecks at the gat own performance. Ted Willian draw; Bob Feller is a draw; Broc a draw and the New York Yanke draw (for some peculiar reaso Stanley is merely a wonderful hitt what was a great team.

When he returned after the app tis scare he managed to get two twenty-two times at bat, which g a percentage of something slightl of nothing, but there were expe insisted it would be illegal for M hit less than .300. The proposition hopeless for a long time, but in l and early August he started hitti such demoniacal fury that it to small men with an abacus to keep his average.

In view of the world situation agreed that this recrudescence of man was the happy tonic requi our national morale.

Whatever finally happens to and the Cardinals, this year of will undoubtedly help in their re tion. By the time 1948 rolls aro will be chasing kids in the streets them autographs and will be so up at the plate he will consider a balls an affront.

We met a character in St. L cently who laid the blame for the troubles on Sam Breadon.

"Look at him," he said disg "He has the team so crazy about ball they'd buy their way into t and then Sam goes and give money! All this about Sam being flint . . . Why, Sam has just hog-ric ruined a bunch of poor country

THE END



"Remember when it was considered foolish to live beyond your mean

COLLIER'S



You never thought you'd be scared stiff of a sweet old lady and a meek little guy in carpet slippers, but when they're Her Folks — well, fellow, that's *different!*

One thing that will count heavily in your favor is an attractive appearance. You'll be supremely at ease in a suit of Pacific Fabric, for Pacific weaves the smartness right into the cloth — the fine texture, the handsome drape, the rich colors.

Pacific Fabrics are made of pure wool, and have a reputation for splendid tailoring qualities and long wear. You'll find them in clothes for business wear or recreation — in suits, slacks, sport shirts, raincoats and topcoats made by some of the finest manufacturers in the country!

Look for the Pacific label next time you buy. It's featured by better stores. PACIFIC MILLS, Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16.

TAILORED BY ROSE BROTHERS
Surrétwill
Pacific
FABRIC BY PACIFIC MILLS

FEATURED AT LEADING STORES: Surrétwill suits, tailored by Rose Bros., Fabric by Pacific. Suits, $45.00; slacks, $14.95. For further information write Rose Brothers, 275 Seventh Avenue, New York 1; or Pacific Mills.

LOOK TO THE *fabric* FIRST

Pacific
Worsteds Woolens

YOUR CAR WILL LAST LONGER
WITH A
PUROLATOR *MICRONIC* FILTER

. . . our tractors use Purolator filters exclusively



Take a tip from the farmers. Protect your car the way they protect their tractors. For longer car life and trouble-free motoring equip your car with a Purolator Micronic Oil Filter. Do it *before* performance starts to lag . . . *before* repair costs start to mount. The Purolator Micronic Oil Filter effectively traps the bearing damaging dirt, dust, grime and harsh abrasives that work into your lubricating oil when your car is running.

During the war, thousands upon thousands of Purolator Micronic Oil Filters were produced for the Armed Services and essential industry. Today they are standard equipment on almost every type of transportation vehicle.

If your car is *not* equipped with a Purolator Micronic Oil Filter have your service man install one today. If it *is* equipped with a Purolator be sure that every time you change the filter element you install a genuine Purolator Micronic Oil Filter Element. Remember, only Purolator makes the Purolator—for your car's protection.

PUROLATOR PRODUCTS, INC., NEWARK 2, NEW JERSEY
In Canada: Purolator Products (Canada) Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

PUROLATOR *Micronic* OIL FILTER



PUROLATOR FILTERS ARE USED ON MORE CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS, BUSES, DIESELS, TRAINS, PLANES AND SHIPS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF FILTER OR FILTER I

A New Serial by
DICK PEARCE



SWEET WATER

A SAGA OF THE MEN WHO TAMED THE WEST



From the start there was tension between Thomason and Lineer, but they were building a railroad together, building it through bone-dry, strife-ridden country. Between them, like a challenge, stood a bold and lovely woman who thought she wanted both of them



BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 28

ormation was the real thing, he lso recognize my voice despite r I did to disguise it. But I had station inspector once and he a bright look about the nose, a errety nose for a policeman. So o him that I asked to talk.

me on the line. I began breathing as if I had been running, and o him in short, urgent bursts.

ose!" I said. "That man Pene Inwood murderer!"

t's that?" I knew by his alertness name meant something.

ose!" I repeated. "Halesworth—rth station. I saw him! He's just he nine fifty-four! For London! k how I know it was him! Didn't n the same floor, the same corris office in Bush House, and saw y day for months? So now you t him!"

say you've seen him before? peaking, please?"

God's sake, young man, if you derstand plain English, let me someone who can!"

was he dressed?"

him a quick and unfaltering de- of Jonathan's clothes and genearance, ending with "—Why, cognized the little brown spot on of his nose, no bigger than a pin- as right behind him when he got k. I heard him say, 'Third single, l Street,' just the same way I've n say, 'Third floor, please' to the

ped for breath. The inspector inced. His excitement was ill- l when he asked me to repeat ption to make sure he had got it en he asked again who I was.

Harris, Station Road, Ipswich en spending the week end with er. And now I've gone and lost all through trying to do the right ough heaven knows people like ve all they get. My goodness, if urry I shall miss the bus too! ve got everything you want to odby then, and mind you catch but down the receiver before he me the only question I did not nswer, which was at what numtion Road I lived.

er, by the time they had checked e *bona fides* of Annie Harris, they would have arrested Jonathan. Yes, they would get him all right, and Charlotte would not, which meant that Freddy Williams would not either.

But I was paying a price for his safety, and unless I was very careful and very lucky it might be too high.

Keeping my head down I left the post office and returned to the car. I felt as bad as I had known I would feel, but forewarned was not forearmed. My eyes were gritty and smarting because I could have done with a good hearty cry and dared not take one if I wanted to stay tough long enough to see the thing through to the end.

WHEN I saw Charlie at home I judged by his noncommittal air that he had no reason to doubt that Jonathan had caught the nine fifty-four. I realized that however terrible I was feeling, it would not help to continue bottling up everything even until after lunch, and that now was the time to put my head metaphorically on Charlie's shoulder.

"Let's talk," I said.

"It's due," he remarked. "You look frightful."

I led the way to the old hayloft over the tithe barn, climbing the rickety ladder into the sweet-smelling half darkness which was among my earliest memories. Perhaps three times before Charlie had been up there with me, and always on occasions of importance.

I lay on my stomach in last year's hay while he sat with his back to the end wall where I could not see his face.

Thus, for a full half hour, I spoke without pause, without a question from him, telling him all that had happened in London while he had been away in the Peacock. At moments, hearing myself as if I were someone else speaking, I wished I could have told Jonathan like this, quietly and without emotional uprushes. He might have believed me.

I stopped at that point, where I had failed with Jonathan, to give Charlie time to digest the main premise of my case against Charlotte and Freddy Williams. He knocked out his dead pipe, refilled it from his battered silver tobacco box, and then said, "I see."

"You agree, don't you," I asked him, "that he wouldn't have a chance once those two got their hands on him?"



If there's
discord like this

Instead of
close harmony like this





TRY THIS

MORAL: *Sweeten up for close-ups! Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking. Always good taste!*



The candy with a hole—only 5¢

JUST RELEASED for SALE!
From the great COLGATE LABORATORIES
comes this amazing
NEW TYPE denture cleanser!

COLEO
Gets False Teeth really clean



Hollywood, Calif. Perfect teeth are a "must" before the camera! Nowhere else in the world will you find so many costly plates and bridges—as among the actors and actresses. That's why Colgate-Palmolive-Peet selected Hollywood to test its great new denture cleanser—Coleo! And what a hit!

8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser! After scores and scores of actors and actresses tried new Coleo, they exclaimed, "Coleo gets false teeth *really* clean!"

Coleo doesn't miss a thing! Dingy mucin (film), removable stains, and food particles all fizz away in a matter of minutes! A special ingredient does the job thoroughly! No tiresome brushing! False teeth sparkle with cleanliness! And dentures cleaned with Coleo have a pleasant, fresh taste! Try this remarkable cleanser on *your* false teeth today!



NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

"He would keep his faith in her while this Williams was strangling him. Of course he hasn't a chance. You ought to have let me stop him. I thought it was merely the danger of his being picked up if he walked about London. Dammit, they are as dangerous as a brace of black mambas."

Then I told him what I had done in Halesworth an hour ago, and his judicial calm, already ruffled, broke.

"Eve! My God! He'll never forgive you—"

"He isn't going to know that I did it."

"Now, presumably," he said, "we come to the point. How are you to tell the police all this and not burn your own fingers?"

"Was looking after Jonathan a crime, if he is proved innocent?"

"And who is going to do that?"

"Charlotte and Freddy Williams."

"They'll have to undergo a considerable moral revolution, and in a remarkably short time. You realize that Jonathan will have to be produced by the police in a magistrate's court tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, and they'll remand him for a week at least. I thought of that. Tomorrow is Wednesday, and tomorrow week the police will certainly present enough evidence to justify the magistrate sending him for trial. But I think we can prevent even that happening."

"I gather you're coming to the point at last," he complained. "You know, I'm not the Commodore. I don't have to be spoon-fed the indigestible bits."

So I went on from where I had left off, and told him about the coming week end, about my purchases at Harrods, and generally filled in as many of the details of the idea as I could imagine at the moment. He needed no help from me to realize how tricky it would be to put into effect. He held the pipe tight in his teeth and said nothing for what seemed an age, while I became secretly more and more anxious. I could not do it without him. Apart from technicalities, he was for one thing the only person who could keep Father quiet during the critical stages of the proceedings, when his every instinct would urge him to violent and ruinous action.

I waited and waited, and kept my teeth clamped on my tongue to prevent myself saying, "You will do it, won't you?" or even "Well?"

Finally he said, "Has the screened cable twin or single core?"

I knew then that he was with me.

"I don't know," I said, trying to keep gratitude out of my voice.

"I'll take a look presently. There is one other thing, Eve. The Commod

"Yes," I said. "The Commodor

"You know, I think I would tell

"But he would want to run every tell Billy Bull and Ordinary Smith to do this and that! He'd spoil it! sure, absolutely sure, we must give them without warning, before the think what it means except sort of matically without time to ask que and so muddle things. Billy Bull, I would think it was a trick of some He's so suspicious."

"You mean he'd refuse and the modore would refuse and this or inspector chap would refuse—and pose *I* refuse—to let you run the ris will be running all the time? The serious, dangerous risk?"

I said softly, "You realize, even if of the others would, that I must do way, myself."

"Because of Jonathan?"

"Because of Jonathan. I can't d ately put him in danger as I have and avoid my share of it."

He nodded slowly.

"And if it goes wrong?"

"Jonathan would not be tried un autumn assizes. We would have weeks to break down the case a him by building up one against th murderer. But they would still b to jail him for years as an accessor the fact, wouldn't they? Why shou woman extract any price from hi the glorious privilege of loving he

"Steady," Charlie said.

I steadied, and he wound up th versation then and there. "Show n screened cable."

BECAUSE, confessed, I was a last to sleep soundly from ha two that afternoon until nearly could listen to Father's radio w visible tremor when the announc of Jonathan's arrest was made duri six-o'clock news bulletin.

They had not detained him. Th arrested him. The headlines next ing were bigger than those whic blazoned Joseph Inwood's murde

"On information received, offic Scotland Yard at midday yes arrested Penrose at Liverpool Stre tion. He will appear this morn West London Police Court in conn with the murder, etc., etc.," follo a rehash of the original story.

Arrested. They *were* sure, they?

I had not realized before that th brandt story would reach the publi same time, and there it was, occ



COLLIER'S "Probably we should pretend we're angry!" FRANK



Douglas gives you

HIGH QUALITY AT FAIR PRICES

These distinguished shoes are typical of the complete W. L. Douglas selection for Fall. Every pair is superbly made of fine leathers . . . every pair is authentically styled . . . every pair is today's best-buy!

. . . AND EVERY PAIR
at a fair price!

Style 6644
The CORONADO
Also in Scotch Grain
Style 6643

Style 6628
The CRUISER
Also in Scotch Grain
Style 6629

Style 6607
The CAMPUS
Also in Scotch Grain
Style 6608



The hand of a
Master Craftsman
is behind
this trusted trademark



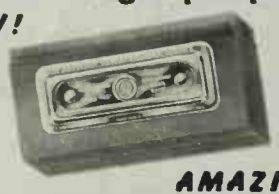
Douglas Shoes

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROCKTON 15, MASS.

STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES — GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

ANCO† SPEED PAD‡ gives you a TRULY CLEAN WINDSHIELD at the gas pump

NEW!



AMAZING!

Removes . . . swiftly and gently . . . from your windshield . . . all stubborn film, bug smear and other obstructions to safe driving vision. Uses only water . . . no chemicals. Leaves glass film-free...and crystal clear. Eye strain...FILM FATIGUE..a serious driving hazard. GONE!

DON'T BLAME YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

Sure . . . he knows how your nerves jangle . . . while your eyes strain through that ghost-like film that grows on your windshield. He knows how that film blurs dangerously under your windshield wiper in the next storm. He has tried hard to clear it . . . to please you . . . using the best he has had . . . up to now . . . to work with. Maybe your gas man is discouraged . . . hasn't seen ANCO Speed Pad . . . thinks FILM can't be whipped . . . quickly and completely. You can't blame him for that.

WHO tells HIM?

After all, YOU have a lot to gain . . . in safety and in restful driving comfort. So why not YOU tell HIM . . . about this amazing new ANCO year-round device? Show him this ad. He'll win friends...with Speed Pad.

Yes . . . he can get . . . from his ANCO distributor . . . an extra ANCO Speed Pad . . . for your own convenient use . . . in cleaning your windshield . . . or your windows and mirrors at home. And he can equip your windshield . . . quickly . . . NOW . . . with keen new ANCO Wiper Blades and Arms . . . to KEEP that windshield CLEAN . . . in storms ahead. Get yours today!

May save you a costly smashup!

†Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
‡Trade Mark of—The Anderson Company

Quality Protected Under Fair Trade Laws
ANCO Patented Products—Patents Make Jobs

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA



I'm not up to sniff!

Haven't felt much like tracking scents lately—worms have done an inside job on me. But I'd he willing to pick up the trail that leads to Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules. They kill worms fast, and are safe and easy on my system.

Sergeant's Puppy Capsules were specially made for worming puppies, and small dogs weighing less than ten pounds. Sergeant's thorough clinical research and kennel-testing have developed 19 dependable dog care products, each of which helps you to give your pet the care he deserves.



• You'll get a lot more fun out of training and caring for your dog after reading Sergeant's new Dog Book. Pick up a FREE copy at your drug or pet store, or write Sergeant's, Richmond 20, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG CARE PRODUCTS

second place on the front page; I wondered a little ruefully where they would have been without me this morning.

"GANG WARFARE IN ESSEX" said the Daily Picture, "MYSTERY CAR IN STOLEN REMBRANDT DRAMA," and all the papers, even the Times, let themselves go in happy speculation about what might have happened on the lonely road beyond Colchester. Interviewed last night, Mrs. Harvey Gill had been delighted to hear that her priceless masterpiece had been recovered. I was glad to see that she had not offered any theory of her own as to the possible truth behind the gang warfare in Essex. Blood was still thicker than water in Pakenhurst, whatever private views she had so libelously communicated to the chief constable of East Suffolk. In the meantime the Essex police were pursuing their investigations. Presumably K. Zimmer was doing the same.

I TOOK the papers in to Father, who gleefully reached for his pen and wrote to the Times:

> "Sir, I do not wish to question Mrs. Harvey Gill's good faith in believing the Rembrandt painting, now happily recovered and about to be restored to her, to be a genuine example of the great painter's work, but I feel in fairness to the public in general and art lovers in particular I should make known my late brother's serious doubts about the authenticity of The Old Woman in a Shawl. When he purchased it from the Pilkin Estate in 1923, he had it examined by the late Josiah Crabtree Jones, who pronounced it to be a Rembrandt but who, it will be recalled, was himself exposed as fraudulent in the celebrated lawsuit concerning the Vermeer fakes. It would be interesting, therefore, to have the picture considered by a panel of present-day experts. . . ."

I was not in the mood to speculate with him about the possible repercussions the publication of this letter would produce; I had a letter of my own to write. I borrowed Mary's writing block, ink bottle and pen from the kitchen drawer where she keeps them, retired to my room and wrote to Charlotte in a round council-school hand, marred by one word misspelled. More than one would have been too many.

Ship Cottage,
Nr. Kessingland,
Suffolk.

Dear Madam:

I am so glad to see in the papers this morning the police have caught that wicked man and he will surely hang don't you think and not so good *I* think' for some people as well unless they are lucky which reminds me could you please make it convenient to call here next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock and not a minute before as my Sister Mary will be going out at 2:30 until close on midnight on account of being able to see Harold only once a week. We will not be bothered by nosy Parkers as this cottage is 4 miles from the nearest house except of course the big house which is saying the same thing as the old man as lives there is bedriden and does not go about. If you come by car or taxi from Saxmundham this road is the first turning on the right on the main road to Lowestoft 2 miles after the Southwold turning you cannot miss it because of the three white posts in the hedge at the corner it's only a small road and goes into the marsh. Tnis cottage is 3 miles to the yard along the small road and you see it pretty soon as the only building in sight. Bring that package you know which and we will have a nice talk and fix up everything satisfactory. If you don't come I will know my duty and do it first thing Monday but I expect you know as well as me how the news this morning makes it so urgent in fact more so to fix up everything. Bring this letter with you.

Yours respectfully
D. SIMPSON (Miss)

P. S. I will be able to give you a cup of tea and some of Mary's homemades as I expect you will be quite ready for a little something.

I showed it to Charlie who read it three times before commenting. "Where's the blot?"

"Blot?"

"There ought to be a blot, or the remains of one after you have tried to remove it with a penknife."

I walked over and posted it in Kessingland so that she would receive it by the country post in the morning.

I helped Charlie with the cable in the afternoon. It had to be laid so that it could not be seen from anywhere in or near the cottage; a dry ditch helped considerably to bridge most of the distance between the cottage garden and the Marsh House wood, where of course it was easy to loop it from branch to branch to the house itself. A row of runner beans in the cottage garden was useful, with their thick leaves; after that it had to go underground, a few inches below the surface, in sections of old water pipe, and it was no fun threading the stuff through them.

While Charlie made a hole through the wall of his kitchen-living room, I held spare cold chisels for him and continued to be grateful for something to do, even if it did not occupy my mind as much as I would have liked.

Things got better, however, when we came to the placing of the omnidirectional microphone.

For some time we suggested and countersuggested ways and means of concealing the microphone without interfering with its idiosyncrasies. Charlie didn't think it would work properly if there were anything between it and the voice. "And there's no way you can make the speaker stay in one spot."

"In the air over our heads?" I suggested.

Charlie said we'd work out something tomorrow.

DURING the night I realized why the microphone question was so difficult. Charlie's living room was altogether too austere. One earthenware pot and a pipe rack on the mantelpiece, a reproduction of a Van Gogh as the only picture, a calendar from a sheep-dip firm, and that was about all.

Once I began thinking like this, it did not take long to arrive at what I thought he would agree was the answer, and I could scarcely wait for daylight.

I labored all that Thursday, the day Jonathan was remanded for a week on the charge of murder, and found the physical exertion a great boon.

I ransacked the Marsh House attics, robbed Mary's collection of copper pots, and trundled loads of this loot to the cottage where I spent hours on a stepladder with hammer, nails and hooks.

By the time I had finished, the room and particularly the ceiling looked as if it had come about through the crossing of an early English kitchen (which, after all, was what it once had been) with a Montmartre bistro; but more than that, it was now quite like the cottage Dorothy Simpson's late mother had lived in all her life, obstinately refusing to part with the useless treasures of the centuries.

I made four muslin bags, and in three of them there were herbs picked by my own hand. They looked natural enough among the other oddities dangling from the beam and ceiling. The fourth hung between a stuffed Brazilian monkey (a pet of the Commodore's youth) and an Elizabethan pewter wine jug, and you could not see the outlines in it of the omnidirectional microphone which

CAPTURED FLAVOR from NEW YORK STATE

Candles flicker and the port goes round! That first slow sip . . . well-rounded, fruity, slightly dry. This tawny port blends the boldness and gentleness of New York State grapes into THE wine to companion hours of relaxation . . . good talk . . . good friends.

THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
Vineyardists and Producers
Hammondsport, N.Y.



TAYLOR Wines
FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK



Eyes Dead Tired!

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TO



EYES TIRED? Feel like you can't wait day is over? You don't have to wait. P drops of Murine in each eye. You get—



QUICK RELIEF! Feel that restful, soothin sation that comes instantly. Murine's 7 i ents were designed to bring quick relie the discomfort of tired eyes. Try Murine

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

d cook Charlotte's goose unflavored
ny herbs. I hoped.
Charlie approved. That evening the
modore went fishing for Sunday's
lon trout and we were able to test. It
ed. . . .
I was in my morning bath when I heard
e cutter of misused tires which an-
nced the first arrival for the week
Sophie of Inderswick. She sat on the
g of the bath in a corn-yellow silk
er suit and I had no difficulty in
ng the story. Her eyes were large in
ase, but they grew larger and re-
ed so. I was still talking at the end
eakfast. When I came to last night's
ssful test of the microphone, she
up her hands.
s too much all at once. It's too
! Why don't things like this happen
?"
rhaps because you're respectable."
t I'm not! I'm a disgrace to the
orhood and the Earl is in despair!
ne, darling, will you *marry* this
an man?"
idn't say so. Besides, I shall have
way to go before he'll let himself
e the same air with me again. If he
oes—"
nsense. When he realizes what
done for him, he'll be the most
ul man on earth!" She paused and
. "Grateful men are hell. Never
darling. You'll soon forget him.
s the policeman, isn't there? I'm
to see him."
n't forget he's *not* a policeman
ou do see him."
at do *I* do tomorrow?"
d her. Luckily she was thrilled to
e. . . .
d to go to Saxmundham to meet
ry Smith's train. He wore a well-
vat tweed suit, a silk shirt and a
. He looked a pet of a man, and
sed to see me. He would have no-
I had not mentioned the Inwood

ought you might not turn up," I
eing busy on account of having
Penrose."
t was Scotland Yard's work, not
nd the case is now with the public
tor."
at did you think of him? I mean
urderer? I suppose I was quite
about him?"

"Oddly enough you weren't," he said. "He's more like an architect than most, as a creative type. He tells the usual story—it's so usual it almost shook me."

"In what sense usual—and why?"

"Accidental discovery of Inwood's body, panic, followed by loss of memory until they picked him up. He can't remember a thing after finding the Inwood front door open, he *says*. He acts dazed and the doctors are watching him. It's so unlikely—"

"That it may be true?"

"No. I wouldn't say that. I'm sure he's lying. I can't explain." He shrugged his shoulders free of the problem and grinned at me to say that he was looking forward to his short holiday from the sordid policeman's life.

But I did not want to pursue his uncertainty. It was enough for me that he had one, however instinctive and undefined. It would help, tomorrow.

THE Commodore seemed to find nothing immediately objectionable in him, and almost at once treated him to a discourse on the history of the Barbary pirates without doubting that he would enjoy it, just as though he was a friend of long standing. But of course he did not yet know how Mr. Smith earned his living.

I took him for a longish walk through the marshes before supper, where presumably overcome by the romantic eeriness of the ruined Dutchman's mill silhouetted against the glowing western sky he kissed me without warning, and at once, terrified, apologized.

I forgave him and he ate a good supper with slightly goggling eyes. I felt, however, that coming events would bring him rudely back to earth. . . .

The spell of fine weather held, and that Sunday was one of those golden days. There was a bathing party before breakfast, which even the Commodore graced in a dulcet mood for so early in the day.

At eleven, when Sophie and the Commodore were reading the Sunday papers, I betook myself to Mary and the kitchen, followed a little wistfully by Ordinary Smith, who seemed not to care to be alone.

The veal stock was the right basis for an asparagus cream soup.

The Commodore's salmon trout were



"You're going to hate me when I tell you this, but—" BARNEY TOBEY

EVERY PENDLETON OWNER
Wants Another Pendleton

East, West, North, South
...every Pendleton owner
is eager for another
PENDLETON...

LUCKY IS THE MAN who owns a Pendleton shirt. Luckier still, the man who owns several! There's a thrill and pride of possession . . . a keen joy in the wearing that only Pendleton owners seem to know. These splendid virgin wool shirts are so comfortable . . . so action-free . . . so perfectly tailored. The fabrics are soft, rich and rugged . . . all Pendleton-woven out here in the West. You'll find many patterns for fall, all distinctive and exclusively Pendleton. *Slacks* also by Pendleton.

Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland 4, Ore.

Elk Meadows near Mt. Hood in Western Oregon

Pendleton

ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

Careful...

don't waste a drop



that's

Old Smuggler BRAND

Old Smuggler Scotch Whisky is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple . . . and is distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour. Blended and bottled in Dumbarton, Scotland.

From Scotland for 70 Years

Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 proof

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, SOLE AGENTS FOR U. S. A.

plump and fresh but rather small, and would be best grilled, one for each person.

The gigot of lamb was one of our own, marsh-fed and so tender it would melt in the mouth. Rubbed with garlic after all the fat had been taken off before roasting in butter rather quickly, it would be light eating. One would not want anything too solid after the salmon trout. I should have liked to give them the vegetables, the baby beans and young boiled potatoes, as a separate following course as the French do, but Billy Bull does not really approve of the custom, so they would come with the lamb. I did not want him to be irritated by even the littlest thing today.

Raspberry ice with a sprinkling of whole raspberries seemed the right conclusion.

Mary baked long, slender white Viennese breads, the kind with the eggshell-thin, crackly crust.

I took Ordinary Smith down to the wine cellar to carry the lamp, and we brought up two flagons of Steinwein, which tastes to me like white flowers distilled in sunshine; also two bottles of the Commodore's favorite claret, the 1933 Haut-Brion. It was now half past twelve. Lunch would begin at about one o'clock in the Long Room at the big table with all the French windows open.

Charlie appeared and was introduced to Mr. Smith. He seemed to like him. A few minutes later Billy Bull (without, thank goodness, the dog Fido) arrived. I introduced the two policemen without using their ranks; although Mr. Smith knew who Billy was, because I had told him.

Crime therefore would not be brought up as a subject unless Billy Bull did so on his own impulse in some other context than their mutual interest. In this respect, however, he got me to himself for a moment just before lunch, long enough to say, "I don't see why you had to be so dramatic about getting that damned picture back to your aunt. I hope there weren't any bodies after so much gunplay?"

"Not in that connection," I assured him. "Don't be ungrateful. You East Suffolk people weren't involved, were you?"

"No," he agreed hastily. "Thank you for that. But *his* letter to the Times! It's a bit thick, you know."

"You wouldn't like his sister-in-law to impose a false masterpiece on her friends and the public at large?"

We had coffee at the table. Whe watch said two-fifteen, and I dare wait another minute longer, I adde the general mood of the six people w a short time were to be precipitated drama and decided that it was a right. Sophie was a trifle giggly, I knew she would not be any the le her elegant toes when the moment c Billy Bull was beaming at the Con dore, who was beaming at everyt Charlie was soberly aware that he be ready to take control, while Ord Smith was just happy and a little re

In a pause in the conversation I "Has Father ever told you, Billy, the Cristobel ingot and how he lo leg?"

"I must have," said Father, "su

"There's a love interest in it, to said, with a glance at Sophie, who the cue with alacrity.

"Oh, Commodore, *do*, please!"

"Two hundred and fifty-one ou eight pennyweights," remarked the modore, contemplating the rampa past in the smoke of his cigar.

"Who got it?" inquired Billy Bu necessarily.

"In the end," said Father, "I did manner of speaking." And he was knew he would be good for at least quarters of an hour.

AFTER a few moments I left the as unobtrusively as possible, Ordinary Smith showing interes smiled at him reassuringly as a h who unfortunately has "things t and he dutifully returned his attent the Commodore.

I went quietly out, paused in th room to equip myself for emerge and spent five minutes upstairs taki lipstick and fixing the Dorothy Si hair-do.

I found a pair of field glasse reached the cottage a little after hal two, and after making sure that the l room stage was set, with the s arranged to make it as easy as pc for the microphone, I put a .32 down the right-hand side of the c of the chair I would sit in, and we to the attic bedroom where a smal dow at the back gave me a clear vi at least a mile of the road over the along which Charlotte must come. ing my elbows on the sill, I focus field glasses.

It was a deserted world of gors bracken shimmering in the sun. Th breeze was light but enough to



"You have my consent, young man, although we hate to lose her . . . Been with the family such a long time, you know"

COLLIER'S

IRWIN C



Use AC's *for*
UTMOST RELIABILITY

Dairies and milk producers use factory-recommended AC Spark Plugs to assure utmost reliability in milk delivery. Your AC dealer can supply you with factory-recommended AC's for your car, truck or tractor, designed for today's fuels and driving conditions.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" MAY SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10.

AC
SPARK
PLUGS

cleared the air of any morning mist which might have lingered.

Naturally, of course, I began to wonder whether she would really come, and hitherto unguessed possibilities started to worry me. After all, I had not heard a word from her. Freddy Williams might have changed their plans for some reason I could not know. The story Jonathan had told the police had not been made public. But they could be in no doubt about the danger from D. Simpson. The letter from D. Simpson could not have been more threatening. Or should I have been less ominously polite in favor of more downright, straightforward wording? Never had I had so many eggs in one basket.

Something flashed briefly at the extreme limit of visibility, then again, and I recognized it as the sun on a windshield. A moment later the car itself came into the circle of the field glasses' view. It was a big car, gray and shiny with chromium.

It did not, however, become larger, and I realized that it had stopped, as if the driver had seen the cottage. But before it started again, someone got out by the driver's door, opened the door of the back on the same side and climbed in. Both doors closed almost simultaneously and the car came on steadily. That meant what I hoped and expected: She was not alone, although she would appear to be so when the car came within ordinary seeing distance of the cottage; the man in the back would be crouching out of sight behind the front seat having given over the wheel to Charlotte.

I left the field glasses in the attic and went down to the living room where I put on Aunt Florence's spectacles and, with a Sunday paper in my hand, waited until I heard the car.

On my way to the open door I spoke aloud under the microphone, "Charlie. Stand by."

THE car stopped short of the cottage, turned around on the grass to face the way it had come, and as I reached the open front door, Charlotte was just getting out. Even without the spectacles I could not have seen anyone kneeling on the floor at the back.

She was wearing a small white hat. As she came nearer I saw she was carrying a brown paper package in addition to a white handbag. Her blue linen suit looked cool and matched her self-possessed air.

But her eyes were haggard, her lips tight, holding in the nervous tension quivering beneath that outward calm.

"Good afternoon," I said. "Won't you please step inside, Mrs. Inwood?"

It was the first time she had heard my natural voice, and the difference puzzled her. She looked at me, frowning. . . .

Later, Charlie told me how things went in the Long Room. It must have been quite a scene.

It was at seven minutes to three by the grandfather clock, and in the middle of the Commodore's explanation of why Chiquita Gonzalez did not really mean to throw the knife at him, that the radio set behind him gave tongue in a loud voice—my voice, although not immediately recognized as such. But the words were crystal clear. *"Charlie. Stand by."*

Father turned and glared at it, sharing the startled surprise of the rest of the table. It was the more unexpected since, when Charlie before lunch had plugged in the microphone lead, he had also removed the small bulb of the signal light which would have shown the set was switched on. "What the hell?" said Father, preparing to rage.

Two people moved. Charlie went to the radio to be able to control the volume, and Sophie reached down for her handbag by her chair; taking a notebook from it and three sharp pencils, she moved aside her coffee cup to make room.

Except for Father's one outburst, only Charlie spoke:

"Will everybody sit where they are, please? It is most important that Sophie should hear every word." To the Commodore he added, "Eve will explain afterward, sir."

When Charlie calls him "sir," it is an occasion. It implies the formal approach of a junior to a senior officer, and with it now was a note in Charlie's voice which clearly conveyed a warning that for good policy reasons the senior officer would be wise not to argue. The Commodore grunted—and held his peace. Billy Bull said, "Eve! That was Eve!"

In the moment's silence which followed, Sophie decided she would hear better if she were closer, and settled herself in one of the armchairs by the radio with the notebook on her knee.

Then came my invitation to Charlotte to come into the cottage. When Ordinary Smith heard the name "Mrs. Inwood" he looked about him a little wildly, as if searching for a visible explanation of my invisible presence.

Charlie watched Billy Bull's reactions as closely as Sophie watched Ordinary Smith's. He said Billy looked "as if the snake might be dangerous but it was better not to show alarm." He lighted a sec-

TIMMY by HOWARD SPARBER



"I think we should ignore it—he's doing it just to get your attention"

COLLIER'S

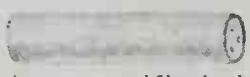


Remarkable crystal filters really cut down nicotine and irritants



Protect your nose and throat, *your health!* Use a Denicotea cigarette holder. Many doctors use and recommend Denicotea; it *definitely* reduces nicotine and throat irritants . . . Lustrous aluminum ejector model with 10 filters, $2. At all dealers.

HERE'S POSITIVE PROOF
You can see it happen!



Before use, crystal filter is white



After use, filter turns dark as it absorbs nicotine and tars

dunhill

DE·NICOTEA

Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder

Write for booklet "A"
Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Ave., New York 19



BUY BURGESS FOR BETTER PORTABLE PERFORMANCE

FOR YOUR PORTABLE RADIO BUY

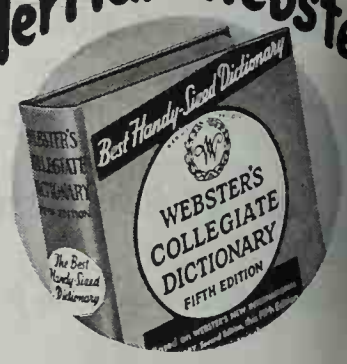
BURGESS BATTERIES

RECOGNIZED BY THEIR STRIPES • REMEMBERED BY THEIR SERVICE

ADMIRATION POCKETCHIEF
TRADE MARK
A Man's Handkerchief
. . . real value . . .
individually wrapped.
SOLD EXCLUSIVELY IN BETTER DRUG & CIGAR STORES
15c • 20c • 25c • 50c
A UNIVERSAL HANDKERCHIEF

1847 A Century of Publishing Merriam-Websters 194

The Handy-Sized Merriam-Webster



Based On "The Supreme Authority"

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE is the most dependable handy dictionary for home and office because it is a compact abridgment of the famous *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*—"The Supreme Authority." Defines all the words most commonly used. 1,300 pages; 110,000 entries. $ to $10.00, depending on binding. your dealer happens to be out of stock, try him again—we are delivering more WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATES than ever before in our history, to supply the unprecedented demand. G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield 2, Mass.



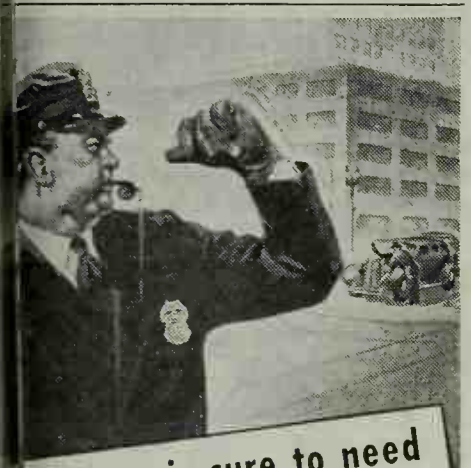
AT THE *Nations Stadiums*

THE BOSOM FRIEND OF WELL-DRESSED MEN

These smartly tailored oxfords in white or blue with button-down collar are the favorite every place young men get together. Completely sanforized against shrinking. Price $3.95 ea. Ask for them at your store or write M. Nirenberg Sons, Inc., 1140 B'way, New York 1, N.Y.



Lion of Troy SHIRTS



Your car is sure to need New Piston Rings

Be sure they're *New*

LEAK-PROOF

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PISTON RINGS

Every car someday is sure to need new piston rings. When yours does ask your repairman for Leak-Proof.

Guaranteed to do all 4

1. Keep oil down
2. Keep power up
3. Give smooth, new motor operation
4. Give longer life

This means when your repairman installs these rings, he's backed up by a guarantee of satisfactory piston ring performance for 10,000 miles or one year, whichever occurs first, under the terms and conditions of the McQuay-Norris Leak-Proof Piston Ring Replacement and Labor Guarantee available upon request.

McQUAY-NORRIS MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS

ond cigar and glanced thoughtfully at Ordinary Smith.

After that, Charlie kept his fingers on the volume control switch and began worrying about me, thus missing much of the gradual understanding which came upon at least two of the three men. But when Ordinary Smith's own name came up he revealed himself to Billy Bull, indicating himself by tapping his chest with his thumb, and Billy Bull nodded.

Sophie applied herself to her shorthand like a good girl, allowing neither excitement nor Steinwein to spoil her accuracy.

CHARLOTTE stood for a moment on the threshold, looking about her, at the stairs in the far corner and at the closed door of the back room.

"Don't be nervous," I said. "You're quite safe here, like I said you'd be."

I sat down in my chair and waited for her to make up her mind. I did not think she was seriously suspecting a trap. Why should she? Apart from the difference in my voice, was there anything she had not expected to find?

"I won't sit down," she said. "There's no need for this to take very long." She made a gesture with the package.

"Put it on the table," I told her, and she did so, moving to the table and standing there, so that she was about five feet from the fourth bag of herbs. If Charlie was at the volume control, which he ought to be by now, that was not too bad.

"Aren't you going to open it—make sure it's all there?" she asked with a bite of sarcasm.

"Time enough. Have you brought my letter?"

She took it from her handbag and gave it to me. I slipped it in my pocket.

"If you will now give me mine," she said, "that will conclude the matter."

I shook my head and took off the spectacles.

"I said we had to have a talk."

"I can be certain of one thing"—she looked at me as at a cockroach—"you will try to cheat. What is it now?"

"I've found out something which makes a big difference. I was quite wrong when I thought it was only a matter of you wanting to keep a secret about you know who. You see, I thought like everybody else that this man Penrose had murdered your husband. Now it seems he didn't do anything of the sort. The police haven't got on to that either. See what I mean?"

"I'm afraid I don't." But she was frightened, then reassured herself. It did not really matter how much I knew. Not now. But it mattered to me that it should be discussed and recorded; there might not be much time left. So I went on quickly, hoping Sophie would manage.

"It was a nice bit of luck, that poor Penrose coming along just then and getting himself labeled as the murderer, wasn't it, Mrs. Inwood?"

"Are you trying to say I killed my own husband?"

"Some people might think so—" I began now to drop the Dorothy Simpson idiom, "they might quite easily think so if they were to read the letters in your bureau drawer, the locked one. The police—Inspector Smith, for instance—would cease to think of you as a sorrowing widow but as a wife who was finding her husband an encumbrance. Particularly in recent weeks, when you have had a more than usually engrossing experience with a new kind of lover. You remember I was there when Inspector Smith and the Scotland Yard man interviewed you? I saw you after they had gone—gone sooner than they might have because I came in at your signal to say an imaginary doctor was waiting. Remember how anxious you were they shouldn't pursue a certain direction in their questions? And how you tried to telephone to a flat in North Audley Street, to warn your lover? Sorrowing widow! You weren't faithful to your

Are You a chronic Shoe-taker-offer, Mister?



HERE ARE 4 PRACTICAL WAYS TO BE SURE OF BUYING COMFORTABLE-FITTING SHOES

"ONE . . . WEAR THE SAME WEIGHT SOCK you wear regularly when you buy your shoes. Size and thickness of socks make a difference in the fit and comfort of your shoes.

"TWO . . . LET YOUR SALESMAN DECIDE YOUR SIZE. He knows feet. He's had years of experience in the fitting of shoes. He knows you'll come back *only* if you get the *right* last, the *right* style, the *right* size to fit your foot. Trust him!

"THREE . . . TAKE YOUR TIME WHEN YOU BUY SHOES. Give the salesman the time he needs to try different lasts and sizes. Try both shoes on, correctly laced, and walk around in them. Be sure they feel right before you leave the store.

"FOUR . . . BUY AN HONESTLY MADE SHOE. Buy a brand of shoes where there's been no cheating in the making . . . where the shoes are made on a variety of lasts . . . where you are sure there's as much care put *inside* the shoe as there is in polishing the finish.

Styled by WILLIAM LEON KNIPE

THESE SWELL LOOKIN' SHOES HAVE MORE THAN LOOKS!

FIT! Ward Hill Shoes are made on an amazing variety of lasts. There's a Ward Hill last that fits every type of foot . . . and perfectly! And every Ward Hill dealer is trained to give you a correct fit.

STYLE! Ward Hill styles are smartly designed by William Leon Knipe, made from the finest leathers—by a manufacturer famous for over sixty years for fine shoemaking.

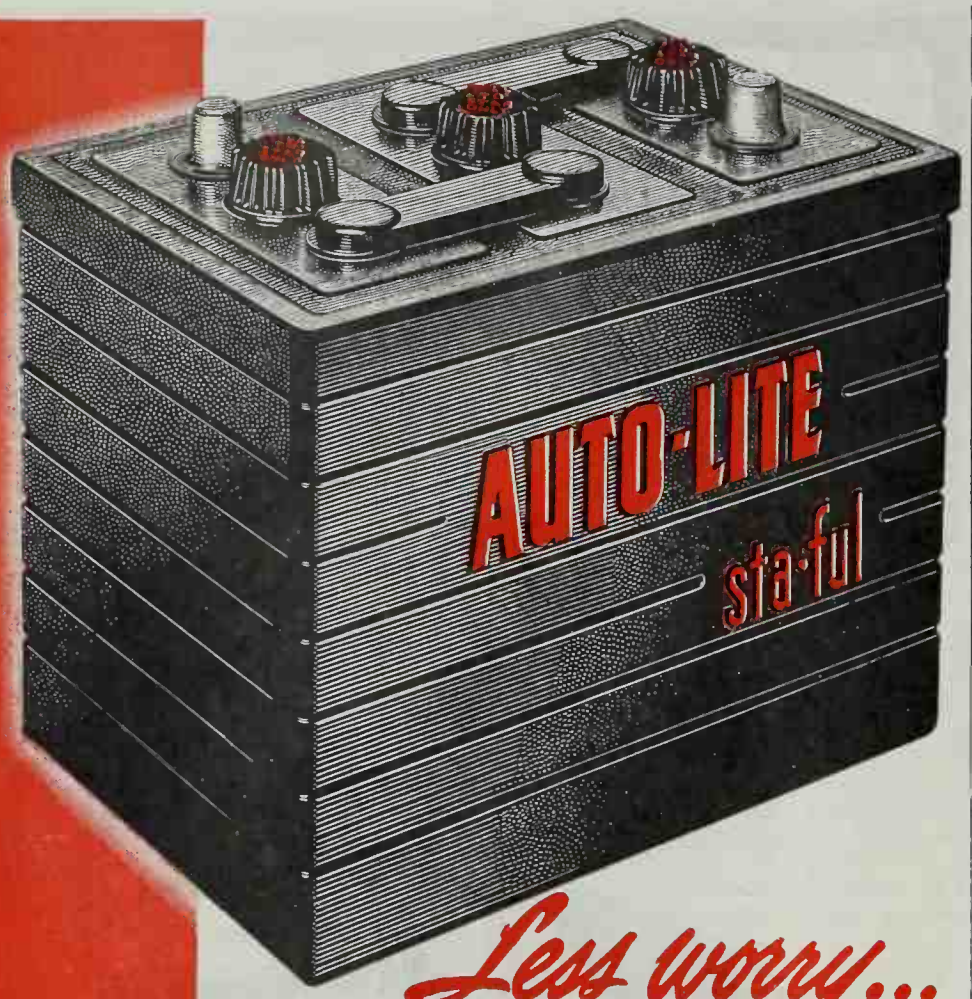
COMFORT! Whenever a new Ward Hill Shoe is made, extreme care is taken to build it on the *one* last that will give you perfect fit and comfort . . . a feature many manufacturers often overlook.



FIT WELL! STYLED SWELL!

No. 7823
on the Playboy last
At better dealers from coast to coast

KNIPE BROS., INC.
Ward Hill, Massachusetts



Less worry...

needs water only 3 times a year* ...LASTS LONGER, TOO

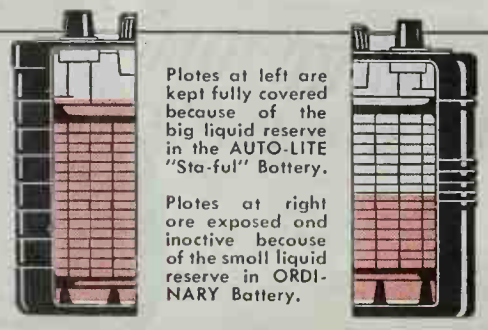
* in normal car use

Less worry . . . less bother for you. Plates in this new battery stay fully covered and active longer because there is more than 3 times the liquid reserve of ordinary batteries. Helps eliminate one major cause of battery failure and expense. Extra plates for extra power. Lasts longer, too, than batteries without the "Sta-ful" features.

See your Auto-Lite Battery Dealer today!

Money cannot buy a better battery...

Here's how it works



Plates at left are kept fully covered because of the big liquid reserve in the AUTO-LITE "Sta-ful" Battery.

Plates at right are exposed and inactive because of the small liquid reserve in ORDINARY Battery.

Liquid level shown in both batteries after equal evaporation.

husband for two weeks together from the day he married you."

"How dare you!"

"I dare."

"You spied on me!"

"You let your lover kill your husband. You came no nearer to killing him than that. There was no need for him to die, was there? He was tight-fisted but he let you go your own way. He didn't worry about your men. He knew he could handle them if they came too close to his marriage and his good name. But he should have worried about this new one. He was different. What happened that night when your poor husband tried to straighten things out before they went too wrong?"

"My God, he was right!" Her voice was a passion of angry fear.

The Long Room would not know what she meant, but I did; she meant Freddy Williams was right that I must be put out of the way.

"Yes, he was not quite in the usual run, your new man. He was much cleverer with you than the others had been. He knew how to use your exhibitionism, how to hold you, how to demand and demand so that you never came to the end of giving. And did not want to. Did your husband notice? I think he did. I think he was not expected to be home that night when you brought your lover to the house after the theater. What did your husband say that made this man lose his temper? And that candlestick so handy—"

"Stop! Oh, for God's sake!"

She was breaking. I thrust hard and without mercy.

"Did you try to save him? Did you cry out to warn him, your devoted Joseph? Or did you stand there and watch the sharp silver smash through the bones of his head to put out his life? Was it good to know that now you were more than ever in your lover's delicious power, held to him forever by the sharing of his guilt, to be hurt and frightened and hurt again because that's really the only answer that warms your cold heart?"

She made a movement to cover her eyes. I battered steadily on:

"Don't forget I was with you every moment of those few days after he was killed. I did not take my eyes off you. Why, I even knew about your all-night visits to the North Audley Street flat when you were supposed to be so ill that you could not stir from your bed. Three visits. And the secret telephone conversations. I heard them, you know, on the switchboard downstairs."

"I don't believe it!"

"Mayfair 5413, or have I the wrong number? He was out the first time. Nearly all day. He didn't want to see you. It was an unnecessary risk, but you could not wait. And when you came to him in spite of his refusal to see you, it was quite awkward for him. He had another woman with him. I spoke to her when she left. You took a taxi there, remember? The driver will. Number ADP 995. But of course you did not need to note his number, as I did."

She glowered, her hands moving in futile gestures of repudiation and disbelief. I paused a moment.

THE straight line of the doorway's shadow in the shaft of sunlight on the stone floor had a bulge in it, such as a man's shoulder might make if he stood on the threshold out of sight. He had not been there a moment ago.

This was it. I needed thirty seconds to shatter the last of her defenses; I was nearly sure he would wait where he was to hear the rest of it.

"But there's no *evidence*," I said quickly, "to show you did not kill your husband against positive evidence which says you did. If you will lift that newspaper off the middle of the table you'll see something under it which you will probably recognize—go on, look, Mrs. Inwood. It's something you thought you would never see again, the sort of evidence the police would love to have—one of your several white evening frocks with a square foot of bloodstain on it."

She stretched out her hand and pulled away the newspaper, her horror-stricken eyes on the folded, crumpled satin. "The frock you wore that night. You did not expect to see it again, but there it is, yours and no one else's. It can be identified. Your husband's blood, Mrs. Inwood. The man who killed him thought of everything, didn't he? But has he thought how easily he could let you take the blame if he knew about that frock, if it should come into his hands?"

"No! No! No!" she said. "He wouldn't



"Can't your wife be doing something besides mixing you a batch of Martinis?"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

ELSIE HAS A NEW BABY BOY

NEW YORK — [illegible] message [illegible]









Give him a name!

$25,000.00

in cash prizes!

(including dealer prizes)

He's **the chance** of your lifetime to win a nice big sh of cold cash—and have a lot of fun at the same ir!

nd Elsie a name for her new baby boy—the cute tyke above. And write 25 words giving your n for picking the particular name.

he lucky person who sends in the winning entry walks off with $7,500! . . . Second and third prizes $1,000 each. And more than 800 *additional prizes* in ready-to-spend *cash!*

If you have several names you think might fit Elsie's baby, send 'em all in—you'll have *more* chance to win. Just remember to accompany each entry with a label, box top, bottle top—any mark of identification—from any one of the great family of Borden Foods.

Please help Elsie NOW!

Contest closes midnight, October 31, 1947!

Use the coupon on this ad or secure an official entry blank from your store where you buy Borden products, or write on your own stationery.

Read these rules!

Send in a first name for Elsie and El-er's new baby boy calf. Then in 25 ad-tional words or less complete the state-ent: "I suggest this name for Elsie's by because . . ."

Use the coupon in this ad or secure an ficial entry blank from your store where u buy Borden products, or write on ur own stationery. Print clearly your n name and address (also your age and me of your school principal if you are der 14), and the name and address of rchant from whom you buy Borden ducts. Let your storekeeper help you . then, if you win a prize, he wins one . Write on one side of paper only.

This contest is open to any person in continental United States . . . except ployees of The Borden Company and subsidiaries and affiliates, its adver-ng agencies and members of their im-diate families. Contest is subject to all vernment regulations.

Submit as many entries as you wish, each entry must be accompanied by a label, bottle cap, box top, or any other mark of identification from any Borden product.

5. All entries must be the original work of the contestants, submitted in their own names. No more than one prize will be awarded in one family.

Mail your entries to:

Elsie's Contest
P.O. Box 18
New York 8, N. Y.

Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.

6. Entries will be judged by the judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. The name will be selected on appropriateness and originality. The statement will be judged on sincerity, logic and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Age will be considered in judging entries of children under 14 years. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned. All entries and ideas therein become the property of The Borden Company, which shall have the right to use, with contestants' names, in Borden Advertising.

7. The contest closes midnight October 31, 1947 and all entries must be postmarked before that date and received before November 15, 1947.

8. The Borden Company will have notices mailed to winners. A complete list of winners will be sent to all contestants requesting one and sending a stamped, addressed envelope. The Borden Company will decide whether or when to announce any winning names for the calf.

First Prize	$7,500	
Two Prizes	1,000	each
Three Prizes	500	each
Twenty Prizes	100	each
Eighty Prizes	25	each
Three Hundred Prizes	10	each
Four Hundred & Five Prizes	5	each
	$20,025	
Plus Dealer Prizes of	4,975	
Grand Total	$25,000	

Grand prize
$7,500.00



Borden's

ENTER NOW!

ELSIE'S CONTEST...
P.O. Box 18, New York 8, N. Y.

My name for the new calf is_____

Name_____

Street address_____

City_____ State_____

My 25-word statement is attached. Also name and address of dealer from whom I buy my Borden Products.

© The Borden Company

"Gee, that's Eatin'"



This young man knows a good thing when he sees it.

Santa Fe dining cars are known the country over
for that famous Fred Harvey food . . . courteous service . . .
shining silver . . . linens as white as the snow of the Rockies.

Whether it's beefsteak or brook trout
or pheasant *à la Périgueux* that catches your fancy on the menu,
you'll have a meal to remember.

In fact, it's almost worth taking a trip just to eat
a Fred Harvey meal on a Santa Fe diner!

May we count on serving you soon?

Santa Fe

SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES
Serving the West and Southwest
T. B. Gallaher, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago 4

lo hat. Give me that frock—I'll pay! 'l -"

Come in, Mr. Williams," I said. Wuldn't you do that?—or would you?" he shaft of sunlight was all but blotout as he stood in the doorway, large florid and at ease in a gray flannel hatless, his dark hair curling a litlamply on his forehead, a slightly piring forehead, perspiring, however, from the heat of the afternoon sun. harlotte turned to him before he d speak and uttered the words I had d and prayed that she would say:

's worse!" she cried. "Worse! She s everything! She knows you killed She's threatening to tell the police I did it, playing me off against you! frock! She's got hold of it, God s how! Oh, you were right about She's dangerous, much more dangus than that silly little Groves man!"

uietly, quietly!" he said with an of irritation. "You've let her get at ll right, haven't you? What's the ?"

ut if she can know all this by spying watching and guessing and being sly unning, who else mayn't there be? Groves, now this one—oh, Freddy, e will it end? I know I'm the sort of n people take more interest in than

"A compliment from a murderer, a double murderer at that, is a compliment indeed."

"I did not recognize Felicity Cunningham at first."

Charlotte said, "Who? But she's the maid Samson—"

"Simpson," I corrected her.

"She's what she likes to call herself. I told you to shut up." Freddy Williams blew cigarette smoke into the air; it whirled and eddied in a small blue mist around the muslin bag above him. "A homely setting. I don't wonder you hanker for a stage career. Or was that part of the act too?"

I looked at him. I shifted in the chair as though with uneasiness under his fixed gaze.

"You can't frighten *me*," I said.

"No?"

"I'm not a helpless butler on a crowded underground station," I added. "I know all about you. I knew you'd come with her. Groves wasn't looking as far as you were concerned. I am. Don't move!"

"I hadn't moved," he said mildly. "You're nervy, aren't you? Beginning to realize what you're up against, eh?"

"Don't be silly. Of course you're dangerous. Joseph Inwood because he annoyed you by trying to stop your affair



"The war must really be over now, Roy. The other day I caught myself thinkin' that maybe Sergeant Polk wasn't too bad a guy after all"

IER'S JOHN RUGE

socially prominent, well off, imt, but—"

u're as important as my foot," said d Williams. "Shut up and let me ith this! Pull yourself together!" u don't understand! She—"

moved quickly forward and pl her face, hard, twice. She whimnd put her hands to her cheeks. s did not say anything; indeed she d nearly all she was to say that on. Thereafter Freddy Williams talking for them both.

He was in his best mood; he fancied s hugely. He was in command of ion which he had ordained, or so ght, and for an audience he had wed and frightened woman and whom he would soon put in he same state.

t on the edge of the table with his to Charlotte, lighted a cigarette and did not take his eyes off me. beeved considerably in their power the mind (and at other times the f the female on whom he set them . Finally he spoke:

"Professional blackmailer?"

"I've no qualifications, I'm afraid."

"On the contrary."

with his wife and Groves because he tried to blackmail her—" I nodded toward Charlotte. "She didn't do so well in that bit. You know she took the two hundred pounds she'd paid him from under his mattress *before* anyone else in the house knew he was dead, before it was in the papers or anything? The police would be interested in that point. If they knew, of course, the money was ever there, which they don't, so far—although Inspector Smith wasn't altogether satisfied with either accident or suicide. I was there when he searched Groves' room. I know. I talked to him. He wouldn't take long to get on to it, once he was given a hint."

"Everything," I heard Charlotte saying. "She knows everything! It's diabolical."

Freddy, however, did not pay any attention to her this time. His expression was uglier, his eyes darker and as unwavering as ever.

"You see," I said, "Inspector Smith would be glad to know the name—and address—of the witness who was standing close to Groves just before he fell. He hasn't come forward, you know. Have you an alibi for about ten o'clock that Tuesday night, Mr. Williams? By the way, what exactly did Joseph Inwood say that made you so cross? The inspector would be interested in that too."

"You've said enough! These academic post-mortems—or shall I say ante-mortems?—are dull affairs."

"Threatening me, Mr. Williams?"

"You know so much about me, work it out."

"You moved then," I said, and took out the pistol. I held it on him. He studied me thoughtfully and relaxed against the table again.

"Oh, my God," Charlotte muttered. "I said she was a cunning—"

"—You did, she is," he said, and to me: "Well? You know what I am and you prepared yourself. Very sensible. Very professional. Where do we go from here?"

Charlotte's jitters were pitiable now. I took time to reply.

"First a confession to both murders, signed by you, and in it a vindication of Charlotte to the extent that she was an unwilling agent throughout and that whatever wrong she did, either actively or by omission, was the result of your pressure and coercion."

Charlotte drew in her breath sharply. Freddy Williams glanced quickly at her and back to me.

"What's the idea?" His expression was ugly.

"It—it's true," Charlotte was saying almost to herself, and then more clearly, "It's true! I didn't want any of it—how could I?"

"Is this a little plot between the two of you?"

Although he had not moved she backed away from him. "No, no, Freddy. Of course it isn't. I don't know what she means. Honestly—I swear!"

HE PAUSED and seemed to forget her in trying to decide what lay behind my terms. There was a settled scowl on his face and he spoke softly, too softly, I learned afterward, for the microphone to catch more than an occasional word.

"I've had enough of this silly business. Confession, you want, do you? Want to make sure there's a record for the police if anything should happen to you? Do you really believe you could get that from me? Gone all sentimental, too, about a frail sister in distress—she'd be grateful to know that someone has almost a free pardon for her. She'd pay more in gratitude than in fear, you think? You're wrong about her too, Miss Cunningham, whoever you are. She's tougher than that and so dishonest. So dishonest—if she thinks you're weaker than she is. Only one thing will keep her straight with anyone—" He was edging closer to me while he was speaking, watching me with his fierce, steady eyes.

"Had you thought," I asked, "what will happen when she gets tired of the only thing which keeps her loyal to you? She will, you know. She always does. Ask her to show you her collection of letters, the unburnt offerings from her—friends of the last few years. It's all there. You might recognize then the unwilling accomplice who turns king's evidence. Whatever you are thinking of doing now—or thought of doing—will be one more problem for her, one more thing on her conscience from which she must sooner or later escape. So—"

Charlotte was staring at me with something like her old self-control. I had given her an idea. She was looking at it carefully, weighing its possibilities. She might dismiss it but it would come back. Freddy Williams glanced at her, for she had uttered no cry of undying loyalty to him when I had questioned its permanence, and he saw what she was thinking.

Violent but ordered rage showed in his eyes as he turned to me again.

"So—" he said. "So *what*—?"

"Stay where you are and listen to me." But I fell silent, allowing him to

WARNING



Protect Travel Cash with American Express Travelers Cheques

- Safer than cash. Good till used.
- Promptly refunded if lost.
- Spendable everywhere—backed by American Express. Headquarters for World-Wide Travel Service.
- No identification needed except your signature.
- Cost only 75¢ per $100.
- SOLD AT BANKS, principal Railway Express and Western Union Offices.

Insist on AMERICAN EXPRESS *Travelers Cheques* —most readily accepted —most widely known

STUDENTS!

Flo-Ball "48"



Try it! You'll buy it FOR LIFETIME QUALITY WRITING!

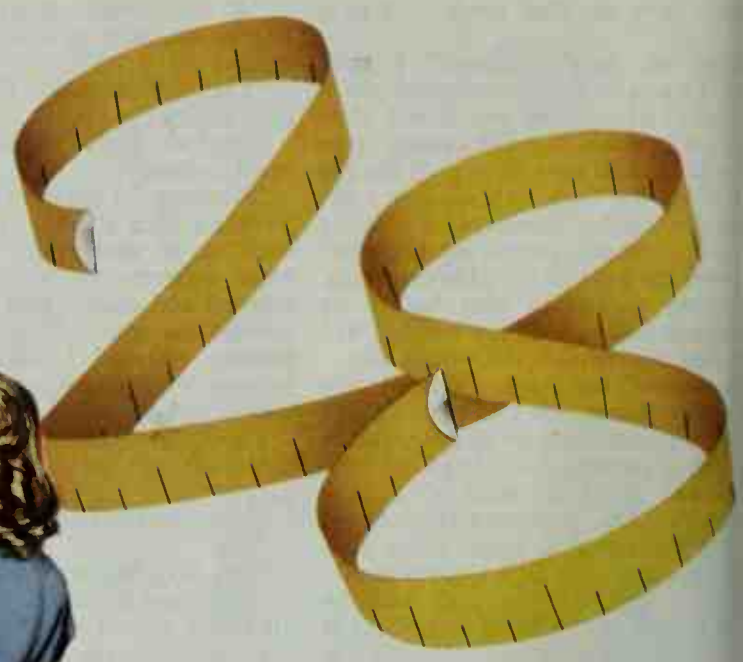
- Point can't break, leak or blot!
- Makes 6 clear carbon copies!
- Writes smoothly from any angle!

AT BETTER PEN COUNTERS. Accept only a Genuine Flo-Ball Pen. If dealer cannot supply, write to

Flo-Ball PEN CORP.

Dept. C, 6666 Selma Ave., Hollywood 28, Cal.

Lady! ...measure it yourself!



28 feet of front-row food!

For Faster, Easier Breakfasts

For Faster, Easier Lunches

For Faster, Easier Dinners



MODEL SE 947

CROSLEY Shelvador*



THE NEW CROSLEY

Frostmaster



Compact Storage for 100 Pounds of Frozen Foods!

Here's a kitchen-size frozen food cabinet that gives you thrifty facilities to take full advantage of the amazing convenience and health values available today in frozen foods. Smartly styled with practical flat-top work surface . . . quiet mechanism operates at peak penny-pinching efficiency . . . adequate capacity for trip-saving quantity shopping. Freezes 12–18 pounds of meat, up to 10 pounds of properly processed vegetables. See it at your Crosley dealer's when you go in to look over the Shelvador.*

A WONDERFUL NEW EXPERIENCE every time you ope door! That's what you get in the Shelvador,* the o frigerator door that doesn't steal time at meal tim food you want is *where* you want it *when* you want everything handy, right at your fingertips . . . a "food-inventory" at a glance.

That's a tremendous help in any kitchen. It saves tin steps . . . minimizes stooping and hunting for food reduces spilling and pesky mop-up tasks.

The *exclusive* Shelvador* convenience is backed up by of mechanical improvements to give you the finest refrigeration available. Stop in at your nearest C dealer's, to see these advantages for yourself. there be sure to ask for your free copy of the helpfu book-chart, "How To Arrange Food In Your Refriger It's full of practical information . . . a guide to eff money-saving food storage. Get your free copy to

CROSLEY Division—AVCO Manufacturing Cor Cincinnati 25, Ohio



MATCHLESS CARROLLTON RADIO-PHONO WITH F. M....and Floating Jewel† Tone System that says "Goodbye" to needle noise, chatter, hiss, and scratch! Records last up to 10 times longer, sound better.

HI-BROILER RANGES—new gas range convenience—also electric models for better, easier cooking.



TELEVISION SETS—You're really there with a Crosley! Table models and television radio-phono combinations.



THE GEM-LIKE RONDO, end table radio, smart and new from every view.



*TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
†PATENTED

FURNISH YOUR KITCHEN—Beautiful Servisink and Cabinets—simplify all tasks. Save time and steps. Easily ins



a step forward. Because I had de-
d to let him carry his intention to
in sight of its end, thus to mark him
nd need of further proof as a mur-
r and at the same time make sure
the law would be able to do some-
about him.

eliberately I allowed the pistol to
p in my hand, and put the other to
nouth as if in mortal fear.

ive it to me," he said sharply, and in
ame moment snatched it from me. I
ithout moving, keeping my eyes on
as fascinated as I knew how.

relaxed a little, the scowl softened.
ulled back the carriage of the auto-
, and revealed, because no cartridge
jected, that it was unloaded.

laughed with faint contempt and
e spring go with a snap. The micro-
e heard it, I was sure, but I won-
if they recognized the sound in the
Room.

et's take a little walk," he remarked
ersationally, and dropped the pistol
coat pocket.

o," I said.

his can only be settled between us
His voice was part of the thin crust
niability over the anger which con-
d him. "Charlotte. You sit in the
ntil I come. I shan't be long—"

o, no—" she whispered.

looked at her and said, "Take
and gave her the package of
y. To me, he said soothingly, "I
see that it's not at all adequate in
of the changed situation."

hand closed around my right arm
bove the elbow.

e can talk here just as well," I ob-
. "There's not a soul about."

r in those marshes, amongst the
and mudholes and bogs of the
ness outside. I had a look, you
before I came in. Stuffy in here.
go."

swept the frock off the table with
e hand, and tucked it under his
then pushed me ahead of him
h the doorway into the bright sun-
and set off briskly, still holding me,
d the path along the main dike wall.
tte went slowly to the car, and
l only once in our direction. She
little unsteady on her feet.

u would be very silly to murder
said to Freddy Williams.

hoever suggested such a thing?" He
d easily. "You are much too clever
Much too clever. It's in my mind
a deal with you."

on't talk business until I have that
of paper, signed. I must have
protection. Surely you see that?
have to walk so fast?"

"I also have to have protection."

"Why? Have you lost that beautiful self-confidence?" I asked. "I do hope I didn't drive it away."

He led me off the wall down the grassy slope to a sheep path along the dike itself. He was not bothering to talk to me any more.

"I don't like this," I said.

"Do I care?"

"I want to go back to the cottage."

"Do you!" His fingers bit into my arm.

I reviewed the conversation under the microphone and was satisfied. My efforts to keep any personal reference to Jonathan out of it had been successful. That had been vital.

CHARLIE could not have held them a moment longer after they heard Freddy Williams say that we would take a walk in the marshes; nor did he try. Indeed, he was the first of them to reach the door of the Long Room.

Ordinary Smith was saying something to his Maker under his breath; Billy Bull was silent with a desperate look on his face—so Sophie told me—and the Commodore, having hopped across to his bunk for the revolver in its hiding place, hoisted himself into his wheel chair, shouting, "For God's sake, don't wait for me!" of which there was no danger.

Sophie, a little exhausted and with aching fingers from gripping her pencil too tightly, relaxed and began going through her notebook while everything was fresh in her mind to fill in one or two bits she had had to scamp. She assured me that although she was not really worrying about me, she could not forget that Freddy Williams and I were something over a quarter of a mile away and that the marshes covered several square miles north and south of the cottage.

The trouble, of course, as far as the rescuers were concerned, was that from the moment Freddy Williams took to the lower path along the main dike, the bank hid us from the Marsh House side, so that by the time they reached the cottage they could not see anything of us. They saw the gray car, however, and as Charlotte saw them she started up and drove off down the road as if the Devil were after her. . . .

Freddy Williams did not slacken pace, and as he still grasped me most painfully by the arm, neither did I. But I think I was breathing more quietly than he; it may be he was in worse physical condition, but on the other hand I had neither inclination to murder nor be murdered, and my emotions were on a comparatively even keel.

He was looking this way and that at the



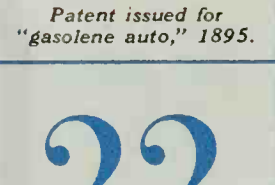
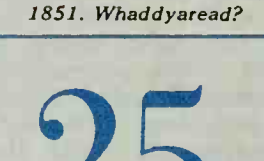
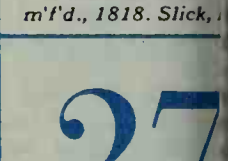
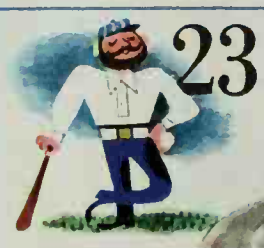
"I had in mind some little investment that would skyrocket right after I purchase it" MARY GIBSON

why use
an ordinary
toothbrush
when you
can get
this

SQUIBB ANGLE
TOOTHBRUSH

bent like a dentist's mirror
to reach more places

KINSEY'S SEPTEMBER CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
 1 *Today is Labor Day . . . no labor today!*		2 *Treasury Dept. or A. Hamilton 1st*	3	4 *eria system started, 35. Help yourself!*	5 *Sam Houston made first pres. of Texas, 1836.*	 *Worst incendiary ra hits London, 1940*
 7 *Corbett outboxes John L. for hvywt. title, 1892.*	8 *St. Augustine, oldest U. S. town, founded 1565.*	9 *Nieuw Amsterdam New York by Briti*	10	11 *televised play, 1928. Gosh! What next?*	 12 *Thirty days hath Sept., Apr., June & my uncle!*	13 *2-way radio car 1st 1934. Calling all c*
14 *Harvard founded, 1638. Who losted it?*	 15 *Patent issued for "gasolene auto," 1895.*	16 *Act establishes Mint, 1786. A money maker!*	17	 18 *N. Y. Times makes debut 1851. Whaddyaread?*	19 *Washington delivers Farewell Address, 1796.*	 2(*Patent leather fir m'f'd., 1818. Slick,*
 21 *Goodby Summer, Hello Fall!*	22 *85th Anniversary of Emancipation Proclam.*	 23 *First baseball c Knick'bockers, org.*	24	25 *umbus starts second to New World, 1493.*	 26 *Balboa discovers Pacific, 1531. Who c'd miss it?*	27 *Axis pals sign pa 1940. With poison*
28 *Brigham Young appointed Governor of Utah, 1850.*	 29 *Regular Army estab., 1787 Hut, two, three, haw!*	30 *Ether first used as anaesthetic, 1846.*				

Copyright 1947 Kinsey Distilling Corp.

Of all the drinks that go with Fall, Kinsey Sours are best of all!

September's just the time to discover how wonderful whiskey sours can *really* be . . . if'n' when they're made with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. Here's how:

Juice of ½ lemon . . . ½ teaspoon of powdered sugar . . . 2 oz. of Kinsey Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into glass. Fill with soda, and decorate with slice of lemon or cherry.

Quite a delight! But then, Kinsey's superbly smooth, delicious flavor makes *any* drink taste better. Try it *tonight* and see for yourself!

KINSEY

SINCE 1892

the unhurried whiskey



for unhurried moments



GOLD LABEL Rich, Full-Bodied

BLENDED WHISKIES: *Gold Label—86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Silver Label—86.8 Proof, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Dist. Corp., Linfield, Pa.*

h, measuring and estimating and
y g to decide on a likely and suitable
p for what he had to do.
l did not slow up to get rid of the
s I he had taken from me but tossed it
t he middle of the dike.
"ou silly little amateur," he re-
a ed. "I knew it wasn't loaded the
o ent you pulled it out."
I arked the place as best I could by a
u p of bullrushes, but there would be
f t of mud at the bottom in which it
i t be impossible to find it. I was
g . Although I was not as keen on
r ms as the Commodore had tried to
a me, that pistol was one of the pair
r arded as my particular own. But
a nger was the stimulus I needed.
I ad been thinking about this man
a differently from the way I ought to
w been thinking. I saw now that he
a nore than the object of my private
s that he should pay for the death
t o men and the near death at the
n of the law of a third. How many
a ottes had he created in the women
c had passed through his perverting
n ? He had grown sleek and plump
d vell content with himself on the
e food of the evil he had taught them,
e at Roman cat which was fed only
t livers of nightingales.

E grip of his hand was abruptly un-
t arable, but I knew I must endure it
e longer if I was to make sure of

T sheep track did what they all do
o or later in the marsh, it came to
p wide plank which bridged the dike;
a ack continued on the other side,
a ging through tufts and hassocks,
r g the bald patches of mud, toward
i ts. The tide was out, the gray
s of mud glistening and shining like
r n the sun.
F ldy Williams stopped to consider
p spect, then pushed me ahead of
m to the plank, which he had to do
a e it was not wide enough for him to
s breast of me. I went across with-
o mur; if I showed no objection to
s soll in the marshes, appearing sub-
s to his overpowering will, he
h decide there was no further need
c me. I could not leave the track without getting bogged. My arm ached from the pressure of his fingers. It was some minutes since either of us had spoken; I wondered how long his conceit would support his belief that he was in complete control of the situation.

We proceeded in single file like this until we came to the edge of a largish mudhole, within reach of the tide's flood, with pools of water lying stagnant and still on its oil-smooth surface. Here he said, "All right, this will do."

I turned to face him. He was holding out the frock.

"This piece of evidence," he said, and tossed the white frock to me. "I don't think it need come into our arrangement with each other. Stuff it in the mud."

I held it to me, and let him see my nerve was going. "I'm ready to call it off," I said anxiously. "I'll bury this as you say, and forget it—forget everything. I made a mistake. I see it now. I oughtn't to have tried to—to get the better of you. I—I—don't like it here! It's lonely, and oh, please, please don't look at me like that!"

"If I look at you like that, as you call it, it's nobody's fault but your own. Hurry up!"

I knelt down and bundling the dress, thrust it down into the soft ooze at the edge of the mudhole.

"Smooth it over," he said, and I flattened the wet surface with my hands.

I had not foreseen being made to bury the frock like that, and it gave my morale a little fillip to know that my luck was holding for these last few minutes. I dare say I would have had no difficulty about it in any case, but it did give me the best of opportunities while I was still kneeling there wiping my hands clean of the mud in the long grass by the side of the track, to take my other pistol from the top of my stocking and keep it out of sight behind me when I stood up.

He was looking at the mud speculatively, his heavy mouth grim.

"That's pretty deep, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "Nobody will ever find it."

"The body, you mean?"

"Body?"

He took off his jacket and dropped it on the grass. His white silk shirt blazed



MICHAEL BERRY

SPORTING ODDS

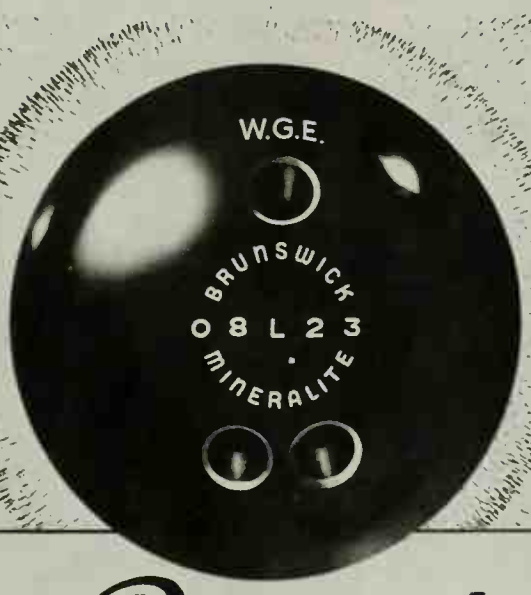
When everyone else moved on, leaving service troops holding Pacific island, it was pretty sure all the enemy had been cleaned ut. Free of danger, the G.I.s had settled into a routine of Army ousekeeping, drill and softball. Their games were invariably as ot as the local climate and there was plenty of jeering the after-oon a racing outfielder put on his brakes just short of the clear-ng's edge. Staring out at him, rifle barrel glinting through the nk growth, was one of the supposedly eliminated Jap soldiers. he American boy held his breath, wondering what to do. The panese decided it: He moved cautiously, picked up the ball, owed gravely, tossed it to the G.I. and faded into the jungle.

—H. L. Mitchell, Huntington Park, Cal.

OLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting dds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. ontributions cannot be returned.)

BOWLERS!

you'll never KNOW HOW GOOD YOU ARE ... until you BOWL YOUR OWN



Brunswick

MINERALITE

Custom-Fit to Your OWN Hand



HE KNOWS! Champion Ned Day bowls his own Mineralite.

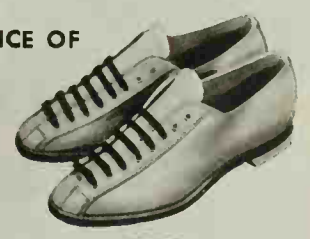
Bowling is *twice* as much fun when you roll high scores! You *can* improve your scores if you bowl your own Brunswick Mineralite ball, with a grip specially fitted to your own hand. Prove this to yourself. Learn the "feel" of your own Mineralite. Thrill to the perfect, consistent control this championship ball gives you. See its live, pin-scattering performance. Get fitted now, at your favorite bowling establishment or your nearest Brunswick Mineralite Dealer.



SHE KNOWS! Champion Catherine Fellmeth bowls her own Mineralite.

CHAMPIONS KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD FOOTWORK, TOO!

Proper delivery of your Mineralite Ball depends upon the rhythm, balance, and smoothness of your footwork. Top-flight bowlers choose genuine Brunswick bowling shoes, expertly made for proper footwork control. Sizes and styles for both men and women.





HE KNOWS! Champion Buddy Bomar chooses Mineralite, too!

BRUNSWICK BALL AND SHOE BAGS FIT EVERY NEED

To carry your Mineralite Ball and Brunswick Shoes with the greatest convenience and protection, select a genuine Brunswick Bag. Your choice of styles, made in sturdy and attractive fabrics or fine leathers.



THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY • 623 So. Wabash Avenue, Chicago 5, Ill.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Say, who's quizzing who?"

HE: You know. I'm supposed to be asking the questions here . . .
SHE: But you look as though you know the answers, too!

HE: Ah . . the subtle approach . . .
SHE: . . . and all I want to ask is who made that new suit?

HE: Timely Clothes, lady—and it's not new. Must be three or four seasons old.
SHE: Are you kidding?

HE: Nope . . . it has Balanced Tailoring.
SHE: Balanced Tailoring . . . ?

HE: That's what it said in the booklet . . . "lots of fine hand-needlework for softness, and machine-sewing for strength". Seems to work, too.
SHE: Well — wait 'til John hears what I learned from quizzing the quiz master!

Balanced Tailoring makes
TIMELY CLOTHES
look better . . . longer



TIMELY CLOTHES ARE MODERATELY PRICED, TOO . . . AND IF YOU DON'T KNOW YOUR NEAREST DEALER, WRITE TIMELY CLOTHES, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.

with light against the sage green of the marsh behind him.

"*Your* body," he said, and undoing the cloth belt of his trousers, stripped them off in a remarkably deft movement, put them on top of his coat, and stood there in his shirt and underpants, considering me. "If you want to scream, please do," he added.

I stared at him, then said, "Oh, I see! How dumb of me! That's in case you get dirty pushing me under the mud. You think of everything."

He frowned.

"Don't you understand? I am going to kill you. In a minute or so from now you will be dead and out of sight for ever, side by side with that stupid woman's frock."

I shook my head. "No."

"Oh? You still think you can bargain with me? Were you thinking, perhaps, that Felicity Cunningham's seductive arms might woo the villain from his deed?"

I BACKED away a little. "No. For one thing I'm not Felicity Cunningham. I meant I could not lie side by side with Charlotte's frock because, you see, it isn't Charlotte's frock. It's an ancient one of my own with a little rabbit's blood spilled on it. Hers is safe at home—my home. I'm sure you are right to think I'm a fool, but I wasn't such a fool as to show her the real one."

He was quite unshaken. "Thanks for letting me know. I was going to take a look round the cottage before I left."

I shook my head again.

"Would I have been so silly as to arrange that meeting in the cottage if it had really been where I lived?"

Rising blood darkened his big cheeks; I was beginning to penetrate his self-confidence. I went on:

"I don't think you will feel strong enough to look round any cottages before you leave—if you leave. What does it feel like to meet a woman who isn't afraid of you?"

"You're afraid of me, all right!" he said thickly. "You're so afraid that every wit and trick of mind you're capable of is working overtime to get you out of the worst mess of your witty, tricky life."

"Mr. Williams," I said coldly, "you don't even make sense any more."

"You're bluffing!" he accused and took a step toward me, his fingers curled, his eyes no longer on mine but on my throat. Of course I was afraid of him, even though I could have killed him; the violence of his rage seemed to reach me across the space which still separated us and might have enveloped me even before his hands had I given way to it. I stood quite still, watching him. He wouldn't jump at me, but would come slowly, savoring his anticipation in spite of the urgency of his passion to kill.

I heard myself say aloud, "They've always run, haven't they?"

"And I've always caught them. So don't bother, in spite of any added zest you think you might give the proceedings. It's too hot this afternoon."

He took another step. The next would bring him within the limits of my safety.

"I wonder what they would think if they saw you now. I don't mean the dead ones, the two men who are dead because of your conceit or greed or sadism or whatever little, mean motive you had. I mean the silly, vain, lovesick women who have been the food and drink of your useless life. You look so revolting, you know, and unsuccessful—" I laughed in his face. "That's the word—unsuccessful."

"I shall kill you very, very slowly," he said. "I shall squeeze for a bit, and then, when you think it's your last moment, I shall let you breathe again, for a little while—a minute or so." He paused. "There's nothing unsuccessful about killing when you know how."

"A hot, angry, rather fat man in his shirt and underpants," I remarked, "spoiling my marsh and the goodness Sunday."

I moved my right hand from behind me to my side as he raised his foot for the next pace toward me.

He saw the pistol. He stared at it, his mouth opened slightly, so that he looked suddenly like a fish taken out of the water. His foot wavered a moment and felt for the ground behind him.

"No," I said. "I am not going to kill. You are. This one is loaded."

The sound which came from his gaping lips was curiously like the roar of an animal and I knew from it and the blazing fury of his eyes that any idea of making him see that he would neither kill me that afternoon nor anyone else ever again was a foolish one, that no words I could use would show him he had lost, and that neither this afternoon nor ever again would he kill for gain or pleasure or any other reason.

So, as his brain decreed the leg muscles strike me down, and before the message reached his legs, I shot him and saw the blood stain instantly the white of his shirtsleeve high on the upper part of his right arm. The shot reverberated across the marsh, and I thought I heard a distant answering shout.

Freddy Williams rocked on his legs, cried out and clasped his arm with the other hand.

"You've hit me! You bitch!"

"An inch higher than I meant to," I said, and fired again. It was a better shot; the bullet nicked him exactly where I wanted it, the edge of his left arm about six inches above the elbow joint: the Commodore would have been pleased with me although I might have admitted that I had a target dressed—or rather undressed—considerately all in white.

The man very nearly screamed; it was a sound too shrill for a cry of pain or warning. He thought, of course, that he was badly hit. He turned and plunged off down the sheep track the way we had come, yelling for help at every stride. When he had gone thirty yards, I sent a bullet over his head, so that the whine of it would encourage him. This time it really was a scream. He ducked and ran on, his head still down.

I gathered up his coat and trousers and letting them trail in the mud after me I went, ran after him. Why, I thought, shouldn't he arrive in Billy Bull's filling station looking a little muddy? It would make him look much more like a murderer. He bounced across the plank bridge to the other side and ran on.

TWO figures came up on the main wall; they were too far away to distinguish whose they were, but I was fairly certain they could see Freddy Williams, even if my print frock merged with the background; however, to be sure they would come to meet him. I paused on the plank bridge to fire two rapid shots along the line of the track itself. The bullets struck the surface of the water a few yards ahead of Freddy Williams, pounding along the track, ricocheted side, and ricocheted one after the other with successive plumes of spray.

In spite of his fear, he ran comparatively slowly and I was able to keep the same thirty yards behind him all the time so that whenever he looked over his shoulder he saw me there, obviously trying to get close enough to finish him without wasting any more bullets on misses.

I saw now that the reception committee was rightly composed of Billy Bull and Ordinary Smith. Both were in a state of great agitation; they seemed to be running, waving and shouting all at the same time, but at which of us I could not know. When Freddy Williams saw them he seemed to hesitate, as though his brain was beginning to work again and was puzzling as to how he would explain the stranger in these parts, he came on

ing about the marshes half naked shot full of bullet holes. Also he have wondered at the sudden ap-ance of two men in what he had be-d to be a desert.

pulled up suddenly and stood for oment staring at them, and then ed over his shoulder at me. He could er go forward unless to run into arms nor back the way he had come ut danger of another bullet from istol.

came to the decision that he could limb the steep slope of the dike wall nust therefore cross the dike itself. night have done better if he had pted to wade it. But he tried to it. Fear's wings were not enough ven for a lighter and less exhausted twelve feet would have been too .

came down in the middle of the water with a despairing bellow and there with his feet in the mud, the up to his waist and clasping his ded arms.

ecame a little hazy in my mind at oint because of the sick feeling, a sicker feeling than the prospect of r had ever put in my inside.

rything else seemed far away and interest at all. I think I was aware eddy Williams floundering out of e with Billy Bull on one side of him Ordinary Smith on the other, and f Charlie who had apparently come nowhere, holding my head and say-

sick, you'll feel better."

all right," I said from a great dis-

u said you would hold them both cottage until we got there," Charlie cusingly. "What went wrong with how did he persuade you to go with

arlie dear, please—I've had an day—all that cooking in the hot n this morning, and—"

ui," said Charlie. "Pfui, pfui, pfui!" was as near a sign that he had lost f-control as I had ever seen.

were interrupted by Father who in his wheel chair pushed by He was gripping his revolver and ready for anything. I began trying to explain. It was very difficult. . . .

Billy Bull and Ordinary Smith took Freddy Williams to Kessingland Cottage Hospital to be dried, bandaged, and put to bed to sleep it off with a policeman in close attendance. Ordinary Smith spent some time on the police station's direct telephone line to London, and amongst other things gave instructions for Charlotte Inwood to be picked up.

The two of them came back again to the Marsh House for supper and the inescapable questions about my part in the business. Billy Bull was discretion itself, allowed Ordinary Smith to do all the questioning and forbore to cast doubt upon anything I said, which knowing me so well he might have done, for there were bits I had to keep quiet about. They might yet discover Jonathan's share as an accessory after the fact, but they would get no help from me. Indeed Ordinary Smith was now ready to believe every word of the panic-amnesia story Jonathan had told them.

"He'll be released at once?" I asked.

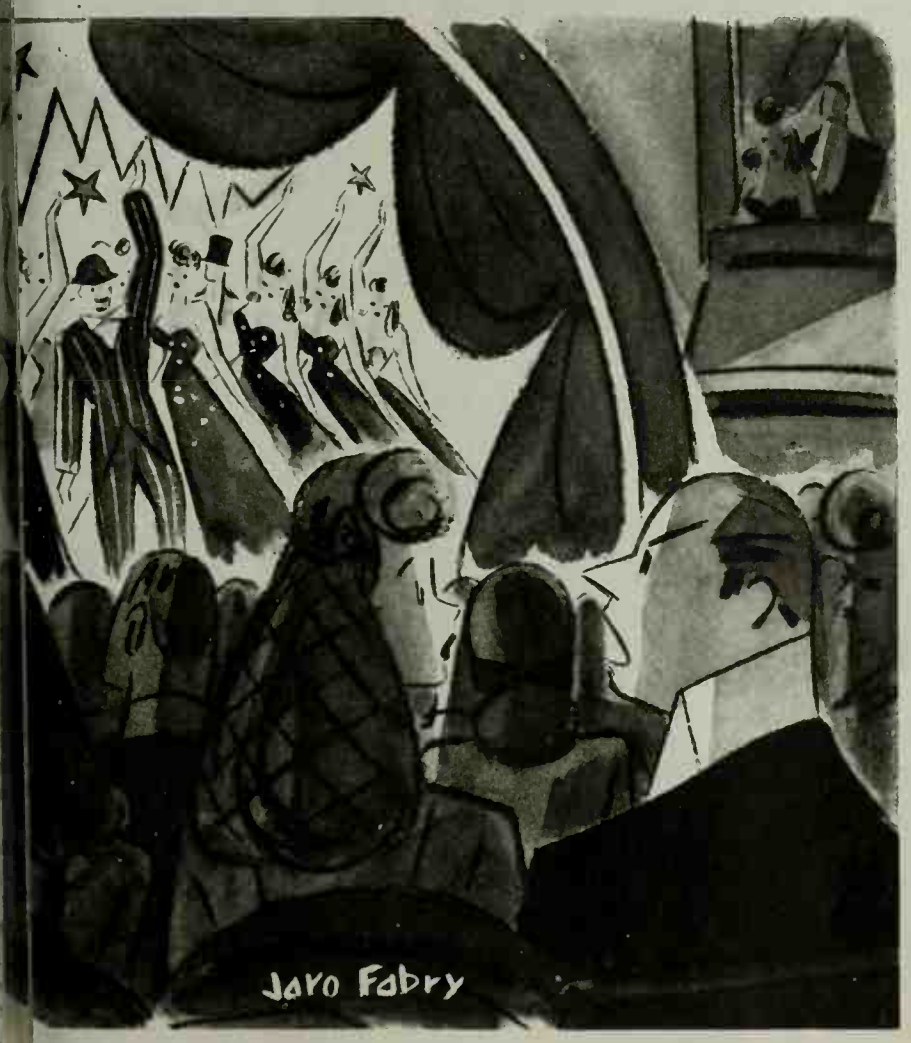
"It will be a question for the public prosecution people, but we'll be glad to see the last of him. We were wrong, you see. We don't like that. Any say I may have will certainly be in that direction."

AFTER supper, Ordinary Smith maneuvered me into the garden; I dreaded the inevitable, but it had to be faced sooner or later, so rather now than have it hanging over me. I said, "Shall I ask it for you? Nobody has yet. But Billy, and Father, too, for that matter, are asking it in their minds, just as you are."

"Well," he began uncomfortably, "the beginning does puzzle me a bit, but if you'd rather not—"

"I would much rather not," I said, "because you'll realize, as you are already guessing, that my interest was more than academic, more than a test of my theory that architects don't murder. Yes, I knew Jonathan. I knew he hadn't done it."

He nodded. "I thought that must be it." He took my hand. "But you could have told me what you had discovered without running those appalling risks;



"I give it only three years!" JARO FABRY

THE Taylor-Made SHOE



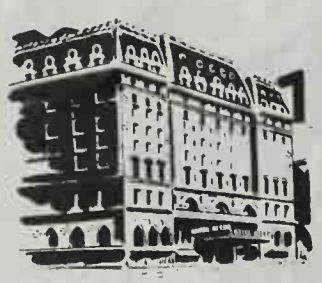
TAYLORED
FOR HEAVY DUTY

from plump, mellow Burnished Chestnut
. . . Partner to soft Shetland or crisp Cheviot

Taylored from Finer Leathers

for style folder and name of dealer nearest you, write
E. E. TAYLOR CORP., MANUFACTURERS, BOSTON, MASS.

How to make



SPICY ICE CREAM SHORTCAKE

as served at the

HOTEL ASTOR

NEW YORK



Sealright Co., Inc., Fulton, N. Y. • Kansas City, Kansas • Sealright Pacific Ltd., Los Angeles, Cal.
Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario, Canada
SPECIALISTS IN SANITARY PACKAGES FOR FOOD PRODUCTS

I—we—could have acted on what you found out quite early in the business. The Mrs. Inwood-Williams affair, for instance—"

"Could you have proved he killed Inwood?"

"She would have broken down under questioning."

"Not she! The Charlotte you heard this afternoon was not the Charlotte you would have questioned. Could you have applied the shock principle the way I did, and listened to her when she thought it did not matter what she said, with Freddy Williams there to fill in the gaps, boasting of his murders to a roomful of witnesses? Could you have caught him at a moment when he had just failed to kill a third time—red-handed almost?"

"Our more prosaic methods have been known to bring in one or two criminals in the past. No, Eve, I admit it. It's the tidiest case-ending I've ever seen or heard about. It's just that I hate to think of what you had to do."

"Not as much as I do," I said. "You haven't spotted one of the worst things I did—from my point of view." I shivered, but plunged into it:

"Yes; I saw you get out of Jupp's car the evening after the murder and followed you into that pub. It was entirely through picking you up that I ever managed to get close to Charlotte and her precious Freddy. It was from you I heard about the lady's-maid job, and wangled myself into it as 'Dorothy Simpson.'"

"But dammit! *I* picked *you* up!" he cried. "I've been wishing ever since I'd been properly introduced. I don't believe it! You couldn't do it!" He paused, his mind busy; his eyes took on a wintry look and he dropped my hand. "You mean our dinners at Carletta's, and everything—"

"Even this week end," I drove in the last nail.

"I see. Yes. But—" He was still struggling.

"But what?"

"I don't care! Isn't this the biggest thing in my career, and always will be? To go home with a double murderer and a story which will knock every other headline off the front pages for a fortnight! It's the policeman's dream come true! Jupp, all of them, will be round my neck with free dinners and what-will-you-have and how did you do it, old boy!"

"I'm glad," I said.

"And I didn't do it. You did it."

"If you can hide me away under 'information received,' that's all the share I want in this. I'll tell you why; I don't want Jonathan to know too much of what I did."

"But you've saved his life, practi
I don't say he'd have gone all the w
the execution shed, but he might
had a hell of a time making his
stick."

His eyes were still a little bleak.

"You're perfectly justified in lo
like that," I agreed. "If the thing
repeated, I would do all that I did
I'm like that. I wish I weren't. I
idea into my head and nothing
matters. I'm not really very nice."

He walked a few paces away fro
then turned, and came back.

"It was the right idea," he said,
that's important. You had an idea
was innocent whom all of us be
guilty. I'm quite happy to be sac
in the course of putting that righ
sighed. "I'm a silly chap," he adde
thought it had happened at last."

My throat was lumpy and my
hurt.

"I wish you could know how
I like you," I said. "And how o
wanted to rush to you and tell yo
whole beastly story, not because yo
the police but because I—well, w
to."

"I wish to God you had."

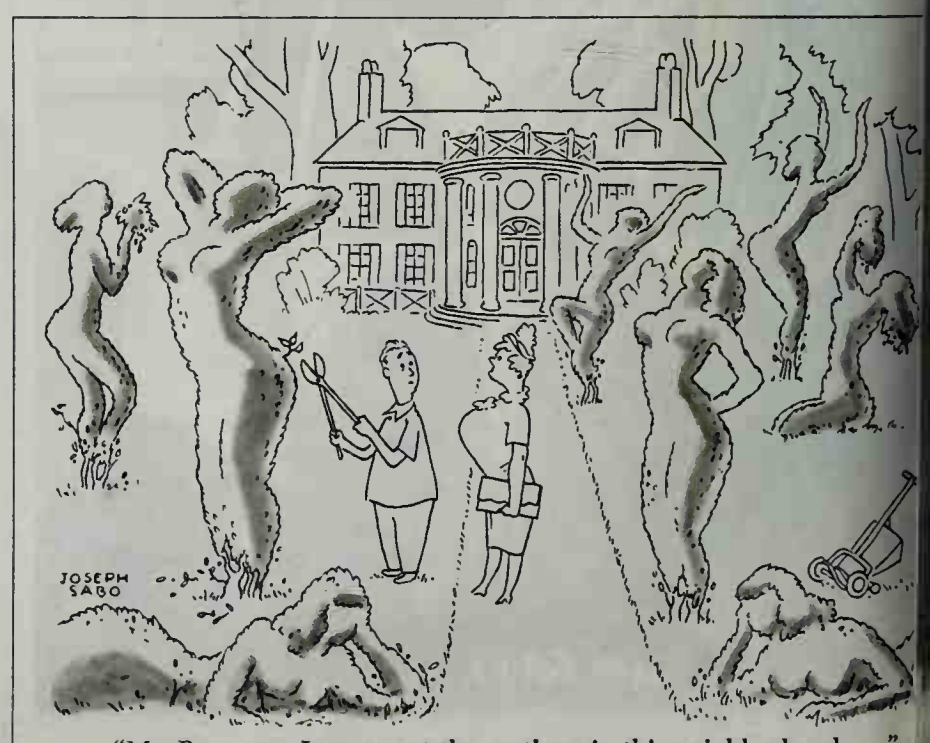
"I dared not. You wouldn't
allowed me to go on with what I w
to do. You wouldn't, in the or
shape of your duty, allow yourself
me."

"That's probably true." He
again.

I wished I could think about him
had been dreaming, I thought.
could not, and I had finished wit
tending.

WE WENT into the Long
where the others, includin
Commodore, were drinking the
modore's very best uncustomed,
cised brandy. Charlie and Billy Bu
favored me with one of those shar
picious and undercover glances
you get when you have been alon
twilit garden with another gentle
Sophie also eyed me, but wit
ordinary insatiable curiosity. I
my head at her secretly, and she p
The Commodore poured me brand
called for my health to be drunk. I
looked as he had been looking all t
ning, excessively pleased with hims
having shared in the creation of
clever, unscrupulous daughter. I
at him and did not let him see I kne
he was quite capable of beati
soundly when everybody had go
having hogged all the shooting.

Presently, when it had been ar
that Ordinary Smith should sta
until tomorrow to see what his pri



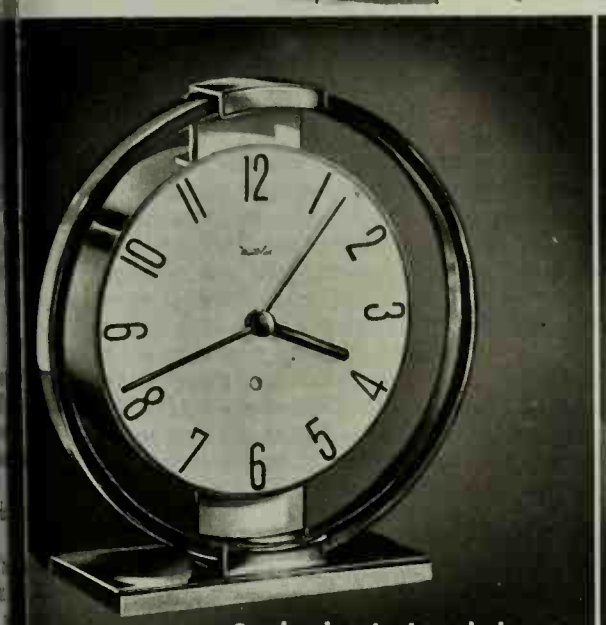
"Mr. Pomeroy, I represent the mothers in this neighborhood . . ."

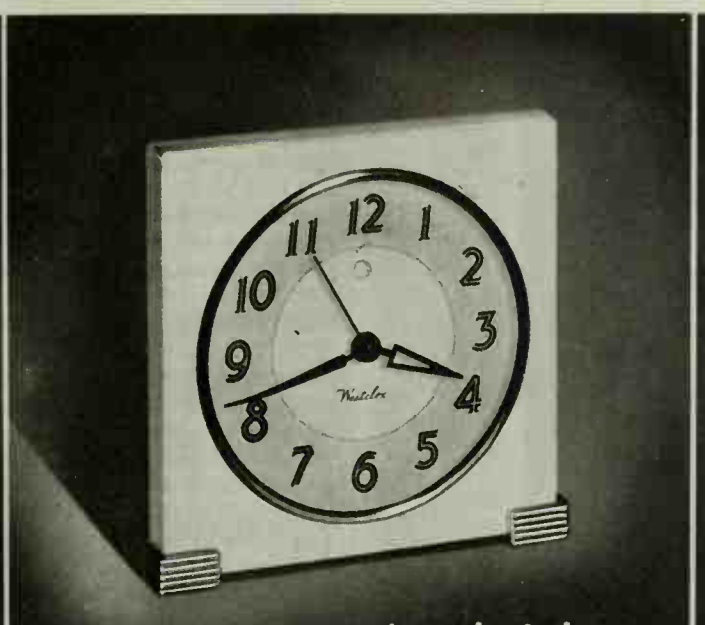
COLLIER'S JOSEPH



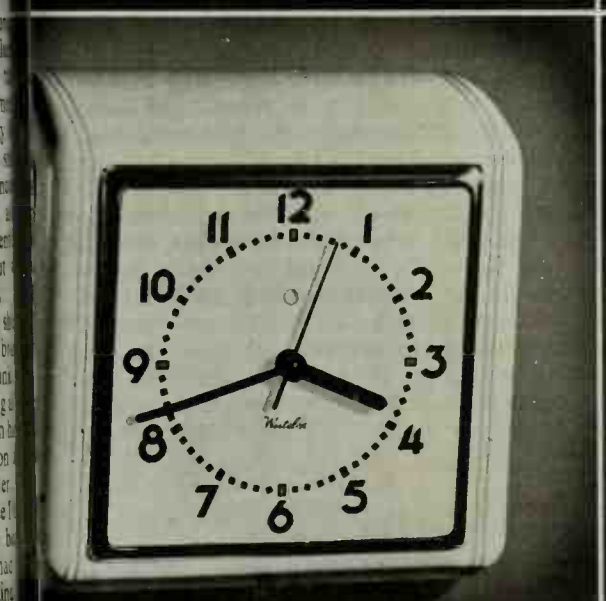
The finest clocks we've ever made

On this page—a few of the many stunning Westclox models! There's a Westclox for every room—springwound and electric alarm models, electric time clocks, electric kitchen clocks. And for wrists and pockets, Westclox watches. All are dependable. All are handsome. Some Westclox have plain dials, others have luminous dials that you can read day *and* night. Westclox are priced from $2.10 to $15.00.

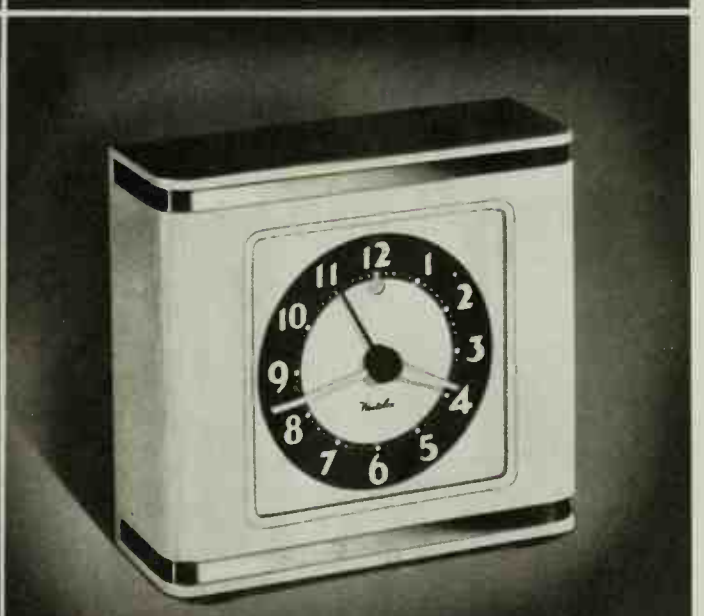

Oracle electric time clock

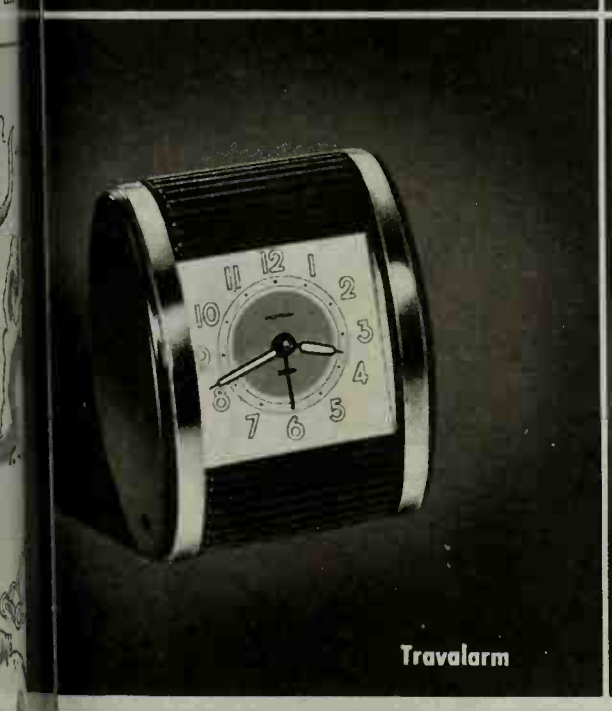

Logan electric alarm

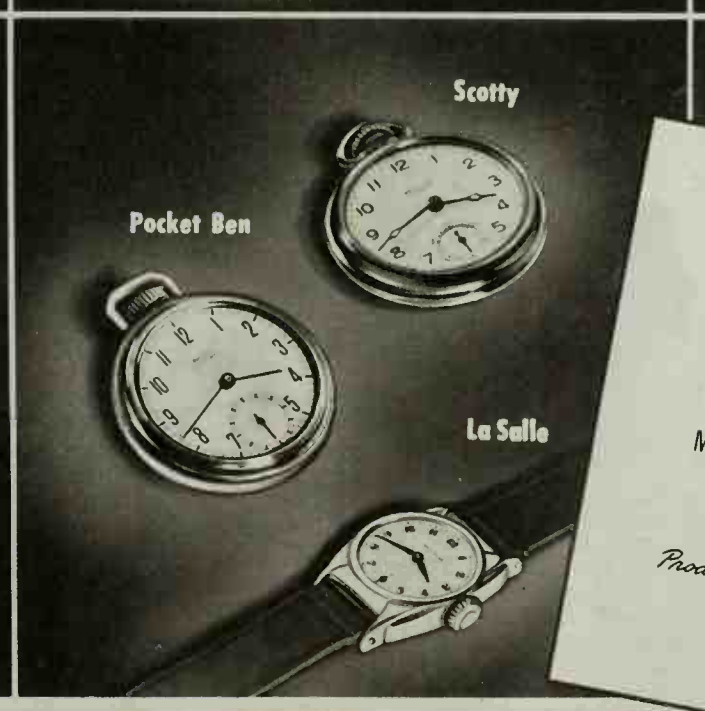

Baby Ben alarm


Dunbar electric kitchen clock


Big Ben alarm


Bachelor electric alarm


Travalarm



WESTCLOX *

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF **BIG BEN** *

★

Products of **GENERAL TIME** *Instruments Corp.*

Clo, La Salle-Peru, Illinois; in Canada, Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

Outstanding Quality

at an understanding price



Victrola
radio-phonograph 610V2
plays on AC with the rich, resonant tone of the "Golden Throat."
"Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

AM–FM radio, fine automatic record changer, and the famous "Golden Throat"!

PILE on as many as 12 ten-inch or 10 twelve-inch records, and you're set for almost an hour's concert or dance! *Red Seal* records or "pops," you hear them at their best—for in the lightweight tone arm of the record changer is RCA Victor's exclusive Silent Sapphire, a permanent jewel-point pickup. No needles to change, no annoying needle chatter. Standard AM radio, RCA Victor FM—both kinds of radio are yours, too, as well as recorded music, with the mellow, tonal beauty of the "Golden Throat." The price—far less than you'd expect . . . the cabinet—far lovelier even than any picture can show. Two roomy record compartments.

Victrola radio-phonograph 610V2 is at your RCA Victor dealer's now, in your choice of fine walnut or mahogany finish.



Hear Robert Merrill sing "Music America Loves Best," Sundays, 2 PM, EDT, on NBC.



FINEST TONE SYSTEM IN RCA VICTOR HISTORY

This symbolizes the "Golden Throat," RCA Victor's exclusive 3-way Acoustical System. This thrilling development is explained technically in an illustrated booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.

RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

condition was like before reporting to London, I saw Billy Bull to his car.

"You've been awfully good."

"No," he denied. "I've been cautious."

"I brought you into it because it was your territory and I thought, anyhow, that two policemen were better than one."

"Your Mr. Smith is better than most. He could have handled it alone."

"He's not my Mr. Smith."

"That's up to you."

"You're not cross at having it kind of sprung on you?"

"Shall I tell you my real, honest, personal feeling, which I've had ever since it started?"

"If it doesn't make me burst into tears—I'm a bit on edge."

"Are you indeed? I was beginning to wonder if there was any end to your reserves. No, my dear, I'm not cross or hurt or anything like that. I expect Smith has told you our official view—we're glad you mixed yourself up in it. It's just that you went out on one of the finest stalks I've ever seen, and left me at home." He climbed into his car. "I feel the way Fido feels when I take out the gun alone. Next time, please, I'd like to come too. But on no account whatever—I repeat—on no account whatever, is there to be a next time." He started the engine and, the words half lost in the burst of its noise, he added, "You mean too much to me."

HE WAVED his hand and drove off fast, so that one moment he was in the courtyard and the next had vanished, leaving only a little cloud of dust and the swiftly decreasing sound of his car. It seemed to me we were all being very sentimental tonight.

Sophie was telephoning the Earl when I reached the house. It was no use, she said, fussing. She was driving an important man to London tomorrow morning in connection with official business, practically a matter of national importance in which she also was involved. She couldn't tell him any more because he knew what country exchanges were, but if he watched the newspapers he would learn. No, the family name was not being dragged in the mud; she had left that to him. Yes, she loved darling Boozie very much and one day he'd be proud of his Tiddles, who had kept her head in an emergency . . . No, as s tired of telling him, for the fiftiet he would *have* to wait until nex Heirs are babies too, and no less t for having coronets on their nappi

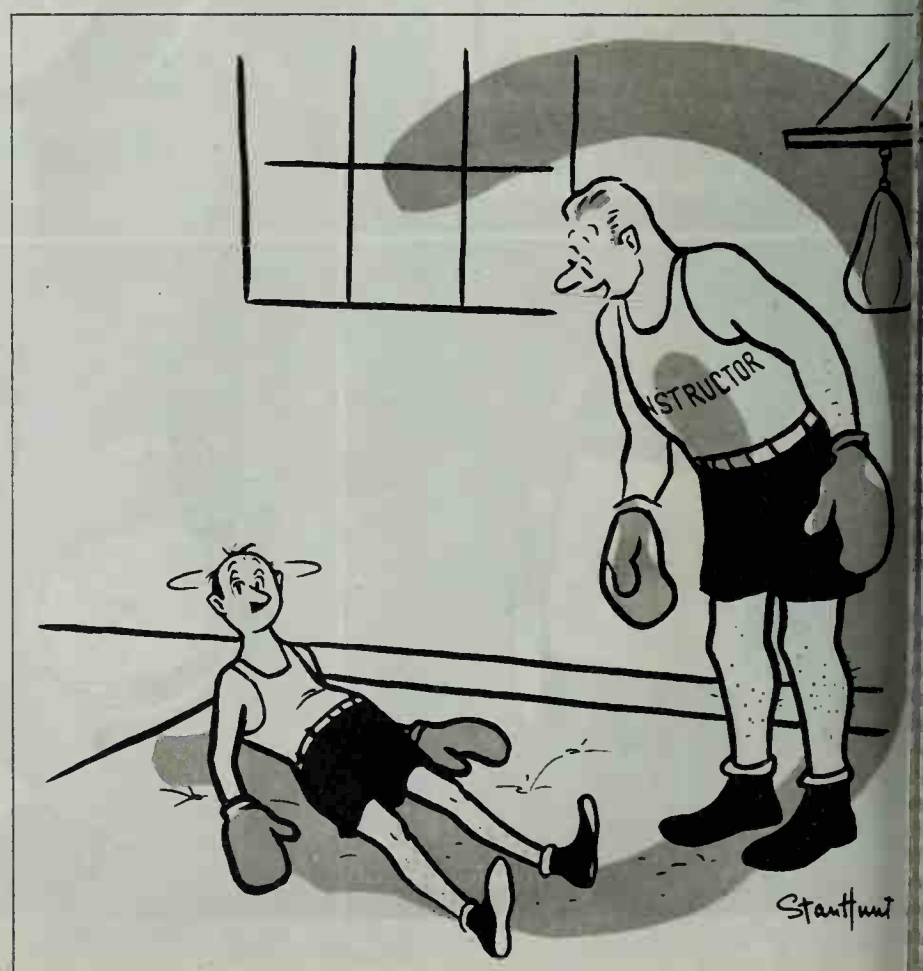
Jonathan came back of his own at the end of last week. I have nc him yet. Charlie says to leave him He is a man sick in his heart, a be for a long time yet. Ordinary told him a good deal of the trut Jonathan had to believe it, comin him. Charlotte, taking the hint given her during the showdown, c have to be picked up; she arri Chelsea police station that same ev few minutes after Ordinary Smi telephoned to them, and said she to make a statement about her hus death; in effect, she took the fir toward what she will ultimately d king's evidence and for herself ple she was coerced and blackmaile silence; it will be in her favor t had no idea that the conversation cottage was overheard. They thi will serve two years, maybe three

Charlie says he believes Jonath thinks she had no choice in anyth did; that he ought to be at the ja when she comes out. My reply to Let's see what he feels after th when, if nothing else seems clear he should be able to realize at l she was completely infatuate Freddy Williams throughout the time she was letting him, Jonath lieve he was the only man in the w her, and however crazy that ma there are women who cannot say anyone who says please ardent often enough, not even if they c herds.

But I am in a confusion myself really want Jonathan as much as I do? Is he himself, or does he re something I made him into, in n heart? Now that he has no need away, is out of the wood, safe, where over there in the shelterec behind the marshes, helping th herds build the wattle enclosures winter lambing, do I feel the sam him as I did when I made his b in the Peacock that first morning

Honestly, I do not know. Charlie or someone would tell r

THE END



"You're improving, Mr. Meeker. Notice how much faster you're recovering consciousness?"

COLLIER'S

PUNCH LINES BY SULLENS

Continued from page 45

Sullens came down with a heavy
the fever himself. But his stay-
e plague city brought him to the
of Melville Stone, founder of
ed Press, who became his close
d later gave him nationally im-
ssignments.
brought Sullens in to cover, for
national political conventions.
urn, made him the acquaintance
President since Teddy Roosevelt.
ow Wilson is his great ideal.
y of our leaders," he says, "you
feet of clay when you get to
m. But Wilson didn't. He was
nan, every inch of him, at all

' judgments of national leaders
, eclectic, personal. During the
sissippi floods Herbert Hoover,
was accompanying on a tour of
ssed area, refused Sullens' sug-
at they fly over the flood. It
ely turned Sullens against
nd nothing that has happened
changed his mind.
World War I, he served as an
e officer and he has been
ajor" ever since.

dn't Stand Filth and Flies

ack to Jackson's yellow fever—
ampaign for a sewage system
led that threat forever. "I didn't
," he says, "that yellow fever is
unsanitary conditions. I just
stand the filth and the flies.
y thought I was crazy. 'Spend
on filth!' they yelled. 'You're
r mind.' But I kept after it and
got it through. Then the epi-
ded."
parted company with the
dger abruptly in 1905. The
Colonel R. H. Henry, was at
equal of Sullens in explosive
ent. One morning Sullens came
hat a dramatic criticism he had
until 2 A.M. to write had been
y Colonel Henry.
he cries, "he had cut it practi-
lf. Just butchered it. When
I saw red, just boiled over. I
the galley proof, ran into his
old him he had a helluva nerve
my critique when he hadn't
he performance. Then I tore
ys and told him he could take
go to hell."
two hours later, Frank Bel-
lisher of the rival Jackson
s, made him city editor of that
year later, Sullens became
shortly afterward bought out
er interests.
first fist fight came when he
e mismanagement of the state
he young and powerful son of
rustees decided to make some-
"He tackled me up near the
pitol," says the Major, "and it
orter. He was stronger than
thlete around here in those
e didn't know how to use his

quite a brawl. We rolled and
way up and down the block
the capitol two or three times
ocked him out."
le Sullens had been attracted
tongued member of the state
John Sharp Williams, later to
e of the greatest U.S. senators
ever had.
a wealthy cotton family,
as a delta aristocrat, or as
fondly, "to the manor born."
d scholar of law at both
nd foreign universities, he was
emptuous of ignorance, and
roughest sharpshooting de-
merican history.

Sullens shared Williams' taste for good literature, philosophy, wit, corn liquor, and contempt for the "red-necks, yaps and yahoos," to use an old Mississippi phrase for its small impoverished white farmers, and their inflammatory spokesmen. Williams and Sullens became intimate friends, set out together to demolish James K. Vardaman, former governor and then U.S. senator.

The Great White Chief, as Vardaman styled himself, was the granddaddy of all the demagogues who have dominated the South in recent years. He always appeared in public in white, including a giant white hat, riding a wagon drawn by sixteen oxen, and preaching a fearsome sermon on the "niggah menace to the white race."

Sullens and Williams, though believers in the South's traditional white supremacy, thought Vardaman's "menace" was nonsense.

Copies of the News show that Sullens blasted Vardaman as:

". . . a rantankerous demagogue, a vain poseur, a perpetual pageant, a vain hysteric roaring to and fro, a voluble rantipole who has always lived alternately on the charity of his friends and the forbearance of his creditors. He is the only man in Mississippi who can convert a minnow of thought into a whale of sound. He sets himself up as an idol, bids the populace fall down and worship, and pontificates before the world as the one just and only honest man."

This cannonading gradually wore Vardaman down. However, it was not until he joined the "Willful Twelve," who voted against U.S. participation in World War I, that they managed to defeat him and elect the late Pat Harrison to his seat. Vardaman died a short time later, a broken man.

As long as Senator Harrison was alive, he and Sullens were bosom frienos and Sullens helped him in many ways. During one campaign in which he wrote most of Harrison's speeches and prepared his publicity, Sullens never left the hotel room in which he worked for three weeks.

Ten to One Against the Senator

During his last campaign Harrison confessed to Sullens that he was dead-broke after thirty years in politics.

"Could you pledge two thousand dollars of your salary ahead?" asked Sullens. The senator guessed he might.

"Well, you get $2,000 and give it to me. I'm absolutely certain you're going to win and I know a fellow who'll bet 10 to 1 against you."

The senator hocked his salary, Sullens made the bet, and Harrison went back to the Senate with $20,000 in his jeans.

By this time Sullens' fist fights were as regular as sessions of the legislature, and often took place on the floor. The first such fight was with a young lawyer named M. Ney Williams whom he termed "an inconsequential young man . . . sadly misrepresenting Hinds County in the legislature." The next morning Sullens was in the state senate, leaning over to talk to a senator when someone tapped him on the shoulder. As he straightened up, Williams swung.

"I ducked and swung one at him. It caught him," he says, "just right and he went down like a stuck hog. Then the uproar started. It completely broke up the legislative session."

Though they have never come to blows, Sullens' longest standing feud has been with Senator Theodore G. Bilbo.

Some of the things he has said about Bilbo would make your hair stand on end. Alluding to Bilbo's reputation for associating with ladies other than his wife, he wrote, when Bilbo once went abroad:



The most famous trademark in jackets

WINDBREAKER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
John Rissman & Son



NOW! 24 SIZES TO FIT EVERYONE

Small • Regular • Slim
Extra sizes • Extra large
Boys • Juvenile

FABRICS
Cotton gabardine, wool gabardine, poplin

COLORS
Cocoa tan, brown, teal

LININGS
Rayon, lightweight wool heavy wool

SHOWERPROOF
Smart for *work, school, play*

Jacket Illustrated: Fine tan or brown gabardine, rayon lined. Only $9.50 at better stores everywhere. Others from $4.95 up.

Write for name of nearest dealer

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. JOHN RISSMAN & SON

JOHN RISSMAN & SON
CHICAGO

"When Bilbo went ashore in Denmark, the band played God Save the Queen." But Sullens complains that, "It is virtually impossible to get under that fellow's skin. He's got the hide of a rhinoceros."

However, he succeeded at least once, during the reign of Governor Lee M. Russell, when the governor's secretary brought charges of seduction against the governor and named Bilbo as a witness. Bilbo dodged subpoena servers and hid out for some time rather than testify. Finally, the judge cited him for contempt and sent a federal marshal after him. The marshal was about to give up his search when he heard a heifer calf bawling in the barn, and found Bilbo hiding in its stall. Sullens, next day, wrote:

"Some people have expressed sympathy for Governor Russell in this seduction case. Some have expressed sympathy for the girl. Still others have expressed sympathy for Bilbo. Personally, all our sympathy goes to the heifer calf."

Bilbo later said that was the "meanest thing anybody ever said about me."

Red Pajamas—With a Message

Once, Sullens and Bilbo did get together to support a mutual candidate for governor. The alliance was celebrated with a big political rally at which Sullens presented Bilbo with a pair of red suspenders and a pair of red pajamas with the advice: "Keep them where they belong."

But with all his bombardment of Bilbo, he has never been able to defeat him seriously. Some observers feel that it is ironical, now that Bilbo seems to be slipping, that Sullens runs front-page editorials announcing in Bilbonic tones: "White Supremacy Is At Stake!"

Privately, Sullens admits, "The Negro menace is just a bogey. But we've got to face the fact that increasing numbers of Negroes will qualify to vote, that the Texas decision of the Supreme Court guarantees the Negroes' rights, and the hell of it is that you can't get the white people to register and vote."

Sullens' most famous battle took place in May, 1940, when Governor Paul B. Johnson laid open his skull with a cane in the lobby of the Walthall Hotel. Sullens had been riding herd on Johnson for over a decade.

He defeated Johnson's first two efforts to become governor. Johnson struck back with a libel suit in his home county, where he was both personally popular and an intimate of the judge. Realizing the case would be lost, Sullens settled out of court for $12,000 and a front-page apology.

But he never let up on Johnson. When Johnson called him a "character assassin," Sullens roared back:

"You cannot assassinate a thing that is nonexistent."

One thing like this led to another. Almost daily after Johnson became governor, Sullens hammered him for vetoing school bond issues, attempting to gain personal control of all state bureaus, depriving the tax commissioner of his powers, and charged him with trying to become a dictator.

The Major lived at that time in a suite atop the Walthall. In the lobby one evening he was waiting for the elevator when he felt something strike him a sharp glancing blow on the head. Wheeling, he found he had been struck by a cane brandished by Governor Johnson.

Sullens snatched the cane—a heavy hardwood stick which Johnson normally never carried—and flung it across the lobby. Then he sprang forward and grappled with Johnson, throwing him backward across a chair and falling on top of him. The chair crashed—Sullens later paid the hotel eight dollars for it—and the two men rolled onto the floor. Sullens, astride the governor, was about to smash in his face when he noticed that Johnson was wearing glasses. He snatched off the glasses, hurled them to smithereens, and raised his fist for his haymaker. But the crowd, most of whom had accompanied the governor from the executive mansion, broke up the fight.

Sullens' head had been split open and he was bleeding badly, but otherwise he was all right. Johnson was escorted by his friends back to the executive mansion, where he took to his bed for two weeks. He never issued a statement regarding the fight.

However, the next day the Daily News made the most of it, and when two of its reporters showed up in the legislature's press gallery wearing football helmets and carrying baseball bats the session broke up in a riot of laughter.

Today Sullens' fighting days seem to be over. A year ago he suffered a serious heart attack, which he barely survived. To his great annoyance his doctors have forbidden him to climb the stairs to his editorial and news rooms. Now he does all his work at home and scoots into the business office to pick up his mail and leave his column for the day.

Mrs. Sullens, a pretty blond California girl whom he married some years after the death of his first wife, is relieved that the Major has quit fighting. "Why, once," she says, "I had to carry a big old heavy .45 revolver around in my bag for days."

As much as possible Mrs. Sullens now keeps him at home, a large rambling stone house aptly called "The Rockpile." There the Major keeps in touch with everything going on in Mississippi and the South by telephone and has a lot of fun with Cracker and Little Man, his Pekingese, and in the cultivation of camellias and roses. Once a week he gets together with a handful of friends for a poker game.

His Challenge to Critics

The Major still covers everything from the death of a child's pet to national political conventions. He feels greatly overrated as an editor. "If anybody says I am a punk editor," says Sullens, "I won't waste time arguing. But any man who says I am not a good reporter is a goldarned liar."

Members of his staff agree. They long ago gave up trying to compete with him.

Perhaps his oldest and closest friend is W. G. Johnson, one of the original founders of the News and co-owner of the paper. Johnson has always run the business end of the paper, and each sticks scrupulously to his own field. Once a year they meet formally and Sullen asks if they made or lost money that year. That's all he wants to hear about the business end of the paper.

Actually, they have been highly successful. They now own what, for many years, was their only opposition, the Clarion-Ledger. However, Sullens has nothing to do with its editorial policies, which frequently are at variance with his views.

Three years ago Johnson suffered from an extremely serious heart attack and was not expected to live. Sullens, grief-stricken, realized there was nobody on the paper capable of writing the story of Johnson's life. Finally he got out of bed and spent the night composing an obituary; then he had it rushed to the paper and set in type.

But Johnson rallied and a week later was sitting up. Sullens took a proof of the unused obituary to Johnson's hospital room. "Here," he said, thrusting the proof at Johnson, "see how you'd look dead."

Johnson flailed it onto the floor, saying, "Get that damn' thing away from me. I never want to see that."

Johnson's reaction still puzzles Sullens somewhat. You get the feeling, as he tells of it, that he would never pass up the chance to read his own obituary. He might find something new.

THE END



Souvenirs—

My, my! All those pretty
with the pretty promises, pret
prices—not pretty performanc
Something to make any man
remember to buy an Inkograp
A good pen for 33 years,
Inkograph today is a fine prec
writing instrument . . . depenc
durable, trouble proof. The u
rounded cylindrical point of e
hard 14kt. gold writes smooth
a pencil . . . fits any hand or s
makes writing less tiring . . . s
pressure and abuse, gives satis
service for years. Make your
pen an Inkograph—and you
be sorry! Five smart color
black. At good stores ever
With a price to remem

only S



INKOGRAPH

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hu
New York City 13, N.



For PERFECT PC
Tender • Nutritiou
Sun-Cured • Fur

T-N-
POPCOR

At Better Stores Everywhere

when does a
PLANTERS' PUN
taste best?
when it's made wi
MYERS'S
JAMAICA RU
"Planters' Punch" Brar
97 Proof

How to make a Myers's Planters'
One of Sour (one part fresh Lime J
Two of Sweet (two parts Sugar).
Three of Strang (three parts Myers
Jamaica Rum).
Four of Weak (four parts Water an



Add o d
Angostura
Shake. Se
cold in o
with crac
Add a Ma
Cherry.

For free recipe book of popular rum dr
R. U. Delopenha & Co., Inc.
Sole Distributor in U. S. A.
57 Laight St., Dept. CL-9, New York

MR. MACHINE

Continued from page 25

JS, SON ASSERTS! When Michael
e stroke out of the money, in the
ern Open, the typewriter boys
the fires again. The story was a
now, served up whenever the news
ll.

only Tom Farrar remembered
imply it had begun. "Not yet,
he'd said. "I want you to work
nch until you're old enough to
his rat race." Four years ago, at
erly. The war had claimed the
r for a time. Now that was in the
ow the Farmer was a brown face
away in a locker room, a set of
ers seen on a path. A stranger.
y Farrar said, "How was it?"
e, except for the four iron."
y smiled at him. She was big-
and tall; she wore her years as
as she wore the feather on her hat.
s Montana Irish, a ranchwoman,
u didn't have to talk your head off
ou were with her. She didn't ask
his shoulder, but she'd have the
oil and the heat lamp ready when
out of the hot tub. She'd bake his
er, knead oil into the dull ache
nd he'd turn his head on the pillow
tch her hands. He'd find himself
he had Molly's wrists and some
lly's flesh and a lot of Molly's
ess. Mr. Machine was wearing
e and the miles were emery dust
earings.

Farmer's going good," he said,
hurt in the sudden compression
lips. "He's hitting them a mile,
s not wild. Pete says it'll be me
Farmer."

ly, she said, "Let's not worry,

as right. Worry couldn't change
Worry couldn't erase the old
r pay the bills or make the putts
n.

took him to a movie almost
ight. She had maps of all the
the tournament loop. She looked
rograms and picked a Western
the hotel. They'd walk to the
fter dinner, and watch cowboys
shirts go belting through coun-
like the ranch back home. A
ld relax, sitting in the noisy dark,
ey killed each other up there on
n. He could stop thinking about
e dates, prize money, and con-
He could stop wondering what
come of the twenty-one-jewel
e reporters wrote about. He
p thinking about his son.

parked in front of the hotel.
from the garage took the car
away. Doc Murphy came over to say hello while they waited for the elevator. The men who worked the money loop didn't read the sports page or listen to the radio to find out what their chances were —they watched Doc. He was fat and bland and as cheerful as his ulcers would let him be. He was a contact man—Superior Golf Clubs—and when he was too busy to pass the time of day you were due to get chopped off at the pockets, out on the course.

"Tommy," he said. "How's the shoulder?"

"Fine. A grease job fixed it right up."

Doc looked pained. "Tommy," he said, "it's nice you won this one last year. You don't have to qualify. It's going to be murder out there tomorrow." He turned to Molly. "Take care of our boy," he said. "We need him."

Farrar said, "For Old Superior."

FARRAR played Monday's round with Louis Gatto and Muntz. They were out to qualify. He was there because the good people expected the defending champion to put in an appearance. His four iron was still sour. The four iron and two putts that rimmed the cup put him one over par at the turn. He had trouble on the back nine—the dog-leg, the narrow fourteenth—and came home with a headache and a fat seventy-four. Pete Muntz was two under par; Gatto had a sixty-eight.

Gatto said, "I want you in the draw, Champ."

"Listen," Pete said. "He's sixty-eight proud."

Tuesday—second eighteen, qualifying round—Farrar stayed in the hotel. He spent most of the afternoon under the heat lamp. He got the results from Pete Muntz in the lobby that evening. "A guy named Bell takes the medalist money with one hundred and thirty-six," Pete said. "The Farmer, Gatto, and old man Muntz are one stroke behind, with one thirty-sevens."

Farrar said, "You shot some golf."

"I got lucky," Pete corrected. "The Farmer's the boy who made the golf shots. He was in trouble all day, and he still burned up the course." He looked at Molly, looked away. "You got Ross in the draw, Tom."

Doc Murphy hurried by. He had a careful "Hi, Tom," for Farrar, and a wide grin for Pete Muntz.

Pete said, "He heard about my one thirty-seven."

"And my seventy-four," Farrar said.

Wednesday was bright and fair;



"It's a new radio program, dear—they came and took away our refrigerator and a thousand dollars' worth of household furnishings"

SYDNEY HOFF

"Candy is dandy" —but try a Barbasol face



keep brushless with Barbasol

You'll stay smooth longer. When you want to look your best, what do you do? You shave. If you want to *keep* looking your best—shave with Barbasol. You get a closer, cleaner shave—with no pull, no pain, no sting. So you save time.

Save your skin, too. Those soothing, quick-acting emollients in Barbasol take the stiffness out of stubble, but leave the natural moisture in your skin, so it doesn't get tight or dry or raw. Find out why Barbasol's the world's largest-selling shave cream!



Barbasol Blades, 15 for 25¢ or 5 for 10¢. Super-sharp!



KAISER

One Every Minute Is Not Enough!

Production scheduled at Willow Run now exceeds a car every minute. But even 12,000 KAISERS and FRAZERS a month are nowhere near enough! For our many thousands of owners are our best salesmen. They have discovered something *totally new*—in *beauty*, in *performance*, and, above all, in *ride!* They tell their friends—their friends take a ride—and order a KAISER or a FRAZER. If *you* drove even five miles in one of these 100% postwar automobiles, you would want one, too. Why not try it? *Wherever you are*, there is a Kaiser-Frazer dealer near you.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

FRAZER



nesday was the day the scramble d rough—sudden-death day. Thirty- pairs of men off the first tee in the ning; at noon thirty-two of the men d qualified were on their way home. y Ross was on his way home. "He d his second into the brush on the nth," Tom told Molly. "He dropped fteenth. He couldn't catch even."
olly smiled. "We don't pack yet."
he Farmer won, six and five."
e's playing well," Molly said.
ot," Tom said. "Real hot."
left her with her knitting and a zine. She wouldn't follow his n; she hadn't for many years. She d wait on the club veranda, or in the gentle and placid woman who did isten to the talk of the swarming d. There was no need, for Tom Far- ould come to her as soon as the n was over. She would read the an- in his brown and weathered face e he spoke—in the shape and set of outh, in the wind-and-sun-creased about his eyes.
left her in a sheltered corner of the and went down the stairs and gh the crowd. Johnny Slocum, the pro, was waiting on the first tee— ay, the men with the megaphones he ropes, the card boy, the caddies. nnouncer spoke to the microphone is voice came back as big as thun- om speakers mounted in the trees. aid the usual things. He said, my Farrar—Mr. Machine—winner t year's P.G.A. . . ." A coin spun, ing in the sun. Johnny Slocum his sweatered paunch and ed one down the middle.
den-death Wednesday, second . Sixteen matches off the tee after —and at sundown another sixteen ere out of the running, out of the . Johnny Slocum, genial and y, was a nice guy, a fine instructor, had no business out there with the boys. He was playing because embers thought he should; the ers were Johnny's bread and but- le tried, and Farrar's ailing four elped make a match of it. He went on the seventeenth, beaten two and y the defending champion. He d broadly for the press photogra- "I can't kick," he told Farrar. the members can't."

reporter—Brown—was sitting on railing beside Molly's chair. A empty glasses said he'd been there time. He blinked at Tom Farrar, s clouded and vague. "We been n' you out," he said reproachfully. t touch like that Slocum, and you go seventeen before you get him."
y said, "He won. That's all that s."
Farmer's already in," Brown said. one lasted quick. He blew Ned right off the course." He peered empty glasses. "The bottoms of ings are too close to the top," he An', Champ, the wires keep asking f on you and the Farmer. They ood."
n write it," Farrar said evenly.
n said, "I'll be as nice as I can."
okay. I don't read the papers."
watch a match, or listen to the Brown said. "Funny guys, you ow do you know what goes on?"
read the scoreboard." . . .
sday. The scoreboard said: "Far- mmy. Gatto, Louis. Thirty-six The scoreboard was wrong. Gat- r-foot putt died short of the cup thirty-eighth; the match ended

Muntz came through the locker- owd carrying a tray loaded with les, glasses.
had me scared," he said.
Farrar said, "I scared myself."
t little pros knocking on the said Muntz. "Tomorrow night e only four." He lifted his glass and grinned. "I was very good today. And I'd better be good tomorrow. To- morrow I play the Farmer."

"He's still hot?"

"Tucker didn't have a chance." . . .

And it was Friday—the quarter finals. Four men left in each bracket. Four matches. Tom Farrar and Hank Leonard were first off the tee. There was a tele- gram in Farrar's shirt pocket, signed by the ranch superintendent. "Mow that Leonard down," the message said. "The bank's making passes at our shirt."

Leonard was tall and lean, the unsmil- ing veteran of many a tournament war. He worked at his trade in sober quiet. He spoke three times during the day. Twice he said: "Take out the pin." His third speech was made over a handshake on the thirty-sixth green. "You're too tough for me, Tom," he said. "Good luck tomorrow."

And as Tom walked the clubhouse path he decided he would simply say they'd be



COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

around another day and let it go at that. No point in telling Molly how much the match had cost—in strength and skill— how very little he had left. He'd had luck in the draw, but he'd had to go the whole route every time to win. He summoned a smile as he climbed the veranda stairs. And then he stopped, hand tightening on the rail.

The Farmer was bending over Molly's chair. Tom Farrar could not see his face, but he would have known that set of shoulders anywhere. He heard the word- less run of the Farmer's voice, blurred and soft against the unending clatter of the crowd. He saw Molly's face up- turned, saw her lips say, "Please!" Tom Farrar took a backward step; he was turning when the Farmer laughed.

"A man gets what he's earned," the Farmer said.

Tom Farrar went down the stairs. He stood on the path, jostled by the crowd. He pressed his hands against his waist to stop their trembling. In his mind he heard the youth and drive in the Farmer's laugh. The years piled up upon his back. He waited, drained and spent, feeling only the flutter of a muscle in his weary thigh, until someone spoke to him. He looked up to meet Brown's unsmiling eyes.

"He's gone," the reporter said quietly. "They didn't see you, Champ."

Tom Farrar said, "Thanks, man."

MOLLY was quiet on the long ride to town. When Tom tried to men- tion the Farmer's name, the words re- fused to come. He put his head against the back of the seat and closed his eyes. He thought about the ranch. He counted the years he'd spent on the tournament loop; he wondered where the money'd gone. Unconsciously, he flexed his shoul- der against the dull, persistent, bone-deep ache. He was the last of yesterday's big names, and he'd run out of time. Mr. Machine—with a stiffening shoulder, and an iron swing that had gone astray.

"Tom," Molly said. "Here's the hotel."

Pete Muntz was in the lobby. A slow smile lighted his eyes. "I hear you did well today," he said.

"I outlucked him," Farrar said. "And you?"

"Old Man Muntz was a ball of fire," Pete said. "He was very, very good. Long woods, beautiful irons, and eleven one- putt greens." He cocked his head. "The Farmer was a wild man. On the four- teenth, he hit two that were a mile out of bounds and still goin' when we saw them last. I was in the rough just once. I broke the course record."

"You took him?" Farrar said.

His voice was louder than he meant it to be. His hand had tightened at his side.

Pete Muntz spread his hands.

"I lost," he said. "I never played better golf or took a worse beating. He's all yours, Tom. Get by him and you're in. There's no one in the lower bracket who can give you a match. Me, I'm catching tonight's plane out."

Farrar said, "We'll see you, Pete."

He took Molly's arm. They passed a newsstand on their way to the elevators. The tournament was page-one news, as it always is in the city in which it's played. Farrar saw his name and the Farmer's name. The sudden stiffening of Molly's arm, the hurt at the corners of her mouth, told him she had seen the headline too. The sports writers were beating the old, old drum. They were good at that. They could take the blaze of a single match and whoop it up to a forest fire.

"I guess it had to come," he said.

Molly said, "Yes, Tom." . . .

The gallery was huge, piled up against the first-tee ropes as a spring flood piles up against a dam. The good people were strung out in thick lines on both sides of the fairway, banked deep around the distant green. Inside the ropes was an- other, smaller crowd—press, photog- raphers, radiomen, officials in bright red



GIVES YOUR DOG 14% to 20% More Nutrition!

READ LABELS when you buy canned dog food. The average na- tionally advertised canned dog food contains no more than 10½% protein. PERK contains a full 12% . . . a leader- ship of 14% to 20% in this vital nu- tritional factor.

Proteins He Needs . . . Flavor He Wants

Meat proteins are important. Without them your dog would die. Meat is full of life-sustaining proteins that fortify your dog against deadly ills. Your dog knows this by instinct. Feed your dog PERK so he'll get extra nourishment plus all the minerals and vitamins he must have to stay well-fed. More than that, feed your dog PERK because he prefers the meaty, juicy, natural flavor.

Perk labels are good for valuable premiums.

AT FOOD & PET STORES

PERK DOG FOOD

PERK FOODS CO., CHICAGO 10
An Affiliate of READY FOODS CANNING CORP.
Packers of Leeds Famous Canned Meats



coats. The iron voice of the speakers opened a lane for Tom Farrar. The Farmer was waiting beside a bench.

"They want pictures," an official said.

Tom Farrar met his son near the center of the tee; they faced the cameras there. Flash bulbs winked in silent explosions of white glare. "Now," a photographer said, "how's for one with you two shakin' hands?"

"Why not?" said Tom Farrar.

The Farmer's hand was big and hard; his grip was a closing vise. He had strength to spare, but there was doubt in the look he had for Tom Farrar.

"Hello, son," Farrar said quietly.

The Farmer grinned. "How are you, Dad?"

"Semifinal. Thirty-six holes," the speakers said.

TOM FARRAR won the toss. His drive was long and straight; the Farmer passed him by thirty yards. The good people swarmed past the ropes to flood the fairway. Tom Farrar followed his caddy's back, and there was time to wonder what it would be like to play a match without a mob breathing on your neck.

"Here you are, sir," the caddy said.

The green was still a long, long wood away. Tom Farrar's second was a full eight-iron short. He moved up with the crowd; he watched his son prepare to play his shot. The Army hadn't hurt the Farmer. Odd, but after all this time he couldn't think of the boy as Mike. The Farmer was leaner, but only a little. Big wrists, big hands—he had his mother's big-boned frame. He powerhoused his second, reaching strongly for the green. He hooked, far out. The gallery groaned.

"Long," Farrar said. "And in the trees."

He thought of that as he dropped his approach wide of the pin. Two woods, and the Farmer was past the green. He was a siege gun, an 88. But he was in trouble, so this hole was safe. Farrar waited while officials cleared a path down to the screen of brush. He couldn't see the club head swing, but he heard the shot and saw the ball climb above the trees. The flash of it was enough—it is when you've spent your life following it.

"On," Farrar said. "Ten feet from the cup."

He knew then why Jarrett, Spain, and Tucker had gone down. He knew what had happened to Pete Muntz. And he was afraid he knew what was going to happen to Tom Farrar.

His putt rimmed the cup. The Farmer knocked the ball away, and crouched to read the green. His grin was broad. The good people were twenty yards away.

Only Tom Farrar could hear the Farmer's low-pitched drawl. "I'm sinking t he said. "My old man got hims ranch this way. I figure I can earn too. Fact is, I got half a ranch ridin every ball." His putter moved. "It' he said.

The scoreboard read: Farrar, down.

On the second green, in the same voice, the Farmer said, "Stubborn that old man of mine. He thinks he to carry all the load himself. He can why every man has to earn enough t his own way." He smiled then. sinking this one, too."

The scoreboard read: Farrar, down.

Tom Farrar found his putting t He wasn't sure just how, or why, but again his hands, his wrists, did wh mind told them to do. Somewhere first nine his four-iron swing came Because, he told himself, my sho doesn't ache. And then he wondere much of that dull, persistent pain been imagined—conjured up as a de barricade against the day—this when he would have to play his son or part, it was unimportant now. was a warmth in the Farmer's grin on every green he whispered some that only Tom Farrar could hear.

"A great golfer, my old man, Farmer said. "One of these days he how tough it is to live in a shadow as his."

"He knows," said Tom Farrar.

"Suppose he could use a partner Farmer said. "Suppose he'd sell th interest he tried to give away?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Farrar.

THE day was gone when he w across the graveled parking reach the car. He saw Molly's face, tipped and intent. The sound of h proach was lost in the voice of the ". . . . his best," the radio said, "wa ply not enough. The outcome was in doubt at any time. Mr. Machir good, he was very good. But the F --his son—had all his father's ski he had youth. . . ."

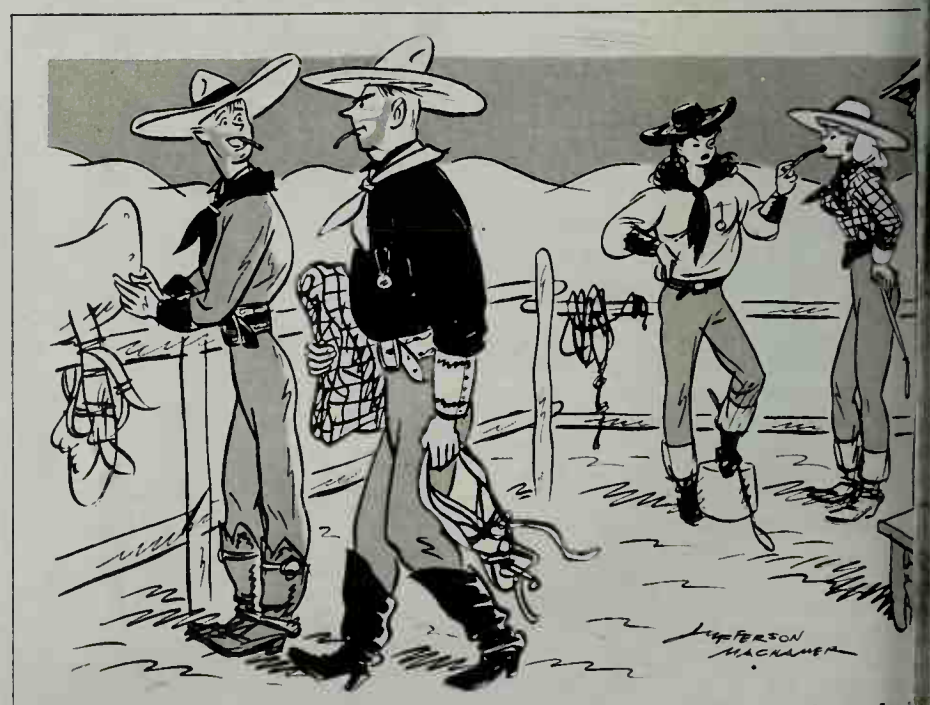
Tom Farrar said, "Molly."

His voice startled her. Her hand out toward the radio switch, the back in her lap. She said, "I'm Tom," in a faint and clouded voice pack tonight."

"No, Molly." He was laughing "Tomorrow you're going to see golf. You're going to see that b ours take Bill Ekstrom in the final we're going to be here early, b Ekstrom won't last long!"

Molly smiled. "Yes, Tom," sh

THE END



"Y'know, I've picked up some dang' good cowboy songs from these duc

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MAC

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

mail-order catalogue (The Week's
of June 21st):
A trongbox for the girl with ruby lips
d eeth like pearls.
A liminutive rug for the bug in one's
r.
T y might add burial insurance for
o: who are just dying to come to
t ou.
Eva Oleson Xan, Birmingham, Ala.

DISTORTED IMAGE

Editor: Herbert Asbury's article
e sion Gets A Box Office (July 12th)
to me to be misleading about the
t and future of television. He says
o television receiver without a tele-
l link can produce a clear image;
e levision sets now being sold are
t e; that wave bands now being used
l evision stations are about to be
o ned by the FCC in favor of other
f ncies on which present-day sets will
o erate; that good television enter-
t nt is too expensive for "free" tele-
o broadcasting; that the movie
c nies will refuse to permit telecasting
f ure films for "free" television recep-
t t will permit them to be transmitted
t ne vision; that the telephone com-
p are all set to go ahead with Com-
m McDonald's phone-vision idea.
o f these conclusions is more than a
l possibility.
N ear television images are now being
t tted to thousands of home receiv-
o out the aid of a telephone link.
T levision without wires works. Sets
b the market are built for television
o n on wave bands assigned to TV
b FCC. The FCC has not indicated
o thcoming change in these assign-
t Comdr. McDonald may be correct
f requently stated belief that TV will
e lly move to higher frequencies.
T elevision doesn't need to spend
t ,000. Expensive programs such as
's and Allen's are the exception
e han the rule even in radio.
P hone vision, or some other form of
s tion television, may eventually de-
v as Muzak, a music subscription
h has developed in the audio field),
h history of broadcasting indicates
i will serve as an auxiliary not a
r evision service.
T he problem of erecting antennas
f eceivers on apartment-house roofs,
r to in Mr. Asbury's article, is being
o out.
M ore than 50 corporations have
a e FCC for permission—which has
g nted—to spend from $500,000 to
$ 00, on their opinion that "free," as
d shed from subscription, telecast-
i be the standard form of television
p ture.
Eugene Katz, New York, N. Y.

WITH THAT BUILT-IN GOODNESS

Editor: I have just concluded
t of Valor by Clarence Buding-
l land (Aug. 2d). Would it be
s h to ask to have more novels by
a or of this thrilling story and also
i strations by Mario Cooper?
R R. E. MacLearn, Yarmouth, Me.

A chant of Valor is every bit as ex-
c claimed. I would like to add a
t th-century history to the back-
g of the story. The reason for the
s of the church then was because
m any *mass* conversjons to Chris-
t kings and their peoples, without
k owledge of what it was. These
l ke Count Riario of the serial)
t ir riches to control the church.
O come of this was the Reforma-
h story also shows that the church
p pposition because it then righted
t the efforts of many new saints.
R A. Frith, Lake Marshall, Minn.

GLASS OF FISHION

Dear Editor: Re Carleton Beals' exciting story (Aug. 2d) The End of the World Strikes Oil, I quote: "Or, if you prefer, he will etch in a nude mermaid."

Well, well, well. A nude mermaid! Low-scale hussy. Couturiers, do your stuff! Might ask Henry L. Jackson what the well-dressed mermaid is wearing this season. He knows all about wearables.

Sam Small, Los Angeles, Cal.

The waters off Patagonia being chilly, mermaids are fully clothed. They wear dresses made of sealionese.

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE

Dear Sir: With mixed feelings we of the 7 P.M. to 7 A.M. shift read Main Street Moves to Japan (June 14th).

It is true that certain individuals "have it made" over here. But believe me, they of whom you write are in the minority. It is not rough—do not misunderstand me. But there are some military personnel who don't have jeeps or shiny new cars to ride in, who do work 12 hours a day or night, to whom one day off a week is a recent luxury, who can't go to "rest hotels" because they have become dependent billets —and to whom this land is a far cry from home and the "life of Riley."

M. E. von der Sump, 1st Lt. ANC, Tokyo, Japan

DEPARTMENT OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Dear Sirs: I notice in your July 26, '47 Collier's that Butches freind doesn't know how to drive well nor do the cops for they are both on the rong side of the road.

Donald Hayward, Delton, Mich.
P. S. Polies put your address so a guy can find it.

RAH! RAH! RAHDIO!

Dear Sirs: Rah! Rah! Radio (July 26th) says college radio was born at Brown University. The wired wireless system first came into use there but college radio was born at Union College, Schenectady, in 1916. A College Radio Station 2YU was put in operation and a large amount of research was done with loop and directional antennas.

In 1921 the members of the Radio Club rigged a receiver and loud-speaker in a baby carriage and paraded around downtown Schenectady broadcasting programs from the College Station W2XQ. This stunt received country-wide write-ups.
Randolph M. Stelle, Bound Brook, N. J.

SELF-ADORATION DEPARTMENT

Hi Ya! My favorite and first-read article is The Week's Mail. Without a doubt this is the spiciest of all your columns.

What a fascinating position this must be! I have two columns in our little daily syndicated paper; I'm also a free-lance news reporter. However, the greatest thrills are the letters I receive either correcting or commending my work. I think that there is an ulterior motive on their part just so they can see their names in print. Aren't people lovely? I often wonder what we'd do without 'em.

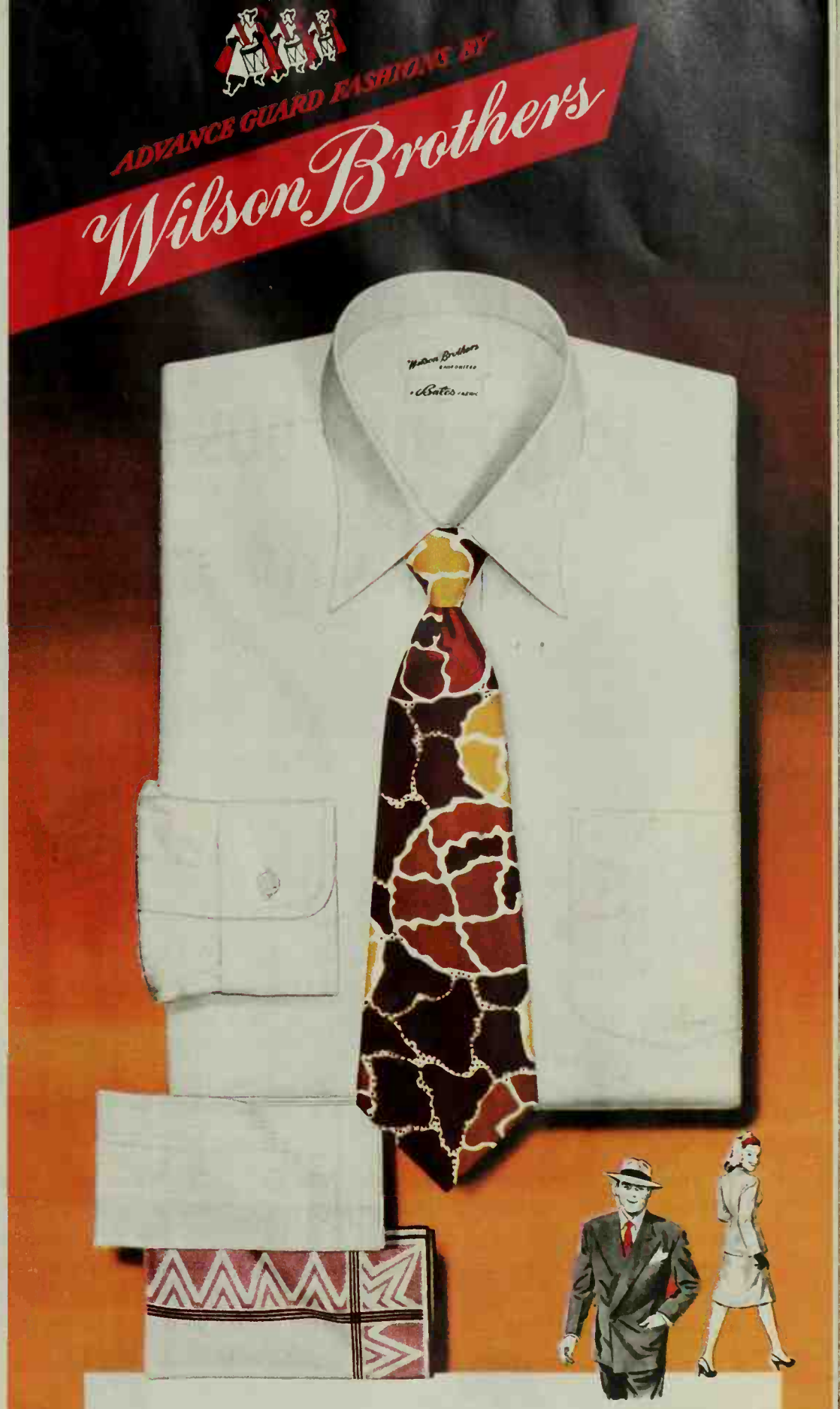
J. A. Norris, Hollywood, Cal.

BUNNYISMS

Dear Sirs: "I had a nice time, nothing can thank you enough," said Mrs. Ben Hawkins of Ossining, New York, the other day, and my own dear wife, on alighting from the Seattle plane at La Guardia, cried ecstatically: "I can't tell you how glad this all looks to me!" Top those, Bunny McLeod, you with your cracks like "That's hitting the male on the head!"

G. Williams, Chappaqua, N. Y.

The latest from Bunny is, "Things are never as bad as they turn out to be."



Hits—above the belt!

Wilson Brothers Shirts of fine Sanforized broadcloth. Roomy in shoulders and chest, tapered at waist. Collars really fit. Ask for Wilson Brothers whites or stripes. $3.95

Wilson Brothers Handkerchiefs in fine cotton. White, initialed, bordered—any kind you like, all made to the famous high-quality standards of Wilson Brothers. From 25c

San Souci Satin Ties. Bold, handsome patterns screen-printed by hand on acetate rayon in luxurious satin weave. They're smooth to the touch, smooth to the eye. A favorite by Wilson Brothers! Ask for them by name. $2

Wilson Brothers

Chicago • New York • San Francisco
For young men of all ages: Faultless Nobelt Pajamas • Shirts
Skipper Sportswear • Sweaters • Super Shorts • Wilcrest Ties
Buffer Socks • T-Shirts • Knit Underwear • Handkerchiefs • Gloves

What do you need to go into business —and stay in?





1. The first thing you need when you go into business for yourself is an idea, or a service, or a product—*something to sell*, in other words. The better that "something" is, the better your chances of getting enough customers—and of keeping them satisfied.



2. Next you need money enough to get started and to keep going until income catches up with outgo. Maybe you use your own savings —or maybe you borrow from a bank—or from other people who have enough confidence in your proposition to *risk their savings.*



3. Then, of course, you need loyal en who know their jobs, and a place in whi business. And this will have to be equip supplies, or materials, or machinery—the with which to work.



4. Now comes good management. Maybe yours is the kind of business you can run all by yourself. If not, you'll have to hire a capable manager. If you fail here, competition will soon force you out of business. Then you and your backers will lose their money and you and your employees will be out of jobs.



5. And almost from the day you start, you'll need to do *enough* business to meet your payroll, your rent, your taxes and all your other expenses. And these charges must be paid before there'll be anything left for you or your backers.



6. Finally you need to make a fa —not just because you *want* one, but that's the only way you can *stay* in busine: are the very *mainspring* of American And they pay for the expansion and impr that bring more products, more jobs, lov and greater security for all.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS

For a Better Tomorrow for Everybody

Write for your free copy of "Who Profits from Profits?" Address: NAM, 14 West 49th St., New York 20, N. Y.

Most Americans say they think 10 to 15 out of each dollar of sales would be a fair for business to make. As a matter of fa dustry averages less than half that muc

A SLIGHT PENALTY

BY ANDREW GEER



A tongue of flame licked nearer and nearer as the acetylene torch, wedged between boxes, bore down on Perry. "Turn off the torch!" he screamed

BULLETIN! San Francisco, March 14 (World Press). At dawn this morning the steamship Amber Prince sank in deep water at the entrance to the Golden Gate after a collision in a dense fog with the tanker Henry Westover. Passengers and crew were rescued. Immediate operations were begun to salvage seven million dollars in gold stored in the sunken ship's specie tank.

IT WAS late afternoon before Perry Turner slid under water with a line of bubbles trailing above him. A full-running ebb tide pulled and hauled at him, and the ripplings of the bay swirled past his face glass until the darkness of forty fathoms of water closed in on him.

Standing on the well deck of the tanker he said into the speaker, "On the bottom."

"Okay," Macklin answered. "Take it easy."

Walking as he inspected the wreck, Perry reported her lying broadside to the tide with her bow pointing north and the amidships hole that had sunk her on the port side away from the tide. Working swiftly he secured a line for the buoy markers.

"She must've settled in some rocks, Mack. She's damn' near on even keel."

"That'll make her easy to work." At the port rail he paused, wondering if he had felt the deck twitch under his feet. He waited for a time and decided it hadn't. A tide like this would be bad business, he told himself.

She had gone under, with the insurance people yelling hurry-hurry and paying a stiff bonus to get the gold out before the wreck had a chance to settle or break up like the old Rio had done. The bonus sounded good to Perry. No matter how much money he made, it always seemed he and Mitzi were suffering from the shorts. "I'll catch hell if this job takes very long," he told Macklin.

"What d'you mean?"

"Mitzi met some people at the race track. Kasperson's the name—ever hear of 'em?"

"Nope."

"They got a yacht, race horses and a French chauffeur. Ever since they invited us down to their country joint Mitzi's been in a loop." Perry didn't tell Mack that Mitzi had told the Kaspersons that he had his own salvage company.

"What time're you supposed to be home?"

"Five thirty."

"You'll hafta spend an hour in the chamber when you come up. Want me to get her on the radiophone?"

"Forget it."

Keeping Macklin up to date, Perry slipped over the side and worked his way into the hole. Remembering the ship's diagrams he had studied, he made his way down a tangle of steps that had once been a companionway and forced a lane through boxes of cargo to enter the mail locker. At the far side he came upon the specie tank.

Illuminating the dial of the safe with his battery searchlight, he began to work the combination. Three turns to the left . . . 34. Four to the right . . . 60. Back left three turns and stop at 55. He tried the handle but it didn't give. Again he tried the succession of numbers without success.

"I'm a helluva Jimmy Valentine," he said. Squatting down until his front glass was inches away from the dial he worked it again.

"The combination they gave me don't work, Mack, and I'm not sitting up all night with it," he said.

Perry unhooked the acetylene torch from his belt, and snapped it on. "I hope there's no cops around because I'm going to burn a hole in this box."

The yellow-blue flame bubbled through the water, and began to cut a wavering line in the steel around the dial.

"You've been under fifty-five minutes," Macklin said. "Think you can get it open before you have to come up?"

"Yep."

"Those Navy divers just came aboard from Mare Island. They'll go down as soon's you give the word."

"Tell 'em to start getting into their woollies—" Perry grabbed for the handle and missed. The deck slid out from under his feet as he spilled down the lane of boxes against the port bulkhead. A second later he was spread-eagled under a torrent of shifting cargo.

"The port buoy went under!" Macklin yelled. "What happened?"

"The tide shifted her . . ."

"Your pressure all right?"

"Yes." Perry strained until he thought the cords in his back would tear loose. "I'm pinned." He tried again and found he could move his right hand a few inches—that was all.

"Don't fight it," Macklin said. "The boys'll be right down."

THE vessel settled farther. Perry jerked his head around to the left-hand glass. A tongue of flame licked nearer and nearer as the acetylene torch, wedged between boxes, bore down on him.

"Turn off the torch!" he screamed. Hypnotized, he watched the flame move closer. It knocked bubbles against the glass; it flared high—and went out.

"It was fixin' to cut into my hat," Perry said.

"That's okay, boy." Macklin was trying to talk to him and the people on deck at the same time. "The boys'll be down in ten minutes."

Perry grunted. What could they do when they got down? The wreck had shifted to port, and the hole he had entered was now closed by the bottom, a bottom of sand and gravel. There wasn't a hope that they'd be able to mole in to get him, and because of his lines he had to come out by the same hole he had entered. Only God knew why his air line still worked.

Again he reared against the weight pinning him down and when he gave up he was weak and had to bite his tongue to keep from screaming.

"Hey, Mack," he said, fighting to keep his voice right, "will you call Mitzi?"

"I can hook your circuit onto the radiotelephone. Do you wanta talk to her yourself?"

"Sure."

"Hold tight."

Perry blinked the clammy sweat from his eyes. He heard the dial clicking and then a familiar voice answered.

"Mitzi, this is Perry."

"Where are you?"

"Working."

"I've been waiting for you."

"I know, but I got hung up."

"How long will you be?"

"It's hard to say."

"But you promised me!"

"I know, baby, but I got stuck."

"And don't call me 'baby,'" she said. "If you had a decent job you could work decent hours."

"Maybe you've got something there."

"You're crazy if you think I'm going to miss the Kasperson week end."

"Okay, okay." Perry cleared his throat and took a deep breath. His muscles were beginning to twitch in little pressure spasms. "Did you send the check in for my G.I. insurance?"

"No."

"This is the last day, you know."

Her voice rose. "And you know I had to have new clothes for this week end. You can get reinstated next month—there'll only be a slight penalty." She paused. "The Kaspersons are out front now. I'm going."

The instrument gave a death rattle and the connection was broken.

"Are you through?" Macklin asked.

"Yep, I'm all through, Mack."

BULLETIN! San Francisco, March 15 (World Press). Salvage operations were halted on the sunken treasure ship, Amber Prince, while race-against-time efforts were being made to save Diver Perry Turner, trapped in the pinned in the wreckage. vessel shifted in the

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON



featuring

pennant red

They're pure silk Foulards, hand made, luxuriously lined.

$1.50

"Wear a Tie and Look Your Best"

Signet TIES

For the name of the store nearest you, write **ARTHUR SIEGMAN, INC.**

16 East 34th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

THE GHOST OF THE SIXTH AVENUE

Continued from page 20

"That's right," Edith said.

Fred picked up his cap and went out the door, holding his head up high and walking off to his life's work. After the door closed Edith bust out crying as if she would never stop, but nothing Sam could say would make her change her mind about Fred and Everett Flawsom, and that's the way it stood.

Fred saw Everett Flawsom a couple of days after this and gave him the balance of the $500 tuition money for the Downtown International Academy of Political Arts. Everett shook his hand and congratulated him on his new career.

"I sure appreciate you using your influence to get me in the school," Fred said.

EVERETT was a fancy dresser, although nobody was sure exactly where he got his money except being a ward heeler. "Glad to do it," Everett said. He rubbed his gold ring on his lapel and watched it shine. "The dean and me are old chums from the political arena. I'm one of the advisers at the academy myself."

"They got a big school down there?"

"It's exclusive. Right on Wall Street. I showed you the stationery, didn't I?"

"Yeah," Fred said. "Engraved."

"You better not go down until classes start in a couple of weeks," Everett said. "You don't want to look too anxious." He looked down at his ring and said, "I guess you heard about me and Edith."

"Yeah," Fred said. "I heard."

Fred bought himself a blue serge suit and a conservative tie so he would be dressed up right for his classes. He stuck on his job out in the rowboat in New York Harbor and he did a lot of thinking. He would watch the boats sail past him and he would say to himself, "If it wasn't for me them boats could never get in here at all," the way Sam would have said it.

After work he would change into his new blue serge suit, so he could get used to the feel of wearing it, and he would sit at a table in the corner of McNarney's Bar and Grill, way downtown near where he worked. He would have a couple of quick ones because he was feeling low all the time, even in the blue serge, thinking about Edith. That's where he was one day when old Sam Hinkley came in and sat down on a stool across the table from him and put his engineer's cap down on a chair.

"Haven't seen you around the house, Fred," he said.

"That's right," Fred said.

"You didn't bust up with me, too, did you?"

"What about it?" Fred's head was feeling a little woozy as if he just stepped off the Whirl-a-Gig at Coney Island.

"Edith is getting married to Everett Flawsom tomorrow."

"Congratulations," Fred said.

"He's taking her on a boat trip to Florida for a honeymoon. They're going to get married right on the boat."

"Wonderful," Fred said.

"Six o'clock tomorrow night the boat sails. The Floridian, they call it. The boat."

Fred didn't say anything.

"I come down on the el," Sam said, to get the conversation going again.

"Yeah?" Fred said. "I bet you did."

"I tell you about the el," Sam said. "Maybe you're wondering why it's still going, after everybody stopped riding on it. Right?"

"They ain't showin' no profit," Fred said, in a sarcastic way. He took another drink and laughed.

Sam said, "A lot of people put a lot of money and work into making the el, so the poor people could get a good ride for a nickel. They put the el up a hundred years."

"So what?" Fred said.

"Well, figure it. A hundred y top of 1878 gives you 1978. S forty years to go when they to down."

"Listen—" Fred said.

"You can't stop something that ing the people. Figure it." Sam finger up to his forehead to sho how to do it. "You think the el important? Would it still be ru it wasn't important? See what I

Fred poured himself another His head felt all flannel. "No," "It sounds nutty to me."

"Fred, Edith's been crying a I hear her in her room."

Fred said, "You want to kno thing?"

"What?"

"The el ain't running. They down."

"Sure it's running."

"Sure," Fred said, "only yo only guy who can see it. You kn they do with people who see thi ain't there?"

Old Sam's face looked pale a He picked up his cap and said, "I all right. I hear it all the time."

"Get wise," Fred said. "Th no el up there. It's dead and That shows how important the you can stop bending my ear a

Sam walked over to the d looked at his watch. He sai train is five minutes late already

"It's nine years late," Fred sa wise."

Sam opened the door in a ti He started to turn back only he his watch and stood listening fo and then he walked out.

THE next morning Fred w rowboat out in the Lower I the Floridian sailed past arou o'clock. The way Fred felt rig probably would have punched the bottom of the rowboat and her if there wasn't a couple of in it with him.

He had a headache the si Queen Elizabeth and it wasn't the drinking he did at McNar and Grill. It was from thi whole night and the whole mo

Here's the point, he was What did you have to give it t for? What did he ever do to ways? It was that kind of thi was giving him a headache. It ing about Edith, too, sailing o ridian that night with Everett

He looked up and there wa ridian sailing out of sight dow

"Hey," he said, "ain't tha ridian?"

Paul Ginnis, who was in the him, said, "It ain't the Norma

Fred said, "What time is it

Paul said, "Eight thirty A.M

Fred said, "Something is w

He thought it over the whol he was working and by the t back on shore he had it fi something was wrong. He Sam's place from a drugstore, answered the phone.

Fred said, "What happened

Edith said, "Fred?" Her voi funny.

Fred said, "Hello, Edith. H

Edith said, "What are yo something? Why did you ha on him?"

Fred said, "Ain't you sail Floridian?"

Edith said, "You bet I'm sa Floridian and I hope I nev again after what you did. Eve

k me up in a minute. He's still at
ademy cleaning up his last-minute
rations."
d said, "Oh." He didn't see how he
tell her the Floridian was way
the coast already on the way to
a.
h said, "Fred?"
d said, "I hope you will be very
Goodby," and he hung up.
as five o'clock before he found the
building over on Wall Street that
ned the Academy of Political Arts.
board downstairs all the names
d like brokers—"Stanley and Wat-
"Piffer, Blaw Associates," and
names. The only place without a
was Room 189 and Fred went up

as a small room with about six
n it that could have used some
on them. A young fellow with
was sitting at the front desk by
r, and Fred asked him if he knew
the Downtown International
ny of Political Arts was.
ht here," the kid said. "The dean
lked out for a hamburger." He
as if he thought that was a joke.
er mind the funny stuff," Fred
You know where I can find Ever-
vsom?"
kid let out a guffaw. "That's the
he said. "You want to join the
ty?"
reached out one of his big hands
bbed the kid by the front of his
d lifted him out of his seat. He
his face right into the kid's and
'm looking for Everett Flawsom
Downtown International Acad-
Political Arts and I don't like
ys."
id got purple in the face and said,
on't take it out on me. I'm just
a mail service. Hey!"
t do you mean, mail service?"
s just get their mail here if they
got any office. It gives them a
dress, right on Wall Street."
yeah?" Fred said.
not responsible for my clients,"
said. "If this guy Flawsom wants
himself an academy that's his
Put me down, will you?"
oushed the kid back in his seat.
the whole school, is that it?"
d wiped off his glasses and said,
even going to be this if he don't
is rent soon. I wouldn't be sur-
he's taken a powder already."
mean he's a crook?" Fred said.
eally ain't a school?" The kid
him and felt sorry for him.
take it hard," he said. "You're
nly one. He gets a lot of mail

idn't say anything.
's no future in being a politi-
way," the kid said. "One bad
nd you're a bum."

looked at his watch and it was a
r past five. Everett and Edith
obably be leaving Sam's place in
of minutes to wherever he was
r. Probably to some hotel out
someplace where he could walk
r when he wanted. On Fred's

cked up a paperweight off the
and threw it through the win-

the kid said.
e use your telephone," Fred

the kid said. "Take it home
if you want."
lled Sam's place. Everett an-
e telephone and said, "Hello."
up quick.
arted thinking. He called up
called up a friend of his, Izzy
who lived about ten blocks
Sam's place.
er to Sam Hinkley's right away
let anybody get out! You
ed yelled.

Izzy was a longshoreman who could stop a dozen Everetts if he got there in time. "Okay, Fred," he said, "only what's it all about?"

"Never mind! Do like I tell you!"

Right here there are two versions of what happened next. Fred hollered something into the phone and when Izzy asked him to say it again Fred had already hung up and was on his way.

Izzy says that Fred said, "I'll get up there quick on the el." That's the way it sounded, anyway. Fred says what he said was, "I'll get up there *quicker'n hell*," but Fred always gets a funny look on his face when he says that, so you can take your choice.

A lot of people will say they don't see how he could have gone up on the el, anyway, since they tore it down in 1938. They still have to explain how he got up to Sam's place so fast; the rush-hour express on the el used to be the fastest way.

RIGHT at five thirty sharp, Fred walked into Sam's, puffing and blowing. His hair was pushed back on his head like he'd been in a high wind, and it wasn't a windy day.

Everett was just coming out the door, with Edith behind him.

"Hello, Everett," Fred said.

"Hello, Fred," Everett said and his face got as pale as a peeled potato.

Fred pulled back and smashed him a right hook smack on the nose. Everett sat down hard in the doorway and put his hand on his nose. Fred lifted him up again with his left hand and let him have it again with his right. Everett flew off the floor and traveled right back into the parlor where he landed flat on his back and that was all there was to it.

Fred said, "Edith, you can't marry this guy because he's a crook."

Sam was standing over in a corner by the window. Fred said, "Hello, Sam." Then he started telling them what happened about Everett.

Izzy Godron came tearing up the stairs hollering, "Nobody leaves the house!" but Fred told him it was all right.

"How did you get here so fast?" said Izzy. "And what's the idea of saying you're coming up here on the el, like you said?"

Sam looked up. Fred looked embarrassed and said, "I never said that. How could I come up on the el, for crying out loud?" Only right then he closed one eye, like a wink, and only Sam could see him do it. Sam suddenly stopped looking sad and looked happy.

"I guess you did all right even not being a politician," Sam said. "I bet you can even get back the dough this bum took from the people."

Fred put his foot on Everett's chest and laid his chin on his fist and looked thoughtful. "Here's the point," he said. "If a guy sticks on his job and keeps his eyes open, he can help the people take care of the crooks and the phonies, like I done. You follow me?"

Sam nodded his head. "It's how you look at it," he said.

Edith said, "Isn't anybody going to look at me?"

Fred said, "Honey, maybe I ain't got no brains, but I wish you would marry me anyway."

Edith kind of sighed and said, "That was my intention all along."

Fred smiled at her in a silly, apologizing way and said, "I beg your pardon, honey, but would you mind repeating that last? I suddenly got a funny roaring noise in my ears."
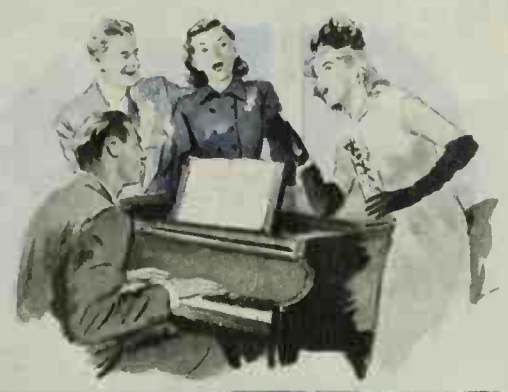
Edith said, "Never mind," and held out her arms and Fred took hold of her and kissed her.

"There," he said, "it's all right. The noise is over now."

Over in the corner old Sam took out his watch and looked at it with a calm expression on his face and said, "Right on time."

THE END

Enjoy Life!





DRINKS HAVE *More Life* WITH
PIN-POINT CARBONATION

Tall ones are always in tune when you mix them with sparkling Canada Dry Water. So why take a chance with ordinary club sodas—carbonated tap water? This world-famous mixer costs no more . . . assures you of better tasting drinks. Here's why:

1. *Pin-Point Carbonation* – means longer-lasting sparkle.
2. *Exclusive Formula* – makes your drinks taste better.
3. *Special Processing* – assures purity, balance, clarity.
4. *Superior Quality* – uniform the world over.

P. S. *It's enjoyable as a table water, too. Try it.*



Where there's LIFE there's
CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

Still Only 15¢
Plus deposit
(in most areas)

IT ALL COMES OUT IN THE WASH

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

Some funny things happen in laundries, not the least markable of which is the fact that you usually get b what you sent. Here's how it's done along with a f facts and figures on the future of the laundry indus

A BROOKLYN housewife, trying to sort her laundry and stu into a laundry bag, and at the same time answer the doo and the telephone, and keep her children out of mischief, increasingly annoyed by the family cat. The animal kept following about, rubbing against her ankle and miaowing distressfully. After had tripped over it twice she picked it up, cuffed it gently, tossed it a chair, and told it to go away. Then, having answered the phone a chased Junior away from the cake she'd baked for supper, and told man at the door she didn't want any brushes, she hurriedly tied up laundry bag and gave it to the laundryman.

A few hours later a girl marker at the laundry, preparing to emp bag upon the long sorting table, was surprised to see it wriggle a She said to a fellow worker, "Well, I've seen some funny things ar here, but this is the first time I ever saw a laundry bag walk."

She delved into the bag and began pulling out cats. The Broo tabby had taken its mistress literally and had, indeed, gone away. It jumped into the laundry bag, and en route to the laundry, comfort nestled in the mass of soiled clothing, had given birth to four kit

This is probably the most remarkable event that ever occurred i a laundry bag, but any bag received by a laundry in a big city is a contain a surprise. Cats in laundry bags are not uncommon, and ne are puppies. The latter usually make less commotion than the cat a laundry bag is so full of fascinating things to chew that a pup is pretty busy.

A surprisingly large number of laundry bags disgorge false books, eyeglasses, cuff links, shirt studs, rings and other per

After your laundry is sorted, each group of articles is placed in an open-weave cotton bag, which is closed with a big safety pin carrying your laundry mark

Shirts get special treatment. Here a machine stamps the laundry mark in ink on the inside of the collar band



The actual washing takes place inside various-sized washing machines. Soap and alkali i water break the first dirt. Usually there are three suds baths, followed by from four to six





different machines are used to iron shirts. One does the sleeves and cuffs, another the collar, a third the back and sides and a fourth the bosom. A battery se machines, run by experienced girls, can turn out 160 shirts an hour. A laundry with three batteries of the machines can handle 20,000 shirts a week

ings. And money—in sums g from a penny to several thou- ollars. Not long ago a marker laundry of the Hotel Plaza in ork found $17,000 in large bills into a soiled pillowcase; it was ed to the owner before he knew gone.

do such things get into laundry Well, it's the fault of "dat ole human nature. A woman will a ring to wash her hands, put it cket of her apron, then throw on in the laundry hamper. A an will take off a dress shirt and to remove the cuff links and Books are read in bed, for- and rolled up in the sheets and ases. Eyeglasses are shoved illows and reach the laundry in e way, and so do an occasional nd knife. Money is pinned or to shirts or underwear, or in pockets, and likewise forgot- all coins are left in the pockets, ht in the seams, of children's s and playsuits.

re's a plausible explanation for ing we find in laundry bags," experienced laundryman, "ex- lse teeth. That one has us d."

dries also come up against nature in the matter of cus- omplaints about lost or dam- icles. In the first place, most tuff clothing into laundry bags mbled, haphazard disorder, make out laundry lists in a slapdash manner, and are as apt to overstate as to understate the contents of the bag. Often, after the housewife has made out her list, another member of the family will add something to the bag without telling anyone. Relatives and visiting friends stuff their laundry into the bag and say nothing about it.

Many people don't even bother to make a list; they rely on the honesty of the laundryman, which is generally of a high order, and on their memory, which is seldom accurate. Incidentally bachelors, traditionally neat and orderly, are the worst offenders in this respect.

Sometimes this sort of carelessness causes serious mix-ups. During the height of the hotel shortage one of New York's biggest hotels was the headquarters of a convention.

In the Treasurer's Bag

The president of a well-known company and his wife, attending the convention, were unable to find a room in time to dress for the banquet, and the treasurer of the company, who was alone, invited them to use his suite. After the convention the treasurer, back in his own quarters, hurriedly stuffed his dress shirt and other garments into a laundry bag, called a bellboy, and asked for overnight service. Tired and in a hurry, he didn't make out a list, nor did he examine the laundry bag before using it. Furthermore he failed to inspect his laundry when it was returned; he just packed the bundle and caught his train home.

There his wife unpacked his bag and found a brassière and a pair of stockings, together with a laundry bill listing both garments. The treasurer knew they had nothing to do with him but he couldn't explain. His wife left him, and it was several weeks before the hotel straightened matters out by tracing the articles to the wife of the company president. She had thrown them into the laundry bag and forgotten them.

It is a universal custom to complain about lost and damaged laundry, but actually the record of any well-run laundry is surprisingly good. Such an establishment, handling about 15,000 pieces a day, will average 15 reported lost, and ten of these will eventually be restored to their owners. During the war, of course, when the laundries were forced to hire inexperienced workers, losses were greater. A first-class laundry will seldom have more than three complaints of damaged articles for every 100 bundles, including the unreasonable grievances.

And by and large, laundry customers are unreasonable. For example, a man pulls his shirt off roughly, without unbuttoning the cuffs, and strains the buttons. He accuses the laundry of tearing them off. If the laundry loses a four-year-old shirt, the customer demands a new one in return. If a woman's inexpensive, half-worn blouse is lost, it immediately becomes "my expensive blouse, the first time I've had it washed."

To combat such complaints and reduce actual damage to a minimum, leaders in the laundry industry recognize the value of scientific and business research. The American Institute of Laundering, at Joliet, Illinois, is "the official proving and improving ground" of the industry. Its training school for laundry executives maintains the same high professional standards as leading universities. Its model laundry is a testing laboratory for new methods and techniques. Recently the A.I.L. has worked hand in hand with fabric and textile manufacturers to improve the washability of their products. Materials that pass all the tests receive the A.I.L. "certified washable" seal.

But assuming that you have carefully shaken and searched the pockets of every garment and made out an accurate list in duplicate, what really happens to your clothing when it reaches the laundry?

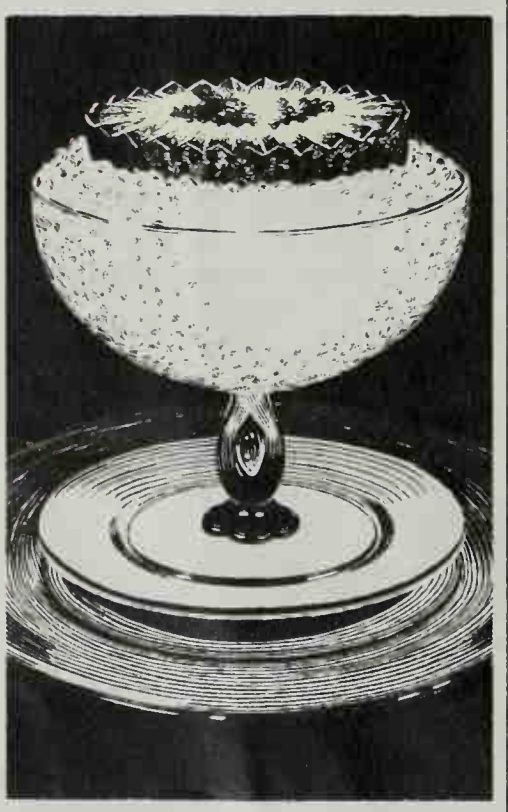
"Ah," says the average man, "I know what happens. They run everything through a fraying machine, ap then they give it to a man with a h mer, who breaks the buttons. misses any, his assistant rips th Of course, nothing like th but your laundry does

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

do you know...

that your local ice company will be glad to supply you with ice prepared in exactly the right size for every household need?

If you want your table to have all the glamour even the finest restaurant cannot surpass, use plenty of crushed ice when serving salads, sea foods, fruits, fruit juices, fruit cocktails . . . or making *real* homemade ice cream.



This is just one of the many new, post-war services the progressive Ice Industry is providing for *better living*. You ought to know about them *all*. Just ask your local Ice Company.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

many processes, the number and kind depending upon the sort of service you're buying.

In most communities there are six main service classifications. The cheapest, and probably the best known, is the old-fashioned "wet wash," with everything returned damp. Then there is the "thrifty," with flatwork ironed and wearing apparel damp. If you order "rough dry," the flatwork is ironed and the wearing apparel is dry, and "family finished" or "press finished" brings the flatwork home ironed ready for use and the wearing apparel roughly machine-ironed. Flatwork is ironed if the service is "complete finished," and wearing apparel is finished by hand where necessary.

All of these services are charged for by the pound, and a bundle of a certain minimum size is required. Topping the classifications is "list price" or "custom work," with everything returned ready for use and charged for by the piece.

The Process—Step by Step

A bundle of newly arrived laundry goes first to the sorting or identification tables, where it is weighed, separated and identified. Girls swiftly unscramble the bundle, checking the contents against the laundry list enclosed in the bag or making one of their own, and divide the articles into as many as 16 different groups. Silks and rayons and woolens cannot be washed with cotton, and dark- and light-colored articles cannot be washed together.

Once the sorting and segregating have been completed, each group of articles is placed in an open-weave cotton bag or net, which is closed with a big safety pin stamped with letters and numbers corresponding with those on your laundry list. For a list-price customer, every article carries a laundry mark, which is removed from the more fragile garments after they have been ironed.

There are millions of different laundry marks in the United States, a fact which has proven a boon to smart cops and mystery-story writers. There is a growing tendency for police departments to accumulate a complete file of local laundry marks, which have often been of assistance in solving crimes and identifying victims of accidents. One detective, Captain Adam Yulch of Nassau County, New York, has become nationally known for his success in cracking murder cases by the use of laundry marks.

After the various items in a bundle of laundry have been properly netted, the nets are put into various-sized washing machines, where soap and alkali in the water break the first dirt. The temperature of the water ranges from 90 degrees to 160 degrees, with colored articles at the lower end of the scale. From then on different processes are used, depending upon the character of the articles being washed and how dirty they are. Most modern laundries are equipped with automatic controls, so that a wash is carried through all the processes without the use of human hands.

The average family wash receives three suds baths, followed by from four to six hot and cold rinses, the last containing a little bluing to whiten and freshen the garments. Housewives who fear that their clothing may come in contact with other folks' apparel should be relieved to hear that health department tests show that the rinse in a well-run laundry is bacteria-free, a condition almost impossible to achieve in home laundering. Still in their nets, the clothes are next deposited in huge spinning baskets, called extractors, which whirl about at some 800 revolutions a minute, draining off surplus water by centrifugal force. After 15 minutes the clothing is just faintly damp, and if the customer has ordered "wet wash" her laundry is finished. Otherwise, it is ready for ironing.

Socks, blankets, window curtains and similar articles are dried on forms after removal from the extractors. Bath towels, bath mats, rugs and other items which need to be fluffed dry rather than ironed flat are tumbled in cylinders and dried by hot air. These tumblers are also used by laundries which offer a rough-dry service, in which wearing apparel is soft-dried or air-fanned and returned unironed.

From the extractors the wash goes to the ironing department, a place of mechanical marvels. The flatwork ironer, generally though improperly called a "mangle," has rollers 10 feet long, and an ironing capacity of 15 sheets a minute. Large laundries attach this ironer to an automatic folder, which handles sheets, tablecloths and spreads. With this sort of equipment the laundry of the Hotel Plaza in New York is able to process 110,000 pieces of flatwork a week.

Shirts are ironed on a battery of four machines. One irons the sleeves and cuffs, another the collar, a third the back and sides, and a fourth the bosom. One battery of these machines, manned by experienced girls, can turn out 160 beautifully ironed shirts an hour. An efficient, average-sized laundry, such as the Rite Way Laundry of Brooklyn, with three batteries of machines, can handle about 20,000 shirts a week. When the ironing has been completed, the laundry goes to the sorting room again, where the various pieces are assembled, reidentified, and grouped for packaging and delivery.

The business of washing other folks' clothing, said to have been begun by a disillusioned forty-niner in California almost a hundred years ago, has grown into one of America's most important service industries. It is really big business. In 1946 approximately 7,000 power laundries employed 275,000 persons, and the annual customers' bill amounted to $738,000,000. And these figures don't include the innumerable hand and Chinese laundries to be found on almost every block in the big cities. In New York alone there are more than 6,500 of these small establishments, doing an annual business of more than $60,000,000.

Where Most of the Work is Done

Almost all of these shops serve as agency or distribution outlets for the big wholesale laundries; the two or three women usually seen ironing on the premises are merely finishing up work which has been processed by the wholesalers. But despite the nation's huge laundry bill, most of America's soiled clothing and linens are still washed at home in the family tub or washing machine. Some months ago a leading figure of the laundry industry prepared a confidential analysis of the business done in various large cities. With a potential of 100 per cent, Miami laundries do 11 per cent, Dallas 12, Milwaukee 6, Nashville 16, Buffalo 7, New York 16, Detroit 7. For the country as a whole, 91 per cent of the family laundry is done at home.

The bulk of the American laundry business is institutional; it consists of washing the uniforms worn by a vast army of factory, railroad, business and professional workers. The barber, the butcher, the waiter, the grocer, the beauty-parlor girl, the doctor, the nurse, the dentist, and many others, all wear uniforms for either aesthetic or sanitary reasons. For every towel used in the American home, the average barbershop will use 10. For every sheet and tablecloth used at home, hotels and restaurants use 20. And out of 300 first-class hotels in New York, only 5 per cent operate their own laundries; the rest send the wash out.

Then there is the vast diaper service for baby, a comparatively new and rapidly growing phase of the industry, which is big business in itself. During the war the diaper services could not begin to keep up with their orders, but

WATCH OUT FO
BLEEDING GUM
you may have
GINGIVIT



4 out of 5
May Get This Wicked Ene
Handsome Teeth and Firm

When you brush your teeth an
gums bleed—*even a tiny* bit
neglect this condition.

Because tender, bleeding gu
often some of the first signs of
vitis—a mild gum inflammatio
a decided enemy of firm, health
and handsome teeth.

Neglect of Gingivitis often l
dreaded Pyorrhea, which onl
dentist can help. See him
months. Then at home do th

Help Gums Be Firmer—
Teeth Naturally Bright

Put some Forhan's Toothp
your fingertip and massage it
gums. Do this every time yo
your teeth.

Forhan's is made *especially* f
massaging gums to be firmer
cleaning teeth to their lovely
lustre and sparkle.

Even after the first time
Forhan's—notice the *differen*
gums feel *so invigorated*. Yo
look *so clean*. You'll like th
refreshing taste, too.

Forhan's costs no more th
nary toothpastes. So buy a tub
All drug, department and 10

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN F

use
Forhan
with massa

FOR FIRMER GUMS – CLEAN



*Due to irregularity



ght! At the first hint of a single
e Unlucky Seven Symptoms—
regularity—act fast! Get *prompt*,
ble relief with pure vegetable
. so *gentle* and *pure*, so *thorough*

EAREST THING TO NATURE!

a dependable laxative without
, seeds, oils, or milk of magnesia.
raka! Contains only two pure
ingredients. One acts like nec-
ghly concentrated high-residue
e other assures *thorough* action.
re so gentle there's no usual
sensation".
usually works overnight! No
wait! Your own doctor can tell
t Saraka's superiority.

TELESS! COSTS MUCH LESS!

the family favorite because it's
And so economical too . . . same
—49¢! Make sure you get the
araka in the orange and yellow
on: Use only as directed. Double
ney back if not delighted. At
ters everywhere.



49¢ for twenty helpings

Original Pure Vegetable

ARAKA

ND PURE, SO THOROUGH AND SURE!

now conditions are much better. These services start a youngster off with about 9 diapers a day—63 to 70 a week—and taper down to 50 or 60 a week after six months.

So far, however, diaper services are available only in the large cities—statisticians have figured out that a city of less than 100,000 population cannot support an exclusive diaper laundry. In the smaller communities, therefore, a mother must either wash the little rascal's triangular pants herself or send them to a regular laundry, which is usually more expensive than the special diaper services.

A recently established service somewhat similar to the diaper business is household linen rental; in several cities laundries have begun to rent linens to housewives at prices no greater than would ordinarily be charged for laundering them. A pioneer in this field is the Consolidated Laundries Corporation, which operates in New York and New Jersey. Within the past two years, Consolidated has opened a number of linen stores in New York City, where women may rent a two weeks' supply of linen on condition that they exchange half of their supply weekly for fresh linen. The charges are 14 cents for sheets, 6 cents for pillowcases and Turkish towels, and 5 for hand and kitchen towels. All with no minimum and no deposit.

Few Men Wear Starched Collars

The changing fashions of both men and women are reflected by the laundry business. For example, the period when men demanded that their collars and shirt bosoms be heavily starched has definitely ended; in fact, men have gone to the other extreme. Today, the laundry does not starch a man's shirt or collar unless specially instructed. As a result of this change, thousands of plants in the big cities are stuck with expensive and complicated equipment for ironing stiff collars, which must either stand idle or be sold to the junkman. In New York nearly all the laundries have abandoned their stiff-collar departments, and the man who insists upon wearing such a thing usually has to shop around quite a bit before he can get it laundered.

This abandonment of stiff-collar machinery is part of a drastic streamlining of the industry, interrupted by the war, and now resumed. In the opinion of Victor Kramer, America's Number One laundry consultant, the era of multiple-service laundries may be on the wane, the trend now being toward the specialty shop idea. He thinks that the laundry customer of the future may be offered a variety of specialized services to fit individual needs.

One of the newer developments is the drive-in, the laundry equivalent of the cash-and-carry supermarket. This movement, started in Atlanta in 1930, has made great gains in the South and the Southwest, and recently in New England. It has been especially popular in areas where middle-class families practically live in their automobiles. Since the ordinary laundry spends about 25 cents of every dollar for expenses connected with pickup and delivery, it is obvious that the drive-ins can afford to give the customer a substantial discount. As a rule, this amounts to from 15 to 20 per cent of standard prices. A recent questionnaire showed that approximately one third of the laundries in the United States plan to add drive-in services.

The vest-pocket laundries called launderettes and laundromats are also proving successful. Batteries of from 20 to 24 automatic washing machines are housed in clean, airy, well-lighted buildings, often equipped with waiting rooms for customers and playrooms for children. The housewife brings her bundle, puts her clothing into a machine and a quarter in the slot, and goes about her shopping or other errands, returning later to collect her laundry.

At present these establishments are for wet wash only, but a few are adding drying equipment. Of course there are drawbacks to these places—a woman must do her own separating, she has no assistance whatever, and only two temperatures of water are available, hot and warm. She must buy her own soap, bluing and bleach, and she can't wash more than 10 pounds of clothing in any one machine, so that if she has a fair-sized family wash she'll require two or three machines.

A variation of the launderette technique is the washing machine with a coin slot. These are located in the basements of many apartment houses. If they are installed in sufficient volume, they may become more of a menace to the laundry industry than the launderette. For with a washing machine in the basement, a woman can quickly wash her silks and rayons and nylons, and then iron them at her leisure.

Most people complain vehemently of the high cost of laundry, but in comparison with the price advances in almost every other field, these complaints seem not altogether justified. Prices were frozen by the OPA late in 1942, on the basis of those prevailing in 1940. In 1943 and 1944 the OPA authorized increases of from 4 per cent to 5 per cent in each year. In 1946 a further advance of 12 per cent was permitted.

When OPA was abandoned, prices jumped another 10 per cent, a total increase of approximately 33 per cent since 1942. Victor Kramer and other laundry executives believe that although the cost of labor will remain high—it now gets 60 cents of the laundry dollar—prices will gradually ease off, which is probably the best news laundry customers have heard yet.

THE END



"I'd like to go into further detail with you regarding our rotating amortization plan—right after the strip tease"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

THE SMART
BACK-TO-SCHOOL
PENS



WHICHEVER
YOU LIKE...YOU'LL LIKE
WEAREVER

$1
each

Wearever's new back-to-school pens — ball point or conventional point — are the talk of young America. They're the brightest, writin'-est pens ever, precision built inside and out by America's largest fountain pen manufacturer. Yet priced so low that most youngsters can afford 'em out of their own allowances. For smart value, ask for Wearever. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J., founded in 1896.

© 1947 David Kahn, Inc., *Reg U.S. Pat. Off

WEAREVER*



MR. RALPH BELLAMY, DISTINGUISHED STAR OF STAGE &

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Lord Calvert is a matchless refinement of the world's most distinguished whiskies . . . so *rare* . . . so *smoot*
so *mellow* that it is intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. Since Lord Calvert is us
available only on request, be sure . . . wherever you order . . . to ask for Lord Calvert specifically by n

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YOR

THE HULK

Continued from page 17

aboard from a marshy knoll along-
d step up to the wheel and imagine
the days when the Bessie C. was
arter and put out from the harbor
open sea, for bottom fishing off
als or to drum her way twenty-five
o sea after game fish. Dennis had
een aboard in those days. He had
the Bessie C. only as a hulk, yet
she had never been a hulk.
, with his hands still smelling of
he had scaled, he stood in the
of the hulk and visualized his fa-
oard in a yachting cap, with the
gines humming and the bow dip-
to blue water. The engines were
nce gone. They had been sold
e hulk was stripped. Everything
slightest value had been taken
nd sold, all except the barometer,
now hung on the wall of the
at home. His father had not sold
ometer because it had been put
by Dennis' mother the day they
arried, the day they started on a
oon cruise.
morning, before he even
his teeth, Dennis went to read
ther by the old barometer, and
week he polished the brass. It
y old, probably a hundred years,
er had told him, and the writing
s in German. His grandfather had
it over from Holland a long time
it had gone to sea in the Bessie
e she was a hulk. His father said
valuable, but he had not sold it
other objects salvaged from the
.
had been people of the sea, his
people, and Dennis' father once
him he was christened with
e was born for the sea, his father
, like his mother. She had been
one, his father had told him.
r to know where the fish were
Trust her to take you there, with-
looking at a chart. When he
her, his father said, he took on a
Those were the great days, when
sie C. was berthed among the
oats at the municipal dock.

Dennis visualized the Bessie C., spick-and-span, with Captain Jack Clifton aboard in his yachting cap, shaven and clear-eyed and grinning, and his mother there, too. It was not easy to visualize his mother. There was a photograph of her at home, in a fluffy sort of dress, with a trailing skirt, and when Dennis visualized her aboard the Bessie C. she had to wear that fluffy dress; he simply couldn't imagine her in any other way. Of course he knew she hadn't worn a dress like that, but he would not even try to visualize her in anything like the mauve slacks the plump blonde in the bar had been wearing.

Boats like the Bessie C. chartered for a lot of money, even though she had been long afloat when his father first acquired her. His father must have made pots of money in those days, Dennis thought. He wasn't working in a fish market then. He wasn't doing odd jobs then—cleaning fifty-five porgies for two dollars. Dennis winced and tried to forget about the unscaled fish. He spun the hulk's wheel and gazed ahead at the marsh.

SHADOWS were long now, and the marsh was like a sea. In the darkening light the marsh seemed to roll away in waves, and in Dennis' imagination the waves mounted and it was the storm. The bow of the Bessie C. lifted and fell in the great storm and the wheel spun to the rudder's buffets. The wind battered the harbor and sent waves crashing against the pier, and the Bessie C. was lifted by them and carried away and taken helpless and yawing here onto the flats and hurled with great force against an old piling and her bottom was stove in. Here she had settled into the mud, unattended, and they had stripped her of everything of value, like taking jewels from a corpse, and left her on the flats, a hulk. Dennis knew that his father had failed to make her fast that night, and he knew why. His mother had been dead only two months that night.

Seeing how the sun was reddening in the west, Dennis thought it must be pretty late. He had to be at work on time, and he had to take those fish to Mr. Brace. The Seaview Hotel was almost opposite the concession on the boardwalk where Dennis worked for three hours every night, and he could drop the fish off on his way to work. He stepped carefully to the gunwale and let himself down to the soggy ground, deep in marsh grass. There was a path, made by his own feet, and he followed it up to the road. He did not look back at the hulk.

His father was not at home. Dennis had not expected him, yet he was disappointed. The two-room cottage they occupied stood on the bank of a tidal creek and there was a small, rickety dock, but they had no boat of any kind, not even a rowboat. The house was in view of the highway and once, a long time ago, his father had talked of putting up a sign and selling bait, but he had never done anything about it.

For one thing, he had said, they didn't have a rowboat, anyway. How could they get bait to sell?

There was milk in the icebox, and Dennis found bread and made two peanut butter sandwiches. He sat at the kitchen table to eat them, under the shiny barometer his grandfather had brought from Holland. As a matter of course he looked at the barometer, and it was only after he had assured himself that fair weather would prevail that he glanced at the clock. It was late, and he hurriedly ate the two sandwiches and finished the milk.

He got to the fish market in time; it had not closed yet and the icehouse was open. Old Joe Dobson was washing down the floor of the market, and he waved to Dennis as he went past to the dock. Dennis got out the bucket of porgies. It was very heavy. About thirty pounds, he estimated as he carried it with both hands to the road. There he stopped, and took a handkerchief from his pocket to wrap around the handle of the bucket. He started on again.

It was at least a mile across to the ocean side, where the Seaview Hotel fronted on the boardwalk, and the bucket became heavier with each step. Dennis tried counting steps. He would take one hundred steps, then put the bucket down and rest. By the time he reached eighty, his arms and even his shoulders were aching, and he went through the nineties at a trot, dropping the bucket on the hundredth step. Once the bucket tipped over and he had to pick porgies up from the pavement. He was very tired, and his arm sockets were sore; his knees began to feel weak.

If he could just save some money, Dennis thought. If he had a bicycle it would be easy. He could put the bucket of fish in the basket and pedal over to the Seaview; he could ride to work every night on his bike instead of walking there and back. If he just had a bicycle, that was. If he just had eight dollars.

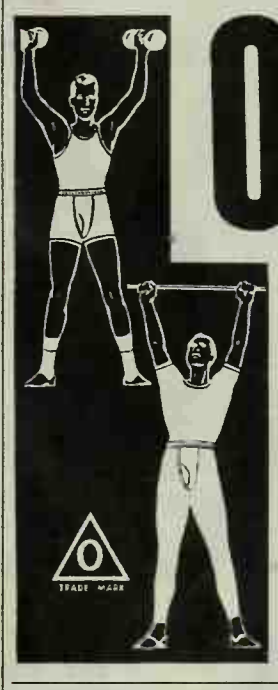
Those bikes they had made in wartime were not very good. They had only the essentials—a frame, handlebars and wheels, but it was the best kind of bike he could get for eight dollars, even if the frame was rusty and the saddle sprung. Bobby Martin was getting a new bicycle, the latest model, with all the gadgets you could think of, and he'd sell his old wartime bike for eight dollars, he had promised, as soon as he got the new one. The tires on the old bike were fairly new, and it was a bargain.

Dennis picked up the bucket. Well, he didn't have a bike, and it was a long way to the Seaview Hotel with his thirty pounds of fish. He started on the next hundred steps, but had only reached sixty-two when lights sent his shadow rushing on ahead of him, then an auto-



"I'm not hungry. I think I'll just have a sandwich" SAM COBEAN

STAY IN THE CENTER OF THINGS IN
St. Louis
Hotel Lennox is conveniently located. You'll find large, well-furnished rooms . . . good beds . . . luxurious baths . . . fine foods . . . courteous Lennox service . . . and a radio in every room at no extra cost.
Rooms from $3.50
(A few at $3.25)
HOTEL Lennox


OTIS
UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY
for men and boys
OTIS gives full fit for comfort. Sturdy fabric for long wear. When you need a bit of extra warmth ask for OTIS WINTER-WEIGHTS.
OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York


What Are Your Wishes?

A NEW DRESS for fall—a good-looking coat—a smart hat? Ready cash to pay worrisome bills?

You know for what you need money and I want to help you. The Pin Money Club is for ambitious girls and women who want to make dollars. Thousands of members are happily helping themselves.

There are no Club dues! You are invited to send a card or letter today for our free folder, "There's Money For You." It will help you start.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly, Dept. C-8
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.





Delight your favorite family

WITH FAVORITES

FROM THE SCRIPTO FAMILY





The Wordmaster combines sparkling beauty with Scripto performance. 4-inch lead; 6 extra leads inside.

$1.00

Scripto K780. Long 4-in. lead. Choice of colors in translucent (illustrated) or opaque plastic.

20c

Prices higher in Canada

For your house, from bedroom to basement . . . and for the people in it, from father to first-grader . . . there's a Scripto pencil to fill every writing need.

Scripto pencils are always sharp, always ready to write. A simple twist of the fingers repoints them. And it takes only a few seconds, and a penny or two, to renew the lead and eraser.

Look for them the next time you shop. They're inexpensive — and so economical that you can get several and have Scripto pencils always handy at every "pencil point" at work, at school, and at home.*

Scripto
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MECHANICAL PENCILS

-write for the family

**Living room, kitchen, bedroom, children's room, telephone stand, desk, purse, pocket.* »»Scripto pencils, with your company imprint, also are ideal for company identification or for advertising. Write: Scripto, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.*

mobile slowed and stopped beside him. A voice called, "That you, Dennis?"

Dennis turned. It was Joe Dobson in his old heap. He said, "Hello, Joe."

"Where you going with that bucket, Dennis?"

"Seaview Hotel."

"Well, hop in," Joe said. "I'll take you over."

As Dennis lifted the bucket into the car Joe looked at the fish, but he said nothing. Dennis sat quietly, breathing hard, relaxing his arms and shoulders. He was very tired.

The car entered the resort section and rolled along through traffic beside the boardwalk. When he stopped the car at the Seaview Hotel, Joe asked, "Want a lift with that bucket?"

"I got it, Joe," Dennis said, and got out. Joe passed the bucket down to him, grinned and drove on.

The Seaview was a shabby white Victorian building, summer style. It looked like a shopworn wedding cake, with its cupolas and fancy shingles. Dennis carried the bucket around beside the hotel, and found Mr. Brace sitting on the back porch. The hotel owner took the bucket, nodded when he saw the scaled fish, and said, "Say, you didn't carry it here, did you?"

"Oh, no," Dennis said importantly. "We brought it in the car."

DENNIS crossed the street to the boardwalk. It was early in the summer and business was pretty slow. There were only a few customers in the concessions that took up about a hundred yards of boardwalk in the small resort town. Also it was pretty early in the evening. Only seven o'clock.

Dennis worked in a concession where they rolled balls into holes that represented playing cards. Each customer received five balls when he put a nickel in the slot, and if he filled a poker hand, three of a kind or better, with his five balls, he received cigarettes as a prize, up to twenty-four packs for a royal flush. It was Dennis' job to pass out the cigarettes, and occasionally when only one of the two owners of the concession was on duty, to make change. He liked the job, and the time passed quickly because there was always something to watch.

Dennis thought that the two men who operated the concession were pretty good guys. He was a few minutes late tonight, but neither mentioned it. It was a good job, but it didn't pay enough to make saving eight dollars for a bicycle very easy. Dennis figured that the summer would be just about over before he'd have the eight dollars saved, and he was very much afraid that Bobby Martin would find another buyer for his bi

Boys Dennis knew often passed b concession and called to him—the given up trying to promote a free through him—and that night B Martin rode by. Bobby had shown nis the catalogue picture of the b he wanted, and the gadgets he int to put on it, and every time Denn Bobby he asked about the bike. T Bobby still was riding the old w bike, which was the answer to th question in Dennis' mind. But was excited.

"They're getting the new ones morrow, Dennis," he said. "Dad ing me uptown tomorrow and I'm ride it home."

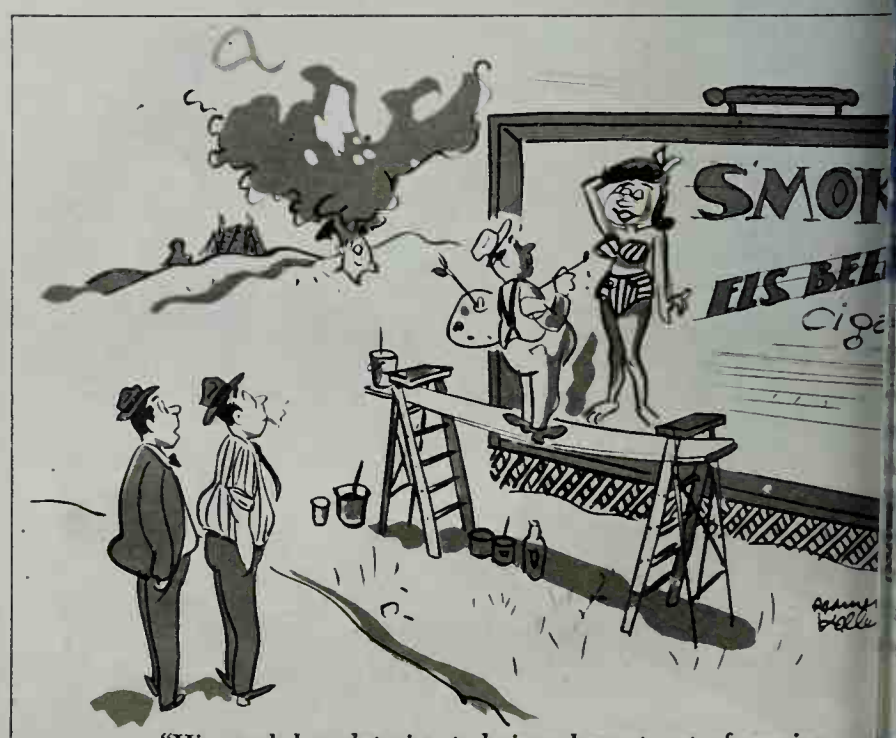
"That's swell," Dennis said.

Bobby glanced toward the ol leaning against the boardwalk. still want that one, Dennis?"

"Yeah," Dennis said, and at turned away. He knew he wouldn the eight dollars by tomorrow. H he'd never have that eight dolla couldn't pay out eight dollars for even if he had it. They needed the at home. He knew how muc needed the money. He'd been wa long time for this tomorrow, wh new bicycle would come, but now was here, tomorrow was too soo morrow had lost the special quali tomorrow usually had, and nov was a depressing urgency about row. His father had to get a job row.

Maybe, Dennis thought, as he to give a pack of cigarettes to a m had rolled a full house, the boa would take his father on again. worked there once, before he st at the fish market. He had worl of places. He had held more jo Dennis could think of at the mom he had held none of them ver Knowing how it was, Dennis co help blaming his father sometime night he had failed to make the B fast, that night of the big stor night, thinking of the unscaled could not help blaming his fathe

There was a core of resentme within him that night, and wher the boardwalk at ten o'clock and road home, his thoughts retu the fish and the heavy bucket bicycle and the Bessie C. They mixed together in his mind an how they made him think of his who had died when he was only t old. He did not remember his except from the photograph, an not know just how it had been was alive, in the days when the put out to sea, but he knew it



"His work has deteriorated since he got out of service. You should see the way he used to decorate bombers"

COLLIER'S



this HANDKERCHIEF TEST



roves shank SPOTLESS AND
E FROM "GOO" no matter how
n you smoke your pipe
DEMUTH & CO., INC., N.Y. 22

MILANO
TH HESSON GUARD

hen it isn't Raining
. Trico's "two little squirts"
your windshield while you drive



squint, don't drive under
ous tension when dust or
e blinds your windshield.
l a Trico Washer . . . and
see three times as clearly,
times as far . . . fair weather
ul. Hundreds of thousands
in service. Trico Products
oration, Buffalo, N. Y.

$6.25 plus installation

Consult the classified pages of your phone book for "where to buy."

Windshield Washers

for September 13, 1947

very different. He knew it had been wonderful then. Thinking of it brought a lump in his throat, and he did not blame his father so much, because there had been that visual transition again, and his father was there in a yachting cap, brown-faced and clear-eyed and grinning.

Dennis kicked at a stone on the road. He didn't care about any old bicycle. He'd got along so far without a bike, and pretty often he could hitch a ride to and from the boardwalk. Besides, he didn't mind walking on a night like this, when there was a moon.

The moonlight made a wonderful shiny pattern on the road, and objects loomed with shadowy definition—the trunks of trees, the squat shape of the Blue Water Bar, with lights streaming from the windows, a dark indistinct form. . . . Dennis looked again. The form took shape; a man was sitting on the curb outside the Blue Water Bar. Dennis' steps quickened, and the form became recognizable. It was his father, sitting on the curb with his legs sprawled out.

"Pop!" Dennis cried.

His father raised his head. Light from the barroom windows touched his face and made it blank and colorless. He said, thickly, "That you, kid?"

Dennis stopped two feet from his father. "Anything wrong, Pop?"

He heard a rueful chuckle, and his father's voice said, "Tell you the truth, Dennis, Lou tossed me out. Gave me the old heave ho. What do you know about that?" He laughed raspingly.

Dennis abruptly sat down on the curb beside his father. He felt a little sick, and whispered, "Come on, Pop. Let's go home."

"Claimed I was annoying the customers," his father's voice said, indignant now. "It was that blonde in the purple pants. She—"

"Pop," Dennis said, "let's go home."

"Nope." His father put a heavy hand on Dennis' shoulder. "Gotta go back in there, Dennis."

"No you don't, Pop!" Dennis' voice rose anxiously.

"Yep," his father said. "Gotta go." He put his hands down beside him and tried to push himself up. "Gotta get my hat."

"I'll get it!" Dennis cried, and jumped to his feet. He ran ahead of his father to the entrance of the bar.

THE lights were bright inside and there was a good deal of noise. The corner booth was the noisiest, and Dennis saw bulging mauve slacks. The plump blonde and the two men in sport shirts were still there and they were still drinking old-fashioneds.

Dennis walked up to the bar. Lou gave him a self-conscious smile and said, "Your old man ain't here now, Dennis."

"I'm looking for his hat," Dennis said.

"That's right," Lou said. "He did have a hat. I don't see it, though."

Dennis walked along the bar, and a man at the end of it reached down and picked up a hat from the floor. The felt was sprinkled with sawdust, and the plump blonde in the mauve slacks looked at it and laughed. Dennis' face was flushed as he beat the hat against his knee to dislodge the sawdust.

"Father, dear father, come home with me now," the blonde called out, and the men with her laughed.

Lou said, "Sorry about the hat, Dennis."

Dennis turned slowly and looked at the people in the booth. They were all laughing, and they were all looking at him. Dennis stared back at them and the grin muscles stiffened, then the grins slowly faded. It was suddenly very still in the barroom.

Dennis' chin came up and his flat, defiant voice said, "My father's a charter-boat captain."

The two men in sport shirts exchanged

ENJOY BETTER HEARING LONGER!

WITH "EVEREADY" "MINI-MAX" BATTERIES!

HERE'S real help to make your hearing aid perform its best: "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries with the extra power capacity to give you *proper full-volume operation!* Revolutionary inner construction, with *no waste space* between cells, gives you this *extra battery life* in the same, or *smaller,* space.

Ounce for ounce, the greatest energy producers . . . size for size, the most compact . . . penny for penny, the most economical, "Eveready" batteries *save you money!* Get them from your hearing-aid dealer.



ULTRA-SMALL hearing aids (new sets with amplifier and batteries in one unit) and others with clips for two-unit instruments are designed around these "Eveready" batteries. #412-E "B" battery at left, smaller than a box of safety matches, delivers 22½ volts. (Similar "Eveready" 15- and 30-volt types also available.) "Eveready" "A" battery (#1016-E) matches "B" battery in size.

FOR OTHER modern hearing aids of the single-unit or double-unit type, this "Eveready" #420-E "B" battery delivering 22½ volts, together with this "Eveready" #1035 "A" battery, offers long life and economy. (15- and 30-volt "Eveready" "B" batteries are also available.)





THESE NEW small "Eveready" batteries can be used with all existing vacuum-tube instruments employing 22½- and 30-volt separate plug-in "B" batteries. Ask your hearing-aid dealer about them. The 30-volt "Eveready" "B" battery (shown at left) is #430-P and the companion "A" battery (right) is #1040-P. The same high "B" capacity is also available in 22½ volts.

HEARING-AID USERS requiring a heavy-duty 45-volt "B" battery obtain exceptionally long life from the "Eveready" #455-P battery (left). The "Eveready" #1052-P (right) is the companion "A" battery. (A 33-volt "Eveready" "B" battery is also available.)



The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARKS
MINI-MAX
HEARING-AID BATTERIES

National Carbon Company, Inc., Dept. C-7
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.
Please send FREE new booklet, "Progress Toward Better Hearing."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____



New Mifflin with Dermium!

3 WAYS BETTER than ordinary alcohol rubs...

1. Leaves the skin feeling smoother, softer!
2. Helps protect against "Alcohol Dry Skin"!
3. Makes massaging easier—feel the difference!



• UNBEATABLE as a rubdown, invaluable in the sickroom — that's Mifflin Rub! For Mifflin — and *only* Mifflin — contains the new "miracle ingredient" DERMIUM!

What a friend to your skin DERMIUM is! It helps prevent the absorption of skin oils . . . leaves your skin glowing and alive, feeling smoother, soft-as-silk! And DERMIUM makes massaging almost *effortless!*

Try New Mifflin Rub after your bath or shower. Use it in the sickroom . . . as a bed bath, a mild antiseptic, a cleansing agent. Plain, or scented with Lilac, Pine, Lavender or Wintergreen.

Don't just ask for "Alcohol"... insist on genuine New

MIFFLIN

with Dermium!

ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL

★ The National Rubdown!

glances and one of them said, "Sure, kid. Forget it. We're all kind of tight."

"That's our boat," Dennis said, and pointed at the painting on the wall. "The Bessie C."

The plump blonde put out one hand; she was blinking, and her mouth was screwed up. "Honey, it's a beautiful boat," she said softly. "Come over here a minute."

"Lou," Dennis said, and he was fighting back the tears. "That's Pop's boat, ain't it?"

"You bet it is," Lou said. "The Bessie C."

"See here," Dennis said. His hand went to his hip pocket, where his wallet was, and very carefully he removed from the wallet the card he always carried. He held it out, and the blonde took it, avoiding his eyes. There was nothing for her to do but read it aloud, and her voice was low and not quite steady.

"The yacht Bessie C.," she read. "For charter. Deep-sea fishing. Captain Jack Clifton. Municipal dock."

"That's my father," Dennis said. "Captain Jack Clifton."

"Kid," one of the men said, "we're all kind of tight. You know how it is. Nobody meant anything."

NOW the tears had forced through. Dennis was sobbing. He snatched the card away and turned toward the door, and he had nearly reached it before he noticed his father standing there. He was leaning a little against the wall, and his fists were clenched, and for an instant the dignity that Dennis had tried to salvage was there.

Dennis said, "Here's your hat," and thrust it into his father's hand, then he ran out through the door. As he went past he had a glimpse of his father's white face, stiff with a strange sadness, then he ran on into the night.

Away from the bright lights of the bar, Dennis came into the moonlight, and the cool radiance of it was soothing. He stopped crying, and paused in the open, under the moon, to return the card carefully to his wallet. It was one of several cards that remained from the grand old days of the Bessie C., and Dennis kept the others at home in a box he had decorated with sea shells.

He walked on again. He had not once looked behind him, but he knew his father had not followed. There had been no footfalls on the road behind him. To his left, fifty feet away, was the turning that led to his home on the creek, but he did not go that way. He followed the road toward the mud flats and the hulk.

Even without the moon he could have found the way along the path his own feet had made. In the moonlight the hulk loomed ahead of him and he found the marshy knoll and scrambled up to the deck. He knew just where to step to avoid the rotting planks, and he made his way to the wheelhouse. Moonlight slanted in and illumined the wheel, and Dennis leaned against it, looking out at the marsh. His eyes were dry now, and he stood quite still, listening to the far-off croaking of frogs.

His hands gripped the spokes of the wheel, but he did not turn it. He remembered the scene in the bar, and he was ashamed now of the things he had said. He held the spokes tightly and for the first time the old Bessie C. was to him what others saw, a rotting hulk in the marsh grass. There was no magic left for him here on the hulk, and it no longer seemed a refuge.

His hands slipped from the wheel and suddenly he kicked the metal base of it hard, then he slipped down to the deck. He let his shoulders rest against the bulkhead, and squeezed his eyes tight, but the tears came through. He stretched out on the deck, with his face in the crook of his elbow, and wept angry tears.

He did not hear footsteps in the marsh, nor the first scraping of a shoe on the hull. The sound that aroused him was a heel thump on the deck. He sat erect and saw that the moon now was low; he had slept. He called out anxiously, "What's that?"

"Dennis?" It was his father's voice, low and humble. "I thought I'd find you here, kid."

Dennis heard heavy steps coming toward him and saw his father's figure in the moonlight. He said quickly, "Be careful where you step, Pop."

"I know the old Bessie C., Dennis," his father said. "I know every plank of her. Where are you, kid?"

"Here, by the wheel."

His father's shadowy figure entered the deeper shadow of the wheelhouse and merged with it, then moonlight touched his face. He said softly, "You know, I've got good news for you, Dennis."

"I don't care," Dennis said.

There was silence, then his father sat beside Dennis and stretched out his legs. After a time he said, "Joe Dobson told me how you sealed those fish."



COLLIER'S "Say when" GARDNER REA



FOR GRACIOUS LIVING



The distinctive quality and unchanging goodness of Kingsbury Pale Beer make it a natural part of gracious living. Enjoyed coast to coast.

KINGSBURY BREWERIES Company
Manitowoc & Sheboygan, Wis.

Kingsbury ARISTOCRAT OF Beer



ITCH
Checked in a JI
Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it or money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for D.D.D. Prescri

New Advertising Machine



Prints & Illustrates 1c Post Card

FREE! Learn how thousands of merc and business men are boosting sales in s product shortages *with 1c messages*—p in a few minutes on gov't postcards— amazing new, patented CARDMASTER. "todays" ideas for specials, read by pro next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy, tising machine, built to last many years price, sold direct. Guaranteed, five years.

SEND NAME We'll send free illus book of money-m ideas for your business and complete, advertising plans. Rush your name today

CARDMASTER COMPA
4546 Ravenswood, Dept. 39-B, Chicago

AMAZING NEW INVENT

MAIL THIS AD FOR FREE FOLDER ON SECRETEER
Dept. C-9

HEARIN
CORRECTE
INVISIBL
No One Knows When You We
MAICO HEARING AID with the Secreteer

Now you can enjoy a wonderfu invention, the Maico Secreteer prevents even people close t from noticing you wear a h aid. The Secreteer is specially signed to wear with the At Maico's tiny, single unit, powered hearing aid. The At conquers your hearing los Secreteer conceals it. Togethe weigh but 7 oz. People say the Maico inventions are the mos derful gifts modern science ha brought to the hard of hearing are products of the famous laboratories, suppliers of 90% precision hearing test instrum U. S. A. Learn now how t better, with no on cing. There are Ma ces in all principal

MAICO, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS 1, MINNESO

Companions
IN QUALITY
atherware by RUMPP

w richness . . . new sporkle,
personal leatherware. Longer
ear and lasting beauty, too—
ssured by Rumpps' peerless
craftsmanship.



WALLET—Slim . . . sleek
. . . soft. In many distinc-
tive styles, colors and
leathers.

RUMPP Style Stitch with NYLON Visible Strength Leather Lightness

ASE—Keeps
ndy. With
tian case
ovable
ks.
the
rade-
a
iety
ing
oducts
g stores.

RUMPP
"The Sterling of Leatherware"

. F. Rumpp & Sons, Phila. 6, Pa.

"Yes," Dennis said.

"And you carried them to the Seaview."

"Joe gave me a lift," Dennis said.

"I know," his father said. "I should've scaled 'em. I'm sorry you had to do it, Dennis."

Dennis swallowed and said, "That's all right, Pop."

He felt his father's hand on his shoulder, heard the low voice saying, "Don't you want to hear that news?"

"Yes," Dennis said. "Sure."

"You're wanting a bicycle, aren't you, Dennis?"

His father knew very well that he wanted a bicycle, Dennis thought. His father knew about the eight dollars. He did not answer.

"Well, you're gonna have that bike," his father said. "The best in town, Dennis."

Resentment rose again in Dennis. He wanted no false promises that night. He said quickly, "I don't want a bike."

"I mean it, kid," his father said, and the fingers pressed the boy's shoulder. "You know that barometer at home, that one of your mother's. The one that was here on the Bessie C. in the old days."

Of course Dennis knew that barometer. Didn't he polish it every week? Didn't he look at it every morning, the first thing he got up?

"A fellow offered me seventy-five dollars for it once," his father said. "I'm going to sell it and I'm going to get you that bike. How do you like that?"

There was silence again in the shadowy wheelhouse of the hulk. The barometer had always hung there on the wall. His father had sold everything else salvaged from the Bessie C., but he had not sold the barometer that his wife had first put aboard. There was a special meaning in his saying he would sell the barometer, and it gave Dennis an empty feeling.

"I think your mother would want you to have that bike," his father said. "She'd want to sell that baromcter, too."

THE empty feeling passed and Dennis' heart pounded. Yes, he thought, his mother would want them to sell that barometer. He thought he knew what his mother would want, and he burst out, "All right, Pop, let's sell it. But I don't want a bike!"

"You don't want a bike?" His father's voice was puzzled.

"No," Dennis cried. "We can take that money and get a rowboat, Pop. We can sell bait and rent the rowboat, like we used to talk about. I'll take care of that. And then we can save up for another rowboat and after a while we can have a bunch of 'em and we'll rent 'em out by the day and then—" He stopped and sucked in his breath.

"I see," his father said. "And then someday you'll have another Bessie C. That's it, ain't it?"

"Yes," Dennis said.

His father patted his shoulder. "Kid," he said. "We'll take a shot at it, you and me. I'll string along with you on that, Dennis. I'll latch onto a good job, kid. You watch." His voice rose. "I'll start out tomorrow and I'll get a job and I'll buy that rowboat and you'll be captain of the fleet. You'll be in charge of the bait business. Say, they're getting a buck a quart for sand shrimp these days." The voice stopped abruptly and there was a moment's silence; then his father said softly, in an altered tone, "Dennis, I'm going to do the best I can. Maybe I'll make the grade. I don't know, but I'll sure try." He hesitated an instant. "But one thing I *do* know."

Dennis looked up, and in the moonlight he saw his father's smile.

"I know this," his father said. "Come hell or high water, you're going to get yourself a charter boat before you're done, and you'll be the best damn' skipper in the harbor!"

THE END

LITTLE LULU



"Just leave it to me and Kleenex, ma'am!"

Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellucotton Products Co. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Yes . . . he's used to the best!



Guns from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

He pays $1000 for his Purdey shotgun...
...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!
Makes drinks taste better—costs less!



YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

BONDED FOR QUALITY

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

WEBSTER CHICAGO
ORD CHANGERS



r-Chicago Record Changers
records quickly, smoothly —
ars of dependable service.

for their outstanding per-
e by such radio greats as:

Bendix Radio • DuMont
Gilfillan • Hoffman
Howard • Magnavox
Packard-Bell • Sentinel
erg-Carlson • Wells-Gardner

STER • CHICAGO
OMINGDALE AVE., CHICAGO 39



UNITING WESTERN EUROPE

THE Kremlin put the One World idea out of the running when Molotov refused at Paris recently to have any truck with the Marshall Plan for economic restoration of Europe.

But the idea of One Europe, or at any rate of One Western Europe, took on new life at that same time, as Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi and other veteran advocates of a United States of Europe are now pointing out.

The U.S.E. plan is based on the theory that if the various nations of Europe only could knock down their tariff barriers and turn the Continent into one big free-trade area, most of the stresses and strains which have bred so many wars would ease off.

Certainly it worked out that way in the United States of America, which became a big free-trade area when the Constitution took effect in 1789. That development killed off several incipient wars among states, and opened up a lot of markets which previously had been surrounded by tariff spite fences. Our growth as a great and prosperous nation began then and there.

True, the difficulties facing a U.S.E. are much greater than those which threatened the U.S.A. in the old days.

Many different languages are spoken in Europe, and there are national and group hatreds going far back into history.

But we made it stick, and there doesn't seem to be any unbeatable reason why Western Europe couldn't do likewise.

The chances for formation of a Western European federation seem especially good at this time, assuming the United States presses persistently for it as a *quid pro quo* for the help we are expected to extend to European nations in the form of money and materials for recovery from the war.

If any Western European nations turn coy about joining a U.S.E., and show signs of planning to hook up with the Russian group, we can point out to them the fact that Russia can offer them nothing but blood, sweat, toil and tears under an unrelenting, implacable dictatorship. The Kremlin can't feed its own people decently, let alone anybody else.

The Marshall Plan, if we go into it on the scale forecast by the State Department, will cost us tremendously. But if we can get out of it some sort of U.S.E., it may be worth all it costs, because we have been dragged into Europe's two latest wars at an expense far greater in each case than the expected cost of the Marshall Plan.

HARVEST OF THE SILENT SERVICE

A JOINT Army-Navy committee recently completed the big job of figuring out how much Japanese shipping the Allies sent to the bottom during the late war. The figures make some of the most interesting and satisfying reading we've seen in quite a while.

The grand total was 10,600,000 tons, which was just about all the ships the Japs had, except for rowboats. Of this total, the forces of the United States sank 9,700,000 tons.

The most dramatic feature of the story, of course, is the huge top total of the submarine killings—5,320,000 tons, well over half of the entire tonnage of Jap shipping slaughtered by U.S. agencies.

Along with this accounting goes a melodramatic story of how the U.S. submarine Archerfish, prowling off Nagoya November 29, 1944, spotted the biggest aircraft carrier ever yet built—the 59,000-ton Shinano—on a trial run, and fired a salvo of torpedoes, one of which hit and sank the Shinano.

On the basis of these disclosures, we'd be justified in spending heavily on submarine research and improvement, and on new subs for the Navy. We'd be criminally negligent, indeed, not to do so. These ships have proved themselves just about indispensable in two great wars.

And that appears to be only half the story. It seems highly probable that if there are any atom-age wars a great deal of dependence will have to be put on underwater fighting ships, and perhaps on underwater supply ships and troop transports as well.

The prospects look a bit dubious for battleships and carriers in future wars, but apparently the sub's career is only well begun.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher

WALTER DAVENPORT Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

TRANSLATIONS, PLEASE

WE WILL now register a loud, uncultured y against a habit in which some crudite aut persist in indulging, and for which we can find justification.

What we're squawking about is the practic ringing foreign-language words and phrases into text of a book without furnishing translations English in parentheses or footnotes.

Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee does this, we're sorr report, in his otherwise magnificent A Stud History. The late Albert Jay Nock did it in otherwise salty and almost priceless Memoirs Superfluous Man. Other authors with plenty t have the same annoying habit.

We do mean annoying. Very few Amer have a working knowledge of Greek, Latin, Fr and German. That is no doubt regrettable, bu a fact. If the author thinks he is paying read delicate compliment by neglecting to translat verbal jewels cut in foreign tongues, he's mist Our own doubtless uncouth feeling always is he's merely trying to show us how erudite he i how dumb we are.

Let's just have translations, please, in all cases from now on, so that all the customer tell what the author is talking about all the What does a man write for, anyway, if not t his whole meaning across to anybody who anything he writes?

AGAIN THE AA

WE'VE paid our disrespects before now i space to the American Authors' Autho Hollywood-hatched scheme to dragoon a writers in the country into a copyright-control to deal with publishers, radio concerns, movie panies and so on.

The time appears to be ripe to sock the A the button again, so here goes:

James M. Cain and his associates, who dr up the original scheme, were temporarily se on their heels when the American Writers' A tion was organized to fight the AAA. Nov have come up with a charter, in sonorous leg guage, which purports to remove the former tions and obviate any danger of regimenting in this country.

It looks like the same old totalitarian prop to us, with some new trimmings. The writ fell for the AAA would still have to turn over rights in his own productions to this agen let it handle all his literary business. In con the outfit would be a small board of gov who could push the work of authors whose they liked and fail to push that of authors politics they didn't like.

We already have the Authors' League of A to fight copyright and kindred battles for and we have a multitude of smart literary whose job is to see that their clients aren't

As we've remarked before, we hope pub writers and all others mixed up with pro of the printed word in the United States v continue to rebuff the AAA until its bac tired and quit. It isn't needed, and it is da business.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 20, 1947

TEN CENTS



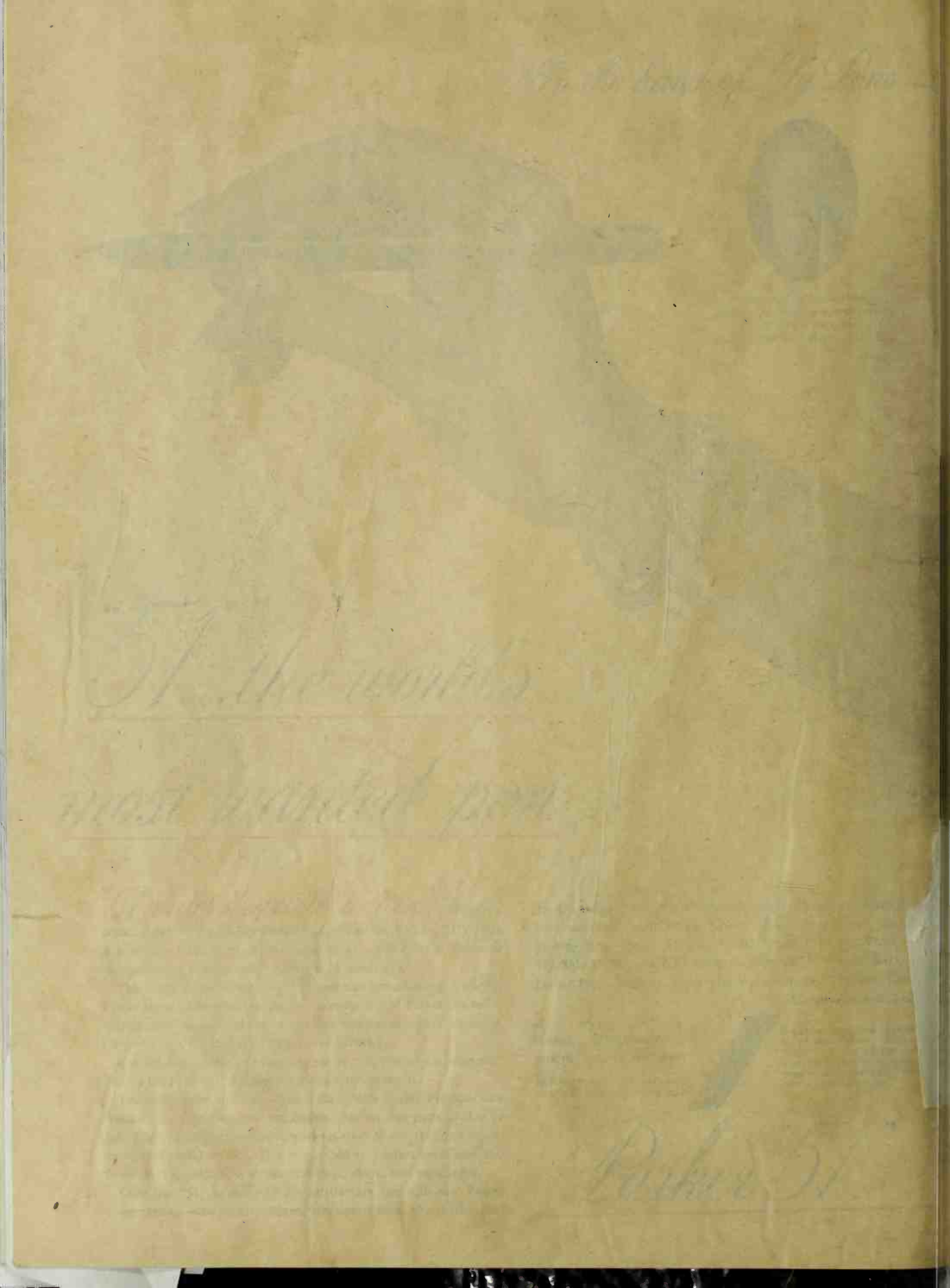
GREECE NEEDS A MIRACLE
by PAUL A. PORTER

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIB.

Beginning SWEET WATER—
a brawny western romance
by DICK PEARCE

THE ABUNDANT HENRY WALLACE
by DICKSON

BURLINGAME CALIF
PUBLIC LIBRARY





Don't let INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF get a head start

THOSE ugly little germs on the scalp, those flakes and scales on hair and coat collar may mean you're in for infectious dandruff . . . *and if you need antiseptic treatment at once.*

If you have the slightest symptom, get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the method that has helped so many because it treats an infection as it should be treated . . . with germ-killing action.

In clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

Listerine Antiseptic goes right to work on the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) . . . kills it by millions. This is the ugly customer that many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff. Don't try to conquer it with so-called "overnight" remedies devoid of germ-killing action.

Simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on scalp and hair, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage. Make it a part of your regular hair care. And if the symptoms persist, repeat the treatment twice daily.

You'll be delighted to see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how readily itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean, so cool, so healthy. And your hair looks the way it should.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection.

P.S. **Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene**

ON THE GO?
FEELING LOW?



BRACE UP WITH A

"Bracer*"

SUPPORTER BELT



BRACE UP WITH A "BRACER" . . . the comfortable 2-way stretch Bauer & Black supporter belt that induces proper posture, makes your clothes fit smoother, and helps reduce fatigue by its gentle yet firm support.

SPECIAL FEATURES of "Bracer": newly designed all-elastic, seamless waistband snugs to you without rolling—special tubular, elastic legband won't crease, curl or roll—roomy fly-front elastic pouch is self-adjusting!

FOR ALL-DAY WEAR, "Bracer" is comfortable, convenient. Ask for it soon . . . $3.50.

"BRACER ROYAL*" *has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you even more supportive action . . . $5.00.*

Bracer
SUPPORTER BELT

At department, men's wear, drug and surgical stores.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

BAUER & BLACK

Division of The Kendall Company, 2500 S. Deorborn St., Chicago 16

COLLIER'S

September 20, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photograph*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Humo*
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*Dista*
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	*Dista*
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Wearable*
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	*Fictio*

THIS WEEK

FICTION

SWEET WATER — By DICK PEARCE — 11
The Serial Story. The first of five parts.

CHARLIE SQUIRES AND THE SEVEN MARCHETTIS — By HARLAN WARE — 16
This guy loved to do things the hard way—but all his mountains became molehills.

BANNER OVER FIRST — By JOEL REEVE — 22
Practically nobody liked the busher—not even his own team.

THE SPLIT HICKORY — By JANE RICE — 26
It was the boy's dream to see his father make good in a man's world.

A WONDERFUL MIXER — By DUNLEA HURLEY — 82
In his love life and in business, George K. Marble was a born executive.

WAIT AND SEE — By RAMONA STEWART — 103
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

WANTED: A MIRACLE IN GREECE — By PAUL A. PORTER — 14
Nothing less will defeat economic collapse and Communist inroads.

HOLLYWOOD HEADACHE — By KYLE CRICHTON — 18
The movie moguls are all a-twitter these days.

TUNED IN ON THE SURGEON — By ELIZABETH TREADWAY — 20
Doctors now witness clinical operations via television.

THE ABUNDANT MR. WALLACE — By DICKSON HARTWELL — 24
A study of the man who'd like to be a key in the 1948 political scene.

HEARTLESS HARVEST — By HOWARD WHITMAN — 28
Conclusion. The plight of the country's migrant field workers has few alleviations.

BEHIND YOUR STICK OF GUM — By FRANK JELLINEK — 53
Men brave death in tropic jungles to gather its basic ingredient.

THEY CAN'T FOOL THE REVENUE MAN — By A. L. M. WIGGINS — 68
Many try but few succeed in ruses for income-tax evasion.

YOUNG MAN OF FASHION — By AMY PORTER — 100
A visit to the salon of Mr. James, whose dress designs are super.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIAL: GLASS POCKETS FOR CONGRESSMEN — By JAMES C. DERIEUX — 114

COVER — By *DAVID PESKIN*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

FIRST-BORN

DEAR EDITOR: Another child of white Euro pean parents born in North America abou the same time as Snorri Thorfinnson (Th Week's Mail, Aug. 9th) was an ancestres of George the Sixth, King of Great Britain Canada, Australia and other places. Th was Aud, called the Old, a girl born in on of the short-lived Norse colonies on th American mainland soon after 1000 A.D.

Aud was taken from America to Icelan and thence to Norway, where she marrie Among her descendants was Anne of Den mark and Norway, who married Jame the Sixth of Scotland and First of England From their daughter, Elizabeth, descende the present king of England.

I had these facts direct from that fine hi torical scholar, the late Sir Charles Oma This long-range triangular linking America, Britain and Norway is litt known even in Norway.

THOMAS DUNBABIN, New York, N. Y.

POWDER KEG

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Since reading W. Courtney's The Balkan Follies (Aug. 9th my blood temperature is now 212° F. If was his intention to create anger, I do n know. Maybe it is to open our eyes.

Why does the U.S. allow such conc tions? Why do not our fliers also ha tommy guns, and "live" ammunitio What is there to lose? It seems from th "Follies" we have no respect from th Soviets. Why give them any? Why n once more "liberate" the Balkans—th time from the U.S.S.R.?

MRS. DOROTHY MCDONAL
The Plains, Oh

UNBROTHERLY LOVE

GENTLEMEN: In Japan's at Batto Aga (Aug. 2d) the author makes a simile thus "deader than the Athletics' chances aft the first two games." In recent years th would have been quite to the point but Philadelphians are kind of proud of o "A's" this year. They will not cop the pe nant but they'll be a lot closer than sor other clubs. I enjoyed the story as a who Just allergic to slurs on "A" baseball.

KENNETH ROTH, Telford, P

PSYCK OF PSYCHIATRISTS

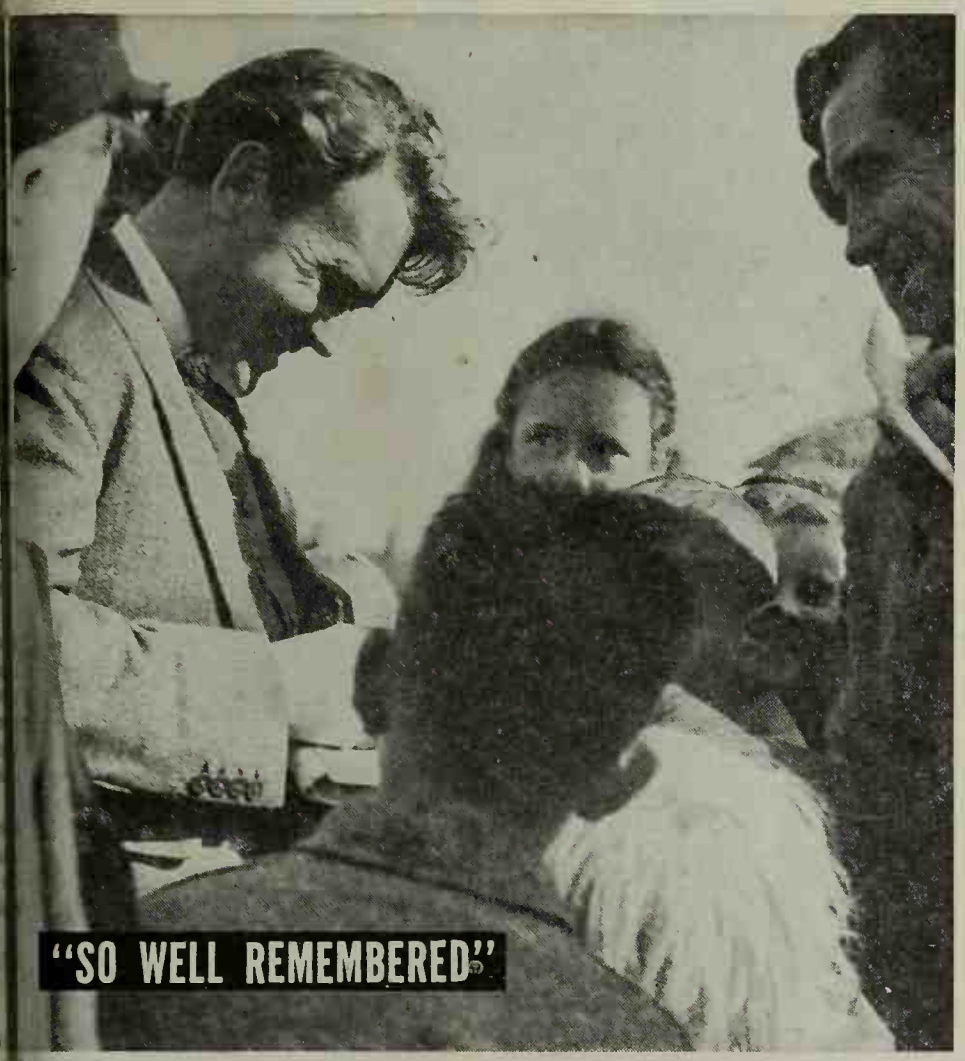
GENTLEMEN: Someone will have to sti his neck out (Spare the Child, by Ho ard Whitman, Aug. 2d) just to let it known that there are many self-respecti people who are more than fed up and d gusted with this psychiatric nonsen Some 30 years in public schools has tau me a few things.

(Continued on page 66)

Vol. 120, No. 12. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, O Changes in address should reach us five weeks in adv of the next issue date. Give both the old and new dresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscr or art submitted to Collier's, The National Wee should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and turn postage. The Publisher assumes no responsib for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



BESIEGED by autograph hunters during filming in England of James Hilton's *So Well Remembered*, JOHN MILLS, popular British star, smiles, signs. Co-starred in Anglo-American film: MARTHA SCOTT, PATRICIA ROC, TREVOR HOWARD and RICHARD CARLSON.



IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN, yet aware of gulf between them, highborn beauty LARAINE DAY struggles half-heartedly in arms of JOHN WAYNE, rough, tough engineer in her father's employ. Scene from RKO's *Tycoon*, tempestuous epic drama, filmed in Technicolor, set in spectacular Andes.



LOVELY INSPIRATION for a great concerto—and a love affair that's even greater—is MERLE OBERON in RKO's *Memory of Love*. She also teaches DANA ANDREWS that no man can divide his heart between two women. Grand music enhances drama. ETHEL BARRYMORE co-stars.



IN HIDING, and in terror: HENRY FONDA and DOLORES DEL RIO plot escape in scene from *The Fugitive*. In room beyond, pursuers revel noisily, unaware of pair's nearness. PEDRO ARMENDARIZ co-stars, JOHN FORD directs. A John Ford Merian Cooper Argosy Production.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES



THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

In 1925 in a suburb of Tokyo, Japan, a puppy called Hachi accompanied his master to the railroad station each morning and back again each evening for several months, after which the man died. But the dog continued to await his return at the station every night during the rest of his life—more than ten years. Hachi's devotion so impressed the Japanese government that it erected a statue of him on the spot where he waited and also sent statuettes to all schools in the empire as a symbol of faithfulness.

Although whales grow to be several million times heavier than mice, the eggs from which both develop are approximately the same size.—*By Grace D. Williams, New York City.*

In the United States, the rate of chronic alcoholism for women was 59 per cent higher in 1910 than in 1945.

A New York baker is a specialist in making "spectaculars," or giant cakes representing certain scenes or structures. One of his masterpieces, produced for a publicity campaign a short time ago, a scale model of the George Washington Bridge and its near-by approaches, was nine feet long and weighed 130 pounds.

Few diseases have such extreme characteristics as rabies in man. While a person bitten by a rabid animal is usually saved by a series of vaccine injections started immediately after the attack, a victim not receiving this only known treatment usually dies. In a doomed case, no symptoms of the disease became noticeable for a period of from three weeks to several months; yet after they appear, the patient generally succumbs within five days.

Wood carvings so small their tails cannot be seen without a magnifying glass are cut inside both halves of a rosary's terminal bead, open in the middle, that is owned by the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts. Although each carving occupies less than two cubic inches, one depicting the Day of Judgment has 47 figures, while the other, depicting heaven, has 58 figures—with w—*By Eleanor Wells, Tilton, N. H.*

No movie is made in Hollywood until its script has been checked for violations of the Production Code and approved by Joseph I. Breen of the Motion Picture Association of America. When a script contains scores of prohibited words, actions and scenes it is sometimes revised many times before it is satisfactory to both Breen and the studio. To cite an extreme case, the work of revising The Postman Always Rings Twice extended over a period of nine years.

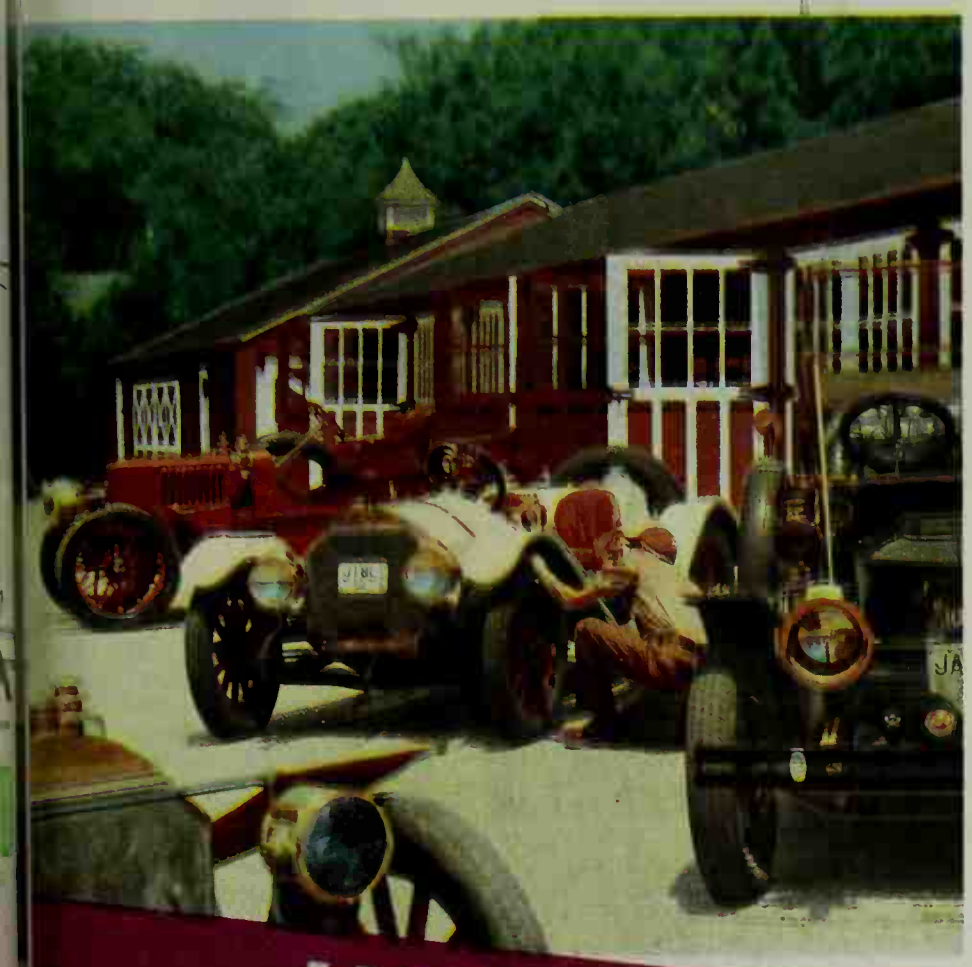
Americans and Britons differ in their pronunciation of at least 2 per cent of the words in the English language.

The largest residential organ in existence is the Aeolian of Pierre du Pont on his Longwood estate in Pennsylvania. Weighing 55 tons and requiring 14 freight cars to be shipped there in 1930, the organ, believed to have cost nearly $300,000, has 146 pipes, one pedal and four manual keyboards, and is powerful enough to be heard throughout three big cathedrals.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. This column is copyrighted and items may be reproduced without per

1 Collecting ancient automobiles, such as this old Mercer, and keeping them in running order is the hobby of a famous Metropolitan Opera tenor. His powerful voice has thrilled millions via the radio, movie screen and concert stage. Currently you can hear him every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 EST on the NBC network as star of the program "Harvest of Stars."

He's young and handsome and lives at Westport, Conn. He owns eighty antique automobiles of all shapes and sizes. About gasoline, Mr. M . . . . says: "I always use 'Ethyl' gasoline . . . even in the old-timers that were built long before high antiknock gasoline was available."



2. The hobby of this great American novelist is promoting soil conservation. He is one of the organizers of the fast-growing movement "Friends of the Land." He lives on his 1000-acre farm in Lucas, Ohio—about which he wrote the 1945 best seller "Pleasant Valley." His first novel, written in 1923, was "The Green Bay Tree." Three years later he won the Pulitzer Prize with "Early Autumn." His recent book "Mrs. Parkington" became a highly successful movie.

Living on a farm, he has to do a lot of driving in his 1946 station wagon . . . and he always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "It takes good gasoline to bring out the performance of an engine, and with me 'Ethyl' gasoline is tops."



WHOSE HOBBY IS THIS?

See if you can identify these three famous people from their hobbies . . .

Flying a four-place "Navion" is the hobby is six-footer from Mountain View, Ark. eft a telephone company job to sing with chestra. Emerging as a successful emcee, as tapped for Hollywood in 1931. After ng his way through some thirty pictures, anged character to win acclaim for his -boiled roles in "Murder, My Sweet" 'Cornered" for RKO, and in Columbia's nny O'Clock." His latest is "The Ends e Earth," a Columbia picture.

sides flying, he enjoys driving. He always gasoline improved with "Ethyl" anti- compound in his convertible because: only way to get performance out of a to feed it the right gasoline . . . and that s 'Ethyl' gasoline!"





LOOK FOR THE "ETHYL" TRADE-MARK

READ THIS TO CHECK YOUR ANSWERS:

When you use "Ethyl" gasoline, you're certainly in good company. Millions of car owners—including prominent people in every field—have found that it pays to use "Ethyl" gasoline for full power and all-round performance.

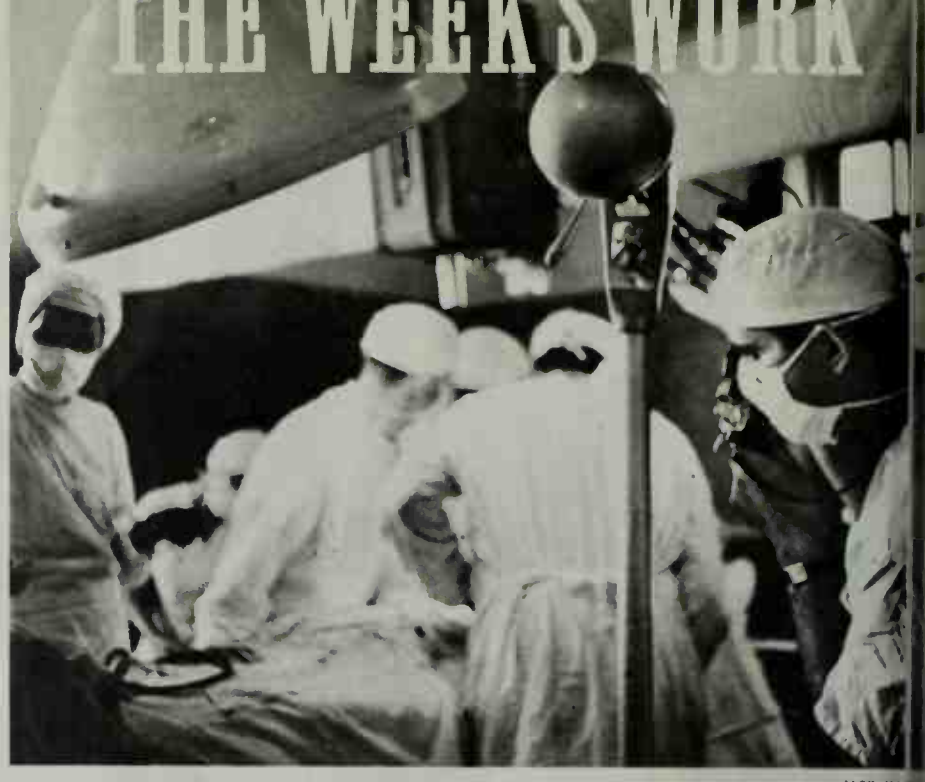
Among the celebrities who always stop at the "Ethyl" pump are the three you've probably identified from the clues given above: **1.** James Melton **2.** Louis Bromfield **3.** Dick Powell.

These famous people know that the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. To get the most out of *your* car, whether it's a prewar old reliable or brand new, look for the "Ethyl" emblem in the station where *you* get your gasoline. Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York.

Compare
and you'll know
it's better
Heinz
Cream of
Tomato
Soup
richer, tastier, it's smo-o-th
as only cream can make it!



57 by adding
one tin of milk or
water to one tin of
soup - you get
twice the
quantity!



JACK MA

Collier's photographer, Jack Manning, who collaborated with Photographer Lofman, shoots the televised operation reported on page 20

UNDERSECRETARY of the Treasury Archibald Lee Manning Wiggins was saying to friends at Washington's Statler, "They can't get away with it. They're dumb. We can't let them chisel the American people," when one of Collier's ear men happened along, asked who couldn't do what to whom and why. The result: They Can't Fool the Revenue Man, p. 68.

For such an unpopular office, Mr. Wiggins is a surprisingly popular man. Born in Durham, North Carolina, he's made Hartsville, South Carolina (pop. 5,000), his home. A small-town banker, department-store manager, seed-company official, and publisher of the Hartsville Messenger, he's also been president of the American Bankers Association, guest lecturer at the Rutgers Graduate Banking School, and has honorary degrees from his Alma Mammy, the U. of N.C., for being one of the state's most useful citizens.

The Collier's check thrilled Mr. Wiggins as much as one for $50 that arrived just before Christmas, years ago, when Mr. Wiggins was a student at Chapel Hill. It was from the Durham Herald for which he had been corresponding in return for by-lines, and Mr. Wiggins was rubbing two nickels together to convince himself he wasn't broke when it came. Mr. Wiggins' first impulse was to return our check to us, then he decided to give it to someone else who needs the money worse than Collier's.

"I have a somewhat old-fashioned idea that I shouldn't use any of my time for personal gain while I am on the government pay roll," he says.

Mr. Wiggins resigned from his many businesses when he became Undersecretary. Another Hartsville Boy Who Made Good: Bobo Newsom.

DICK PEARCE assures us if the folks in his new serial, Sweet Water, p. 11, are imaginary, the setting of Tularosa Valley isn't. A little cup o' New Mexican hell, Tularosa is forbidding, compelling, dry, harsh and desolate, rimmed by abrupt mountain ramparts. "The highway and railroad are both transcontinental," he says, "but they sidle around one side of the valley, clinging together for comfort, as though they knew they had no business there."

The mountains wall out little luxuries. Ice cream must be mad home, or you wait for the bus to b it from El Paso, 100 miles a "Where the water isn't alkie, it's g he says, "and where it isn't gyp, it hard you can pound corn with it."

The cattleman will always be in Tularosa: There is no soil to at the farmer. "The valley floor i black malpais, red dust and v sand, where the horned toad gasp breath and the rattlesnake flee terror," travelogues Mr. Pearce. this is the valley where the At Age was born, and where the toc our grandchildren are being t and sharpened. It was northwe Alamogordo that the first A-bom ploded, near an ancient Spanish aptly named Jornado del Muert journey of death. The B-29 boy use the area for practice A-b drops. West of Alamogordo, Army has a big rocket research b

Mr. Pearce admires the valle as much as they do their valley take pride in its painful conc "One old-timer maintains he an family survived one winter on rabbit, eating so many that the spring they fled hopping into the quite every time a hound barked

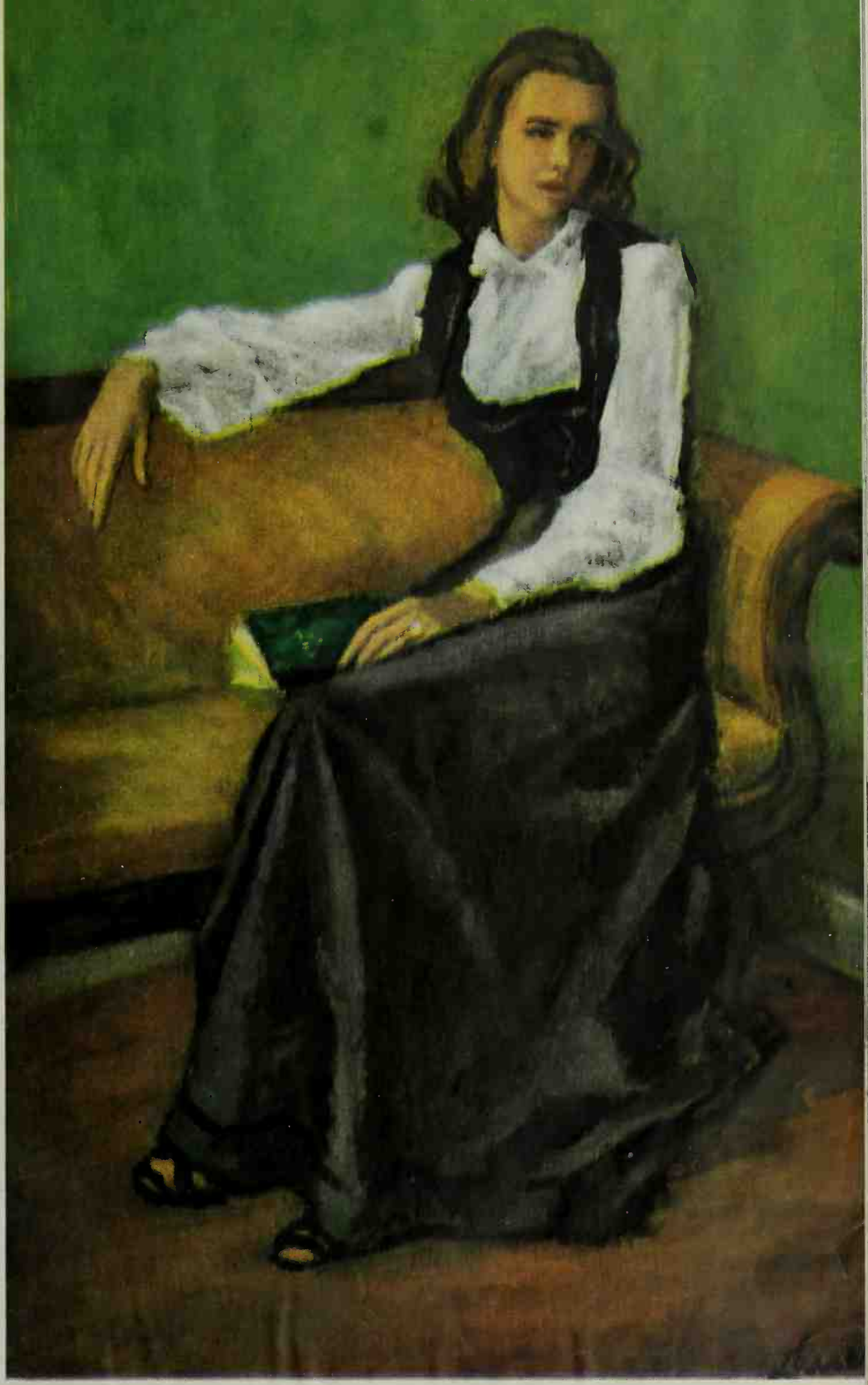
When Mr. Pearce isn't t around Tularosa, he and his family of three inhabit an unde San Francisco flat. After a har rewriting in the cacophony of th room of the San Francisco Exan he relaxes at home fictione "I'm doing the same as the fello comes home from his office an ters in a flower garden," he exp "I don't envy him. I prefer certificates to marigolds."

This week's cover: Fancy Pants pose for David Peskin, four Ch nettes: Mrs. Fred W. Marble, J Wilson, Mrs. Bob Connaghan Lindell Storey, though born raised in Western saddles, had place everyday clothes (dun and white shirt) with ornate made by Rodeo Ben of Philade Rodeo Ben makes dazzle duc movie cowboys. Girls have and brains: Marble is a Sta B.A.; Wilson's a soph at the versity of Wyoming; Storey a there; and Arta Connaghan is domestic—stopped baking a ca her son's first birthday to pose.

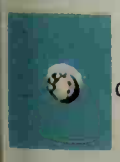
TED SH

To life's loveliest ritual, the engagement diamond lends its own tranquil light and dignified tradition. For such an honored role your ring-stone, no matter how modest its cost, should be selected with the utmost care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. You will need the advice of a trusted jeweler...

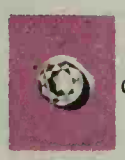
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



Miss Jean Bullitt, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, painted by Peter Lauck



ONE-QUARTER CARAT $95 TO $210



ONE-HALF CARAT $230 TO $500



ONE CARAT $600 TO $1165



TWO CARATS $1400 TO $2900

THE PRICES ABOVE FOR UNMOUNTED QUALITY STONES WERE AVERAGED FROM A GREAT MANY STORES IN APRIL, 1947. ADD 20% FOR FEDERAL TAX.

A New Kind of Radio-Phonograph Console

a sensational value at $129.95*

It's new for 1948 . . . an amazing value in style, tone, performance.
A stunning console cabinet of classic design in Walnut or Mahogany.
Plays records with that famous Philco quick, easy-to-operate
mechanism. Gives you powerful, sensitive radio reception.
Rich, full tone on radio or records. Yes, it's sensational.
See the Philco 1260 now at your Philco dealer.



Amazing new way to play records!

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

*Prices slightly higher Denver and West.



"That's no ride for you, Barbara," Thomason remarked. "I don't see why not," she said, and looking up at Lineer, added, "If Mr. Lineer will invite me"

SWEET WATER

BY DICK PEARCE

As the rails stretched farther and farther into the strife-ridden dry country, men's tempers grew thin. Knuckling down to a power-mad boss was not easy for Jim Lineer—and it was hard to control the impulse which drove him toward another man's woman

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

JIM LINEER put on his shirt, pants and socks and climbed back into the caboose's upper bunk. He interlaced his fingers, cupped them beneath his head, raised his knees and closed his eyes against the liquid light of dawn flowing in through the cockloft. He let his big body go loose to draw the last bit of rest out of the night. He dozed. The caboose whipcracked into a curve. He half awakened to the high shriek of flange steel against rail steel. A tight curve. Too tight. Someday the Atchison would have to take the kinks out of this branch. Maybe a complete new survey. Lift it away from the river. He dozed again.

"Five minutes," said the brakeman

Lineer did not open his eyes. "Thanks," he said.

The brakeman was a Kansas man. He did not like the Territory. He did not like no-destination freights. He did not like pass riders who boarded without a by-your-leave. But this one had minded his own business and shared his box of El Paso cherries. First of the season, they were.

The brakeman jerked a thumb forward toward the cab. "This blackie figures all deadheads are fair game," he warned. "You'll get a rolling stop."

Lineer turned his head. "Thanks," he said again. He slid off, sat on the lower bunk and pulled on his boots. Next to the squat stove lay his valise. He reached out with one leg, put the sole

of his boot against it and shoved. The valise slid neatly to the door. He stared after it, arms slack on his knees, reluctant to come awake. He rose, stretched and put on his hat. His leg muscles, trained in long habit, caught the small sways and dips in the roadbed beneath. Solid here, but a little choppy. But then, the Atchison was still too busy growing to fret over maintenance.

"Coffee would taste good," he said.

The brakeman said sourly, "Our de luxe service doesn't begin until sunup." Then he remembered the cherries. "Sorry. I forgot to load up at El Paso."

The train began to slow smoothly. Not a brake stop. The engineer was letting the grade work for him. Lineer opened the door. He stepped out into the whistle and the chill of forced dawn wind. The rails rushed away southward beneath him, sweeping back along the harsh brown earth, slowing in the distance to the curve, disappearing in a bend of the river. Eastward the mountains raised a broken barricade against the red sky.

He felt the surge of power that began far ahead with the engineer's hand on the plug, then reached back car by car to grab jerkily at the caboose. So that was the way it was to be. He cursed softly but he grinned too. He dropped to the right step. Ahead he saw a dolly and beyond it a big red car on a siding. Too risky on that side. He swung to the left step, the valise in his left hand. The ground forward was clear but uneven.

HE CROUCHED, waiting, his eyes watching the ground well ahead but seeing too the earth that swept by directly beneath, full of blacks and browns and reds, faster and faster until they became black streaks and brown streaks and red streaks. He bent lower. He squatted, holding the valise just inches above the ground. The earth lifted and leveled and rushed. He swung the valise forward, saw it start sliding evenly on its bottom. He jerked off his hat and sailed it down and out. He leaped out and forward, and was running before his boots touched the hard ground.

In just a dozen steps he pulled up. His eyes went first to the cab of the engine. Sure enough the engineer was leaning out, watching with a pleased anticipation. Lineer threw a triumphant salute. The head disappeared into the cab.

Lineer's breathing quieted down. He deepened it again, fully awake now, feeling good. Besting plug-pullers always made him feel good, although he reflected that he was a little out of practice. That was a game of his younger years, his twenties. He had matched them a hundred times on work trains, and there were big round scar burns on his knees; he had not always won.

In this land that hammered young men to a whip-rod leanness, or broke them imperceptibly, here was a man who did not conform. His body possessed a symmetry of parts, a compactness of thigh, a depth of chest to match his width, a breadth of hands that were flat through the palm and somehow knowing. The whole sug gested power, but power completel at rest, wholly under control.

It was as though he had learned, i the endless struggle with the sun, som secret of keeping his strength by keep ing it indolent, ready to use but un used. But it went deeper than tha There was remoteness in the dark gra of his eyes, and repose on his wid mouth. In some subtle way these sug gested that he had broken the impe ling bonds of sun and turquoise haz and sweet night wind, and lived wit them upon terms of his own.

In one visible respect, however, h was among the conquered. Along h cheekbones and the taut skin of h jaw, where to most men the su granted a protective blackness, he w burned and broiled to a color mo red than bronze. That was the S nora sun, away from which he ha traveled now for three days.

Lineer retrieved his gear and looke about him. Eastward the sun four the low mountain cleft that it favor in this month of May and pour

Lineer gathered the whole of the power of his body and launched it with cold calculation in two aimed blows. Folsom's head went back and he sank to the flo



through, full yellow, full warm in the moment of its arrival. It struck along the angle of his right jaw, kindling minute blazes in the sandy stubble of yesterday's beard.

A few paces to his right was the big red car on the siding. His eye took in its expensive construction, recognizing the name ALTHEA spelled out in dull gilt on its side. Colonel Edwards' palace car. So they were here ahead of him. Beyond the siding was the yellow greenery of the Rio Grande. To his left, westward, squatted the town. A collection of adobes, low, scattered, treeless — holding back, wisely, from the river's uncertain temper; pushing forward unconsciously to escape the shadow of mountain masses. A town that toiled not too much, baked evenly, greeted strangers warmly and grew not at all. The town of San Antonio, Territory of New Mexico.

Northward the low plume of the peddler freight began to dissolve. He looked at it and yet did not really see it as he worried some thought, caught up by that vague sadness, that private loneliness which comes to a man when his transport leaves him. Then he came back to this moment, and as he thought of the days that lay ahead he felt the first slow run of excitement.

He ran a hand down the side of his face from temple to jaw point. When he took it away there were soot streaks on the palm. He was suddenly conscious of the dust that stiffened his hair, the body sweat of his clothes.

He could go on to the hotel and get a tub carried to his room. But there was the river with its clean sand and its cold, clear water. It was an inviting thought.

AS HE reached for his bag there came to him that indefinite, disturbed feeling that he was watched. He looked first to the private car. Its curtains were drawn. The Great Western party still slept. No watcher there. Beyond the car, coming up the road from the river, a gray burro dragged a *carreta* stacked high with wood. Little fountains of dust rose behind it, then collapsed quickly. Its brown-skinned driver, nodding atop the wood, was the only human in sight.



Lineer chuckled a little at himself. Spooking wasn't like him.

He crossed the tracks, angling toward the road on a course that would take him around the end of the car. A face appeared at the car's last window, nearest him. Then it was withdrawn, the curtain dropping so quickly that he was left with an impression of only half a face, of a rounded cheek and a laughing eye and a hand drawing a brush through long hair.

He stopped, then strode on again. He was across the siding when the girl's call came to him.

She emerged on the car's rear platform, a tall girl cloaked in a garment of soft gray. It was buttoned high at her neck and came down to her feet. He recognized it as a traveling duster. Long auburn hair was pushed back from her forehead. It was fastened loosely at her neck, as though she had been dressing it and had clasped it hurriedly at sight of him. She still held the brush in her hand.

Lineer walked to the end of the car and stood looking up.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said, 'Is this San Antonio?' "

"It is."

"Then where are they?"

A girl's quick laugh, almost a giggle, came from inside the car. The girl above him was laughing too, but whether it was mischief or mockery in her green eyes he could not tell. He said, feeling suddenly stupid, "Where is who?"

"Aren't you one of the Tularosa Valley men?"

"Yes."

"We were told that every young man in the valley would be here to meet us. That they would take one look at us and carry us away to—"

"Miss Barbara!" The voice of the girl still inside the car was half scandalized. "You come back in this minute!" He heard the soft giggle again.

He thought he understood now. A little. It was mischief of some kind. And maybe mockery too, for the green eyes above him were too coolly self-possessed.

He took the last step to the car, laid his hand on the railing and met her eyes, his own direct and unsmiling.

"I'm sorry," he said. "We have neglected our manners. But I'll be back this way in a few minutes and I will gladly carry you off to my mountain cave. Provided, of course," he added gravely, "you can cook my bear meat and sweep out the cave."

He saw the quick color come into her cheeks and heard the other girl's laugh, a full and pleasing peal of delight. And he had a fleeting awareness of little and disconnected facts: that the sun was gleaming on the heavy silver of the brush and making red gold of her hair; that there was the merest suggestion of upturning at the outward corners of her eyes; that she pursed her lips in a gesture almost sulky; that the merry eyes of another girl were examining him from the doorway.

Then the girl above him spoke. "It's a bargain, sir. But my horse must be snow-white or I will not go." It was gaily said. But as she whirled away from him he saw the storm in her eyes. He had rebuked her in kind. And this girl did not easily accept discomfiture.

He watched the last swish of her cloak through the door. A moment of silence followed, a whisper and a low reply. Then he heard their mingled laughter.

Walking on toward the river he could feel two pairs of eyes following him. The feeling did not leave him until he passed beyond the willow trees and turned downstream in search of a sandy bank. He stripped naked, sat in the shallow channel with his back to the current, and began to scrub himself with sand.

Who was she? He knew, within limits. She was connected in some fashion with the same business that had brought him here from Sonora. She spoke of the Tularosa Valley. She was aboard H. H. Edwards' private car. Apparently it had arrived last night, on schedule. This was the day.

Why had she done it? Speaking to a strange man in such a fashion was a piece of brazenness, actually, a thing she would not dream of doing at home, among her own kind. The act had its undertone of defiance and self-will. And of insolence that had prompted him to reply to her as he did. It could have been a dare between the two girls. But no, probably she acted on impulse. The impulse that makes people far from home break the restraints that customarily bind them.

Into his mind came an unexpected thought. It lodged there forcibly, coming from nowhere with logic pushing it. Perhaps this girl intended to go along on the trip into Tularosa Valley. Perhaps somebody was turning this venture into an outing, a prolonged picnic.

He pushed the thought away. Too improbable. H. H. Edwards knew what kind of country the Tularosa desert was. Back it came. That car was from New York. Would she have journeyed so far if she did not intend to go the rest of the way? He was aware gradually of a burning pain along his right thigh. He rolled sideways to lift it above the water and saw that he had rubbed one spot until abrasion had reddened it. He stood up with a growling oath. Any woman would be in the way. A green-eyed girl with insolence on her mouth could wreck this railroad before it was started.

WALKING back toward the town in fresh pants and shirt and socks, feeling clean and feeling starved and aware that he needed a shave and maybe a haircut, he found he was watching the last windows of the car. No life showed.

He strode on across the tracks. The livery yard was crowded with picked horses. Among the litter of the long, tin-roofed stable were three fine hacks. Splendid was the word for them. They were closed coaches. Their wood- and leatherwork were a shiny new black; the copper of their lamps gleamed from recent burnishings. They did not belong to this town. He looked at them and back at the private car. Somebody had done some thorough spadework.

Beyond the stable was the north-south road with 'dobes hunched down beside it. This was the miserable road with the great name. This was El Camino Real, the ancient King's Highway struggling up from Mexico, climbing on northward to Sante Fe. Across the road he spotted the hotel, adobe, too, distinguishable from others only by its length and compartmentation. The town was still awakening. Crossing over, he saw only a half-dozen people the length of the road.

(Continued on page 36)

WANTED: A MIRACLE IN GREECE

BY PAUL A. PORTER

FORMER PRESIDENTIAL EMISSARY TO GREECE

TODAY an almost forgotten American mission has got to perform a miracle—or fail in its job. The miracle is to save Greece from economic disintegration and the inroads of Communism.

The fight to save Greece is just beginning. The announcement of plans is not enough. What will go on in Greece this month and next is infinitely more important than are the debates which commanded the headlines last March and April.

Last January, I went to Greece as head of a mission charged with reporting on the economic situation and with determining what outside assistance would be necessary for the survival of the Greek nation. I know at firsthand the complicated and discouraging conditions which today are confronting Dwight Griswold and the American Mission for Aid to Greece. And I feel strongly that the American people should know precisely what these conditions are.

During a trip through the lovely Greek countryside, a peasant I talked with typified the Greek national psychosis. He was a weary and discouraged man, prematurely old, his face lined and wrinkled, his hands upturned in a gesture of mute despair.

"Four times in my lifetime my home has been destroyed," he said, "—by the Turks, the Bulgars, the Nazis and the guerrillas. Why should I build it up again?"

This hopelessness is typical. The whole country, from top to bottom, is in the grip of a gray, unrelieved, profound lack of faith in the future—a lack of faith which produces simple inertia for the present. From the large textile manufacturers in Athens to the small shopkeepers and farmers in the northernmost part of Macedonia, people are paralyzed by uncertainty and fear.

All that the U.S. mission to Greece has to do is end a civil war, eliminate corruption in government ranks, rebuild the economy of a nation and revive hope in a people sunk in despair. There's a chance they'll do it

Businessmen will not invest. Storekeepers will not lay in supplies. Peasants will not repair their ruined houses. One official told me that 150,000 homes had been totally destroyed in Greece and that only 1,300 had been rebuilt in 1946.

My most depressing experience in Greece was a visit to Kalavryta, the Lidice of Greece. This was the village high up a narrow gorge near the Gulf of Corinth where, in December, 1943, a small band of Greek resistance forces ambushed a squadron of Nazi occupation troops. The German reprisal was an unbelievable act of horror and brutality. The 1,200 men of the village were herded into an open field, where from the vantage point of higher ground, they were forced to watch their homes and shops burned from the incendiary volleys fired simultaneously into each structure. When the conflagration reached its height and the Greeks sought to break away from their Nazi guards, machine guns from concealed emplacements massacred the helpless lot of them.

Meantime, the women, old men and children were concentrated in the largest building—a school. It was the last to be ignited. Legend has it that the screams of the women and children were too much for an Austrian officer and he shot the lock off the door. Liberated from the blazing school, the survivors fled to the hills and returned later that night to recover the bodies of their men on the hillside, and buried them in the village cemetery.

The despair in Greece today is crucial, because our whole program of aid is based on the assumption that the people will be able to snap out of the prevailing inertia. We are not stepping up the amount of outside assistance enough to make the future much different from the past. During 1946, Greece got about $330,000,000 from UNRRA and the British; our aid of $350,000,000 barely exceeds this. And, at the same time, we are banking on the ability of the Greeks to more than double their exports. So, far from having too liberal an amount of money for use in Greece, we are operating on an exceedingly narrow margin. Indeed it may soon become apparent that estimates of $350,000,000 which my group made are too conservative, and that additional funds may be necessary. Mr. Griswold will find that conditions have rapidly worsened since the first mission went out last January. There has since been a widespread drought which has substantially reduced local grain production. The military activity has been stepped up. And our own price level has risen to shade the value of the dollars Congress has made available. The $350,000,000 loan will not go as far as we had hoped and planned. At best, we will get up to the minimum reconstruction level. At worst, we may have trouble maintaining a level of decent subsistence.

If the American mission is to end this deep sense of national hopelessness, it must resolve two controversial situations—the civil war and the present government.

One winter day in Macedonia, as I was standing on a riverbank, hundreds of low-flying geese suddenly appeared out of the clouds, flying in formation and honking wildly as they came. I remarked casually to a Greek standing with me that they must have fine shooting in Macedonia.

"Men have been so busy shooting one another in this part of the world," he answered sadly, "that they have had no time for the geese."

So long as this state of mind continues, the prospects for economic reconstruction are dim. You cannot devote your full energies to repairing docks, building bridges and maintaining roads when you are likely to be shot in the back any moment. The greatest obstacle to the reconstruction of Greece is the continuance of the civil war. There can be no permanent solution of Greece's economic future until the present military burden is reduced—until money and men are released for productive purposes. There can be no permanent solution of Greece's psychological paralysis until the menace of external aggression is removed.

I am convinced that the Russians know this even better than we do. The Communists know that the revival of guerrilla warfare will put us badly on the spot in Greece—so they are working overtime to revive it. That is why, it seems to me, Russia's U.N. delegate Andrei Gromyko vetoed the U.S. proposal to establish a semipermanent frontier commission in the Balkans. The plain fact appears to be that the U.S.S.R. does not want a pacification of frontier conditions in the Balkans. For such pacification will be an almost indispensable condition for American success in helping bring about Greek economic recovery.

This brings up the question of the Greek government. The present regime obviously must constitute the set of tools through which we work. We cannot kick off by naming a new team. Adoption of these means would contradict the ultimate ends we wish to accomplish in Greece and elsewhere; furthermore, blatant intervention of this kind would supply potent ammunition to Soviet propaganda about American imperialism. But we can—and must—do something to sharpen these tools.

Chief among these tools is the Greek civil service. The late King George of Greece, in my first talk with him, referred to many government employees as "camp followers" and "coffeehouse politicians" and described the whole civil service as a kind of pension system for political hacks. These were harsh words, but not unwarranted. The civil service is overexpanded, underpaid and demoralized. The low salaries have been augmented by a completely baffling system of extra allowances by which a few civil servants probably get as much as four times their base pay.

At the same time the bulk of them do not get a living wage. Many of them are forced to supplement their government pay by taking outside jobs. Imagine the effects in Washington if officials in government departments worked part time for local lawyers or lobbyists or industrialists. The curiously short working week—usually 33 hours, consisting of mornings only for 6 days a week—facilitates the economic double life which so many government workers lead.

The result is complete disorganization. I have never seen an administrative structure which, for sheer incompetence and ineffectiveness, was so appalling. The civil service simply cannot be relied upon to carry out the simplest functions of government—the collection of taxes, the enforcement of economic regulations, the repair of roads.

Thus the drastic reform of the civil service is an indispensable condition to getting anything else done in Greece. But the civil service is just the beginning. There is the far more intricate and explosive question of the political leadership of the country. Candor will compel me to make some frank statements about this government, but what would you have America do? Would you have prayed with Henry Wallace for the defeat of the Greek aid bill so that you could exchange the present inefficient, right-wing regime for a police state on the Tito model?

I rather doubt it. Because whatever it is, the present Greek government is not a totalitarian dictatorship, and besides, it does not seem to me that the nature of the government is relevant to the question of external aggression. We can't take the position that it is all right to commit acts of aggression against governments we do not like, and only bad to commit such acts against governments we approve.

There is within Greece a vigorous and critical political opposition. There is a free press. The Communist paper is published daily in Athens, and each morning in my mailbox I received an English translation of the mimeographed bulletin of the EAM bitterly denouncing the present regime. It is not at all a liberty-loving regime in the American sense, but it is paradise next to its neighbors of the north and their much vaunted "new democracy." Obviously the existence of freedom of expression is no excuse for other governmental delinquencies. But it does signal the possibility of peaceful and democratic change.

On the other hand, the fact remains that this present government has not, on the record, shown any affirmative philosophy or any inclination to do the things necessary to end their nation's travail. On my first day in Greece, I had a talk with General J. G. W. Clark, the intelligent and somewhat sardonic head of the British Economic Mission.

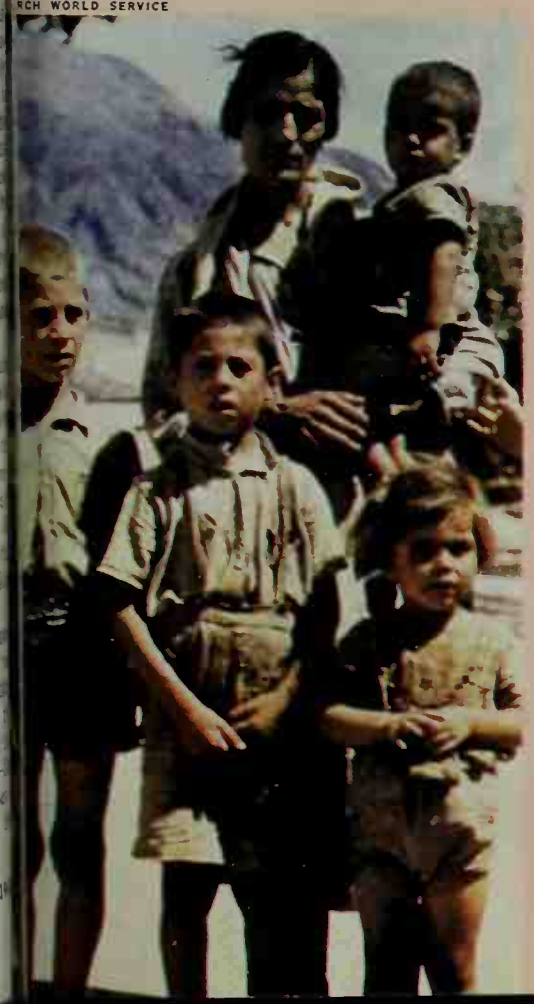
"When visitors on arriving in a new country," he began by saying, "run into a sandstorm or a hurricane, they are always told how unusual the weather is. But the situation you are running into here in Athens—the monetary crisis, the possible civil service strike, the pending fall of the

(Continued on page 106)



M. EHRENBERG

RCH WORLD SERVICE



In the shadow of the Acropolis the British flag flies over a public square in Athens. A U.S. mission is now working to restore the political and economic health of Greece

A Greek mother and family. The boy standing at left suffers from rickets. Fatness of baby in mother's arms is caused by swelling of hunger edema, a starvation disease

Regular Greek troops, in their age-old uniforms, who have been engaged in a grueling civil war with guerrilla bands. This strife has slowed the recovery of the ancient nation

M. EHRENBERG



CHARLIE SQUIRES AND THE SEV



They had spent the night on a bench in the station, running a dangerous blood pressure

AFTER Charlie Squires quit the hotel business in Chicago to take up turkey raising, the *Innkeepers Journal* sent me to Wisconsin to see how he was getting along. As we might have suspected, he was getting along fine.

"Oh, hell, yes," he said, showing me around his model farm. "I've finally licked the turkey business —figured out a serum to keep 'em from catching cold."

Susie, his wife, was thinner, but as pretty as ever. She seemed happy in a bright, nervous way.

"This is *so* much better than living in a busy hotel in some noisy old city," she said. "And I love my house. I *love* it!"

It was quite a house. It had been put together with imported flagstone, granite and mahogany; the drapes were hand-woven and the furniture was all custom-made.

"Charlie insisted on ordering things that were hard to get—but he battled around until he got 'em," Susie said, proudly. "We're all settled now. The last chair came yesterday."

We sat in the sun porch where wide screened windows overlooked Charlie's manicured acres, with the Kickapoo River glinting below us in the summer sun. It was serene and quiet there, and the countryside was gentle, inviting the eye like green New England hills. It was no wonder Susie loved it.

She brought us coffee in a silver pot, with fresh hot rolls and home-churned butter. Charlie perched on an arm of the oversize davenport and stretched out his long legs.

"I suppose you heard about my last night at the Grand Embassy with Bert Buell and the seven Italian acrobats?" he suggested.

"Several versions," I admitted. "Nobody seems to have it straight."

Charlie lit his pipe.

"Never knew a story to get so garbled," he said, comfortably.

Susie, who had put on her coat to go shopping, decided to come back in and sit down. Charlie looked up in surprise.

"You don't want to hear it again, punkin!" he exclaimed.

"If you're going to tell that one, I certainly do!" she said, an intent look in her eyes. As he talked she moved to the edge of her chair, following every word as though she'd missed something last time he'd told it.

Of course, not every woman understands the satisfaction some men find in good, stiff competition. Perhaps that's what Susie missed in Charlie's story. She'd never quite believed, for instance, that he had enjoyed the war. He's no ordinary fellow and he liked everything in China, including Lingling. His letters home were ecstatic; he was forever wading across rice paddies after being given up for dead.

And when he came back to Chicago and his job in public relations with the Grand Embassy Hotel in 1945, the situation that awaited him delighted his soul. Through the congested war years room clerks had got the habit of insulting customers without discrimination, conventions had been rudely turned away, old gentlefolk had been sneered at because they were too innocent to cross eager palms with rare jewels or gold. The arrogance that accompanies power or plenty had made the Grand Embassy staff insufferable; even charwomen had splashed supper guests with their long wet mops. Fastidious people had been sent to rooms with warm crumpled sheets still on the beds. Some of them had been asked to sleep with total strangers.

But now the war was over and people could begin to pick and choose again, and the house count was falling off, and the Tiger Room was losing money; and when Charlie asked for the complaint file two housemen had to trundle it in on a hand truck.

Now, there are two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight rooms in the Grand Embassy, and Charlie's job was to keep them full of people. He was promotion manager. Kenneth Ashcraft, the managing director, who had also been away, a colonel in the Quartermaster Corps, was appalled at the situation. But not Charlie. The bigger they are, the harder they fall, he said. The tougher the challenge, the more it excited him.

He tried to cheer the old man up.

"Why, there's nothing to it," he said, as they went through that poison-pen correspondence together. "I'll push until they give, that's all."

He wrote letters, made long-distance phone calls and flew from city to city in anything that would leave the ground. When he found customers who'd promised never again to darken the Grand Embassy's revolving doors he mesmerized them with his charm, sent them small bottles of Irish whisky and large baskets of flowers. He'd never been happier. Whenever he was thrown out of an office he'd come back to Susie with his long face aglow.

One night he came into their suite after a trip to Toledo, picked Susie up and danced her around the room.

"I've met the champion!" he shouted joyously. "Wait 'till you hear what happened to H. Bertrand Buell!"

Bert Buell was executive secretary of the International Roadmasters, an annual convention of three thousand wild-eyed, spendthrift highway engineers. Before the war, nothing had been too good for Bert;



He usually managed to get them to sign before their fingers became too limp to hold a pen

the staff had wooed him as if he were a shy yo maid—with pretty compliments and rare tro fruits and five-pound boxes of candy for his But in the heyday he'd been told to take his con tion to Muskegon; and when he had stopped night with his wife, a new house detective had w him up and thrown him out, along with Buell. They had spent the night on a bench i Union Station running a dangerous blood pres

"But why doesn't he sue us?" Susie asked.

"Because," said Charlie triumphantly, "the egomaniac forgot to register his wife, a hot- blonde. Isn't that a honey of a situation? Th nothing in the complaint file to touch it. He sore he wouldn't even write us a letter!"

"But, Charlie," she said, in her pretty, be dered way, "you act pleased!"

"But can't you understand, Susie?" he deman "It's gonna be a fascinating battle of wits!"

"Oh, dear," Susie said. "What is it about things that makes you so happy?"

He tried to explain it to her. In Toledo there been tumult and shouting in H. Bertrand Bu



Susie laughed at Bert's tired old jokes an listened wide-eyed to the story of his li

private office, then a door opened and a heavy ash tray had missed Charlie's head by inches.

"But what's funny about that?"

He looked down into her lovely, puzzled and kissed her.

"You just keep house, sweetheart," he said. me run the business."

It was along about then that he dreamed u Cock 'n' Feather, a secret bar back of his office in the bowels of the house. You pressed a bu a panel slid open and there it was, a replica English taproom, stocked with every liquid a could handle. Into this little nest he would c recalcitrant prospects and ply them with hospi until they thawed out, usually managing t them on the dotted line just before their finger came too limp to hold a pen.

"I don't see how you're going to get Bert into the hotel, let alone down here," Mr. Ash said, the day the carpenter shop sent in the sheets for Charlie's hideaway. "A rather expe shot in the dark, it seems to me."

"Bert is merely the *pièce de résistance*," Charlie, cheerfully. "Come in here a minute."

He pressed the button, the panel slid open there was the President of the National Associ of Canners of Artichoke Hearts, asleep on a leather wall bench.

"I just booked him for December," Charlie with satisfaction. "Next to the National As tion of Glove and Parka *(Continued on pag*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

ARCHETTIS

Y HARLAN WARE

e only way to beat a man like arlie is to let him win the argument

Ignoring the piteous bleats that came from the whirling Bert, the seven Marchettis tossed him higher and higher

Hollywood's latest superspectacle, Forever Amber, cost six million and may be the last of its kind if England sticks to her 75 per cent tax on American film profits

HOLLYWOOD HEADACHE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

With audiences staying home, the British clamping down, labor troubles and high costs continuing and censors yelling for blood, the poor unfortunate movie makers are a confused and apprehensive group of tycoons

VE WERE delving politely in the laby- rinths of Hollywood and had just pre- pared a report finding the situation sing when suddenly it became not only con- ; but catastrophic. A man named Attlee from where in England took careful aim and hit wood and Vine right smack on the inter- n with a block-buster. This was a 75 per ax on the profits of all foreign films playing gland, and he couldn't have hurt Hollywood if he had spread typhus from a low-flying

to say that things were pleasant before Att- arted throwing rocks. The American films having their agonies without his assistance. nces were thumbing their noses at bum pic- nd for the first time in years wild deer were found again in the balconies of theaters. ime around Easter, receipts had fallen off as otined. One day, fine; next day, nothing.

mebody obviously passed a law," said Bene- ogeaus, independent producer who had just t out The Macomber Affair with Gregory nd was feeling rather contused about the s.

re was a slight pickup during the summer and were high for the fall and then Attlee yanked ir out from under. His action was followed angry declaration (signed by the eight big ood companies) that if England wanted to at way, Hollywood would retaliate by refus- give them American films. This would cer- ruin the English theater owners, who can't ithout the American product, but it might in Hollywood.

rmal times Hollywood got as much as *50 per* its total revenue from foreign markets. The on good films ran around 40 per cent. Even ar when the British were trying desperately their purchases down, Hollywood was tak- 3,000,000 out of Britain. This represented al- he entire Hollywood profit. Losing that that the California gentry, already giddy igh costs, must take the ax and try to whack uthlessly.

y all be a tempest in a teacup, with some deal made between Hollywood and the British t, but Hollywood will be years getting over ck. If the tax sticks, it will revolutionize af- Hollywood. What is even worse is that what d can do, others *may* do. The French and and Swedes are even now struggling desper- make enough films to capture their own s from the Americans. We are facing quota and blocked currencies everywhere. Oh, h, Hollywood! Things may indeed be very

before Attlee spoke, the Journal of Com- influential Wall Street publication, was pre- that in 1947 profits in Hollywood would be een 25 and 30 per cent. There was immedi- in Hollywood that theater prices would have aised here, but that will certainly stir up a nest because our audiences have been hol- lering for months that ticket prices are outrageous and the pictures smell.

For a long time the producers have been scream- ing that labor is ruining the industry and now they will have to redouble their efforts to force salaries down. Actors and writers have been insisting that censorship is so strict that nothing but fairy tales can get on the screen, and Congressman J. Parnell Thomas and his un-American Activities Committee have been scaring the last few remaining wits out of a Hollywood already on the verge of conniptions. In short, a mess.

As if Attlee had not done enough, the British films have been giving us a merry time over here as com- petition. The Hollywood big shots have three atti- tudes on this: (a) They scoff, (b) they tremble and (c) they say the English example will force us to do better. The British have carefully sent over only their best films and if Hollywood doesn't think they have made an impression on this country they are crazy.

We have been in small towns where the local man- ager was being driven mad by demands that he bring in such movies as Great Expectations, Henry V and Brief Encounter. There may be only a few in each town setting up the clamor but the feeling that American films are being outstripped in quality by the foreigners is rapidly seeping into the consciousness of our audience. Britain took only $5,000,000 out of this country last year but the J. Arthur Rank organization was promised a total of $12,000,000 next year under a deal with American exhibitors. What happens to this now is also a question, be- cause there may be an attempt at reprisals.

In some quarters of Hollywood, we had found a certain smugness about attempts to keep our films out by blocked currency devices. We traced this to a certain Jacques Grinieff, French entrepreneur backed by Serge Semenenko, Boston banker. It seems that Mr. Grinieff has such a good method of getting around these barriers that he has recently paid $6,000,000 for a bunch of American reissues and is now busily tying up new releases. M. Grin- ieff denies that his activities belong to the black market.

"I do not violate the codes of any country in which I do business," he states, "but there are lawful ways of unfreezing money, whether it is in francs, lire, marks or what have you."

The British may have had that in mind when they launched their pretty plan. They didn't bother hold- ing the money in the country for future collection by the American producers; they simply took three quarters of it away in a tax. M. Grinieff will have a difficult time getting around that one.

Things were so bad in Hollywood in midsummer that out of 1,000 film writers, there were only 209 employed in early July. Six hundred assistant di- rectors had dwindled to 200. There were fewer than fifty pictures before the cameras.

"Yes," said the optimists, "but you forget the fin- ished films the firms have in their vaults. Some of these were made at low cost. The producers are in great shape." *(Continued on page 78)*



Linda Darnell, as Amber, fights a losing battle to keep her illegitimate son from his father, Cornel Wilde. But she does her fighting in $750 costumes. This was before the economy wave hit Hollywood

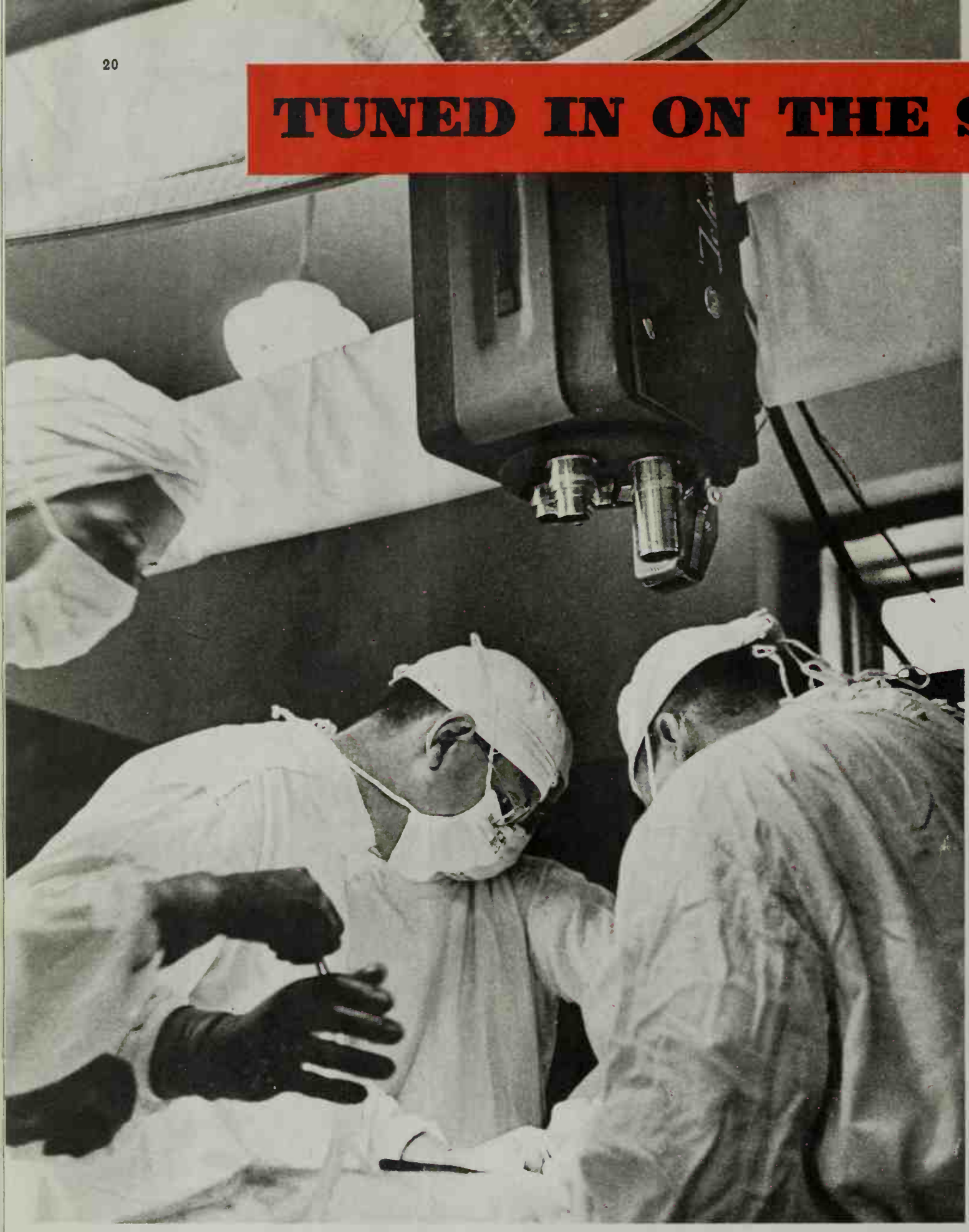


Producer Perlberg and Director Preminger thought nothing at all of spending a quarter-million bucks to reproduce the great London fire of 1666 as a fitting background for Amber's torrid romancing

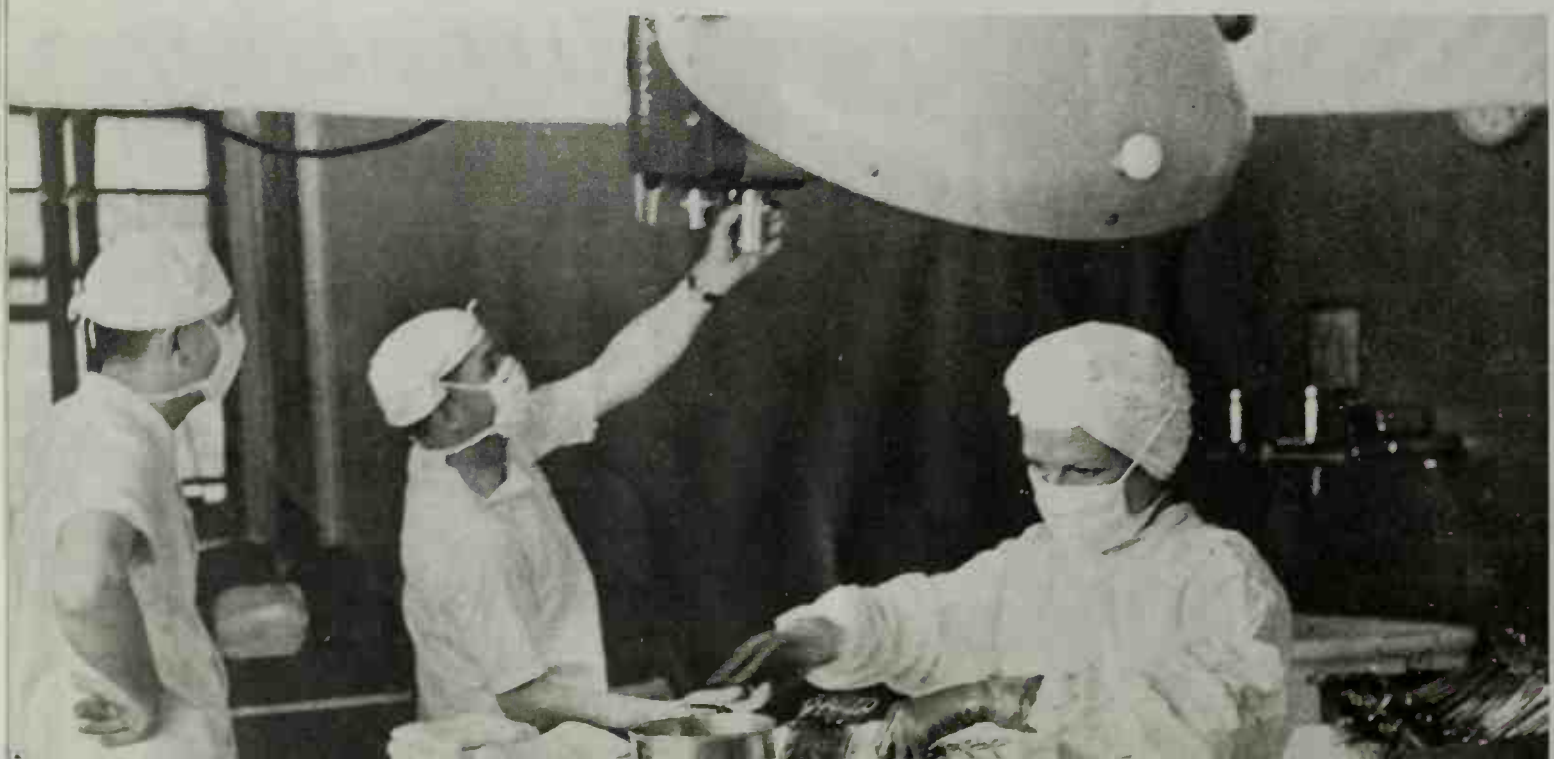


Lavish weeks and dollars were required to film the Black Plague of 1665, in the course of which Amber and her true love almost died. Here Amber strangles a plague nurse—this, too, in a long, costly way

TUNED IN ON THE SURGEON



The operation begins, and the television camera looks down on a moment of intense concentration. Below, before the operation, the engineer focuses the camera, placing his hand in the area where the surgeon's hands will be



IN AN operating room on t tenth floor of the New Yo Hospital, a surgeon bent ov the figure on the table. "The patic is a woman of about fifty years age," the surgeon said, in a lecturi tone of voice. "Two weeks ago s noticed a small lump in her l breast." He outlined the patien medical history, and then, picking a knife, said, "I will now make an cision, and . . ."

Step by step, as he went on with t operation, he explained what he w doing and why. "I will explore t area," he said, as his fingers prob "to make sure that no affected tiss remains . . ."

This is the sort of teaching demo stration that goes on every day in gr medical centers for the benefit small groups of students, but this ti there was a difference.

This time the operation was be televised, so that the surgeon's ev word and every move might reach more people than could possi crowd into an operating room.

This particular operation, for breast tumor, and another perform the same day for cancer of the thyr gland, were televised as a rehearsal an elaborate four-day series of te casts for the fellows of the Ameri College of Surgeons, meeting at Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, Septembe to 12.

With some 5,000 surgeons atte ing the Clinical Congress from all o the country and from several fore nations, this was arranged as the f big-scale tryout of television as an to dissemination of medical kno edge. The idea was to permit close servation of an operation by sev hundred doctors seated in a h room far removed from the hosp

Arrangements for the telecasts w made by the program committee the American College of Surgeon co-operation with three groups: dio Corporation of America, wh engineers turned several new trick adapt the medium to this use; Johnson & Johnson Research Fo dation, which financed the event; the New York Hospital, whose geons agreed to do their work u the eye and ear of a television cam

RCA engineers arranged to wire telecasts from the hospital to the tel by a special telephone line to av any possibility of their being recei on the television sets of the gen public. In the hospital, the ca over the operating table had four terchangeable lenses, allowing for fering depth of focus according to type of operation. In the hotel, 1 ceiving sets each would permit many as a hundred observers to g comfortable view.

Faith in visual education, i "show me" rather than a "tell technique, was part of the reason the organizing of the American lege of Surgeons in 1913. The fou ing surgeons felt that it would helpful to any doctor to meet his fellows for a few days each in a medical center, there to obs at firsthand the work of outstan practitioners of his art.

Through the years the best pos

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING AND JACOB LOF

rrangements for clinical observation ave been made—but these have ever been good enough. Even under he best circumstances only a few obervers can get close enough to an oprating table to see clearly what the urgeon is doing. Most operating ooms can accommodate only a few ersons in addition to the necessary eam of nurses, anesthetists, doctors. Amphitheaters, especially built to perhit clinical observation, are not satisactory, either, because, again, only a ew persons can be close enough to ee what goes on.

Medical movies are, of course, a artial answer and they are used exensively. Now television supplies yet nother means of visual education, nd the medical profession has great opes for it. In comparison with novies, television has both advanages and disadvantages. Movies are nore difficult to make, require more echnicians and more elaborate equipent in the operating room. And they re not available for distribution un- l some time after they are made. On he other hand, movies, so far, outstrip elevision in sharpness of definition nd in color.

Perhaps the most attractive thing bout the medical telecast is its immeiacy. Doctors, like other people, are ubject to the dramatic pull of someing that is happening right now, this inute. The telecasting surgeon has o time to correct his words or his itches—as he could do when editing a movie. The audience sees an operation exactly when and as it is performed.

Rehearsals revealed that a good many bugs needed fixing. During one televised operation, witnessed by the New York Hospital and Cornell medical students personnel, the clatter of instruments in the operating room was so great as almost to drown out the surgeon's words. Of course the clatter was not so great as it sounded, but, magnified over the loud-speaker, it did sound as if the entire instrument table were falling apart. Engineers are working out ways to exclude extraneous sounds.

Again, a surgeon said he wished it were possible to cut off sound except when he was making comments. "Can't we have a foot switch to shut off sound? A switch to be controlled by the operating surgeon?"

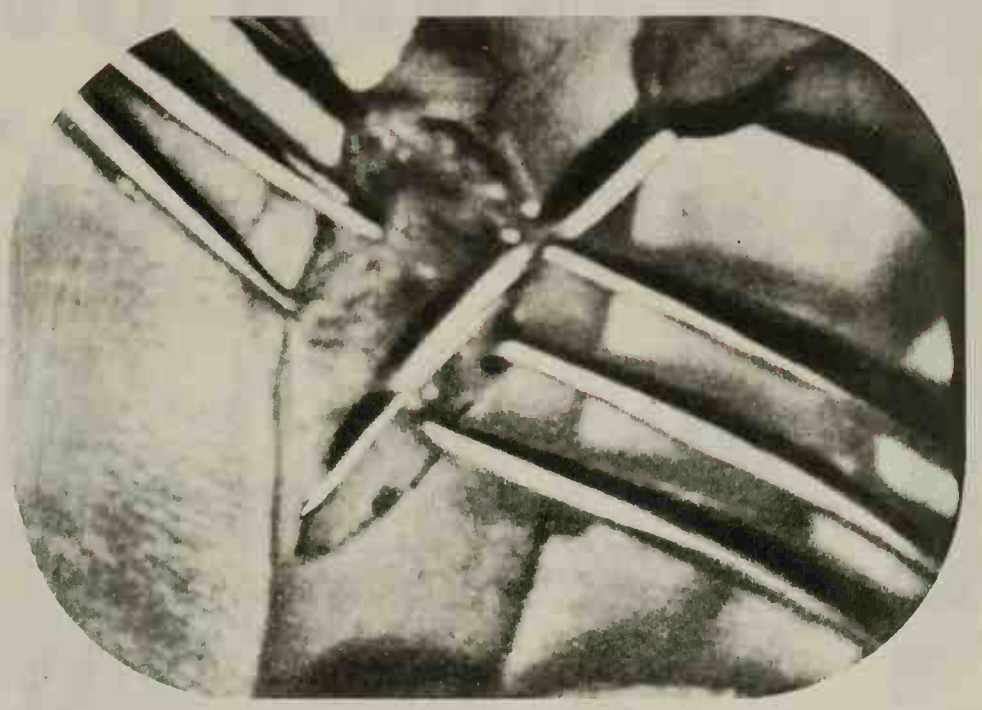
"Certainly," said the engineer, and within an hour the foot switch was in place. Thus, one by one, various small distortions are being eliminated.

Television can be especially serviceable, many doctors think, in keeping the profession abreast of new surgical developments.

After a few more technical difficulties are removed, it wouldn't be at all surprising if medical institutions everywhere were able to tune in on a sight-and-sound presentation of any unusually interesting operation being performed in Baltimore, Montreal, San Francisco, anywhere. ★★★

BY ELIZABETH TREADWAY

The amphitheater is empty, but the surgeon lectures on as he operates. And miles away, other surgeons study his every move



Television screen shows initial incision, and hemostats being placed to control bleeding. Below, the surgeon examines a removed cancer of the thyroid

tumor has been removed from a patient's left breast (below). Now the urgeon and his assistants close the wound. The camera records every move





BANNER OVER FIRST

BY JOEL REEVE

The fans didn't like the busher playing first base for the Eagles—and neither did the Eagles. Then they began to think there was a ghost on the team

MR. HAL MOORE, owner of the Eagles, took Patsy Dealer to the third-base box and introduced him to the girl. She was a small, brown girl with a pertness which tremendously became her. Her name was Marge Marlowe, Mr. Moore said. Then Mr. Moore went back to his own box and his own worries.

Patsy Dealer did not think much about her right then, because he was trying to get accustomed to a big-league ball park in a hurry. The Eagles were warming up on the green-and-brown field. He saw Egg Lorimer limbering his arm. He knew it was Lorimer because the lefty was going to work for the Eagles that day and the home team needed the game.

The girl said, "You're not tongue-tied, are you?" She was smiling a little. She had an air of belonging in the third-base box, but she was not the wife of a player, for Patsy knew there was no Marlowe on either the Sox or the Eagles.

Just then Manager Joe Gudgeon hit a fungo too far to Hap Fite's right. The Eagle first baseman did not try for it, shaking his head ruefully. Patsy said, "His leg is really gone."

The Eagles came in off the field. The girl said, "Hap is lame, all right. But he still hits those homers!"

The great stands were filled. The important game had brought out all the loyal fans and many who were seeing their first game of the season. The pennant race was as hot as the August sun above. Patsy gawked at the people. He said abruptly, "This is the first big-league game I ever saw."

"Well, don't take it so hard." She laughed gently. "But of course you're a ballplayer."

He looked at her now. Her eyes were friendly and brown and fringed with long, dark lashes. When she smiled at him the day seemed brighter and happier and some of the tension lessened.

He said, "I'm the busher come up to take Fite's place."

Her red lips made a round, "Oh!"

"I'm scared," he said.

"Yes." She nodded. "Hap's got thirty homers, so far. He's playing on a dime, but he still hits. People won't like a substitute for him."

Patsy said, "I never hit a homer in my life. I'm a place hitter. I was taught that way. I had the best teacher . . ." He was silent, wondering why he talked at all to this girl. His was a stern mission.

She said, "Hap's been out there a long time. He *is* the Eagles."

"Yeah, I know—" All women are sentimentalists, he thought, even fans who sit in third-base boxes and seem smart about baseball. Again he turned and stared at her. "I read about you. In a column. You sing in some night club. You're always with Hap Fite."

She had a green kerchief in her hand and the odor of it was delicious. She bunched it in her fingers and said, "Hap's a nice guy—and a great hitter. His leg is killing him, but he plays without complaint."

"Oh, sure," said Patsy. "Sure . . ."

ON THE field the Eagles and the Sox hooked up, with Egg pitching his heart out on every ball, and Grampion working equally well for the invaders. It was generally agreed that the Eagles, a veteran team, were going along on fight and spirit. The Sox had the class and were favored to win the pennant. The Sox also had Elbows MacNeal, league-leading pitcher, and they could save him for tomorrow's crucial game. Grampion today, MacNeal tomorrow; Patsy shook his head. The Sox had the balance on their club.

The girl said very little, twisting her green kerchief as the pitchers' battle went on. By the eighth neither team had scored. Grampion proceeded to strike out the first two hitters in the Eagles' half of that inning. Then Hap Fite took a huge black bat to the plate, limping a little. The crowd roared encouragement.

Fite was thirty-two, a genial giant, with twisted cartilage in his right knee. He had been the greatest, most colorful first baseman since Gehrig. His hitting was tremendous. He stood, grim, waiting.

Grampion fed him outside stuff, low, to make him stretch. Patsy Dealer almost fell out of the stands watching. The girl leaned with him, and their shoulders touched. The count went to three and two, and Grampion had to get the ball over the plate. He threw his curve for the outside corner. The big first baseman teed off.

Patsy caught his breath in sheer admiration. The swing was poetry, the crack of the bat a shout of joy. The flight of the ball was as the flight of a lovely bird. Against the cloudless sky the sphere seemed to hang, suspended, mocking. Then it drifted, dropped like a plummet, and out in right field the bleacher fans grasped for it.

The assemblage rose to do honor. Marge Marlowe said in Patsy's ear, "Wasn't it great? Wasn't it perfect?"

"Great," agreed Patsy. "Perfect." His hands gripped the balustrade.

The applause ended; they sat down. She said, "It's going to be hard for you out there."

"Sure. That's why I'm scared." He smiled at her, but his eyes were clouded. "Don't get me wrong. I'm only scared my stuff won't work. I'm not scared for me."

"I believe you," she said. "You follow the great tradition on the Eagles. All the great first basemen: Speed Frazier, High Pockets Maloney—Doc Frayme."

Patsy said, "You got to put Doc Frayme first on that list."

"My daddy knew him," she said. "Doc was the best. My daddy said Doc wasn't guilty, he wasn't the kind to throw games—"

Patsy said shortly, "That was years ago. And Doc didn't hit those homers, either, y'know."

The girl said, "You've got something on your mind, Patsy."

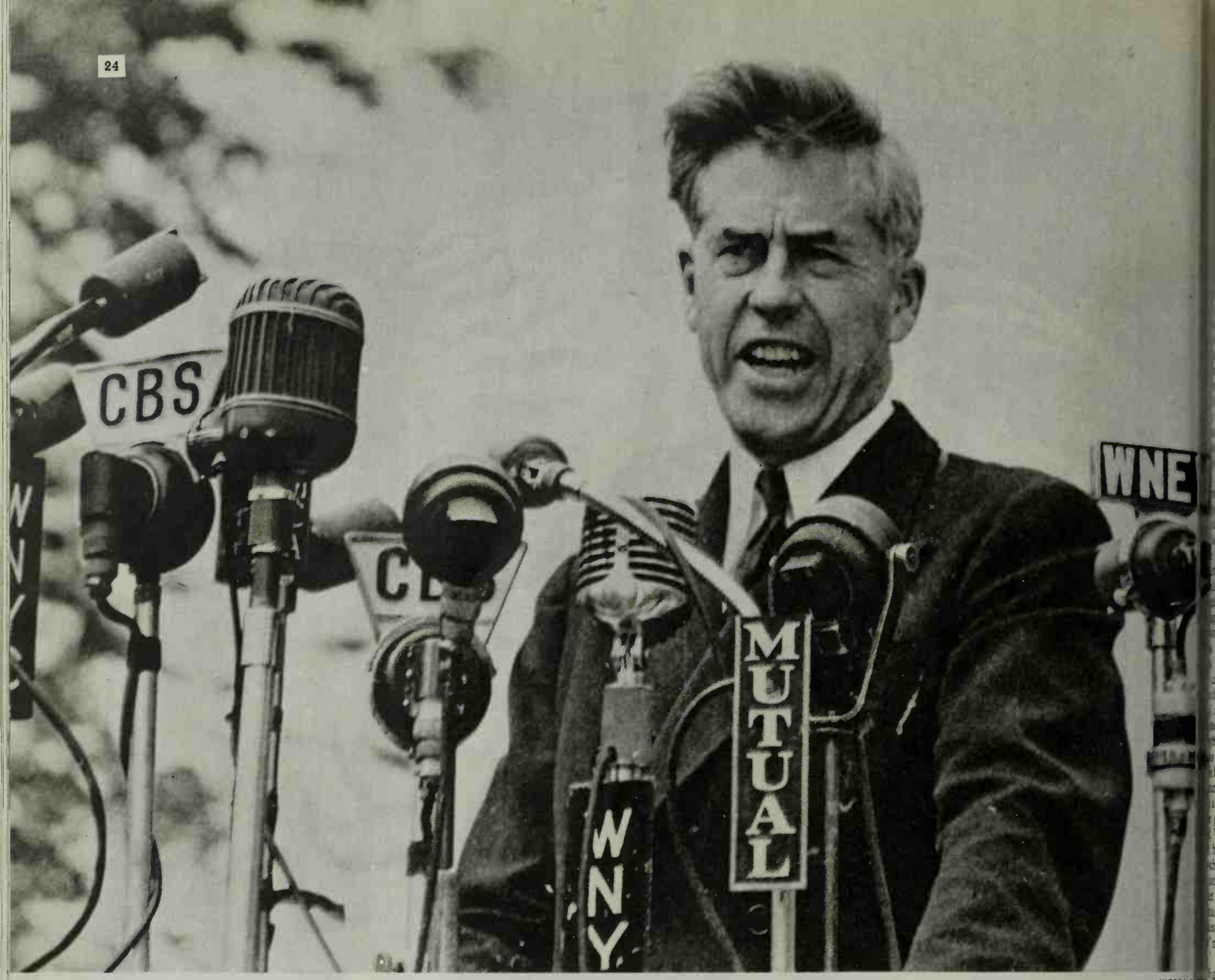
"Baseball," he said.

She smiled. He was a handsome youth, in a rugged way. His features

(Continued on page 73)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER





During a country-wide speaking tour, 225,000 persons spent $300,000 to hear Henry Wallace. Here, as Vice-President, he addresses an "I am an American" Day

THE ABUNDANT MR. WALLACE

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

Henry Wallace is the enigma of the 1948 election campaign. Struggling furiously to become a "people's choice" he gives the Democrats many sleepless nights with his threat of a third party. But Republican party chiefs consider him their greatest asset since Abraham Lincoln

THE most feared politician (by politicians, of course) in the country today is Henry Wallace. Barring the indisputable intervention of God—or the devil—Wallace has less chance of becoming President than almost anybody except Mortimer Snerd. But there are a lot of politicians currently being haunted by the fear that, as Wallace goes, so goes the nation in 1948.

The eyes of the wiseacres are on Truman, Taft, Dewey and Warren. But Wallace is the man they dread. For Wallace may be able to insure the election as President, of any Republican whose body is still warm enough to get the nomination. He is the Republicans' greatest potential asset since Abraham Lincoln.

He might also, with somewhat greater effort, get Truman re-elected. There are those who say he's Truman's only hope.

For Henry Wallace is working madly to become a "people's choice." Like the 1912 Theodore Roosevelt and the 1924 Robert La Follette, lace's friends see him as a pol symbol for several million v How many there are is anyb guess but a recent Gallup poll sh 6,250,000 persons as saying would vote for Wallace if giv chance in '48. This is five time additional votes Dewey needed t over Roosevelt in 1944. In add Wallace can try to draw from an 9,000,000 voters who say they a against him, but haven't yet mad their minds.

Right now, on his fall New En and Middle West speaking tour, lace himself doesn't know which he'll jump; a situation which, for is not exactly new. Wallace hungrily curious man, with ar predictable, roving intellect th subordinate only to his low tional boiling point. Wallace k an opportunity when he sees though, and if it turns up betwee and the '48 elections he'll grab a but undoubtedly at the wrong

for his political ineptitude is vast and occasionally even astonishing.

As a man who has borne his share of political kicking around, Wallace would be inhuman not to enjoy his present outlook. Flynn of the Bronx, Hague of Jersey City and Kelly of Chicago robbed him of the 1944 Vice-Presidency (with its almost certain succession to the Presidency) because they refused to guarantee to Mr. Roosevelt vital big-city votes if Wallace were renominated. The bosses were not impressed by a preconvention Gallup poll which showed 65 per cent of all Democratic voters for Wallace and 2 per cent for Truman. Wallace now has them sweating—along with the Democratic National Committee.

A modest man although occasionally swept away by his own importance, Wallace once told a Senate committee he never felt he was primarily a political figure. Nevertheless, as a student of Franklin Roosevelt he learned one lesson: Never go before the people with little promises or little words. Give them the best you've got; in fact, give them everything—loud. The literal application of these instructions makes Wallace, who occasionally seems more fervent than practical, appear something of an evangelist offering a superheaven to all who are saved.

As a "people's choice" Henry presents a picture dear to the heart of the cartoonist. He carries an olive branch symbol of world peace in one hand and a food parcel in the other. In one coat pocket he has jobs for everybody at high wages. In another he has a better income for the farmer. In his hip pocket is a health and slum-clearance program; alongside his wallet is abolition of the poll tax. Where other people keep a show handkerchief, Wallace carries homes for all. With his small change is federal aid for schools. And so that no one is overlooked, tucked away in his watch pocket is a small profit for the businessman and the preservation of what he likes to call "democratic free enterprise" not too clearly defined.

Displays of Physical Prowess

Action is the word for Henry. He was once described by an awed geneticist, after a day spent in his company, as an "amazing gathering of the Jones." During a recent fatiguing tour, someone in Wallace's party asked if the pace wasn't tiring him. In answer, sixty-nine-year-old Wallace dropped to the floor and did 25 push-ups without touching his chest to the rug. Wallace has wrestled with a photographer in as public and inappropriate a place as Washington's swank Wardman Park Hotel. He was narrowly rescued from another public fight by Jerome Frank who rushed him to a cooling-off place and then personally took care of his antagonist.

Wallace's mind is no less effervescent than his body; his lively if peculiar intellect is, in some respects, not unlike that of Senator Robert Taft whose feats of memory and capacity for assimilating complicated reports make him socially distasteful to less gifted colleagues.

So far no responsible person has called Wallace a Communist. But he has been called a Communist-front man and when he went abroad last spring and repeated criticism of our foreign policy that he had already made in the United States, without attracting particular notice, choleric Congressmen castigated him as an "itinerant saboteur" and demanded that he be brought to trial as a traitor.

The European speeches created a tempest in Washington but they revived Wallace as an outstanding political figure. Before he went abroad his immediate political aspirations were to "liberalize" the Democratic party. He was not interested in a 1948 third party. Said he last year, "It would be simply impossible for a third party to get on the ballot in enough states to make anything approaching an effective challenge. . . . It is time for third-party advocates to stop kidding themselves. . . . As far as 1948 is concerned, a third-party effort would insure beyond all doubt the election of a reactionary Republican. . . ."

But when his European tour provoked satisfying headlines and excitement, Wallace, who thrives on publicity, returned to the U.S. feeling his oats. Five days later he enplaned on a transcontinental speaking trip during which 225,000 overflowed meetings to cheer him, breaking political precedents by paying 60 cents to $2.40, for a total of $300,000, for admission tickets.

Only the most pragmatic candidate can face such acclaim without deciding that he is a man of destiny. By the time Wallace wound up his tour at Washington, he declared, "If both parties insist on pursuing the present suicidal course toward war and depression, there will be a new party, even if it has no chance of election success in 1948. . . ."

Organizing a liberal third party imposes practical problems. Wallace's organized support comes largely from two groups, each of which admits Communists to membership—the Southern Conference for Human Welfare which has little more than nuisance value, and the Progressive Citizens of America. The PCA was a merger of the C.I.O. National Citizens Political Action Committee and the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

The PCA claims organization now in 22 states and a membership composed of 75 per cent of Democrats. It hopes to become a permanent political movement and with sufficient cause might even support a Republican. But because Communists support the PCA, many liberals for Wallace won't back him as a PCA candidate. Wallace has no apparent distaste for Communist support. Like women who knowingly marry drunkards he believes his good influence may reform them.

The current Wallace strategy is to go ahead with plans for a third party, hoping to strengthen his bargaining power at the Democratic Convention next summer. If Wallace fails to "liberalize" the party at the convention, the third-party movement will be shelved temporarily in most states and Wallace will go full steam ahead to elect Wallace-type candidates to Congress. These tactics can elect a Republican President (and may enable numerous, powerful Republican Dewey haters to balk *his* nomination).

Compromise talk by the Wallace wing may impress practical Truman supporters at convention time when they will be scrambling to line up liberal and labor support. Several million Wallace followers will be the difference between possible victory and certain defeat. As a result the Democratic party may emerge from the convention in a new dress—a party dedicated, on paper at least, to the Wallace brand of liberalism. Said one highly placed national committee Democrat: "Of course we'll put Wallace planks in the platform. Who the hell cares what's in the platform?"

One thing seems certain: A switch of 300,000 votes in New York and 200,000 in California, and Truman can be an ex-President of the United States.

This Wallace movement is not merely a threat to Truman. Where its effect will be most seriously felt is among congressmen, governors, mayors, district attorneys and the little men in state and local government who depend on a victory for the entire ticket to carry them into office. It is on this lower level that a third party can most thoroughly disrupt the Democratic machines.

At Least 100 Delegates

Wallace won't go to the convention armed merely with a vague third-party threat. He expects to have pledged delegates from Washington, Oregon, Colorado and California with a scattering from other states to total at least 100. He figures an outside chance of going in with 250 delegates which would mean adding to his four-state list: Idaho, North Dakota, Montana, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Connecticut, Michigan and Pennsylvania. (In 1944, Wallace told Roosevelt he could deliver 290 votes on the first ballot. He got 429½ and reached a top of 472.)

If there is a bolt from Truman (nobody now expects there will be) Wallace can help select the Democratic nominee. At any rate he hopes to influence the selection of the Vice-Presidential candidate (Senator Claude Pepper, D., Fla., or Senator Glen H. Taylor, D., Idaho) and, if Marshall fails to make time with Russia, a new Secretary of State, a job which Wallace would give his chicken farm to get.

The Democrats are unhappy about Wallace. They don't like him. Some think his Communist-tinged blessing may be the kiss of death. The only candidate Wallace has had a chance to support since his European tour was Charles R. Savage, a "Wallace Democrat" from the Third Washington Congressional district. Wallace campaigned for him during a special election last spring. Savage lost. Republican and Democratic leaders agree it was because distaste for Wallace kept conservative Democrats away from the polls.

As a "friend of labor" Wallace expects labor support. His hopes were weakened in July when off-again, on-again A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of (250,000 Railroad Trainmen, and a vice-chairman of PCA, came out for Truman after threatening a year ago to spend "millions" of the union's money, if necessary, to defeat him.

Labor leaders have seldom been able to deliver member votes except in local elections. Last year when the Case bill, regulating labor, passed the House and Senate, the C.I.O. sloganed, "Remember in November," a drive to defeat every congressman who voted "against labor" and to re-elect those who voted "prolabor." The results of this all-out effort: Of the 228 congressmen the C.I.O. determined to defeat, just 5 per cent lost at the polls. But of those the C.I.O. endeavored to re-elect, 40 per cent were defeated.

The political power which Wallace now wields, in a negative sense, does not derive from qualifications for leadership. His effectiveness in influencing people lies in emotional appeal. He talks constantly of the "common man" and "peoples everywhere"; of "peace" and the "abundant life." The effect is not unlike

(Continued on page 111)

First Again!

FIRST... with the intimate story of the Roosevelt Administration by Frances Perkins

FIRST... with the startling story of the Third Term, by James A. Farley

AND NOW.. Collier's AGAIN takes you into the inner circle of political action. . . .

. . . Finally, the President's face lit up in a great smile, he raised his two fists in the air and shook them, saying, "My God, if I win I would be on the crest of the wave . . ."

. . . "In other words," the President said, "never let your left hand know what your right is doing . . ."

. . . "Henry and I have another white rabbit to pull out of our hats," he said.

. . . "My dear Mr. Bell," the President's mother asked, "when is Franklin going to balance the budget?"

These are excerpts from another Collier's FIRST—

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK
IN COLLIER'S

THE SPLIT HICKORY

BY JANE RICE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

The remarkable story of a man who had to measure up to the faith of his son

I WAS pretty near eleven when I began using the Split Hickory as a kind of thinking-out place. Before that, I just sort of went up there, when—well, like whenever I saw Pa was getting ready to pitch in drinking. I didn't study on it any, though—until the time Marty Shane said Pa was no-account and I tried to lick Marty but couldn't. The reason I couldn't was a peculiar thing. It was the stumps. All the while I was trying to whip Marty I kept seeing those stumps Pa had been meaning to pull up and, somehow, never had got around to doing it.

Every spring at planting time Pa'd say, "Come fall, I aim to clear me that stumpland." And in the fall he'd say, "Next spring, early, I'm going to commence yanking up them stumps." But he never did do it. And, when I was pasting into Marty, it was as if I was stumbling over those blame stumps. I don't know why. Anyway, I didn't lick Marty. He didn't lick me either. But I didn't lick him.

Afterward, I whistled Jinks—he wasn't but a gangly, half-grown, lop-eared pup, then—and I went up to the Split Hickory. It's quiet up there and yet there's a kind of a whispering. Looking out and around you can see every which way. You can mark the creek by the willows and the old covered bridge, and Ballards' by their red roof, and Sims' by their green one. The double row of honey locusts leads to the old, falling-down Tuckett place where the Newphers live, the whole parcel of them. And you can place us, Pa and me, by the stumps, and by the gully where the washout was the year the tobacco got drowned out twice. From up there by the Split Hickory the pike looks about as wide as a yellow ribbon dipping in and out, and at the crossroads the store and the schoolhouse are the size of salt box. On a clear day you can see clean the gap where you turn off to go Boonesburg.

Anyway, that day I couldn't wi Marty, I went up to the Split Hick and I thought it through. I though through that maybe things got in P road the same as those dang stun had got in mine. Things like his being able to keep the gully fr washing, and the loan at the Boon burg bank there didn't seem any to get shut of, and always back-ow at the store, and things like that. Su

(Continued on page 91)

The dog growled deep when he saw me, and I stopped where I was. "Since I put that muzzle on him," the beef-faced man said, "it sure interferes with his mea



Tipped in your favor

HEN you make drinks at home with Four Roses...

sk for Four Roses at your favorite ...

ou can be sure the scales are tipped our favor. For Four Roses lends to drink a touch of extra magnificence re bound to appreciate.

hat's because Four Roses is quite rent from other whiskies.

Perhaps the two qualities that most appeal to those who consider it America's very finest whiskey are these: a special mellowness and a *distinctive* flavor that no other whiskey, however fine, possesses.

Try Four Roses today—won't you?

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old; 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES





AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET



Migrant workers' children get very little schooling and either work in the fields with the adults or hang around aimlessly like this group near North Norwich,

HEARTLESS HARVEST

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

Conclusion

MIGRANT workers are ignorant folks. You hear that said a good deal, and as regards book learning it is true. Among the Spanish-American migrants from Texas, many can't speak even a little English. Among the poor whites and the Negro migrants, many can't write their own names.

What of the children?

The National Child Labor Committee studied the children of strawberry pickers in Arkansas and Kentucky and warned us that these kids would get even less schooling than their parents. Their parents were among our sorriest illiterates. The children would be worse.

It is difficult to send children to school when you are following the crops, spending three months in Texas, three months in Missouri, three months in Wisconsin, three months in Michigan.

"What grade are you in?" I asked Cleto Gonzalez, a sharp-eyed boy of eleven.

"I guess the first grade," he replied.

"But you are eleven years old! You should be farther than that."

"Yes, I know," said Cleto. "Every winter I go back to Texas and I go in the first grade. I do not stay the whole term, so they do not pass me. I have been in the first grade for a long time."

There were children fifteen years old in the fifth grade, twelve-year-olds in the second and third grades, and great numbers of children who had given up school altogether. In the Rio Grande Valley, where the bulk of Spanish-American migrants spend their winters, 40 per cent of the children attend school only four months a year, and in one school district 50 per cent of the migrant children do not go to school at all.

Some Northern communities have tried to open their schools to migrants or even start summer schools. But sometimes a snag has been hit.

For example, this year a fine old community along the East Coast was going to open its schoolhouse in a special summer session for Negro migrant children, and teachers were hired.

Two weeks before the school was to open there was a new stir in the air. People began holding meetings, small meetings at first in one another's houses and then large, outspoken meetings. The gist of it was this: "We don't want those black kids in the same schoolhouse that our own children have to return to in the fall!"

A man who had worked on the plans for the school asked, "But what can they do to the schoolhouse? They can't hurt it."

"Those migrant kids are filthy. They'd disease up the place."

"I assure you, we plan to examine them all."

"No, sir. None of those black kids in our schoolhouse. We wouldn our children go back and sit at desks if we knew those filthy mi kids had been there."

So the plans for the school called off.

School is a luxury for mi children because their hoe-call and berry-stained hands have a n tary value in the fields. Child l Yes, but in 21 states there a child-labor laws to cover childr the fields, and in many states have laws the children work an

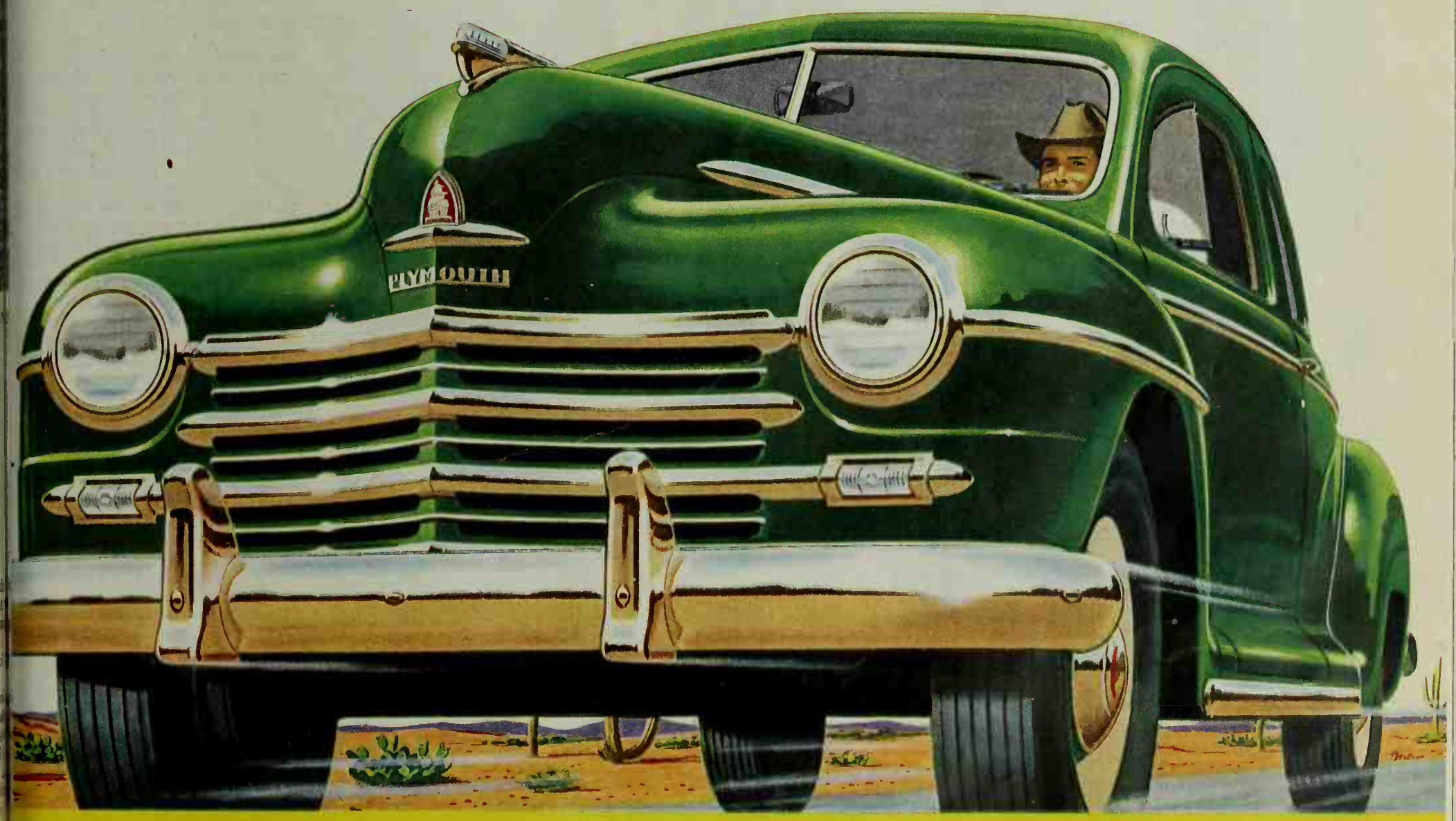
New York State has a law to children under fourteen from

Our migrant workers live like animals amid filth and disease. Child labor replaces formal education and Jim Crowism adds to their plight. There is a remedy for this deplorable situation but to date, very little is being done to improve it

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

There's a lot of difference in LOW-PRICED CARS !

Compare the cars in number of QUALITY FEATURES	
MOST HIGH-PRICED CARS HAVE	21
LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH HAS	20
LOW-PRICED CAR #2 HAS	9
LOW-PRICED CAR #3 HAS	8



…e new Quality Chart at your Plymouth …ealer's shows you exactly how all three lead-…g low-priced cars compare in 21 features … high-priced cars. Feature by feature and …r by car, it identifies the 20 found in …ymouth, the 9 in one other leading low-…iced car, the 8 in the other.

That's quite a margin in Plymouth's favor — …t it's far from being all. Over and above the …) quality features, Plymouth gives you basic …dvantages found in *no other* car in the lowest-priced field. Safety-Rim Wheels to reduce tire-failure hazards, are one example.

The many others include: Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes, a third more effective; Floating Power Engine Mountings for smoothest performance; Superfinished engine and chassis parts almost immune to wear.

There certainly is a lot of difference in low-priced cars. And the Plymouth advantage climbs higher the more you compare.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

YOUR NEARBY PLYMOUTH DEALER WILL ACCEPT YOUR ORDER. AND HE'LL PROVIDE THE SERVICE AND FACTORY-ENGINEERED PARTS TO KEEP YOUR PRESENT CAR IN GOOD CONDITION WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR NEW PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

If it's Value you want—
it's Plymouth you want

There's STYLE NEWS in Men's Hats



A marked distinction coming between town and sports headwear. From what I've seen, most popular business model will be the narrower snap brim model, pinched crown. Best business colors will be: rich brown, grey and soft green shade. For spectator sports headwear, I've noted many versions of Tyrolian type hats in rough felts with tapered crowns, narrow welt edge brims and cord trimmings.

"Randy" YOUR STYLE SCOUT

There's style news in RAND *shoes!*

YOU CAN SEE by the shoe (down there) that Rand stylists have really out-done themselves, turning out a line of you'll-want-to-sit-and-gaze-at-them shoes. They've got the looks, the comfort, the long wear you want. See your Rand dealer and find out why we're so enthusiastic about these gRAND value* shoes.

Also Randcraft Shoes for men and young men at lower prices



FOR gRAND COMFORT
gRAND STYLE
gRAND VALUE

"RAND"

*gRAND value!

Only choice cuts of the finest skins are used in Rand Shoes. Upper leathers are carefully mated for texture, color and resistance to stretch. Sole leathers are cut only from the best part of the hide to assure better flexibility and wear. These operations cost us more, take more time, but make Rand Shoes a much better shoe value for you.

THE RAND SHOE

ALSO RAND JUNIORS FOR BOYS

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHOEMAKERS

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS 3, MO.



COLLIER'S

"I knew your father very well—I damn' near ran him out of business in 'twenty-six"

JOHN

ing on the farms. But in the bean counties virtually all the migrant children worked and it was the boast of many a crew leader that "all the kids over six go out and work."

When I got to Colorado, half a dozen people warned me that I'd find no child labor in the beet fields. "Not this year," they said. "Things are tight as a drum now." The Sugar Act, which pays benefits to sugar-beet producers, forbids the labor of children under fourteen and is supposed to penalize the growers $10 a day for each child who works.

But I worked with a crew in the beet fields of Colorado's South Platte Valley and there were three children under fourteen working in the next row. There was a boy, Benny, only ten, who could handle the short hoe like an expert.

I saw kids—boys and girls of ten, eleven and twelve—all over the beet fields, and a man from the Agricultural Extension Service finally admitted with a shrug, "You can't enforce these things. Wait until the peas come in. Children will pick half the crop!"

Child-Care Centers Aid Too Few

While the Lanham Act was in force the country had many child-care programs for the youngsters of working mothers, and a few hopeful things were done for migrants. But we let that part of the Lanham Act die in March, 1946. New York State has started its own child-care centers to fill the breach. I visited one at King Ferry and there were 15 others, but all of them together touched just a tiny fragment of the migrant children in the state.

Elsewhere the plight of little children, when all the others in the family are out in the fields, is a sad and rough one. The Home Missions Council does the best it can. It sends workers around to migrant camps to entertain the children and teach them useful arts. I went around with Robert Strubhar, a Home Missions worker, in his miniature automobile, stopping at the dilapidated settlements to bounce a ball with the lonely children and to crayon picture books. Each time we drove away the children made it such a sad farewell we hated to look back.

Sometimes a migrant mother will lock her smallest children in a jalopy or the cab of a truck while she works. It is better than taking chances.

It is better than the incident Reverend Marshburn told me about the nine-month-old girl who was left alone in an Arizona cotton camp. "Some small boys were also left behind and they got tired of playing in a mudhole," Reverend Marshburn related. "They came into the shack and poured kerosene [illegible] child and set her on fire."

She lived through it, though her [illegible] could hardly recognize her afterwa[illegible]

Perhaps the best solution is wh[illegible] migrants call "staking out" their ch[illegible] You take a youngster of two or thr[illegible] the fields with you, out among th[illegible] where he is least likely to get hi[illegible] tractor and you pound a heavy st[illegible] the ground. You tie a rope arou[illegible] waist, tie the other end to the stak[illegible] leave about ten feet of slack so [illegible] crawl or walk. Then you can wo[illegible] not worry so much.

There is nothing you need mor[illegible] a bath after a day in the fields. [illegible] why I could not see Marcario [illegible] when I arrived at his hut near Fai[illegible] Minnesota. He was taking a bath[illegible]

Juanita, his eldest daughter, la[illegible] "Little kids can take bath outs[illegible] kettles," she said. "But when gro[illegible] take bath they have to take kettle[illegible] and shoo everybody out."

Marcario Ortega came out pr[illegible] with his trousers on and a piece [illegible] nel from a blanket, which he us[illegible] towel, over his shoulder. He was[illegible] ing the tin kettle and announced [illegible] would throw out the water unless[illegible] body else wanted it.

"Never mind, Papa. The wood[illegible] burning. We can heat up some [illegible] said Juanita.

In a camp near Hamilton, New[illegible] the Polish migrants were more for[illegible] They had showers, though the s[illegible] weren't working the day I was th[illegible]

At this camp the people wash[illegible] scrubbed their teeth in a creek[illegible] morning. There was also a pip[illegible] running water and a faucet, bu[illegible] was only one pipe to serve 150 [illegible] Kids waded in the creek and som[illegible] was thrown beside it and some[illegible] drank out of it.

Emil Kacubicz was worried ab[illegible] creek because there was a privy[illegible] side it just 100 feet above wh[illegible] people brushed their teeth and[illegible] the water. There were three pr[illegible] the camp. Emil pointed to the[illegible] at the edge of the pea field, one[illegible] road and the one alongside th[illegible]

"Some of the women don't [illegible] he said.

The Kacubicz family was not b[illegible] as migrants go. Not as badly of[illegible] families in the Imperial Valley [illegible] fornia who drank out of ir[illegible] ditches. Or the families in Mi[illegible] who had a horse trough in whi[illegible] washed their hands and faces, [illegible] their clothes, and put the babies' [illegible] cool.

Migrants are used to the fact [illegible]

30 families must use a single privy. a Washington hearing last spring Ed Neal of the Farm Bureau Federation oh-poohed the idea that 60 people to e privy was such a terrible thing and n Patton of the National Farmers ion got up and said, "Ed, I'd like to you at the end of that line!"

Privies are a polio threat. There was olio outbreak in a migrant camp in lifornia a few years back and, though vas disregarded at first, it spread to ear-by town and that changed things. cal health officers swarmed through camp cleaning up messes and giving rybody examinations and shots.

Once T.B. got so bad in the Michigan ar-beet fields that all the T.B. beds in l hospitals were full of Texas mi- nts. People in the towns and cities worried, so the beet growers sent a roscope to San Antonio to screen migrants before they came north.

Migrants are not residents; hence ny a community feels they have no it to mooch in on the free clinics or rity hospitals. They are expected to their own way.

ince being broke is an occupational ard of migrants, they do not go after octor very often. Last year a two- r-old girl in a camp near Poolville, v York, died of spinal meningitis, ing had no doctor's help until the last ute when it was too late. In Ohio, erend Marshburn relates, a man rampant tuberculosis was living in mp with 57 people. When a church ker insisted the man be hospitalized authorities told him, "This is none your business." He stuck to it, gh, and after three weeks got the , Juan Diaz, into a hospital though vas already dying and could be kept only three days.

a camp near South Haven, Michi- I saw a little girl with running eyes a bad cough, maybe whooping gh. Her father said, "She should see ctor, no? But I haven't money." In ing words scores of them said the e thing: the parents who could do ing for their little boy's throat infec- ; the mother who "hoped" her baby didn't have pneumonia though she had been burning with fever and sweating at night.

A U.S. Public Health Service physician, who asked that his name be withheld because of the political heat in Washington, told me, "Migrant children miss out on their immunizations. There is considerable diphtheria among them, though it could be prevented by a simple inoculation. We've found the most weird kinds of malnutrition in these camps. And talk about your impetigo, scabies and plain lousiness—there's perhaps as much among our own migrants as among the DPs of Europe."

Tragic Death Toll Among Infants

The very old and the very young seem to fare the worst. In one of the richest farm counties of the West, one fourth of the migrant infants died, one year, from malnutrition and pulmonary diseases. And a 73-year-old woman died among the pea vines of Chenango County, New York, while I was there.

At the Fort Lupton migrant camp in Colorado they were just folding up the clinic at the time I arrived. Fort Lupton is one of the 48 government camps which close shop on December 31st. At all these camps the migrants were given complete health examinations, the children were inoculated and vaccinated, and medical, maternity and dental care were provided when needed. Though the government camps accommodated but a handful of migrants, relatively, they set a wholesome pattern, which is now being rubbed out.

Disease among the migrants is something of a Pandora's box. Uncap it and a thousand communities are laid open. Microbes, once freed, are democratic in their nature and make no distinction between Spanish-Americans, Negroes and the old-time residents of town; but people aren't as democratic as microbes.

In Vermilion County, Illinois, Luis Cantu, a young asparagus cutter, went into a country tavern to get a glass of beer. He was told to get out.

"We don't want Mex in here!"

Cantu nodded and walked out. But a policeman heard about it and he knew

UTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Don't worry, Slug, he won't bark an' give us away —not after bein' caught sleepin' on the couch"

LLIER'S



that Cantu had served with valor in the South Pacific, so he stomped into the tavern and said, "You serve this man or I'll lock up the place!"

White-haired Pedro Hernandez, of the same Vermilion County camp, went into a movie in a near-by town and was told, "Upstairs!" All the Spanish-American migrants who went to the movie were put upstairs, but Pedro Hernandez could not see this because he was born in the United States and his father was born in the United States, and he asked, "How could I be more American than that?"

In Johnstown, Colorado, the proprietor of a hamburger stand put up a sign, "White Trade Only," apparently deciding that the Spanish-Americans, because their skin is swarthy, are no longer members of the white race. In parts of Minnesota the segregation of Spanish-Americans is so rigid that anyone who fraternizes with them gets a social taint. One man said, "If I let my children play with these Mexican kids, then my children are taboo in the rest of the town."

Sometimes the feeling about migrants shows up in the prices at the village stores. A few pennies higher is often regarded as a kind of tariff because migrants don't belong in the community.

The Department of Labor found that not only the foreign workers but even the German and Italian prisoners of war who were put to work on the farms lived on a far better scale than migrants. A report by the Department at that time concluded, "Thus, standards for both our 'good neighbors' and for our enemies are far higher than for our own countrymen."

In my travels I found plenty of farmers, particularly big growers, who resent doing anything for migrants. There was, for example, the cannery official in Faribault County, Minnesota, who said to a group of ministers, "We let you into the camps to hold religious services for the migrants—and that's all! You keep your nose out of housing and sanitation. That's none of your business!"

But I also found farmers and some big growers and some canners who wish to help migrants. Take Bill Reimer, manager of a blueberry plantation near Grand Junction, Michigan. Bill uses from 250 to 450 migrants every summer. He has just built shower baths for them and he keeps them in clean houses which the families like, so that some migrants, like Fred Angotti, who has 17 children, have been coming North to work for Bill Reimer for 10 summers. Bill also gives the Home Missions Council a hand with its child-care center in near-by Hawkhead.

Near Berthoud, Colorado, farmer Lyle Littrell works 160 acres. I was talking with some migrants on his land when he drove up with his truck to deliver water to their storage tank. "I know both sides of this story. I've been a farm hand myself," Lyle Littrell said. "These migrant families need a decent place to live and I'll see that they get it. You treat these people right and they'll do a job for you. It's good business."

That's what Colorado farmer George Ewing also said. He's built clean stucco houses for his workers, but the money has come back into his pocket three times over. "I'll never forget the time they saved a crop for me," he said. "We had freak weather and I had to get my crop in mighty fast or lose it altogether. Well, sir, these people went out in the fields and worked their heads off. They kept right on working at night—by moonlight—and they wouldn't stop until I went out myself and called them off the field."

In New York State, the Consumers League reports, three large growers winced at their migrants being hauled up from Florida in jam-packed, unsafe trucks, and arranged for them to come North by bus. One said, "I didn't like the way we were bringing them up, like animals. And besides, some of them got such swollen feet and sore backs from standing up in the trucks that they couldn't work at all at first. There's no economy in that."

A few states have tried to raise the status of the migrants. New Jersey has done the best job. New Jersey passed a Migrant Labor Act in 1945 and has set up a Division of Migrant Labor in its State Department of Labor, with former State Senator John G. Sholl in charge.

Mr. Sholl has 12 inspectors who comb the back roads sticking their heads into migrant camps and making sure that no families are crammed into dungy tables or forced to sleep on raw wood bunks. Inspector Fred Metler called on a big

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

HOLD STILL WHILE I THROW SOMETHING

Here I stand, remodeled, re-dressed,
Looking like Helen of Troy at her best.
I've learned what to feature, and what to hide.
I've parted my hair on the other side
And swooped it up on top of my head.
My nails, once pink, shine a garnet red.
I've found a new shape to paint my lips
And a marvelous garment to banish hips.
Oh, I'm half Venus, half Cleopatra:
A crook of my finger would summon Sinatra.

Here I stand, a living statue,
Batting my curled-up lashes at you,
Waiting for you to gasp with delight
At the changes wrought in me overnight,
Waiting for you to give a cheer
For a neckline cut way down to here.
Me, I'm a batch of dazzling charms,
A made-over siren to hold in your arms.
I'm new and different, I'm strange and glowing,
And all you can say is "Your slip is showing."

—Phyllis Wright

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

In Berrien County, Michigan, certain clergymen didn't like this practice and so the Council of Churches opened up a grocery store. It was especially for migrants and the prices were exactly the same as local people paid.

During the war years, when crop pickers were scarce because migrants went into the war factories and the armed forces, the government imported 250,000 foreigners from Mexico and the West Indies to do farm work. Contracts were made with the Mexican and the British colonial governments. Every imported worker was guaranteed free and adequate transportation, health and medical services, a fair minimum wage and wholesome sanitary housing.

I saw a camp for foreign workers (a few of whom are still here winding up their contracts) at Winnebago, Minnesota. There were white houses with screen doors, shower baths, beds with mattresses and a large clean kitchen with hot and cold water.

Because of the standards set up for importees, many a grower with slum shacks on his land has told the farm labor office, "I'm afraid my housing isn't good enough for Jamaicans. I'll have to take some *American* families."



YOU ALWAYS GET THE BEST BUY AT

Firestone

ETHER you need tires and tubes or
es for home and farm, for car and truck,
rk and play, you get extra quality at
ta cost at Firestone.

e on this page are just a few of the
eds of products now on sale, all of them
for quality and value in the Firestone
laboratories, all of them priced to
to your purse.

them today at your nearby Firestone
or Store. Compare them with any other
ts of such high quality! Then you, too,
gree with millions of your fellow
ans that YOU ALWAYS GET THE
BUY AT FIRESTONE!

to the Voice of Firestone with Eleanor Steber, Christopher and the Firestone Orchestra conducted by Howard every Monday evening, N. B. C. coast-to-coast network.

Copyright, 1947, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

PHONO-RADIO COMBINATION

PORTABLE RADIO

OUTBOARD MOTOR

AUTO REPLACEMENT PARTS

LAWN CART

TRACTOR SEAT

ELECTRIC WATER HEATER

CHAMOIS SPONGE

FIRESTONE Velon PLASTIC



"ESSIE"

potato grower who had 89 migrants packed into stalls like livestock and got him to build new housing where families could at least have a wall between them. He called on another grower, who had put up $30,000 to fight the migrant law, and got him to build barracks-type housing instead of crowding his migrants into the top of a barn with potato sacks for partitions.

I scouted some of the back roads with Sholl and we saw the neat migrant colony of farmer Richard Applegate which had houses with raised floors and screened windows. At the big potato farm of Ernest Tark where 60 migrants live, Tark was helping some carpenters put the finishing touches on new houses of cinder block with insulated metal roofs to keep the summer heat out.

We stopped at the farm labor office of Clinton Mundy in Freehold, New Jersey. Farmers go there when they want migrants but Mundy gives them none until one of Mr. Sholl's men has gone out and looked over the camps.

Problem Concerns Entire Nation

This summer New Jersey opened nine clinics where migrants can get health examinations. In July the Jersey legislature passed a law opening all the public schools to migrant children during the school term. But the migrant problem does not belong to New Jersey or any special state. It is a cloud on our title to freedom as a whole nation. It is the concern of all of us.

Last May, out of Washington, came the report of the Federal Interagency Committee on Migrant Labor—a report-to-end-all-reports on the migrant problem. Top brains of the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labor, the Federal Security Agency, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the National Housing Agency and the Railroad Retirement Board worked on it. This was the committee headed by Marine Major General Erskine. It read, in part:

"Child labor, substandard living and a padlock against education have destroyed the rights of children and drastically disturbed the integrity of family life among migrant workers. . . . Unorganized, unprotected by workmen's compensation laws in most states, ineligible for educational, health or welfare benefits while following the elusive dollar during seasonal employment shifts, migrants frequently find maintenance of even a minimum standard of living an impossibility."

The committee recommended "that such state and federal legislation enacted and such administrative a taken as is necessary to give the protection to migrant workers as is a able to other workers."

To get rid of the day-and-night t ing of human beings, Paul S. Ta Professor of Economics at the Unive of California, recommends:

"Laws should be enacted, if neces to give power to the Interstate Comm Commission to supervise trucks other vehicles which haul laborers mercially across state lines in ord assure safe and suitable transporta There seems no reason to safeguar movement of humans any less car than we safeguard the movemen commodities."

On the crew-leader system, and credit bondage which it spawns, th gratory labor committees of the Tw and Thirteenth National Conferenc Labor Legislation pointed out, gratory workers by and large are protected by written agreements or tracts. Crew leaders, labor contra or agents sent by employers to r workers often lure them by false p ises to places where labor is needed working and living conditions are

The committees recommended "legislation should be enacted on a eral level to regulate the activiti labor contractors who operate a state lines and, wherever necessary, lar legislation should be enacte states to set up state controls."

General Erskine calls migrants forgotten people of 1947."

In what sense forgotten? Mons John O'Grady, the Reverend Her N. Morse, and Rabbi Herbert S. stein have answered the question in interfaith report:

"Why," the Catholic, Protestan Jewish leaders ask, "should agricu workers continue to be exempted the provisions of the Fair Labor S ards Act and the Social Security Only the same arguments can be o that were originally offered by in in the 1890s. In industry these ments are no longer accepted. Min wages have come to stay; work compensation, old-age and survivo surance, unemployment compen have come to stay, but the agricu migrant continues without adequat tection from the law and even wit fair chance of using his own effo protection."

There is much, it would seem, done.

THE END



"Could you have the coat delivered with the price tag still on it to my neighbor, Mrs. Flegenheimer, by mistake?"

COLLIER'S SYDNEY

"She's only a girl, Boss—and the guy wore an Essley Sportshirt!"



WHEN YOU'RE in an Essley Sportshirt . . . Mister, you're in good form!

ESSLEY'S FULL, FREE CUT makes shoulders seem wider . . . chest more rugged . . . waist a little slimmer!

SMARTER PATTERNS and colors make the most of good sturdy fabrics. Masterful needlework and beautiful finishing give that final Essley touch.

IF YOU WANT still *more*, these fine Essleys feature pleat-pockets, 2-button cuffs—and a new 2-way collar that looks *really right* either way!

ANOTHER APPEALING FEATURE is Essley's price policy . . . most styles are $3.95 and $4.95!

ESSLEY SHIRTS

SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS

© Essley Shirt Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City



On a Pedestal

WHETHER you describe it as "on a pedestal"... or "in a class by itself" ...or "the one and only"...what you really mean is this: There is no true rival to the matchless pre-war quality of 7 Crown—Seagram's finest American whiskey.

Seagram's Seven Crown

SEAGRAM'S FINEST AMERICAN WHISKEY

Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure** *...of Pre-War Quality*

NDED WHISKEY Seagram's 7 Crown. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

Don't scrub or rub



Till fingers blister



Shine it easy



Use this, mister



Just try No. 7. This speedy polish cleans away traffic film quickly—restores original color and lustre. For a brilliant shine in half the time, use Du Pont No. 7 Polish.

DU PONT
No 7 POLISH
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
.. THROUGH CHEMISTRY

SWEET WATER

Continued from page 13

He ducked beneath the hotel door. The lobby was long and low and narrow, paralleling the street. It was empty. At its far corner was a door. From beyond the door came clatter, the smell of coffee and, presently, a cheerful woman of middle age.

"Mr. Lineer? We expected you last night. Beautiful morning, isn't it?"

"You expected me?"

"Why, yes."

"Who said I was coming?"

"Mr. Thomason."

"Tracy Thomason?"

"Yes."

"How about some of that coffee?"

"Go right into the dining room. Mr. Thomason is already there."

Lineer turned toward the dining room, paused and looked back at the woman. A small frown came and went with some thought. He said, "I'll take up to four eggs with that coffee." He strode into the dining room.

Tracy Thomason had finished. He remained seated until Lineer reached his table. He rose slowly then, his light gray eyes moving over Lineer's face with a lingering deliberateness. He reached his height and waited, faintly smiling.

Lineer stood soberly before him, then offered his hand. He murmured, "That was last year, Tracy. Last year and the last job. It's behind us."

"Of course, Jim." Thomason took the hand in a quick, powerful clasp. "It's good to see you, fellow." He grinned as he raised his left hand to Lineer's shoulder, resting it lightly there in an affable gesture until he saw some warning gleam in Lineer's eyes. He dropped it, still grinning. "How's Sonora?"

THOMASON'S face was strong, long-jawed, full of some fire of want that could give a demanding boldness to it, yet altogether pleasant now. His hair was almost pale yellow. Faint small freckles splotched his forehead. His neck was a powerful, corded column. He had heavy-boned, sloping shoulders and a cleanly tapered body. Even as he stood loosely the deep drive and force of the man thrust out from him. It was a vitality and a strength that had in it the quality of sharp insistence and of need, and of something more.

Lineer said, "All done except for the soft spots. I left them to Georgie Price."

"And that black Irisher?"

"Big Tim? Still there. I'll be bringing them both up if we build this railroad."

Thomason said thoughtfully, "I still believe I can whip him. He got in the first lick. I didn't think so big a man could move so fast." He caught Lineer's direct glance and answered it challengingly. "I carry no grudges, Jim. It's behind us."

The middle-aged woman was an understanding one. The coffee did not await the eggs. A pretty Mexican girl of fourteen brought it, flashed at Lineer a smile that was both inviting and uncertain, then raced back to the kitchen.

Lineer drank with relish. Thomason produced a cigar, rolled it gently in his fingers and lighted it. His hands were long, big-knuckled and restless. He seemed to be waiting still, observing Lineer's unshaven jaw, the clean but rumpled cotton tans, the hair that curled damply over his ears. Lineer set down his cup, remembering this man, knowing that Thomason held a surprise and relished it.

Lineer said, "I saw Colonel Edwards' car down on the siding."

Thomason nodded. "I'm going down there now. Want to come along?"

"I'll clean up first."

"As you like. I'll probably be bringing them up here."

Lineer returned to his coffee, drinking slowly, thinking that he knew the surprise and did not like it. Presently he said, "When did the car get in?"

"During the night sometime."

The smile on Thomason's face was small, expectant. It would come now. Another question or two. This was the way of the man, that he must have a triumph over other men in each hour, even though it be a small thing.

Lineer pursued patiently, "The woman said I was expected yesterday. You expected me."

Thomason leaned back. This was it. "I didn't come with the colonel. I've been over in your Tularosa Valley for a month, Jim—with two engineers from the New York office."

"Doing what?"

"Surveying the coal mines at White Oaks. Cruising the timber. Testing ranch wells. You didn't exaggerate. That's mean country."

Lineer's voice held a rising persistence. "What kind of water tests?"

my plan to get water down from mountains?"

"That's right. We won't need it."

"But Colonel Edwards has not r any decision yet?"

"He'll accept my recommendat said Thomason confidently.

"Why are you so sure?"

Thomason showed impatience. "A all, I've got two company enginee back me up. Don't be stubborn, You're getting a railroad through home country. That's what you wa Does it have to be built just your too?"

Lineer said absently, "When I w boy I thought the whole world wa the Tularosa Valley. So I was afra the world. I used to sit on my on the Sacramento 'scarp and just down by the hour. I've seen the w when it looked like the pits of hell, white smoke curling all the way t sky and making you want to cut anc But it wasn't smoke. I've seen it wl was like a cool seashore, enticing a



"Tell me about yourself. What sort of mischief do you like?"

COLLIER'S BEN

"Volume and chemical analysis."

"You took my notes with you?"

"Yes. They're in my baggage somewhere."

"You ran my flume line out of the Sacramentos?"

Thomason looked at the tip of his cigar, his face smoothing into blankness. He said carefully, "Only part way, Jim. Enough to get the general idea. It's practical. But too expensive. We can build the railroad without it."

"And run it?"

Thomason nodded, his eyes swinging back to meet Lineer's directly. He said half curtly, "And run it."

"No."

Thomason's lips stiffened. For just a moment his pale eyes shone with the bright hardness of a will that lashed out unthinkingly at any opposition. Then he smiled. "Keep your mind open on it, Jim," he said.

The four eggs came fried together. The potatoes were flaky and crisp, boiled yesterday and fried this morning. The Mexican child-woman lingered until Lineer smiled his thanks, then she ran again. He cut into the eggs with his fork and chewed without tasting.

He said. "Let me understand this. You are proposing the road be built and operated with water from wells?"

"I am."

"And you are recommending against

down to choke him to death with white sand in his throat. But it sand either. There is something pe in the way that valley reaches fo and then tries to break you. Once hold of you it never stops fighting guess it has a hold on me because born there. I love it. It is home though I haven't lived there for fifteen years. But I don't trust it. understand it."

Thomason snapped, "If you're to say I couldn't check that valley a month, maybe you would like t I found out one thing you didn't those persuasive letters of yours. a feud so big it could ruin any rai

"Ware and Nye? That's been g for twenty years."

"If you knew it, why isn't ther mention of it in your correspo with us?"

Lineer said dryly, "I was trying vince you fellows this railroad c built with water from the mo Once that was decided we could other problems. I agree with y feud is important. We'll have something about it."

Good humor came back to son's face. "It won't be necessar already settled it. They're here hotel now."

Lineer said incredulously, "W Nye here? Together?"



It's a Honeymoon

Listen a little and watch a little!

Watch the man or woman, the husband and wife, who have become Dodge owners after years of limousine habit and experience.

They almost lose their dignity in the fun they get and the way they carry on. You'd think they were getting their first automobile thrill, and in many cases they are.

One thing is certain,—Dodge has a strangle hold on the affection of every owner, and with many of the new ones, it's a happy honeymoon, nothing less.

Dodge

SMOOTHEST CAR "AFLOAT"



INSURANCE IS ALMOST AS PERSONAL AS DOCTORIN'

by don herold

There are two times when I want my insurance agent nearby and neighborly—

1—when I buy my insurance and need somebody smart who can size up my situation personally and give me advice, and prescribe tailor-made insurance, to fit my needs perfectly;

2—when I have a claim—am in trouble and flustered—and need a friend to help me out.

Insurance of all kinds has improved so much in recent years (it keeps improving every month, almost) that it takes an expert to keep up with it.

Insurance is more adaptable than it once was. It can be fitted better to individual needs. A good local insurance agent or broker can suggest the right insurance just as a good doctor can diagnose your case and write the right prescription for what ails you.

The local insurance man can perhaps su- gest combination policies that will cover y like a tent, safeguard you scientifically, a still save you money on premiums.

I'm talking of fire insurance, of accident i- surance, liability insurance, theft insura and all other kinds of insurance protecti You'd be surprised how these coverages ha been streamlined in recent years.

WHY I PREFER AMERICA FORE

I prefer an America Fore agent because e represents a big, strong group of big, stro companies who, together, write practically kinds of insurance except life.

And another reason I'll take him is t America Fore has thousands of agents all o America—to any one of whom you can app wherever you have trouble and need ins- ance help.

Yes sir, I want a reliable, local man w whom I can confer in person or on the ph when I need insurance, or on whose shoul I can cry when I have a claim.

P. S. I've written a little booklet—a sort of quiz game—which will tell you about dozens of recent new wrinkles in insurance coverage and help you figger your own insurance needs. Ask America Fore to mail it to you free.

FREE BOOKLET

AMERICA FORE INSURANCE GROUP
80 Maiden Lane, Room 1719
New York 8, New York

Please send me a free copy af don he booklet, "YOUR INSURANCE QUIZ."

Name_____

Street_____

Town_____ Zone____ State____

THE CONTINENTAL • • NIAGARA • •
FIDELITY-PHENIX AMERICAN EAGLE
(FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES)
FIDELITY AND CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Bernard M. Culver, *Chairman* Frank A. Christensen, *President*

America Fore
★ INSURANCE GROUP ★

"Practically sleeping together. They ame with crews to act as our hosts on the rip. They'll both put money in the road."

"Congratulations, Tracy. That wasn't asy. That hate is famous all over the 'erritory."

Thomason shot a sidelong glance at ineer. But Lineer's voice was warm ith sincerity. A curious exuberance ook possession of Thomason, giving to is face a boyish animation and yet a too ady assurance. It was as though he eeded praise and, in receiving it, found ie measure of his own superiority.

He rose to go. His voice filled with enuine enthusiasm. "We're going to ild this railroad, Jim. You and I, to-ther."

"You, Tracy?"

"It's the colonel's idea. He'll give you e details."

INEER claimed his room. He was shaving at the washstand when it curred to him that he had forgotten to k Thomason about the girl. Miss Bara, the other one had called her. A od chin. Full, curving lips. He remembered the way she had pursed them sudden anger. A lovely girl, but an ill-mpered one. No, maybe quick-tempered would be more exact.

But the girl no longer mattered. This hole business had suddenly fallen apart. d it had been so uncomplicated. The pper smelters of El Paso needed coal. lse Ware had the coal in his mines at hite Oaks. So, build a railroad from Paso to White Oaks.

Simple. But the railroad had to traverse Tularosa desert valley. The railroad d to have water. Puncture the Tularosa lley floor and you might find a seep of f-sweet water. Enough for a wild without calf. Or you might get a od flow—but of water that would burn izard's throat.

That was the situation that had turned neer's eyes up from the valley to the tern escarpment, and higher and her to the black fir backbone of the ramentos. Up there was sweet water. And when he proved to himself he uld bring it down to the desert, he set work to convince Great Western. en orders came to meet Colonel Edrds here, he thought he had succeeded. He remembered now how he had been dly puzzled that Edwards himself was ning. Why was H. H. Edwards, who lt in whole combinations of railroads, sonally interested in a local coal road up a remote valley? It came to Lineer that after five years with Great Western he still knew little about H. H. Edwards the man. Until last year, when Lineer was made engineer in charge of the Sonora construction, he had never spoken to Edwards. But everyone knew Edwards the public figure, the shrewd capitalist, the rough fighter, the onetime Army engineer who had followed General McClellan and many another Army man into the old Illinois Central Railroad and then had clawed his way to the top. Edwards the builder and operator—and yes, on occasion, the wrecker—of whole systems of railroads. Why was such a man here?

And Thomason had said that he and Lineer would build the railroad. That came as sheerest surprise. Thomason was no engineer, no builder. If he held a title in Great Western, Lineer did not know it. He was one of several men at Edwards' right hand. A negotiator. A trouble shooter. Eyes for Edwards when Edwards was too busy to see for himself. A doer of tasks that required enterprise and self-confidence and, sometimes, cash or a quick ruthlessness. Every growing railroad had such men.

He recalled Thomason's volatile manner just now, his quick willingness to bury last year's quarrel, his brief flash of hostility and truculence and yet his genuine desire to be friendly. It came to Lineer that an inner excitement had possessed the man, making him more aggressive than ever and yet in some way unsure of himself.

But if Thomason succeeded in convincing Edwards that the road could be built without water from the mountaintops. . . . Lineer brought his thoughts to a full stop. He inspected the shiny red line of his jaw over which the razor had just passed. Then, grinning at his image in the mirror, he pulled the keen edge of the razor across his throat from left to right in an old, old gesture. Give and take. His throat had been cut by smart men before. Success to Mr. Thomason! The West was full of jobs.

He sat on the side of the bed, the open valise between his feet, and dropped his razor into it. He sat perfectly still, his arms slack across his knees, his face shaped by some long-ago memory. Damn it, he wanted to build this railroad. This one was his railroad. This one was in his blood. Why this mystery? Why was somebody messing it up?

He stood up. He brought his right leg



OLLIER'S "Well, Mr. Carey, you can quit worrying now" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Mansfield Jogs



Mansfield Jogs

Mansfield Shoes, Whitman, Massachusetts

Now you can zip-zip clean every day!



$39.50

Slightly higher in Canada

A vacuum cleaner you can lift with a finger! That's right, the Regina Electrikbroom weighs only 6½ pounds. And what a marvel of efficiency for all cleaning tasks. Pulls up imbedded and surface dirt from rugs and carpets, also dirt and other litter from floors and linoleum. So light it almost floats up the stairway, cleaning all the way. Wait, there's even more . . . has a plastic dirt cup that empties like an ash tray . . . stores away in a jiffy on a hook. It's the *real* time and work-saver you've dreamed about for daily cleaning!

Available or soon available at your local department, house furnishing and appliance stores.

EASIER, FASTER DAILY CLEANING WITH THE NEW REGINA Electrikbroom

The REGINA CORPORATION, RAHWAY 6, New Jersey

Manufacturers of

VACUUM CLEANERS • ELECTRIC FLOOR POLISHERS • SMOOTHCUT CAN OPENER

The REGINA CORPORATION, Rahway 6, N. J.
Please send me free descriptive material on the Regina Electrikbroom and the name of my nearest dealer.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

back and sent the toe of his boot into the side of the valise. It skidded across the room. He watched it teeter and come to rest upright. Then, chuckling aloud, he wheeled out of the room.

The lobby was still empty. He heard voices in the dining room and looked in.

Wilson Ware and Jubal Nye were at breakfast—together. A third and younger man sat with them.

Ware, facing the door, saw Lineer first. Ware was attacking his breakfast with elbows akimbo and black beard pushed forward over his plate. For Wilson Ware brought to the table, to the easing of simple hunger, the same relish and energy he applied to all things.

He shouted his welcome, raising his fork to salute in one black-furred fist. He stood up as Lineer came forward, and his body seemed to close off all that part of the room behind him.

"Jim Lineer, by God!" he boomed. "Sit down, man! Sit down and fill up."

Ware's heavy, rounded shoulders filled a coat of well-tailored broadcloth. His shirt was a gleaming white and his tie a scarf of dark silk. His beard, jet-black and stiff, was neatly trimmed. Yet there remained about the man a shagginess he would never lose—the mark of the rough miner who had tramped into the Territory thirty years ago.

"Thanks, Wilse," said Lineer. "I've eaten."

"Jube," said Ware, "you know Jim, don't you? Old Oliver Lineer's boy?"

JUBAL NYE was thin and long. Thin with that tough dryness of hide and muscle and bone which comes to some men at seventy. So long that he sat with his legs sideways to the table, trouser legs pulled up, white socks showing over the tops of high shoes, white hair sparse above a fissured face.

The old lawyer rose with the slowness of his years and put out his hand. "I ought to know Jim," he said. "I bought his ranch when he was back in the valley last year. Jim, boy, it's good to see you." His old back was straight. His eyes, their blueness washed by time but their alertness undiminished, showed pleasure.

"This is Ed Ware, my nevvie," said Wilse. "Ed, shake hands with the man that's come home to build us a railroad."

Ed Ware was twenty-five. He had a round, cheerful face. There was a roundness about all of him, of shoulders and wrists and waist, that gave to him an impression of size he did not have.

His uncle said, "Ed came to the valley after you left, Jim. He's running my bank down at Tularosa."

Lineer pulled up a chair and sat down, held by the unreality of this momen watching the complete affability betwee these two men who had been implacab enemies for so long. Something of h thoughts must have shown in his fac for Wilse Ware's laugh bellowed out.

"It's simple," he said. "Jube and want this railroad more than we wa each other's ears. That right, Jube?"

Jubal Nye said dryly, "Profit can be strong inducement to peace, Jim."

The old lawyer's face wore a gen smile. It was a smile that carried Lin back through the years, remembering t way of this man, remembering the N who dominated courtrooms and politic gatherings with his cold, precise log That was the weapon that had made h the one man in the Territory who cou match Wilson Ware. And always wh his passions had been most deeply stirr yet most perfectly controlled, there h been that gentle smile. Wilson Ware w watching it, and in Ware's black eyes little dancing fire seemed to leap out meet it.

A little silence ran on as both of th waited for Lineer to speak. He was pected to utter a banality, to say that was glad. And they would barely h his words. The whole of their minds a their wills were locked across this tab as they had been locked for twenty ye in a struggle that shaped the lives of men and women in the Tularosa Vall

Lineer knew then that this was a tr only. Here was a quarrel that ran dee than just old hates and spilled blood. was the struggle of untamed natu each unable to conquer the other and able to stop trying. It was the way the Tularosa desert, and the way strong men molded by it.

It was a fact that he accepted with conscious concern. If they had gi their word to Thomason or to each ot it would be obeyed scrupulously so l as the railroad was under construct He wished he knew what arrangem Thomason had made with them.

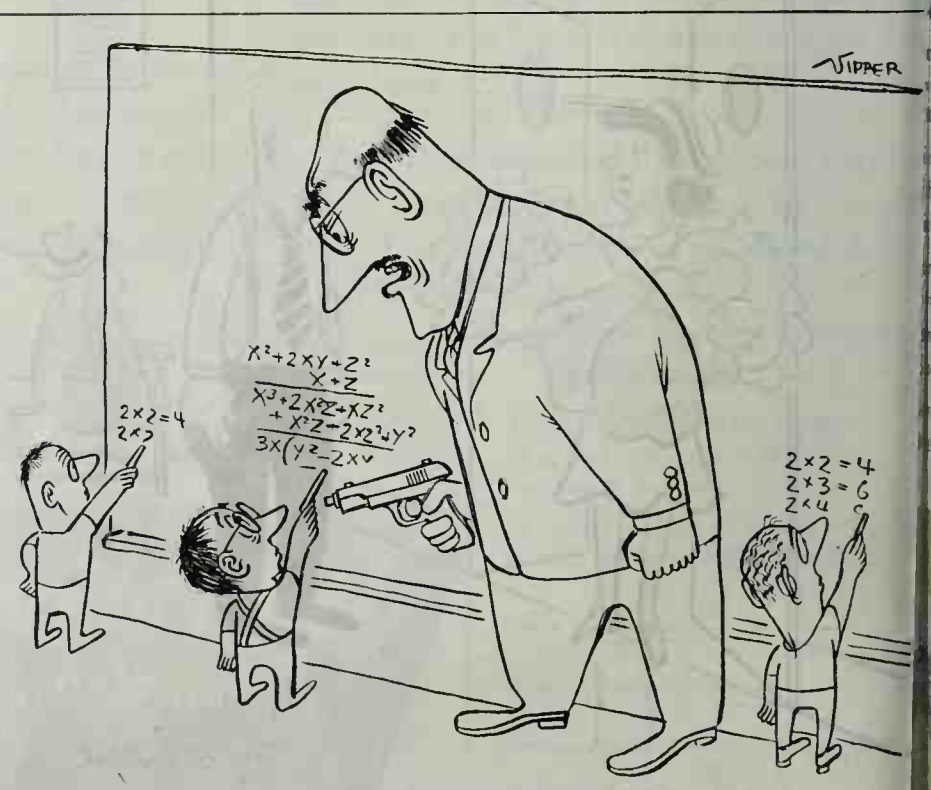
He said at last, "Thomason told I'm glad. If we build the railroad v need your help."

Wilse Ware picked it up quickly. Thomason indicated to us it's a thing."

"He is in a better position to know t I am."

Ware said bluntly, "Now, Jim, yo a Great Western man but you're a va man too. If there's a joker in this valley is entitled to know it. If you k anything, out with it!"

"I proposed this line," said Li promptly. "I want to build it. I c here to meet Colonel Edwards and p



"You know too much"



X MARKS THE SPOT

WHERE THE THIEF WAS TRAPPED

mear of dirty oil on an AC Oil Test Pad—oil from the crankcase of a car whose owner didn't e needed an oil filter. The evidence shows clearly on the white pad.

get this oil test FREE—and in a jiffy—at any official AC Oil Filter Service Station. The attendant vipes the dipstick on the Pad, instead of a rag, and you can see for yourself whether your oil o use.

l is a power thief. It clogs piston rings and slots—makes valves stick—hastens engine wear—uel and oil—steals more and more power as the days go by. And slowly but surely, it builds r bills.

ngine needs an oil filter. The AC oil test will show you why. And the AC Oil Filter will show you why the AC Oil Filter gives you tops in protection—and why the AC nent Element is the one you should use in your present filter, if you have one. AC quality Replacement Elements for nearly all filters.

our AC Official Oil Filter Dealer today and trap the thief that's stealing your power. here you see the sign illustrated at the right.



Free oil tests, with AC Test Pads, are available wherever you see the official AC Oil Filter Service Station sign. AC Oil Filters and Replacement Elements are also available there.

OIL FILTER AC SERVICE

Oil Filters

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



NOT JUST DRY IT'S "DRY" DRY

—without the slightest trace of sweetness!

Yes, Fleischmann's Gin is "dry" dry . . . 100% dry! That's one of *four big reasons* why Fleischmann's makes America's most delicious gin drinks. Reason Two: Fleischmann's has a superbly delicate, light *taste!* Reason Three: Fleischmann's is so very, very *smooth!* Reason Four: Fleischmann's priceless *mixability* provides the perfect base for Martinis, Tom Collins, *all* gin drinks!

90 PROOF

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN—90 PROOF.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.

to him it can be built. He came to see for himself and make his own decision. I've been here a little over an hour, and I haven't seen him yet. So far as I'm concerned there is no railroad until he says so."

"So Thomason could be going off half-cocked, eh?"

Lineer smiled. "You don't expect an answer to that, Wilse."

"I expect any answer I can get," growled Ware.

Jubal Nye's shrewd eyes were on Lineer. He said, "Thomason told us you will be in charge of construction."

"Yes."

"Jay Gould started a line up the valley some years ago and abandoned it. Said it was water trouble. Do you know if there was any inside reason why he quit?"

"None to my knowledge."

"His engineers just couldn't find the water?"

"That's right."

"And you can?"

"Yes."

LINEER waited for the next question, wondering what the old lawyer knew. But it did not come.

Young Ware spoke up. "Did you know about the women?"

Lineer nodded. "I know there are women in the party."

"I wonder why," said Ed.

"No place for 'em," growled his uncle. "I told Thomason so."

Ed Ware laughed. "You're the only one that's complaining," he said.

He explained to Lineer, "Uncle Wilse planned some rough capers for the party. Fake holdups. Mountain oyster parties. Vaudeville at White Oaks with girls all the way from Denver. Then Thomason told him there were women coming and he had to cut it all out."

A sudden hubbub of voices came from the lobby.

"They're here," said young Ware eagerly. "Come on."

Lineer followed last into the lobby. Thomason was already busy with introductions. Lineer saw Colonel Edwards, three men he did not know, and the two women.

Edwards saw him and signaled him over. The president of Great Western was a man of hard solidity, with the beak and hooded eyes of an aging eagle. There was knowledge of men in his face, and an unexpected patience. His eyes were weary. Yet there was the richness of vigorous health in the iron-gray of his spade beard and his short, stiff hair.

"I'll buy for Sonora," he said. He spoke rapidly, giving a sharp distinctness to each word. "I like a man who keeps his schedule. How are you, Jim?" Without waiting for an answer he called a the room, "Barbara, come here, you?"

She still wore the cloak of soft Her hair was up, held by a green ri fashioned in a wide bow in front. emeralds set in thin gold made spo warm green at her ears.

"Barbara, this is Jim Lineer. Jir daughter."

She met Lineer's direct gaze wi challenge in her own, and her smi came a small thing showing only t curve of her lips. "No snow-white h Mr. Lineer?" she asked.

"Give a man time," Lineer murm

"What the devil?" said Edward

She did not answer, for Thor stepped up to her side. She put a on his arm, facing up to Lineer.

"Tracy," she said, "this is the t told you about. The one with the r tain cave."

Thomason chuckled. "Don't min Jim. If she gives you any troubl whistle for me. We're going married, you know."

"I didn't know," said Lineer. gratulations, Tracy."

Thomason stared briefly at Line the edge of some remark, and l knew that he had not kept his re out of his voice. Here, then, w reason for Thomason's easy assu Here was the reason Thomaso going to build the railroad. A affair. A setup. Regret and a slow moved through Lineer, and then h set in a stubborn impassivity.

Colonel Edwards' eyes moved latively from one man to the othe on to his daughter. They rested long moment on her, full of a f fondness, yet shaded and thought

He aroused himself to say t "Where's Molly?" He moved hi until he found the other girl, st motionless and withdrawn near th His voice was quite gentle: "Molly,

She was smaller, more rounde Barbara Edwards. Her hair was her eyes the darkest blue. Her nar Molly Riordan. She offered her shyly. All the merriment that Lin membered was gone from her, a moved close to the taller girl almo seeking protection.

"Come on, you two," said Tho He put a hand at the elbow of ea and guided them away.

Edwards' eyes followed his da Without turning his head he said "You think you've found some a Jim. Don't be too sure."

They watched as Thomason girls to the erect figure of Juba Both girls made a half curtsy, g and respectful. Thomason move



COLLIER'S

"But don't you see, if I changed my decision, then the other team would be irritated with me"

GARDNER



Going places...

It's A REAL PLEASURE to go places with Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline in your car.

Because Fire-Chief is always ready with a full flow of surging power . . . the instant you need it.

Because Fire-Chief gives you *smoo-ooth* cruising power on the highway.

Because you can always depend on Fire-Chief to start fast . . . warm up fast.

Fire-Chief's superior *Fire-Power* makes it possible. Fill 'er up with Fire-Chief . . . at Texaco Dealers.



TEXACO **FIRE-CHIEF** GASOLINE



THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theater presents the Tony Martin show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.



TRULY . . .
Cushioned Comfort

The Cushioning Action in Nu-Matic Shoes is no idle claim. The special construction adds new spring and elasticity to your every step—does away with hard "sidewalk jars." Nu-matic cushioning and comfort, plus Nu-Matic style make them the shoes for you.

H·R
HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, Inc.
98 Years of Combined Shoemaking Skills
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN



Independence Is A Wonderful Thing!

for value *plus* service
buy from your friendly
Independent Shoe Dealer

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

on to Wilson Ware, whose black eyes showed his frank appreciation.

Barbara Edwards spoke to him, smiling but abrupt, "I'm told you have canceled some of the entertainment because of females in the party. You must restore it at once."

Ware sent an accusing glance at Thomason. "Now, Miss Edwards," he said, "I'll see that you don't miss anything."

"No soothing words, Mr. Ware. I won't have it." Her tone, coolly imperious, said the matter was settled. She gave him a smile again.

At Lineer's side the shoulders of Colonel Edwards moved upward and then forward imperceptibly. Some sagging of muscles brought unhappiness sharply into focus in his face.

"A lovely girl," said Lineer.

Edwards turned. "She is," he said. His voice was almost cold as he continued, "You two may be thrown together for the next year. You're entitled to know the rest of it. She is also a headstrong girl. A spoiled girl. A troublemaker. But not a fool, Jim." He frowned and closed his eyes. When he opened them he said crisply, "Come on. You haven't met my associates."

Lineer shook hands with the three men. They were middle-aged, well-fed, well-barbered, conservatively dressed. He knew without being told that they were along for pleasure. They would invest their money in Edwards, not the railroad. Edwards would make the decisions.

Wilse Ware and Nye moved into a corner with Thomason. They talked a moment, then Edwards joined them. Ware boomed for attention, grinning jovially.

"We're leaving as soon after dawn tomorrow as possible," he said. "After tonight you fellows will sleep under the stars with diamondbacks for bedmates. We've got luxury hacks for you—the best this side of New York. We've got your pick of horses, and a saddle that will fit you. We've got the two best range cooks in the Territory. Tents, for sissies and the women. Ponchos, if a miracle should happen. Wear what you want to. But you'll need evening clothes in my town of White Oaks! Pack the stuff you want to take and we'll check it onto the wagons now. You won't be seeing that private car again until you get to El Paso. We'll be out two weeks—longer if you want. Any questions?"

"Yes," called Edwards, matching his geniality. "How's your bourbon supply?"

"More whisky than water in the Tularosa country, man," said Ware.

Old Nye picked it up quickly in his precise voice, "And that doesn't necessarily mean, sir, that whisky is plentiful."

"You find the whisky," said Thomason. "We'll find the water. Won't we, Jim?"

LINEER swung back toward the hotel. The walk had done him good. He felt a pliant ease through his body. He had that simple yet inexplicably difficult knack of segregating the disturbing thoughts in his mind, sealing them off, slowing his mind down to the measured pace of his legs. There was a harmony in it, and the coolness of the dying night wind and the bright wash of stars in the night heaven were parts of that harmony. He wondered idly if, after a man took a wife, he felt the same deep need for solitary walks. He turned in at the hotel just as Tracy Thomason and young Ed Ware emerged.

"There you are," said Ware. "Come along to Steve's for a nightcap."

"You've got to see this, Jim," said Tracy. "Ware men and Nye men drinking peacefully together."

Ed Ware had already made his pilgrimage to the saloon. More than once, to judge by the brightness of his eyes. Lineer could not see Thomason's face in the vague smear of light from the hotel door. But the man's voice held a lilting good humor. Lincer guessed that he had just returned from the car on the siding.

"Let's go," said Lineer.

They started down the street. Thomason lagged a moment and then came forward between Lineer and Ware so that they were walking three abreast. He said, "If I had the voice for it I'd cut loose on Sam Bass. It's that kind of night." He raised his right arm and rested it carelessly across Ware's shoulder. "I would bet you have a voice, Ed. Let's hear it."

Ware glanced up, his round face pleased. "Not me."

Thomason's left arm came up and across Jim Lineer's shoulders. Lineer shrugged. The arm remained. Keeping the pace, Lineer took a long step leftward and the arm slid off. Thomason's mouth widened in silent laughter, and he let Lineer see it.

"Barbara was curious about you, Jim," he said.

"Yes?"

"I didn't give you the worst of it."

"Thanks."

They swung in at Steve's, cutting their way to the bar through the semigloom of tobacco smoke and coal-oil lamps. Steve's fell short of the needs of men who must play hard. Its stubby bar ran down the right side, beyond the front door. Restaurant tables, where a wayfarer could sit to a thick white plate of frijole beans and sometimes a pile of wilted greens, filled the right side. Beyond both were the two poker tables and, at the far rear, one billiard table.

But it was all the town afforded, and Ware and Nye men had been busy for hours proving that it could be made to do. Lineer saw only one man, head on arms at a table, who was dead drunk. Both poker tables were full and both games were pleasantly noisy, with the intensity of high-stakes gambling entirely absent. At the bar's far end, men clustered around a tall, redheaded tenor, trying with the concentrated expressions of the half-drunk to add harmony to his high, sweet tones.

Warming his drink, Lineer was thinking that he could pick out the Ware men and the Nye men, and the difference between them was the difference between Ware and Jubal Nye.

There was about the Ware men a robustness and a rough humor that was missing from the nature of the others. Not that Nye hands loved fun any less. But Nye's men were cowmen first and last, bred to a quieter humor. The m on Wilse Ware's pay roll included co men. But there were also teamsters a miners, and loggers who worked the hi shoulder of Sierra Blanca.

A slim, quick-striding man stepped to Ware. He had a handsome, restle face.

"Glad you came," he said. "I thi we'd better send them back to the wago soon."

"No hurry," said Ware. "Harry, me Jim Lincer. Harry Keck, Jim. He's o of Nye's foremen."

KECK shook hands briefly. "Heard you," he said. He turned back Ware, and an insistent tone came into h voice. "I want to call my men out. can't ask them to go unless the Ware m go too."

"Aw, Harry," said Ware, "have a dri and forget it. Let 'em have some fun."

"My orders are to prevent trouble said Keck. "Not to stop it after it star but to keep it from starting."

Thomason cut in, "I don't see a trouble, Harry. What's eating you?"

Keck gave him a quick, hard stare. H

TIMMY by HOWARD SPARBER



"Eat it, Hanky! Eat it! We only need two more box tops"

COLLIER'S

faced back to Ware and jerked a thum over his shoulder. "Look at Jess Folsom

Lineer recognized the squat figure Folsom, remembering him as boss of th big wagons that hauled Ware's coal fro White Oaks to the El Paso smelter Folsom stood at the pool table, twistin chalk down hard on his cue and studyin his shot with drunken gravity. The cha broke apart in his thick fist and h laughed as he tossed it over his shoulde

He swung one broad hip up on th table and leaned down until his elbo and hand were on the felt, balancing wit exaggerated carefulness. One of the oth players moved against him, staggering little and protesting. Folsom raised u put an arm on the man's chest an shoved. The man smashed back again the wall as if catapulted.

Keck said to Ware, "Next time th may be a Nye man. Then you and m and ten like us can't stop trouble."

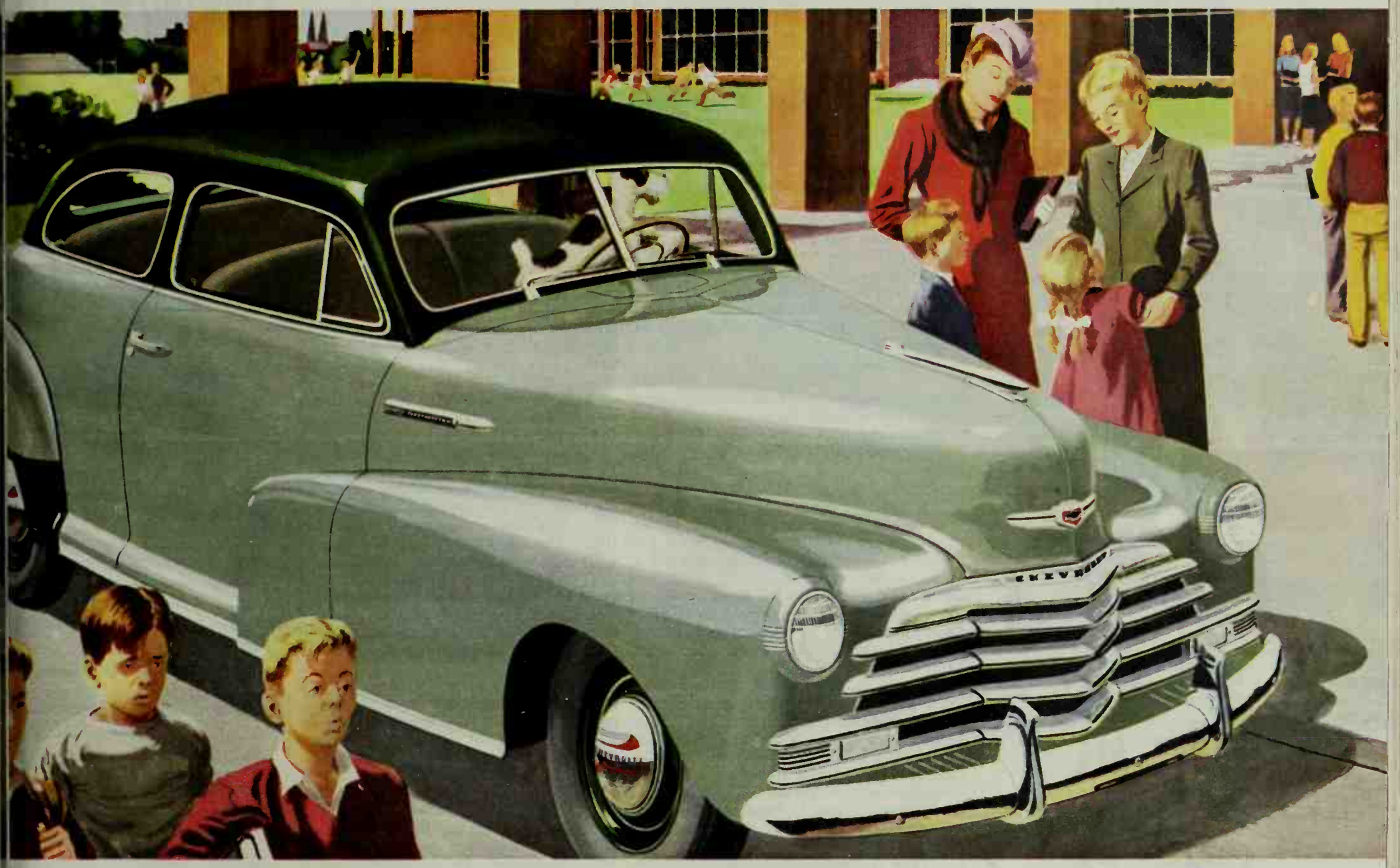
Folsom made his shot. The ball fle off the table and bounced away amon the feet at the poker table. He slid fro the table, frowning, as the playe shouted good-natured curses at hi Then he heaved the cue like a spear t ward the room's far corner and roare out his laugh again.

His head came down and he saw th group at the bar watching him. H

eople are saying—

"Honestly, we never knew *any* car could give us so much and cost so little!"





s, you're wise to choose a new Chevrolet. It will fulfill your desires for Big-Car uty, Big-Car comfort, Big-Car performance and dependability; and it will save t money on purchase price, operation and upkeep as well. It alone gives

BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST.



Women, as well as men, give their *highest* praise to this beautiful new Chevrolet, famous for BIG-CAR ALITY AT LOWEST COST.

sk them for further details, and they will tell Chevrolet is *outstanding* for Big-Car styling, Car comfort, Big-Car performance and depend-ty, among all automobiles in its field.

They will remind you that this is the natural result of finer quality, for Chevrolet is the *only* car in its field combining such features as Body by Fisher, the Knee-Action Gliding Ride, Valve-in-Head Thrift-Master Engine, Positive-Action Hydraulic Brakes, and many other advantages usually reserved for higher-priced cars.



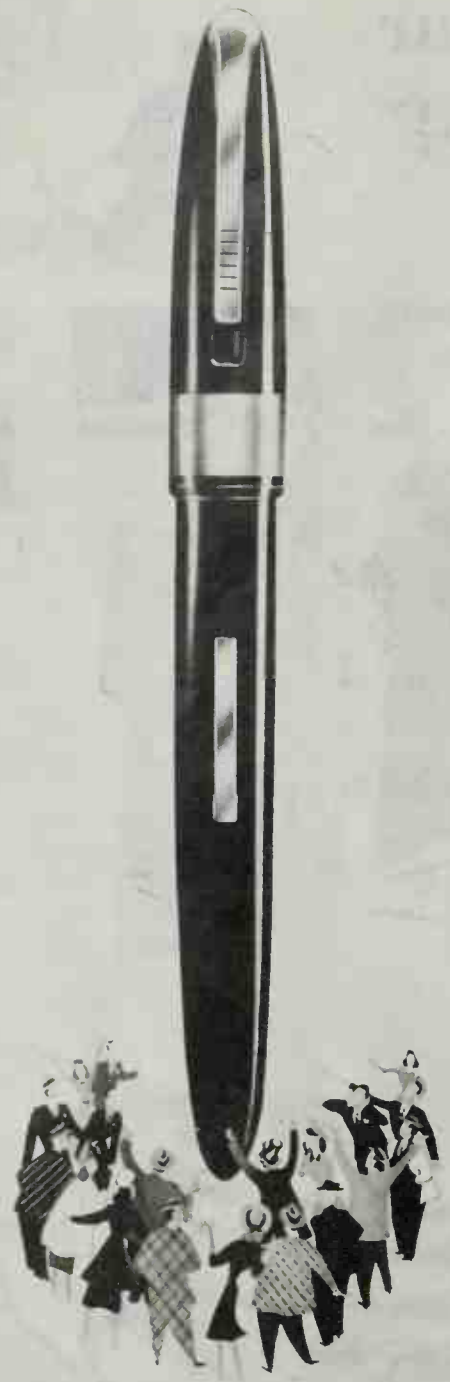


Naturally, these features mean *greater satisfaction* in all phases of your motor car investment. But the main point, which all owners emphasize most strongly when they speak of Chevrolet, is that it gives these Big-Car advantages at lowest cost—and, in fact, at *substantial savings* in purchase price, operation and upkeep.

Own a Chevrolet, and we believe you and your family will join with other men and women in saying, "Honestly, we never knew *any* car could give us so much and cost so little!"

Yes, people are saying— ***"IT'S THE NEW CHEVROLET for BIG-CAR QUALITY AT LOWEST COST!"***

CHEVROLET



ABOVE ALL...
BUY
Stratford
REGENCY
THE BIGGEST
DOLLAR'S WORTH
IN THE PEN
MARKET TODAY

$1.

It's handsome . . . smooth-writing . . . always dependable. Truly an amazing pen for the price. At reliable pen counters everywhere.

STRATFORD
DEPENDABLE PENS and PENCILS

"Stratford & Regency—Reg U S Pat Off
Copyright 1941 by Stratford Pen Corporation, Saltz Bldg., N Y I

plowed through the crowd in a direct line, a short, hugely broad man rocking with the heavy awkwardness of some gross, herbivorous creature.

He shouted, "Howdy, Ed." His two beefy hands reached forward and closed on Ware's sides at the lowest ribs. He strained upward, keeping his knees and hips straight, lifting with the power of his great arms alone.

Ware's feet left the ground. His face turned red and then whitened as he flailed down on Folsom's forearms. His words were a choked yell, "Cut it out, Jess!"

Folsom dropped him, laughing. "Still can do it, by God! Did you see? Knees straight as a new couplin' pin."

Ware's brief struggle with himself moved across his face as he gave way to the anger of embarrassment, acknowledged to himself the futility of anger and chose to act as if nothing had happened.

FOLSOM shifted his attention to Keck. The slim man stood between Thomason and Lineer. His eyes had a cold watchfulness.

"Hey, Harry," said Folsom. "I hear old Nye's got you babyin' some new black bulls. Polled Angie—what do ya call 'em?"

"Aberdeen Angus," said Keck.

Folsom rolled his body without moving his feet, his face glistening and jovial and red with his liquor.

"Bet I can lift you like that, Harry."

"Sure you can, Jess," said Keck. "But don't."

"Think I can't, huh?"

"I said you could, Jess."

"Bet you can't lift me then." He raised his arms out from his sides. "C'mon, try it. Bet you ten you can't. Bet ten not a man of the four of you can."

"Forget it, Jess," said Keck.

Others were turning toward them, their attention caught by Folsom's voice and Keck's watchful eyes, sensing that Folsom's liquor was pushing this room toward trouble. Lineer saw two Nye men move away from the others and take up positions farther up the bar. In a moment another Nye hand followed. Keck shot a glance at them and then held his eyes steadily on Folsom. Ed Ware was frowning helplessly.

Folsom grunted triumphantly and dropped his arms. He squinted up at Keck, his face judicious.

"How're them black bulls doin'?" he demanded.

"Good shape," said Keck.

"They ain't either. Don't feed me that stuff. Them fancy slobs won't rustle for theirselves."

Folsom missed the sudden pull of muscles at Keck's jaws.

"I know cattle," he went on. "I spent my time pushin' 'em outa the brush too. Nobody's gonna fool me about cattle. And I'm telling you them black bulls won't rustle. Ain't that right, Ed?"

"Now, Jess—" began Ware.

"Of course they won't." Folsom peered at Keck, threw back his head and let his good humor roll out again. "Harry's all right," he said. "He just ain't gonna admit old Nye got stuck with them fancy black bulls." He reached forward suddenly. "C'mon, Harry, Upsy-daisy."

In the moment that his huge hands closed against Keck's ribs and applied their pressure, Keck bent his own arms and brought the points of his elbows down in short, sharp jabs. But the elbows struck the stiffened muscles of those great, rounded forearms and slid off. It threw Keck forward and their heads met with a flat, cracking sound that went all around the room.

Lineer and Thomason moved then with such a precision that it almost seemed as if they had planned it in advance. Thomason was a fraction of a second faster in grasping Folsom's right forearm with both his hands. Lineer took the left forearm. He felt instantly the immense power of the man and threw his shoulders into a hard downward shove before Folsom's hand unlocked from Keck's ribs.

Folsom stood without resisting, looking foolishly at the hands gripping his arms and looking up, first at Lineer and then at Thomason. It was in that moment that Keck's fist crunched into the soft, round blob of his nose.

Lineer sent a curse of purest anger after Keck as the slim man danced back, and then devoted his whole attention to Folsom. Folsom's eyes blinked. A child-like surprise, simple and unbelieving, spread across his face. Blood gushed from his nose and dripped from his upper lip and made twin streams around the sides of his mouth.

His eyes peered into focus. He tasted the blood and he tried to raise his right arm to wipe the sleeve across his mouth. Thomason held the arm tightly. "Steady, man," he said. Folsom rocked a little, seeming to grope back in his mind to find the memory that told him his arms were pinioned.

"What?" he mumbled. "What?" He licked at the blood. "Godamighty!" he screamed. He drove the imprisoned right arm back and forth like some great piston plunging wildly loose in its orbit. "Steady, man," said Thomason. "Steady, man. Steady, man." He said it over and over as he rode the careening arm, straining with the whole weight of his body to force the arm down.

Folsom threw himself back against Lineer. He used Lineer's body like a bracing wall for his bulk, and he pulled the right arm into his side and then flung it forward and outward with a crazed fury. The fist of it sank into Thomason's belly like a battering ram.

Thomason's grip loosened and the great arm twisted and jerked upward and was free. Thomason moved in again instantly. But the forearm struck him full across the chest and spun him backward.

Lineer made his decision then. Folsom must go down quickly. Everything depended upon Lineer's speed and power. This room was just seconds away from a disastrous brawl. Lineer freed the other arm, side-stepped to the left, balanced his weight and sought the vital spots in that wet, purple face.

This man before him had a prodigious animal vitality. But he was flesh and blood and bone. He could be felled as an ox is poleaxed. Lineer gathered the whole of the power of his body and launched it with cold calculation in two aimed blows.

THE left struck fair on Folsom's temple and did not glance off. The right found the jaw, thudding home with a controlled and deliberate wickedness.

Folsom's head went back and then his body. He caught himself with a backward step. He lurched forward for one uncertain step and sank to the floor. From his lips came a low, animal whistling that was lost in the soft smack of flesh against wood.

Lineer moved back against the bar, feeling the reaction in the sudden need of effort to fill his lungs and in the sharp pain in his hands. He faced up to the sudden quiet, soberly waiting.

Someone reached to the bar, grasped a brown olla and spilled its water down into Folsom's face without a word. Someone else squatted, raised Folsom's head and pushed the rolled wad of a jacket beneath it. Others crowded forward, looking down curiously.

"He had it coming," someone said.

A voice—the man who had raised Folsom's head—said dispassionately, "He didn't have to cold-cock him."

Young Ware moved to Lineer's side. He looked at the man who had spoken and then around at the Ware hands. "Jess started it. You hear?"

The silence ran on, and Ware called sharply, "Jake. Lefty. Take him to the

DOES LOTS MO
THAN KEEP HA
Looking Handso



Let This HIGHLY SPECIALIZ
Hair Tonic Show You How

Kreml contains a special com
tion of hair grooming ingredi
which is found in NO OTHER
tonic. This is why it keeps
neatly in place *longer*. Gives
nice healthy-looking lustre, to
single application of Kreml i
morning keeps hair in perfect
all day long. But Kreml does
more than this—



NEVER SMOTHERS
DOWN WITH STICKY

Kreml never gives
that cheap, greasy p
leather look. It never leaves
feeling sticky, gummy or
Your hair and scalp always
and feel so CLEAN with Kreml-
kind of hair "she" likes to t

IS YOUR HAIR SO DRY
IT BREAKS AND FALLS?

Kreml is fine to lubricate
a dry scalp. And if your
hair is so dry it breaks and
when you comb it—start
Kreml *at once*. Let it make you
feel softer, more pliable and lo
if it had some 'body' to it. A
same time Kreml removes
loose dandruff and leaves the
feeling so alive—so 'hygienic
men, take *better* care of the
you've got. Use Kreml every
ing to get a 'head-start'.

KREM
HAIR TONI
A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

gs." Two men came forward ently, for this was a Ware com- ing.
re touched Lineer's elbow. "Come m. Tracy. Let's go to the hotel."
eer shook his head slightly and ured, "See him to the wagons. See needs a doctor. He's your uncle's Ed."
re turned back to Folsom, a flush g his round face. Until Lineer he thought he had recovered these men the thing he had lost Folsom swung him aloft like a

eer nodded to Thomason. They l together toward the door. Keck d in front of Lineer. He said y, "I didn't know you were holding hen I hit him. It happened too "
eer inclined his head. He could be- hat.
k still blocked the way. His eyes ound and hot and dangerous. He 'Nye men can handle their own ls, Lineer."
right, Keck," said Lineer. He was g, as Keck stepped carefully aside, is slim man was a gamecock with and overriding passion of pride.

Y swung out of the saloon and ed down the street. Lineer's hands ed. Through his mind worked a evulsion at the pointless violence. l seen it coming. All of them had. ey had done nothing until too late. u shouldn't have hit him," said son. Disgust and a thick anger is voice. "We could have held him ieted him. We made enemies to- And we don't want enemies."
er wheeled and set himself as the straint of this long day fell away gave himself completely to a full rrible rage. But in that instant son said quickly, and with deep y, "Forgive me, Jim. I'm a fool."

He clapped a hand on Lineer's back. "Say —you know—I know something about fighting. I've never seen anybody paralyze a man that quick."

It was middle afternoon when the caravan of three coaches plodded up a canyon to a high ridge of the Oscuros. The wagons twisted slowly down then through a mile of juniper and blinding white limestone, and so came upon a small valley.

"Flick's Tank," said Wilson Ware. "We spend the night here."

Colonel Edwards opened his eyes, closed them quickly against the glare and then reopened them carefully to a squint. Old Jubal Nye dozed on, his head thrown back against the seat. Lineer twisted around until he could see ahead the sparkle of water in an earthen tank. The bed wagons and chuck wagons already were unloaded on the slope above it. Still higher up, two men were staking the tent for the women.

Last night, their first away from the river, they had camped around a hoof-pocked tank on the high tableland where soapweed and sagebrush stretched away to a gray void. And this morning the west wind had come up stronger than usual, pushing at them throughout the day, flinging red-gray dust after them, pursuing them even after they reached and began climbing the clean Oscuros.

The coach stopped. Edwards stepped out, followed by Ware and Lineer. Jubal Nye emerged last, his long legs stiff and slow. Edwards glanced back at the sun, still high in the west.

"Why are we camping so early?"

"Man, it's fifteen miles to the next water," boomed Ware. He was stamping his thick legs and biting at a fresh cigar. Two days in a dusty coach could not disturb the vitality of this man. "We could never make it today."

Edwards asked, "Is water so far apart everywhere in this country?"

He turned to Lineer for his answer;



Map of the Tularosa region

Corny... but good! says Ann Pillsbury

JUST ONE OF MANY NEW FOOD IDEAS!

When you taste this glowing luncheon surprise, you may wonder where the corn flavor stops and the pancake flavor begins. Well, this much we know: pancakes made with Pillsbury Pancake Mix tend to flatter the flavor of all sorts of foods. That's because Pillsbury Pancake Mix is a special *flavor-blend* that makes simply wonderful pancakes to start with. No wonder it's a flavor sensation in scores of unusual dishes like this. No work to it, either. Just add liquid and apply heat! Better get some —and keep it handy!

Ann Pillsbury's CORN KERNEL CAKES

Makes eighteen 4½-inch pancakes.

Blend together . . . 2 cups Pillsbury Pancake Mix
1½ cups milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons melted shortening

Add . . . . . 1 cup whole kernel corn, drained

Bake . . . . . on hot, lightly greased griddle; turn only once. Serve with bacon curls.

Ready-prepared . . . plain or with buckwheat

Pillsbury Pancake Mix

The Blend with no end of uses

COPYRIGHT 1947, PILLSBURY MILLS, INC., TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Cory's amazing





No more forcing—no more twisting. Just place upper bowl on lower bowl. IT'S SELF SEALING.



No more tug-of-war when coffee is finished. Upper bowl lifts off with finger-tip ease.

A **FLAME-TESTED** GLASS COFFE
BREWER THAT HAS NO RUBBER PAR

ONE GLANCE WILL PROVE that this amazing new Cory revo tionizes coffee brewing. Simpler by far to use! Easier by far to cle You get rich, full-bodied coffee flavor—every time, with your C All-Glass Coffee Brewer.

AT LAST! . . . A glass-to-glass vacuum seal . . . No more fla tainting, hard-to-clean rubber parts . . . No more exasperating tug war with rubber bushings that stick.

NEVER WEARS OUT . . . No rubber parts to replace . . . rubber odors to mar pure coffee flavor . . . No place for rancid co grounds to hide.

NO MORE FORCING . . . No twisting—no tugging . . . I accidental breakage.

THE ONLY GLASS COFFEE BREWER OF ITS KIND w new, patented features . . . developed by Cory and exclusive w Cory—Yes, Cory alone! . . . Your guarantee of the world's fi cup of coffee! CORY CORPORATION, CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS.

Cory Rubberless Models available in 2 to 12 cup sizes . . . $4.75 to $6.75 . . . Standard Cory brewers 4 to 12 cup sizes . . . $4.45 to $6.25 . . . Cory Gift Ensembles to $27.75 . . . Prices slightly higher in Canada . . .

Copyright 1947, Cory Corporation, Chicago 1, Illinois



The famous Cory Glass Filter Rod fits all standard glass coffee makers. You can buy it separately, 50c

CORY

the only All-Glass coffee brewe

Invention!

...OK!

...BBER
...RTS!

...WHAT YOU
...T NO EXTRA

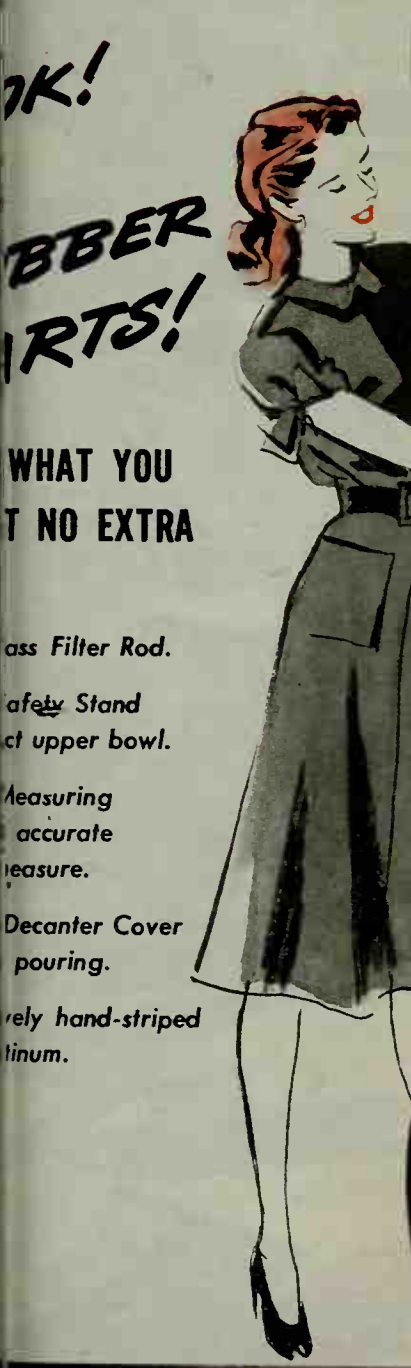
...ass Filter Rod.

...afety Stand
...ct upper bowl.

...Measuring
... accurate
...easure.

...Decanter Cover
... pouring.

...rely hand-striped
...tinum.





ONLY THE CORY HAS FLAME-TESTED GLASS!

REG.

For your protection, every Cory gloss coffee brewer now undergoes blow torch type factory flame-testing. Exposed to concentroted heot neorly twice os intense os thot which you use in your home. This exclusive Cory test is your assuronce of highest quolity heat-resistont gloss —glass with no invisible stresses or strains.



The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Enjoy Life with

Miller

HIGH LIFE BEER

and Nye turned too, giving Lineer
lose attention.
is," said Lineer.
hat kind of water is it?" Edwards'
uddenly was sharp. These two
n the road to Tularosa Valley there
een little railroad talk. Edwards
en the affable guest. Now, for rea-
ot apparent, he was again the presi-
f Great Western, the crisp captain
and railroads.
gh mineral," said Lineer. "Mostly
n. Magnesium. Lots of sodium."
rd as hell on boilers?"
would be."
you run a railroad with it?"
omason ordered analyses on it,"
ineer. "When he gets back the
we'll have a definite answer."
u know this country, Jim," per-
Edwards. "Give me your best
ent."
er considered his answer, meeting
ady insistence in Edwards' eyes.
nd Nye waited without expression.
ndered fleetingly if they under-
fully how vital was the question
him. They did know it was im-
t, for they dominated a country
men fought endlessly and died
ater. And they were shrewd men
d not miss the inflection of a voice.



"Now if you're thinking in terms of immediate delivery . . ."

ROBERT DAY

y know that water, just any water,
enough to run a railroad? It had
ter that would not foam and scale
lers and blow engines and men to
m come.
id finally, "This is part of a dis-
ent between Thomason and me.
u taking up that disagreement
"
n I would say: ground water, no;
in water, yes."
still want to bring it down from
untains?"
t is the plan I submitted," said
"I've heard nothing that would
changing it."
rds nodded and said no more.
e held his eyes on Edwards for a
oment with his lawyer's keen ab-
n. He sent a speculative glance at
before he turned away wearily,
blanket and stretched out. Wilse
atched Edwards, his black eyes
th his direct curiosity.
r knew what was in their minds.
l Edwards did not do things with-
son. He had insisted, in their
e, that Lineer commit himself on
ing that a chemist's report would
eyond doubt. He had made public
y of Lineer's plan to flume water
rom the Sacramentos, and identi-
s Lineer's plan. Why?
e was no obvious answer. This
t a part of larger questions that
allenged Lineer these last three
He still could not understand why a man who controlled a sprawling empire of rails was giving his personal attention to a local coal road through an isolated valley. And there was his spoiled daughter who was to marry Thomason—why was she here where no woman belonged?

Lineer swung restlessly about, watching the second and third coaches stop. Beyond them the horse cavvy was coming up. Tracy Thomason stepped out of the last coach, giving a hand to the two women. Barbara Edwards' cheeks were dusty, but she looked surprisingly fresh.

Wilson Ware's nephew emerged last from the coach. He stood a moment facing Thomason, a trace of anger showing on his round face. The taller Thomason looked down at him with a half-humorous smile. Young Ware walked away, turning once to shoot a puzzled glance at Barbara. She did not notice, for Thomason was speaking frowningly down to her. She answered with a quick impatience. When he offered his arm she turned abruptly from him and walked alone to the group about her father.

Thomason followed, his face stubbornly set, the sudden stiffening of his gait revealing the moment when he became aware that half the party had witnessed the incident.

Barbara spoke to her father, nodded to the others and walked on toward the tent. As she passed close to Lineer she gave him a direct, smiling glance. He saw the faint paleness of anger beneath the curve of her lips and the furious glints in her green eyes.

Thomason stopped at her father's side, his eyes following her for a moment before he met Edwards' inquiring gaze.

"It's nothing," he said easily. "The strain of the day."

Edwards turned to watch his daughter's retreating back. There was bafflement in his expression, and resignation too. Yet it was clear in the way he watched the swing of her erect shoulders until she stooped at the tent flap that he had a father's deep pride in this girl.

Molly Riordan passed them on her way to the tent. Her glance moved over Thomason briefly and without expression. She smiled at Colonel Edwards.

"Like it, Molly?" he asked. Always there was a gentleness in his tone when he spoke to this girl. Seemingly she was a servant. Yet the comradeship between the two girls belied the relationship of mistress and maid. And Edwards treated her with the same affectionate courtesy he showed his daughter.

Molly's eyes swung around at the black juniper rim of the little canyon. "I—I don't know yet, sir," she said. Her head was poised as if to catch some distant, mysterious sound. "It's so faraway like." She dropped her head and hurried on up the slope.

The camp began to take shape. Wagon hands spread more blankets. Wagon tailgates set on blocks became a table. Even snowy linen appeared. Young Ware found bottles and glasses. Molly came out of the tent. The slim, graceful figure of Harry Keck moved around from the wagons. He went directly to her, speaking some word that brought pleasure to her face. He offered his arm. She took it hesitantly.

Off to the left, Jess Folsom's high, rasping voice said, "Now that's right nice." Keck swung half around to give him a long challenging stare. Molly Riordan kept her arm in Keck's, looking up at him uncertainly. Folsom's grin was friendly. His squat body was spread back against a wagon wheel. Yesterday he had shown that same friendly grin to Lineer, and no word had been spoken of the fight. But Keck, when he had ridden by once quite close to Lineer, flashed down at him a glance that held the cold shock of deadliness in it.

Colonel Edwards called to Lineer. He pointed over the valley slope to the southwest, where a black-shouldered peak rose to a rounded white crown of broken limestone. "You could delude yourself that it's a snow-capped peak," he said.

"I think we can see part of the Tularosa country from there," said Lineer. "Want to ride over and take a look?"

"Thanks, no, Jim. My old bones wouldn't stand it today." Edwards turned and walked away.

"I'm game," said the voice of Barbara Edwards.

LINEER turned in surprise, for he had not seen her leave the tent. He said, "It's two hours up to that peak. And rough."

"I'm still game," she said.

Thomason strolled over. "That's no ride for you Barbara," he said.

"I don't see why not." She looked up at Lineer, adding, "If Mr. Lineer will invite me."

Thomason stepped to her side. "Barbara, I don't want you to go."

"There is no good reason for you to take that attitude, Tracy," she said. "I'm going."

The muscles tightened in Thomason's cheeks. "You may not go," he snapped.

Lineer expected sudden temper, and he was not prepared for her smile as she said coldly, "I still go where I please and when I please, Mr. Tracy Thomason."

Thomason bent forward as though he longed to grab her shoulders and shake her. Then he controlled himself, matching her coldness. "Has it occurred to you that maybe you are not wanted?"

They turned expectantly to Lineer. Over Barbara's head Lineer saw that Colonel Edwards, ten yards away, was watching him too, half smiling and oddly intent.

It was an issue now. Created from nothing, it had grown into a quarrel in which Lineer must earn the antagonism of one or the other of them and, in the end, the enmity of both. For he sensed that this was part of a larger clash of wills that, when ultimately decided, would give a pattern to the marriage of these two. His instinct was to side with Thomason. He did not want to ride with this tempestuous girl. But in that moment he met Thomason's eyes, and the pale flakes of them gleamed with a threat that was bare and real and hot.

Lineer called to a Nye hand, "Saddle that big bay and a gentle one." He turned back to Barbara, speaking shortly, "If you have a heavy riding habit, get into it. This brush is no respecter of persons."

Thomason wheeled away without a word and flung himself on a blanket. Colonel Edwards studied Lineer with a long, slow regard. Up near the water tank Molly Riordan smiled at Harry Keck, dropped her arm and followed Barbara swiftly to the tent.

(To be continued next week)

19,293 DENTISTS ADVISE

Smoke VICEROYS!



The Nicotine and Tars Trapped* by The VICEROY Filter

CAN NEVER STAIN YOUR TEETH!

"YES!" advise 19,293 dentists, "Smoke Viceroys!" The nicotine and tars trapped by the Viceroy Filter *can never stain your teeth.* No unsightly bits of tobacco can lodge between your teeth, cause more stain.

Smoke Viceroys! No other cigarette gives you such a blend of rich, mild, *luxurious* tobaccos. No other gives you this *exclusive* Viceroy Filter.



Only Viceroy... no other cigarette... has this exclusive Viceroy Filter!

*No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.



No other radio gives you these Twin Triumphs in Tone!



1. IN RECORDS... THE SENSATIONAL COBRA TONE ARM

All America's raving about this revolutionary Zenith development. Brings out tone purity and beauty you've *never* heard in records before! Entirely new—reproduces tones on a Radionic Wave. No crystals, no magnets, no needles to change! Magically erases *all* annoying scratch and vibration. Keeps records like new *hundreds* of plays longer! Comes with new Silent-Speed Changer that gently, quietly changes 10 and 12 inch records intermixed... so fast you enjoy a practically *continuous* flow of music. No other radio—at any price—gives you this sensational *new way* to play records!



2. IN RADIO... GENUINE ZENITH-ARMSTRONG STATIC FREE FM

Only Zenith brings you this new way to enjoy the world's finest music in glorious new fidelity, without a special aerial... static-free even in storms and yours on *both* the 50 and 100 megacycle wave bands, to protect you against any future change in FM wave lengths. All this in addition to Zenith's famous tone perfection for your favorite regular radio programs, and world-wide short wave as well. Compare—and you'll see that Zenith gives more quality per dollar in *every* way! Get a thrilling demonstration at your radio dealer's today.

Shown closed above, open at right, classic design radio-phonograph console in beautiful walnut finish. Cobra Tone Arm, Silent-Speed Record Changer, Standard Broadcast, International Short Wave and Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM. Model 12H090 . . . . . $375*

* * *

Your choice of 43 Zenith radios, radio-phonographs, and portables from $26.95 to $395. ** West Coast prices slightly higher.*



ZENITH RADIO

LONG DISTANCE

30 YEARS OF "KNOW-HOW" IN RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS COPR. 1947, ZENIT

BEHIND YOUR STICK OF GUM



EWING GALLOWAY

rker (above) climbs a "chico zapote" tree, cutting V-d gashes in bark. Sap runs down trunk to waterproof is then boiled (below) to convert it from liquid to Rough gray bars of chicle are shipped to factories

EWING GALLOWAY



BY FRANK JELLINEK

Chicle traverses a grim and dangerous trail—from the steaming jungles of Mexico to the counter of your drugstore

IN AN average nonwar year, the people of the United States spend about $100,000,000 on chewing gum. Every day, the City of New York champs its jaws on $12,000. The U.S. manufactures nearly all the chewing gum in the world and consumes nearly all of it. Advertising, manufacture and wrapping cost the manufacturers millions.

Behind these statistics lies the grim story of the jungles of Campeche and Quintana Roo, in Mexico's far south. For reasons not yet fully investigated, only these two sweltering, mainly unexplored regions where the Gulf Stream rises can produce first-class chicle, the gum from which the finished product is made. There are 50 ingredients in a stick of gum, but the basis must always be chicle. And the gathering of chicle is a little-known story.

There are few more hazardous big-scale industries. There are few where working conditions are so dangerous and primitive. Chicle, although it is refined in model factories before it reaches your teeth, traverses a trail of blood, mud, sweat and tears. Even improvements made during the past few years have been able to do little to remedy conditions. Nothing can alter the fact that a good crop depends on rain and a good harvest on the workers' ability to climb a 60-foot *chico zapote* tree with nothing more than a rope and his feet.

No one has yet been able to suggest any feasible method of financing or insurance. The retail price of a package of good gum has always been a nickel. The amount of first-class chicle inside the stick may vary from 8 to 30 per cent. This is the affair of the manufacturers. But down in the city of Campeche, a walled, historic port where the extraordinarily handsome white inhabitants attribute their looks to the pirate raids several generations back, huge fortunes are made and lost purely by the rains.

Seek Chicle Harvest in Steaming Jungles

The tall *chico zapote* tree is scattered about in the jungles, on land which is mainly Mexican state property. There are no stands of trees. The individual gum-rich tree must be sought through jungle which is not in the slightest colorful. In the Campeche and Quintana Roo jungles there is no profusion of orchids or picturesque birds. The jungle is hot, steamy, spiky and dark. Twenty thousand *chicleros* and their families live there ten months in the year.

The actual process of extracting chicle is much like gathering rubber. Groups of ten men and a foreman seek suitable trees. Each man slings a rope over a branch, shins up—climbing irons are now banned in Campeche for fear of ruining the trees—and cuts V-shaped slices in the bark. The bottom of each V joins the cut below, and they drain into a waterproof sack tied to the bottom of the trunk. When it rains the sap flows. When it does not, the tree, thus cut, may die.

It takes a tree five or six years to recover from bleeding, but it has taken at least 50 years to get it into a state to bear. Most of the trees in these jungles are very old indeed and were there long before Columbus discovered America. But in the jungle it is almost impossible to replant young trees. Creeper life stifles the shoots. You cannot—though it has been tried—make a chicle "plantation."

The *chiclero* may spend years in the jungles with only the briefest intervals at the fiestas following the end of the season. But he is an aristocrat of labor. It is a simple question of supply and demand.

The native tribes of these remote regions will not undertake the dangerous work. The *chicleros* come from all over Mexico. They are sought far and wide. It is no work for unemployed bums. It is not every man, not even every Mexican, who can climb the bare trunk of a 60-foot tree, delicately cut the bark—and, above all, live ten months of the year



Here's what's afoot for Fall:

Bold detail, new "Golden Turf" shade . . . for distinction in your

Crosby Square Shoes

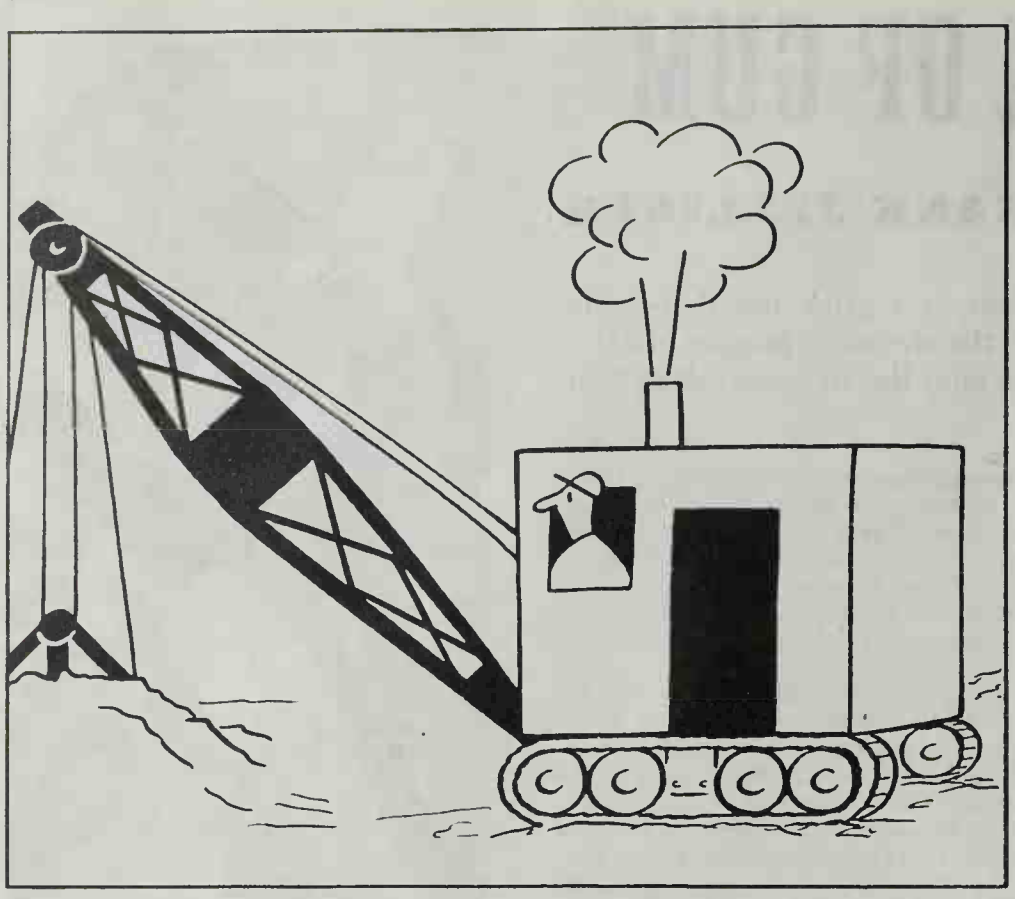
Watch the well-dressed men at the big football games—in fact, everywhere this Fall. You're going to see shoes with few inhibitions, rugged in their styling—and a goodly number of them Crosby Squares.

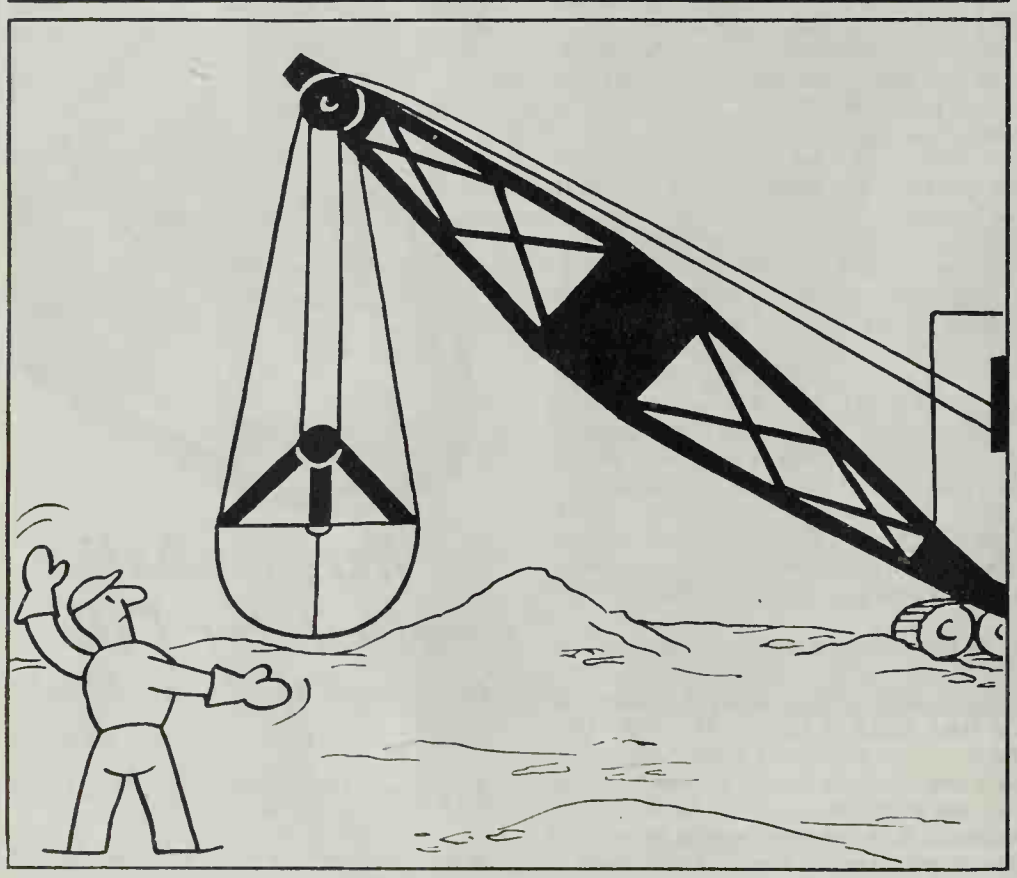
Men who know their footwear have found they can depend on Crosby Square for fashions that are right, comfort that is satisfying, and wear that is long — at prices that are reasonable.

Look over the wide selection of handsome, he-man shoes for Fall your Crosby Square dealer is showing now. And take that "step to distinction." . . . *The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

Crosby Square Authentic Fashion grade at medium prices. Pre-Flex and Airfilm Shoes, somewhat higher.







in the jungle without running amuck.

The risk of the whole industry is increased by the system of "advances." The men are recruited by contractors, most of whom live in the city of Campeche. At the great fiestas in May they hire their men. A good *chiclero* can produce about 1,000 pounds of the latex in a season, worth about $260 to him. The workers are paid according to what they bring in. The contractor, who has received cash in advance from the U.S. companies who need the chicle, offers the worker an advance of nearly half.

Nowadays in Campeche and Quintana Roo, there is almost nothing to prevent the worker taking the cash and disappearing. Besides, if the rains do not come, it is not the worker's fault that he cannot deliver his quota. The loss is passed on to the contractor and eventually to the company. It is not permitted to set off a worker's deficiency for one season against the next. The worker starts clean when the season begins each May.

Neither the companies nor the contractors have any method of insuring themselves against this kind of loss. The Mexican government had a scheme by which it collected a fund based on $7 per quintal of 101 pounds—all chicle in the raw state is reckoned in quintales—to pay off arrears to the U.S. companies, but when the rains failed in 1944 and '45, the plan had to be postponed. The companies, Campeche contractors think, lost about $15,000 in 1944, a bad year, on advances to the contractors. Of course, they recouped a great deal during the war, since the armed forces were chewing 600 sticks per head as compared with the usual civilian average of 107

The contractors who do the companies' work locally, taking concessions from the Mexican government for thousands of jungle acres, finding the workers, appointing the overseers and becoming responsible for the whole process from tapping the trees to delivering the grayish bars of the *quintales* to the company offices in Campeche or the Yucatán capital, Mérida, are usually as tough as they come. Most of the old-ers began as explorers, workers or o seers themselves. Their tough straw-characters were forged by years of fi ing the jungle.

Until a few years ago, only 37 of t exploited millions of acres. Now t are 97 in Campeche. In the old d they drove their workers into the ju in May and kept them there, vi slaves, until the following Febru They raided each other's concess with gun and fire. In Quintana R which is a federal territory, not a s the contractors are often still war l and they still raid.

Where Law of the Whip Govern

Both Campeche and Quintana have been unionized and governn controlled for ten years. But in Chi where the second-class reddish lat produced, there is no union anc government committee. There are unlimited virgin jungles and the la the whip, wielded by overseers appo by the contractors—men to whom Si Legree would have seemed a sissy.

The big contractors have to be gamblers. Some have made fort But if they go bankrupt, they can al return to their old profession as seers. They often do. They were tr in the old days, when it took 14 da reach the jungle "centrals" on back, and there was no way in o for ten months except through "breaches." These were worn t portation paths between the solid of the great lianas, behind which l the horrors of the unknown. A breaches stood armed men.

Twenty thousand men, women children in Campeche and almo many in neighboring Quintana Roo a strange life to provide Americans chewing gum. In May, there is a fiesta at Tenosique, on the noble Us cinta River, where the chicle wo already given their advances in peche, foregather to buy their tc two cutlasses and collecting bags to take leave of civilization. The



"In her next picture she loses her mind—then she's going back to musica

COLLIER'S JARO

Own a new DESOTO for one

ay and you'll say it's remarkable. After one week

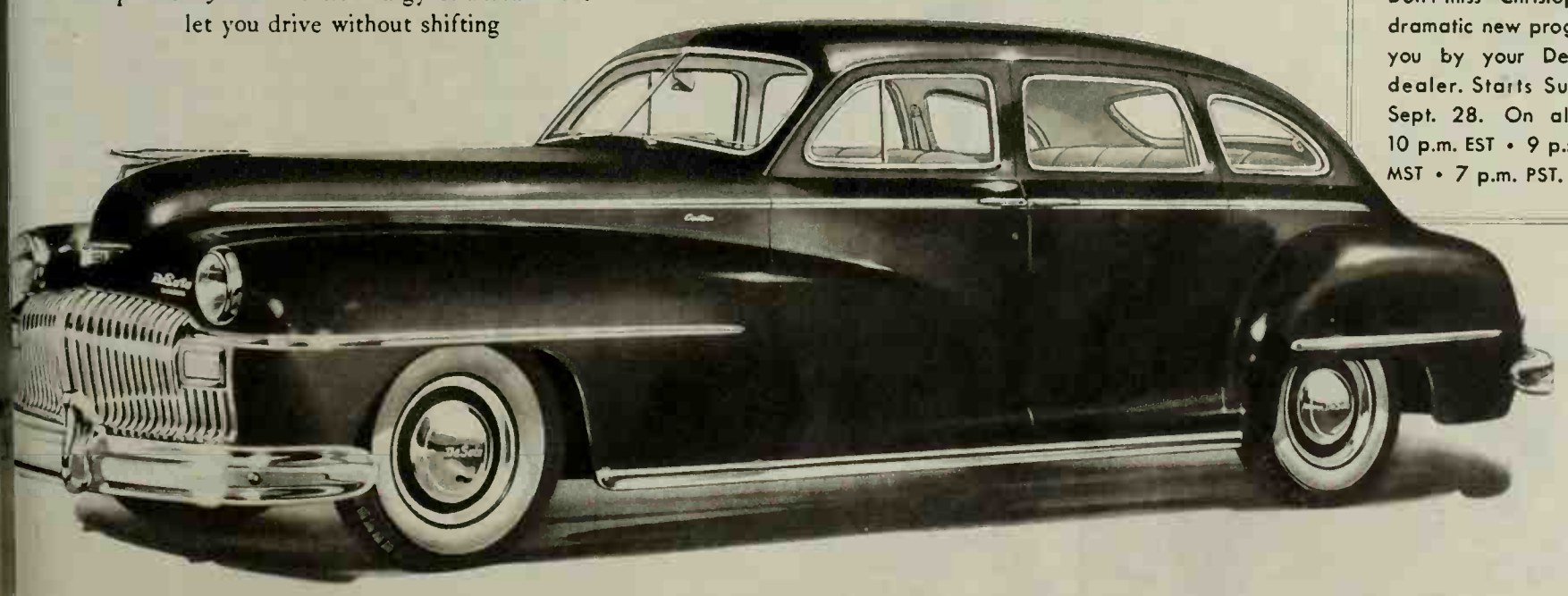
ou'll say it's marvelous. After one month you'll

y, "Best car I ever owned, *regardless of price*."

n a nationwide poll, the sweeping majority of

ew DeSoto owners used those very words.

Tip-Toe *Hydraulic* shift and gyrol Fluid Drive
let you drive without shifting



EXCITING NEW RADIO PROGRAM

Don't miss "Christopher Wells," the dramatic new program brought to you by your De Soto - Plymouth dealer. Starts Sunday evening, Sept. 28. On all CBS stations; 10 p.m. EST • 9 p.m. CST • 8 p.m. MST • 7 p.m. PST.

R 3000 DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH DEALERS COAST-TO-COAST EQUIPPED TO GIVE YOU EXPERT SERVICE



DE SOTO DIVISION CHRYSLER CORPORATION





It's good to know!

IMPERIAL

Reg U.S.Pat Off.

is made by Hiram Walker

86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in th product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70 grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinoi

actors' men slink around the booths, ghted by oil flares, pouncing on the last ecruits for their crews. Shotgun rotgut um is sold illegally. Bedraggled women splay the last of their charms, hoping be taken on as "cooks" in the jungle entrals. Young fliers from the big con- actors' outfits wander around the plaza eking adventure.

The families gather. Some of them ill walk through the breaches for days ntil they reach their workplaces. The ore skilled workers will be flown in, ith medicines, big boiling pans and ten onths' rations bought, by law, at holesale prices. Whole conglomer- ions of Indians and half-breeds pre- are for ten months in the jungle.

They go up to the *monte*—the scrub untry—long before the rains begin. ey settle down, clear a space for sub- tence crops, often imperiling vast gions of tinder-dry jungle by burning the undergrowth. They build their omes"—four bamboo poles and a aning roof of big flat leaves—against e north wind. The rains will not come efore August or September, but before at the jungle must be surveyed. The of chewing gum. The more enlightened do chew gum, but they consider it an exotic habit.

The romance of chicle goes back possibly thousands of years. It began, long before Columbus, in the strange civilization of the Mayas. Embedded in the ruins of Uxmal, in Yucatán, is a *chico zapote* tree trunk at least 700 years old. The Mayas made the gum into balls, believing it was a kind of rubber. With these balls they played a game somewhat like basketball.

Three hundred years later, an exiled Mexican general, called Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, met a New Jersey merchant, Thomas Adams, on Staten Island. Adams noticed that his friend was perpetually chewing on the bark and resin of the *chico zapote* tree, which grew near Santa Ana's estates in Veracruz.

Adams, like the Mayas, thought the gum was a new kind of rubber. But when he realized it was not he flavored some of it with licorice and founded a new folk habit.

The masticating habit has obviously come to stay, but the supply of first-class chicle is dwindling. Campeche old-



"Why don't you refill all of your tires, Jim? The air seems so fresh and clean here!"

COLLIER'S — BEN ROTH

pricious Gulf Stream, fifty miles away the coast, may make fast work cessary. Meantime, the crops must grown, because in remote Campeche, ere the airplane is more familiar than truck or train, food at the company re costs a dollar a day.

After the rains come, there is again vild fiesta in honor of All Souls and Saints, when the contractors have to ng in genuine rum. Otherwise the rkers will always fall for shotgun uor and bootleg a quintal of chicle— weeks' pay—for one night of forget- ness of the jungle obsession.

At the end of February, the season's rk is finished. The workers descend in on the towns—Tenosique and mpeche. The contractors pay in h. The respectable inhabitants of mpeche stay home all day and all ht for two weeks. Then the cycle gins again.

Though there is little compulsion, the rsonnel of the *chicleros* does not vary ch from season to season. The ad- nces in cash and the temptations of the tas—in which the contractors are en not wholly disinterested com- rcially—work a sinister attraction. t very few of them understand why y are thus working. They were hired extract chicle. They have not heard timers give it 15 years at most. All the trees have been discovered, they say. The jungle has been charted, so far as the *chico zapote* possibilities are concerned.

When the rains failed in 1944 and '45, losses were very considerable. But such disasters may actually prolong the supply of first-class chicle, if everyone concerned in its production does not go bankrupt first.

Chicle has never been of any use for anything except chewing gum, and good chewing gum has never been made without chicle. During World War II, the U.S. Rubber Reserve, the Desmond Company and others tried to revive the ancient Maya idea of making rubber from the *chico zapote* resin. They were not successful.

A black market in chewing gum developed, however. The bulk of the big companies' production was set aside for the U.S. armed forces. Smaller companies sprang up or raised their production for civilian demands. Mexico itself, where chewing gum had hitherto been virtually unknown, began to chew, and small factories were opened. Fifteen per cent of the crop was set aside for "national consumption," but the contractors say that much of this was bootlegged out. They all have stories of suspicious characters haunting the hot cafés of Campeche, where they offered attractive prices and no questions were asked.

There is more than a suspicion that, although the bad seasons of 1943 to 1945 led to official statements that not half the allotted quotas had been filled, a good deal of the chicle was smuggled out of the jungles to unknown destinations. For even the most unscrupulous manufacturer needs at least some chicle in his gum, and transportation difficulties and enemy occupation had cut the supply of second-class gum from Chiapas, Guatemala and the British Malay States.

In recent years, the Mexican government has developed a widespread inspection and supervision service in the jungles. When outside companies tried to buy chicle in midseason, they were refused permits. On the other hand, the government has for years prevented the big companies from monopolizing the whole yield and fixing the price.

In addition, the government, through the Chicle Committee in Campeche, founded in 1939, sees that workers receive a fixed price, known in advance, for a given amount brought in, food at wholesale prices and medical attention. The Chicle Workers Union gets cash contributions from the Committee and has equipped a much-needed hospital in Campeche with 85 beds. It expects to open a larger hospital shortly. Eight thousand of the 12,000 employed are Union members. But the old-time contractors still prefer to recruit their own men.

The contractors do not belong to the all-powerful Committee. They even complain that they are not permitted to enter its offices. They must, however, pay a contribution to its upkeep and they are subject to inspection out at the centrals and *hatos* where the chicle is boiled and collected.

A Losing Battle in the Courts

The reason for government control is that the jungles belong to the state. The one big private concession, the Mexican Gulf Land and Lumber Company, acquired by U.S. investors some 40 years ago and covering half a million acres of uncharted chicle and lumber jungle, was recently expropriated after a five-year struggle in the courts. It had never produced very much chicle.

Despite all modern improvements, the getting of chicle will always remain a hazardous and perilous business. Possibly the very hazards and perils, the easy, though hardly excessive, profits will always attract adventurers until the trees are drained dry.

Men seem likely to go on climbing the 60-foot trees, waiting for the rains, collecting sap and brewing it over the great fires.

Campeche and Chetumal bask in the tropic sun. In the company warehouses, the clerks count the quintales, separating the gray blocks from the red squares that are inferior stuff from Chiapas or Guatemala. In Quintana Roo, colonels with federal concessions plan raids across the borders of their breaches. Over the fires at the centrals, where the bubbling *chico zapote* sap is deprived of its humidity and formed into the rough bars that will be shipped to New Jersey, squatting men tell legends of blood and terror.

In South Bend, Indiana, an irate theatergoer removes gingerly from his pants the gob that has permitted an overworked stenographer to get through the day without succumbing to hysteria. That gob represents the extraordinary risks accepted by a whole series of men thousands of miles away, about which most of South Bend and the rest of America has never conceived even the remotest idea.

THE END



No other Billfold has the Unique Construction of the MEEKER 340!

Cram the MEEKER 340 full of currency, checks, etc. Then, fill the Remavable Pass Case (it holds 8 cards, licenses, etc.). Naw nate that although chack-full, the streamlined MEEKER 340 falds flat, neat, campact. Truly, a billfald af *super-practicality*.

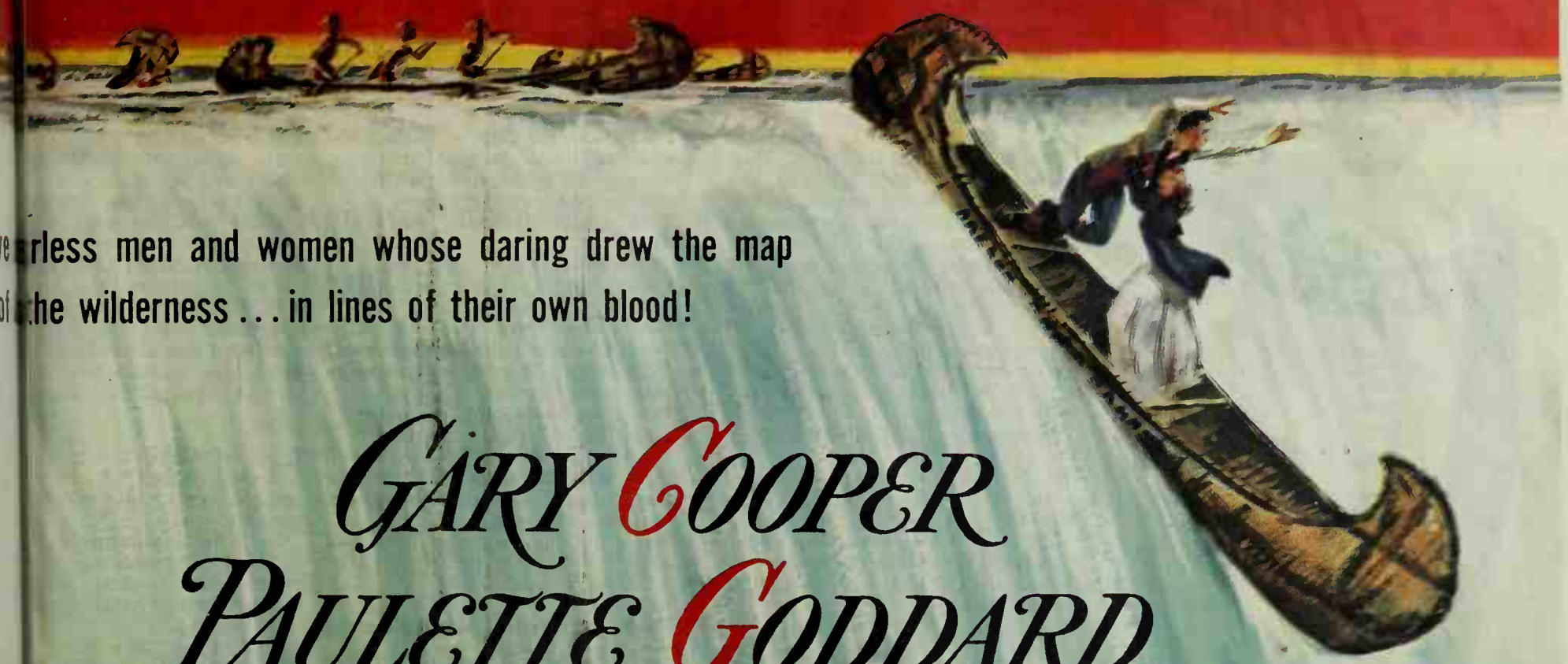
But the MEEKER 340 is full of gaod laaks, taa. It's smartly fashioned in many rich, fine leathers, including genuine Moracco, British Cowhide, and Hazel Pigskin. When you see the 340, you'll want ane! *Various Prices—At Dealers Everywhere*

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC. • JOPLIN, MO.
New York: 347 Fifth Ave. • Chicago: 36 S. State St.

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods


"I BOUGHT THIS WOMAN FOR MY OWN .
Slave Girl—Sold to the highest bidder! Man of Destiny—protecting her honor and her life through days and nights of intrigue, violence and fire in the most titanic adventure Cecil B. DeMille ever dared to film!
They live a
of A

D I'LL KILL THE MAN WHO TOUCHES HER!"

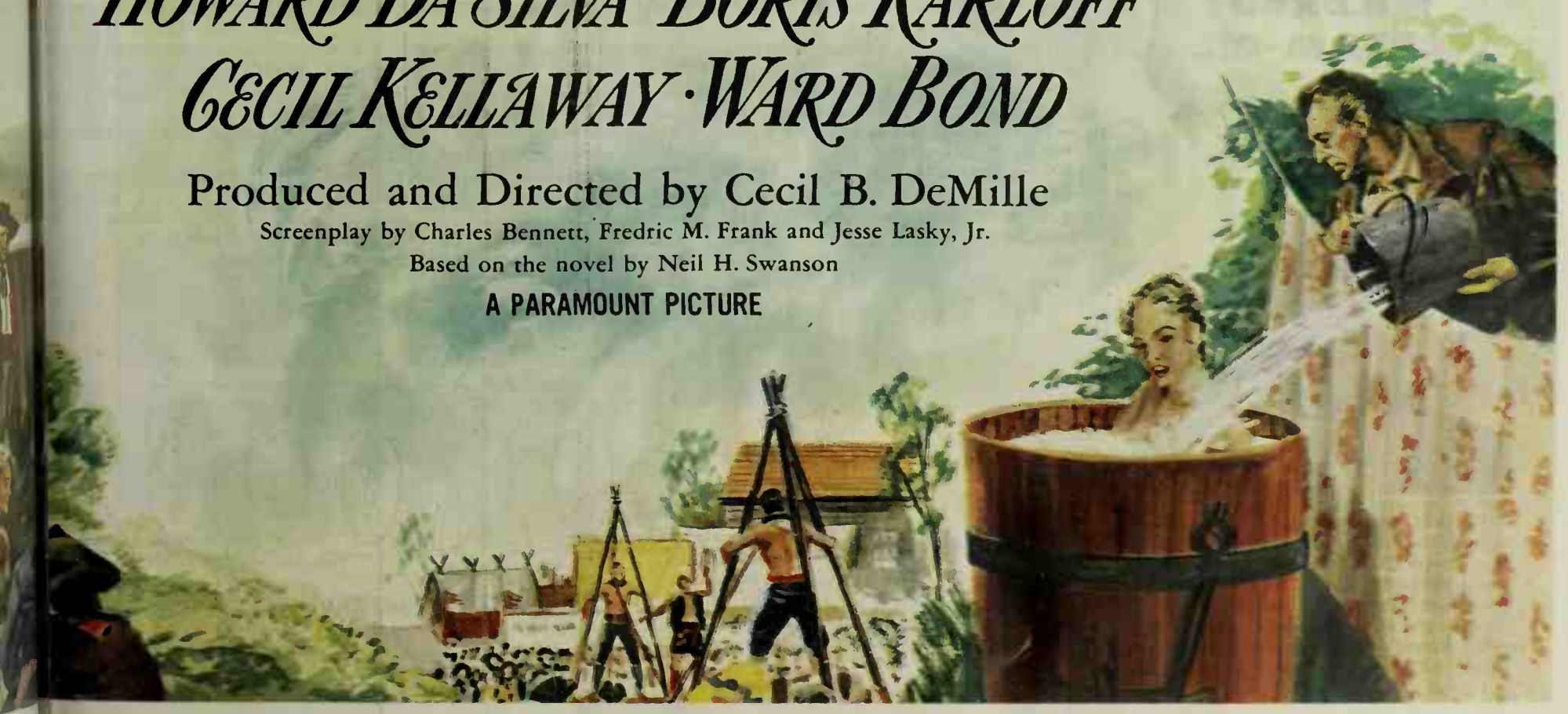


rless men and women whose daring drew the map
he wilderness . . . in lines of their own blood!

GARY COOPER
PAULETTE GODDARD
in
Cecil B. DeMille's
UNCONQUERED

Color by TECHNICOLOR
with
HOWARD DA SILVA · BORIS KARLOFF
CECIL KELLAWAY · WARD BOND

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille
Screenplay by Charles Bennett, Fredric M. Frank and Jesse Lasky, Jr.
Based on the novel by Neil H. Swanson
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE





GET A TUBE at your drug or toilet goods counter today! See for yourself how Wildroot Cream-Oil . . . the non-alcoholic hair tonic containing LANOLIN . . . grooms your hair neatly and naturally, relieves dryness, and removes loose dandruff. Then you'll know why Wildroot Cream-Oil is again and again the choice of men who put good grooming first.

CHARLIE SQUIRES AND THE SEVEN MARCHETTIS

Continued from page 16

Manufacturers—and, of course, Bert Buell—he's the worst enemy we had."

Mr. Ashcraft shrugged and okayed the cost sheets.

"Maybe you know what you're doing," he said.

"When I get Bert Buell into this little nest," said Charlie, "you'll apologize for doubting me.

By now the Grand Embassy had been dusted, scrubbed, painted, refurnished and the sheets had been laundered. Marble gleamed, chromium glittered and everywhere you looked you could find cordiality, humility and new potted palms. One by one the old customers were beginning to forgive and forget. But it was still a struggle and Charlie was busy and happy. Miss Enright, his secretary, would stagger home on Fridays all but weeping with fatigue.

"Ye Gods, what a live wire!" she said once to Susie. "How do you stand living with him?"

"You see more of him than I do," Susie said.

And that was true. Charlie had a theory that five hours' sleep was all he needed. Day and night he'd come dashing into his suite for thirty-minute cat naps, thus giving the impression of working around the clock. He was an inspiration to the staff.

"Ah, Susie!" he'd cry, throwing himself on the bed. "There's nothing like hotel work to burn up excess energy. No waiting around here, like there is in the Air Corps. Nobody stays forever—they check out sometime, and you have to get 'em back. And think of it! Right under this roof there's love and anger, birth and death, murder and suicide—and hundreds of employees all speaking different languages, most of which I'm planning to learn. Why, this business can keep a man excited his whole life long."

CHARLIE hit hard and got away fast. Conventions that had been abandoned to places like Okinomweok pocketed their pride and signed up again. Lawsuits were settled for a gin and bitters in the Cock 'n' Feather. The Seven Marchetti Brothers, earnest acrobats whom Charlie had first seen leaping about in a USO spotlight at Lingling, were packing the Tiger Room to the walls, twice nightly. The house count began gradually to climb.

Susie, who vaguely sensed the restlessness that came with each success, could always hearten Charlie by reminding him of Bert.

"Ah, yes," he'd say, brightening at once. "*He* won't collapse like some of these other sissies. He'll go down fighting, see if he doesn't!"

H. Bertrand Buell's fury was unabated. He slammed doors, banged down receivers, sent back unopened letters; flowers, bottles and candy were coldly refused.

"They don't come any tougher," Charlie said, admiringly. "Why, I wouldn't be surprised if it took me a coupla years to calm him down."

But one day, after he'd landed the National Association of Glove and Parka Manufacturers, Susie found him in the suite reading a poultry journal. He was very depressed.

"Darling, what's the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm not sure the Cock 'n' Feather was such a hot idea," he said, morosely. "These guys are getting to be pushovers."

Susie aimed her random arrow.

"Well," she said, brightly, "you've still got Bert!"

But this time it didn't cheer him.

"I can outthink H. Bertrand Buell," he said, flipping pages listlessly.

"How do you know?"

"I've been working the angles on him," he said wearily. "Reports are coming in. He's beginning to crack."

"You mean—he's going to *stop* here?"

"Looks like it," sighed Charlie.

"But, Charlie! Even if he does, how'll you get him down to the Cock 'n' Feather? And if you do get him there, will he drink with you?"

Charlie put the magazine down and paced the room. "And then there's *Mrs.* Buell," Susie reminded him.

Charlie lit up.

"That's so!" he said. "Maybe I'll make another trip to Toledo."

He came back from Toledo and sang in the shower and Susie was bewildered but happy again.

And then, one bright August morning, Kenneth Ashcraft bolted into the suite at breakfast time.

"Charlie," he cried, "you've done it!"

Charlie Squires broke off a piece of toast.

"What now?" he asked, indifferently.

"Bert Buell's in the penthouse. I've sent up a basket of bananas and oranges."

Charlie's face went white. "Is Mrs. Buell with him?" he asked.

"No. She's at home in Toledo. He's traveling alone. Go get him, Charlie!"

Charlie reached for the phone. "Mr. Buell?" he said, briskly, in his professional manner. "Anything I can do for you this morning?"

Then a slow grin tugged at his lips; he put the receiver down and gave it an affectionate pat.

"Well?" shouted Ashcraft. "What'd he say?"

"Great guy, H. Bertrand," said Charlie, hitching up his belt. "He's still sore. Hung up on me." He paused in the doorway. "Ever notice Bert's fraternal emblems?"

"What about 'em?" asked Ashcraft.

"I'm gonna use psychology," said Charlie. "I'll hogtie the guy with his own watch chain."

"Hold on!" cried Ashcraft, who always liked to be in on the kill. "Where'll I meet you?"

"Wait in your office," Charli mysteriously. "And let nothin you." He came back and kis "This is the World Series, Sw he said.

H. Bertrand Buell sat in the living room bulging in twee monogrammed blue shirt. It that he'd been an economies before he'd joined the Roadm that wasn't all he'd joined. chain sagged with emblems o orders and secret societies, clubs, luncheon clubs and the his left hand he wore a r spelled: BERT in small diar his name, H. BERTRAND BU traced in gold on the buc belt. Charlie had thought de this brave display of jewelr concluded this about him: H Buell was a man who w sure he could get in. He joi out.

HE WORE pince-nez on a cord. When Charlie c perched them on his nose and mouth to speak.

But Charlie interrupted.

"Buell, " he said, sharply, make something clear to yo you here at Mr. Ashcraft's i

Bert got up.

"Asked me!" he roared. Why, damn you, Squires, y bagged me. My banker, my chief of police of Toledo, begging me to give you chance." He shook a big f Charlie's nose. "You tell control my own convention money, I've committed no checked in here as a court friends of mine and now I out."

"Good," said Charlie.

Bert's jaw sagged.

"What did you say?"

Charlie looked him over v

"We're all booked up," he ingly. "We don't want you.

Bert's neck swelled.

"Well," he said with hea "you're quite the salesman,

Charlie polished his finge lapel, then looked at them

"Oh, I'm not bad," he sai not trying this morning."

He glanced casually into mouth and turned to the ph

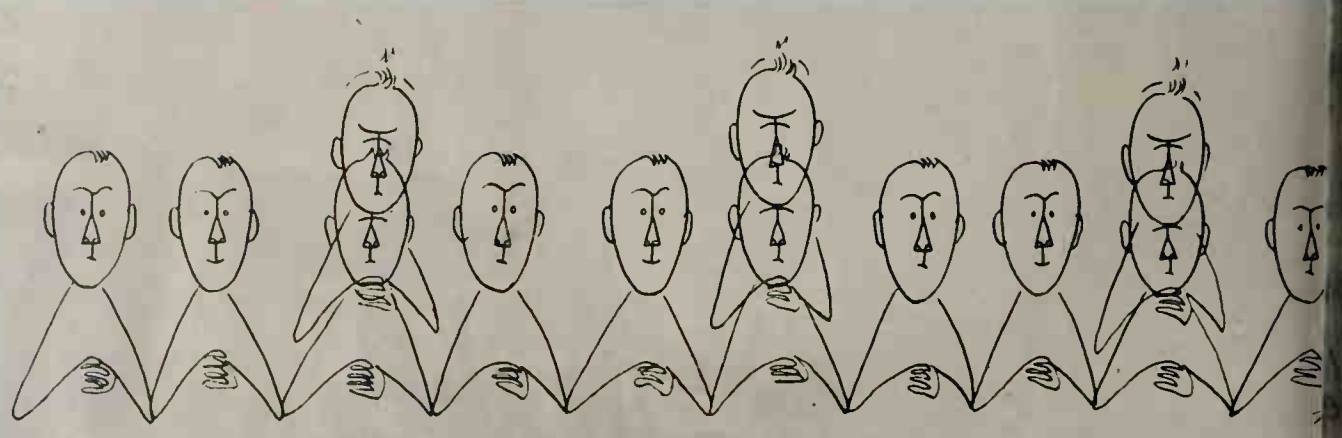
"Send a boy to the penth Buell's bags," he said, crisp he comes here again, don't room."

Then he nodded coldly a out.

Fifteen minutes later he coffee at his desk when K craft came stumbling in, fo jingle of emblems.

"Charlie!"

"Yes?"



Hiccups

OW READY...4 majestic new volumes about a world-shaking decade!

10 EVENTFUL YEARS

ARE ONLY 10
DO CONTRIBUTORS
45 COUNTRIES


I Aleman


. Chiang
i-shek


F. Kieran


rles F.
tering


Hoover


Gibbs
nall


Cardinal
lman


orge C.
hall


app


Herriot

A comprehensive, universal record of the secrets and successes, the songs and sadness, the progress of civilization in every field of activity during History's most stirring decade

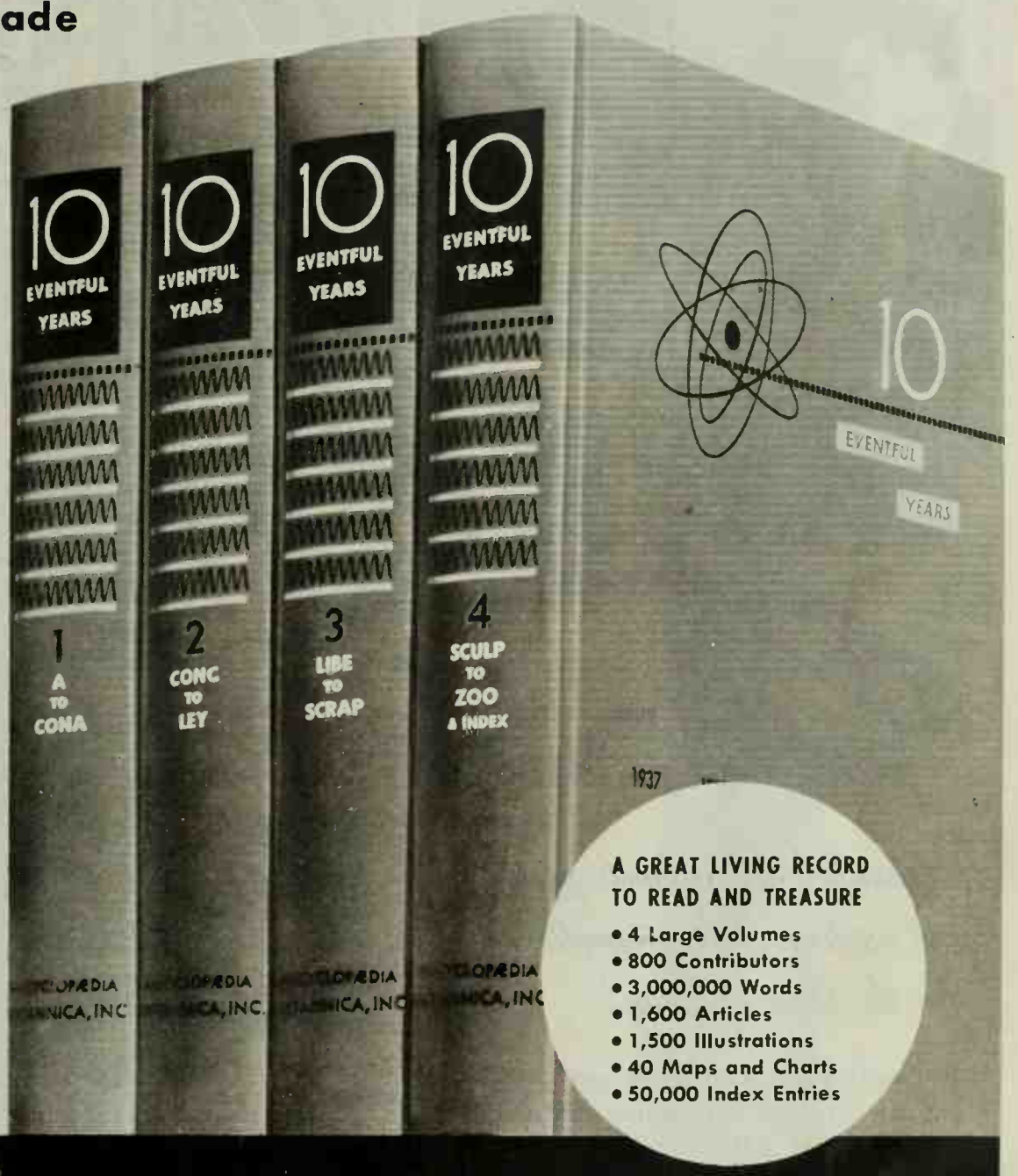
Would you like to hear General Wainwright's own story of Corregidor . . . or read a biography of F. D. R. by Mrs. Roosevelt, herself . . . or learn about World War II from General Marshall's own words? You'll find them all in 10 EVENTFUL YEARS!

Gathered together, as only the Editors of Encyclopaedia Britannica *could* gather them, are countless thousands of facts, *many that were formerly top-secret,* about the wonderful, the progressive, the nightmare years of 1937-1946. Many of the articles were written by the very people who lived, and often directed, the events they describe.

In this massive reference work, the jigsaw pieces of a spectacular decade fit together into one clear picture of political, social, scientific and cultural trends . . . everything that History will consider important from those years. Fashions and foibles, too, are recorded . . . from hep cats and movies to Wrong-Way Corrigan and The Big Apple!

Though World War II occupies only a fraction of the 3,450 pages of 10 EVENTFUL YEARS, still, this great work contains what is undoubtedly the most comprehensive resume yet written. You will read never-before-revealed accounts of submarine warfare . . . dramatic revelations of Army, Navy, Marine and Air combat.

10 EVENTFUL YEARS is more than a stirring history of an epochal decade. It is more than a mammoth storehouse of valuable information. It is a *Diary of Mankind* through ten fabulous years . . . a literary master work that you and your children will read, use and treasure always. Send the coupon today!



A GREAT LIVING RECORD TO READ AND TREASURE

- 4 Large Volumes
- 800 Contributors
- 3,000,000 Words
- 1,600 Articles
- 1,500 Illustrations
- 40 Maps and Charts
- 50,000 Index Entries


Hindenburg Disaster, 1937


Coronation of George VI, 1937


Casablanca Conference, 1943


Ernie Pyle, Okinawa, 1945


Sea Biscuit and War Admiral, 1938


Sewell Avery, 1944

10 EVENTFUL YEARS

1937 - 1946

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, INC.

- 1,500 illustrations, including prize-winning photographs, embellish the exciting stories covering music, literature, invention, commerce, law, medicine, art, science, industry, politics, religion, aeronautics, military campaigns, sports, economics, agriculture, strategy of World War II, philosophy.

10 EVENTFUL YEARS
. . . the Gift of Gifts to get or give

See these magnificent volumes at your booksellers, or send the coupon for an illustrated brochure.

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Dept. 540-J
20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.

Please send, without obligation, your illustrated brochure about 10 EVENTFUL YEARS.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*Zone*....*State*.....

YOU'LL WANT THESE

Exclusive New Features

Found Only in These 1948 Radio-Phonographs by STEWART-WARNER. Completely Different!

SHADOW-BOX DIAL with unique Wide-Angle Tuning! First major improvement in radio design in 15 years . . . engineered to be seen clearly from all positions . . . tuned swiftly and accurately.



THE INTERPRETER, blond mahogany crafted in the modern manner; also in rich old-world mahogany.

STROBO-SONIC TONE SYSTEM with the new Electro-Hush Reproducer! The Dura-point *retracts* to guard your records from accidental scratch! Needle noise . . . distracting hiss and chatter are banished. Your needle-changing worries are over.

. . . beautiful new cabinets, period and modern, style-proportioned for the home of today!

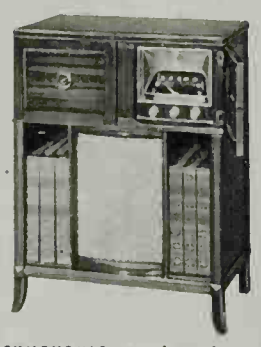
Yes, *really new* sets are here—new in styling, new in radiant performance, new in the true-life beauty of their Strobo-Sonic Tone . . . in *both* radio and phonograph!

Perfectly proportioned for the modern home, these beautiful consoles blend harmoniously with every decorative style.

All have the famous Built-in Radair Antenna, genuine PM dynamic speakers, and the fast, quiet, gentle-action Stewart-Warner automatic record changer.

See these new Stewart-Warner sets . . . look for the difference . . . *listen* for it—at your dealer's now!

A Model for Every Purpose . . . A Radio for Every Room



THE SYMPHONIC, a charming radio-phonograph with automatic record changer. In old-world mahogany with dimensional bronze grille. 34¼" high, 26¾" wide, 16" deep.



THE NEW MINSTREL, a radio-phonograph in handsome contemporary design. Standard record changer handles up to 12 disks. 34½" high, 23¾" wide, 16" deep.

Stewart-Warner

AM *Radios* FM · *Radio-Phonographs* · *Television*

CHICAGO 14 ILLINOIS

The old man put both hands on the desk.

"I can't believe my ears, Charlie. Mr. Buell says you insulted him!"

"Oh?" Charlie's tone took on a note of surprise. He put his cup down. "He got it, did he?"

Bert Buell arrived and pointed a quivering finger

"That's the way he talked to me upstairs! Fire him!"

Charlie tilted back in his chair, put his feet on the desk.

"Mr. Ashcraft," he said, flicking his cigarette, "if you want Bert Buell in this hotel—you book him. And if you book him—you handle him." He picked up a letter. "And if you don't like what I'm saying, here's my resignation!"

Kenneth Ashcraft was patting the wall trying to find the button.

"Now, boys!" he cried as the panel slid open. "Let's have a friendly little drink in the Cock 'n' Feather." He grabbed Bert's arm and shoved him in. "There's been a misunderstanding. Let's straighten it out."

"Make mine tea," said Charlie. "I'll be damned if I'll drink with him."

But he patted the wall behind him, found the button; the door closed, and H. Bertrand Buell was in the nest.

BREATHING hard, Bert lowered himself into a red-leather arm chair. His cheeks were twitching.

"Now, then," he said, staring nervously at Ashcraft, who was making lightning motions back of the bar. "Look here. Damn it all, I've got a right to know what brought this on!"

Ashcraft missed his aim with the seltzer but managed somehow to pour two jiggers for Bert.

"Speak up, Charlie," the old man cried. "Cards on the table. Bring it out in the open. What's got into you?"

"I'll tell you what's got into me," said Charlie furiously, passing Bert his glass. "I'd slept in a ditch all night in Lingling—cold and miserable—and when the mail came, here was a letter from Susie telling me H. Bertrand Buell had kicked a sailor's seabag across the lobby in a childish burst of temper because he couldn't get a room! Didn't know there was a war on. Why, it made me so cockeyed mad—"

Bert was hammering on the table.

"I had a room," he shouted. "They threw me out of it!"

"Details," stormed Charlie. "Did you kick some poor gob's seabag, or didn't you? That's what I want to know."

"He had his reasons," screamed Mr. Ashcraft.

"They threw my wife and m of here into a blizzard," roared "Can you ask for a better reason that?"

"Why, you knew that, Charlie," tested Mr. Ashcraft. "I told yo self."

"Nothing of the sort," bel Charlie. "I didn't find out unt peasant started throwing ash trays in Toledo."

But he allowed himself to b suaded. By then, Bert's glass ha emptied three times and a yearni approval was warm within him. end, Charlie reluctantly agreed t them for dinner in the Tiger Room even greater reluctance he promi bring Susie. And when Bert reeled away toward the elevato Ashcraft said, admiringly, moppi brow:

"I'm beginning to see it, Charlie dried the inside of his collar. "I to hand it to you. You're a psychologist, my boy!"

"Tonight's the night," said C grimly. "Never underestimate H trand Buell."

He slept three hours, the long he'd had since 1945, and then, o'clock, put on his dinner cloth went downstairs with Susie to me Buell. He was right. Bert was and when Ashcraft joined them table he fired the first gun:

"I called Toledo and consult Buell on the phone this noon, b took my shower," he said, coldly had an interesting comment t about this hotel."

"What was that?" asked Ashcr litely.

"She wouldn't be found dead Bert said.

MR. ASHCRAFT shot a glance at Charlie and fou smiling.

"Now, now," the old man imp hastily. "Let's have a drink. W be, Bert, old boy?"

"Tomato juice," said Bert pr "It may help the hang-over I've got. Smart guy, aren't you, Squi

Charlie was gazing at Bert admiration.

"You're okay, Bertrand," he sa ding his head. "You're fast feet."

"Don't sweet-talk me!" crie "Come on, Ashcraft, order m and let me get out of here."

Ashcraft nervously called th and it was then that Susie went on Bert. All sweet attention a



"When you keep wanting me to answer yes or no, I hardly know what

COLLIER'S GARRE

ANNOUNCING...

NEW·IMPROVED

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM



special trial offer

t n keeps on longer after the brushing stops

New improved Squibb Dental Cream is a new experience in longer mouth refreshment. It helps the cleaning by staying with your brush. It helps after the cleaning by staying longer on the job in your mouth. It's alkaline. It's flavored with natural oils—not synthetic. Stays soft in the tube—won't harden.

This trial offer guarantees your money back if you aren't completely satisfied. Just bring both tubes, even if empty, and the wrapper back to your dealer. He'll return the full 39¢. (Offer good only through Nov. 30, 1947.)

the alkaline dental cream

WEATHER: "RAIN" INSIDE YOUR WATCH

Scientists explain why millions of mainsprings break, and one doesn't

High humidity followed by a sudden drop in temperature sets up a miniature rainstorm inside of the tightest watch cases. For such conditions cause the condensation of a droplet of moisture. A tiny pin point of rust begins—and *there* is where the mainspring breaks. Rust is the commonest cause of mainspring breakage. The finest steel mainsprings ever made will rust.

But now comes Elgin's amazing new DuraPower* Mainspring. It's made of an entirely new alloy. The DuraPower Mainspring *will not rust.* Furthermore it retains its "springiness" indefinitely for greater accuracy through the years.

The DuraPower Mainspring *eliminates 99% of repairs due to steel mainspring failures.* Only Elgin Watches including Lord and Lady Elgins and Elgin De Luxe have this miracle mainspring, and at no extra cost. Look for the symbol "dp" on the dial. Also at repair shops for replacement in many previous Elgin models.

*Patent Pending

BRIGHT STAR

GIVES MORE BRIGHT LIGHT LONGER



always keep a Bright Star Flashlight handy for work, play, travel, home use

BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO., CLIFTON, N.J.

flashing smiles, she got a Martini down him, and another, and finally a third. She laughed gaily at his tired old jokes, admired his emblems, listened wide-eyed to the story of his life. Then she mellowed him further with onion soup and *poulet à la Stanley* with Château Yquem 1928. Then Cherries Jubilee. And, finally, Ashcraft's last bottle of V.S.O.P. brandy. It was the brandy that won him over.

"Mrs. Buell would like *you,* Susie," said Bert thickly at ten o'clock.

"She can never forgive us, I know," said Susie, fluttering her lashes. Then, appealingly, aiming for Bert's big heart: "Even if you take your convention to another hotel in October, I shall do my best to make her happy. I remember seeing her when you were here last time. She's beautiful."

"Beautiful," echoed Kenneth Ashcraft.

Charlie, sitting gloomily with his chin in his hands, felt a slipper against his shin.

"Yes, yes," he said, joining in. "Beautiful, beautiful."

Bert warmed a big brandy snifter between his palms and drank it down. His eyes were like marbles now. He fixed them on Susie.

"When I tell Mrs.—" Bert paused.

"Buell," said Susie, helpfuly.

"Yes. When I tell Mrs. Buell about you, Susie, everything's going to be all right." He splashed more brandy into his glass. "Af'er the floor show," he said owlishly, "let's all get together and set the dates."

"Hear that?" cried Mr. Ashcraft, patting some spilled wine with his napkin. "Hear that, Charlie?"

Susie signaled the roving photographer to take their picture. A beaming group—all but Charlie, who was sadly drawing a map of Lingling on the tablecloth.

Susie nudged him again.

"What's the matter?" she formed with her lips. "What is it?"

Charlie glared at Bert. "Quitter," he said, under his breath.

It was at the roll of the drum announcing the floor show that an idea struck him, spiraling into his mind from something Bert had said. He'd had drink for drink with Bertrand but his head was clear as a bell. It seemed to him that with this final conquest the best challenge in the hotel business was gone forever, the last beckoning light had fluttered out. But now he sat straight, his interest returning.

Bert had said, "I was an acrobat for a while, when I was a boy."

"Not really!" Susie had been surprised.

"I know it's hard to believe," Bert told her, patting her hand. "I've put on so much weight and all. But I wasn't bad. Toured a whole season with a circus once."

Charlie pushed his glass aside. "Excuse me a minute," he said, getting up.

He ducked under the spotlight, circled through the darkness behind the orchestra platform and hurried to a dressing room.

THE Seven Marchettis were flexing their big muscles, wriggling the toes of their large bare feet, doing bends. They were astonishingly healthy considering that they never breathed fresh air except when riding in cabs to railway stations.

"Our frien' Charles!" Tony Marchetti cried, flashing his white teeth. "You have a ringside table, no? Tonight we dedicate our act to Mrs. Squires."

"You'll do better than that," Charlie said, waving them into a huddle. He whispered earnestly until Tony suddenly backed away.

"You have had some quantities of wine, yes, my frien'?"

"What of it?"

"But this, that you are asking, is very onusual, yes?"

"Who got you your job here?" demanded Charlie. "If it wasn't for me you'd be playing Kenosha."

The brothers looked at one another doubtfully. Then they all shrugged.

"We will do our best, Signor," Tony said. "The Seven Marchettis never forget a frien'."

When Charlie came back to the table he was once again all affability and charm; Susie was relieved.

BUT when the Seven Marchettis returned to take their bow at the end of the performance they suddenly broke ranks and stormed Charlie's table uttering wild cries of delight.

"H. Bertrand Buell!" they cried. "Bert Buell! Allez-oop!"

There was a tumbling instant of confusion, an interlacing of arms and legs and then Bert Buell, pince-nez dangling, was sitting in the middle of the dance floor on the upraised feet of Tony Marchetti. Six other Marchettis on their backs in a circle lifted their paddlelike feet in unison and presently Bert was



"Yes, I know your husband is a schoolteacher, but what does he do for a living?"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

sailing through the spotlight beam with the greatest of ease. The Marchettis were exact and gentle; their precision was a pretty thing to see.

But then something happened.

A shower of silver cascaded to the dance floor from Bert's gaping pockets and a roaring upsweep of laughter ran into the veins of the Seven Marchettis like liquid fire. This was their first taste of stormy applause; never had they heard open palms banging in delight on night-club tables, nor knives hammering against highball glasses; never had they seen an audience helpless with laughter; it was heady wine. A latent sense of comedy welled up in them, and ignoring the piteous, surprised bleats that came from the whirling figure of H. Bertrand Buell they tossed him higher and spun him about in intricate patterns until his shoes, one by one, came off and his necktie snapped and fluttered to the floor.

When the audience could laugh no harder the Seven Marchettis carried his limp form away. But then the house came down in shrieks and whistles and Bert's sagging body was back for an encore. No sound came from Bert, though. No protest. No movement, whatever. And once again they carried him off.

"He's fainted," Susie cried.

"If this is a practical joke, Squires," Mr. Ashcraft thundered, "it's your last."

Charlie rose with dignity.

"Now," he said, "I'll straighten ev thing out. Just leave it to me."

"I'll handle this," snapped Ashc hurrying away.

They found Bert lying red-faced couch in the dressing room, his br glasses dangling near the floor. Lik Marchettis he, too, was barefoot, ha lost his socks during the encore. Ashcraft propped him up and c loudly for water. The acrobats cri in a corner. Sobbing, Susie brou glass. In that crowded room Charlie was calm.

"Mr. Buell," said Ashcraft, hur "I apologize. My lawyers will be to talk to yours any time you say."

Bert struggled to an elbow.

"Did that photographer get a pi of it?" he gasped.

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Ash horrified.

Bert staggered to his feet.

"Well, why the hell not?" he manded. "Get him in here!" Th spotted Charlie and staggered acro room to embrace him. "Good Charlie!" he cried, slapping him o back. "Your idea, they tell me." crushed Charlie's disgusted face a his shirt front. "Fulfilled a long ambition," he babbled, sh hands with everybody. "Nobody believed I once was an acrobat. even my wife. Get that photogr in here!"

Mr. Ashcraft looked on dazed Bert climbed to the top of a pyran the broad backs of the Seven Marc A flash bulb exploded. Bert waved to them.

"Book me up, Charlie," he "And, Susie, you be nice to Mrs. during the convention."

Charlie stalked across to K Ashcraft.

"Well, why don't you fire m demanded.

Ashcraft jerked his eyes from C to Bert Buell on the pyramid an again.

"Never mind," said Charlie, b "I quit. I'm going to look arou a business with a little comp in it."

WHEN he'd finished telling r story, Susie said, "And we it, too. All our turkeys got pneu It was dreadful. But now veteri come from everywhere just to Charlie. We're making a fortune we, dear?"

He was pacing the room. She f him around, trying to kiss him.

"How's hotel business in C these days?" he asked.

"Falling off," I said.

"Heard anything about the Embassy?"

"Down forty per cent," I told

He stopped. His eyes brighten

"How about Bert Buell?" he a

"His gang is all booked to Toledo next October."

"Is that so?" said Charlie. looking gayer by the minute. "man Ashcraft? Suppose he'd pu the old job again?"

I had to say it. You don't lie t

"Not a chance, Charlie," I t "From all I hear he wouldn't let past the revolving doors."

Susie was watching him ap sively. He was pacing again, aglow.

"Hell, kid," he said to her, raising is too damned easy. I w about the hotel business in the fir Come on, Susie—on your feet. needs us, gal! Let's pack."

There were tears in her eye looked slowly around that lovel But then she lifted her lips, sn him mistily. She loves the guy don't think she'll ever understan

THE END



AMERICAN LEADS THE WAY IN EXPERIENCE

PASSENGERS CARRIED
For ten years, American has led all domestic airlines in total passengers carried!

PASSENGER MILES FLOWN
American has led all domestic airlines since 1937 in number of passenger miles flown!

DC-6 SERVICE
American—first with regular DC-6 service—has the greatest number of DC-6 aircraft in operation!

NUMBER OF AIRCRAFT
American leads all domestic airlines in number of airliners in service!

ENGINEERING RESEARCH
American's engineering staff—employing the finest research facilities—has no equal in technical skill and knowledge!

IN FLIGHTS FLOWN
American, day-in and day-out, makes more scheduled flights than any other airline!

IN PERSONNEL TRAINING
American excels all airlines in intensified, thorough personnel training!

IN TESTING AND INSPECTION
American exceeds the rigid requirements of the Civil Aeronautics Administration in its testing and inspection of aircraft and equipment!

IN AIRFREIGHT SERVICE
American was the first airline to operate Airfreight service!

...AND, FOR THE FUTURE
...for continued leadership, American has on order more DC-6 and Convair transports than any other airline!

The Finest Flagship of Them All!

AMERICAN'S FIVE STAR DC-6

SPEED! More than 300 miles per hour—on only 65% of the available horsepower of its four powerful, Pratt & Whitney engines! . . . Unmatched climbing rate, 1500 feet per minute, brings it swiftly to high altitudes at which maximum speed and travel comfort can be enjoyed.

COMFORT! An entirely new experience in fatigue-free flight!... Automatic and complete air conditioning and pressure control . . . soft, roomy seats...and a host of other features—plus American's unsurpassed personalized service!

DEPENDABILITY! The most modern product of the knowledge and experience that produced the world-famous DC-3 and DC-4...of years of research and planning—plus rigorous testing by American Airlines experts—including 300,000 miles of pre-service flight-testing.

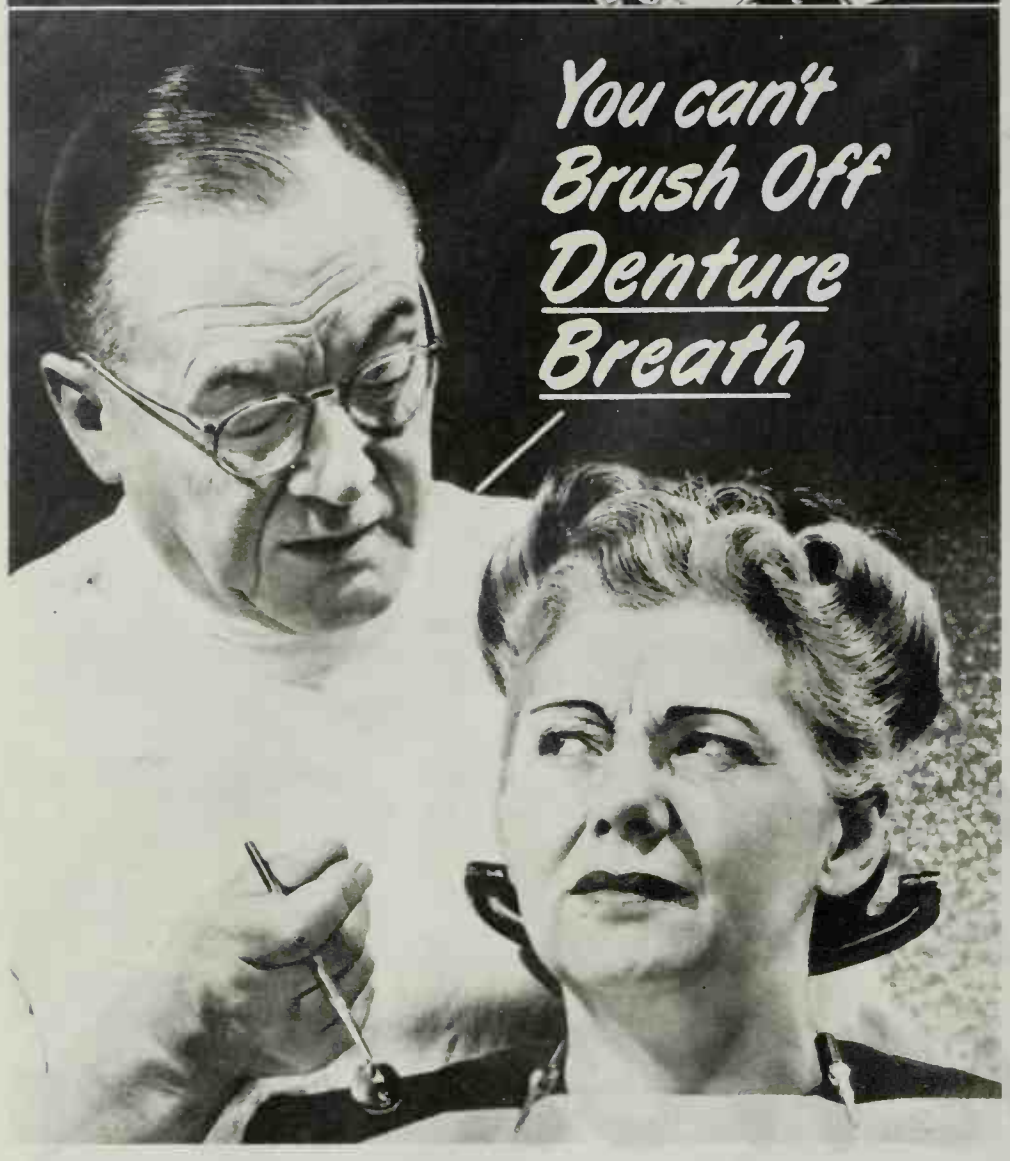
For reservations and information call your nearest American Airlines office or your travel agent

AMERICAN AIRLINES

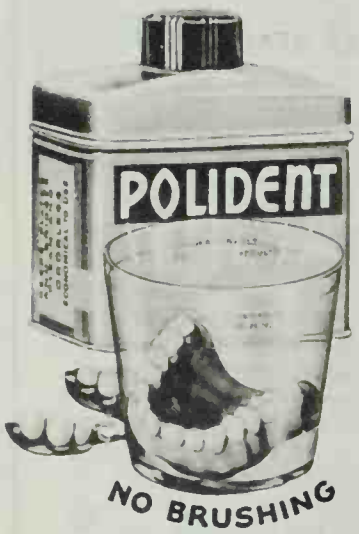
False Teeth?



DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"



Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

Buy an economical can of Polident, world's largest selling denture cleanser, 30¢ and 60¢.

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily*

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH? Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP Made and Guaranteed by POLIDENT

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

What would I do about it? Just go out and ask the average everyday workman or businessman who has not been hypnotized by a lot of high-sounding mumbo-jumbo put out by the psychiatric medicine men to fortify their own jobs.

First—Make punishment swift, certain and severe for both parents and hell-raising brats alike.

Second—Put a bounty (about 50 cents per head) on all the career-boy psychiatrists.

Third—Have the parents of the decent kids demand that their offspring receive at least their proportionate share of money spent for public education.

WILLIAM D. YOUNG, Bishop, Cal.

CAME THE DAWN

DEAR SIRS: According to Mr. Jim Marshall (Life with Mr. Powell, Aug. 16th) I quote: "Bill was born July 29, 1892, in Pittsburgh. He first saw the light of day fifteen years later, when his family moved to Kansas City." I presume from this Mr. Powell was born blind, but recovered his sight when he arrived in Kansas City. Or is Pittsburgh such a Smoky City?

J. ELLIOTT, Banff, Alberta

To see the light, sir, we suggest you move to Pittsburgh.

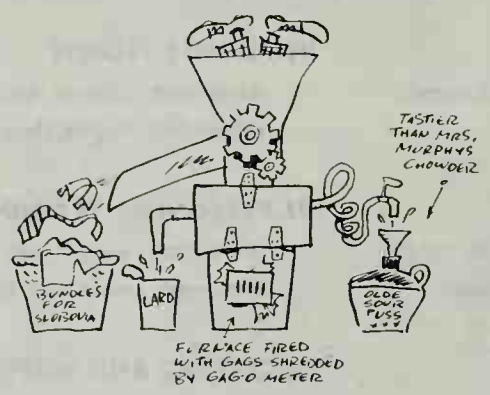
ZZYDD CORP.

DEAR SIRS: Might I toss in a couple of items for the Zzydd Corp. formed by that Sarasota screwball Bandel Linn (The Week's Work, June 21st): I have (1) a Double-spring Padlock for those who like to bolt their food, and (2) a Bottomless Drawer in which to hide one's emotions.

FRANK COLE, Garden City, L. I.

GAGOMETER

DEAR SIRS: Note your infernal machine, the Gurney Gagometer, designed to reject cartoons automatically (The Week's Work, July 26th). Beware! I've thrown together a countermeasure of loose bobby pins, a hot plate, some old bedsprings and a lawn mower. Completely automatic, it starts at the drop of an editorial NO!; is patented as



the Lichty Gag-Fired-Joke-Editor-Mincer & Distillation Plant; is collapsible, and can be carried handily from editor lair to e.l. in a steamer trunk. If cartoonist dies of overrejection on the way, he can be buried in the trunk—and be rejected wherever he goes. GEORGE LICHTY, Chicago, Ill.

BLUE BABIES

DEAR EDITOR: A short time ago I met Ray West, a stanch citizen of Corpus Christi, and learned that his son had just recovered from a "blue baby" operation at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

[Collier's published an account of Dr. Alfred Blalock's new technique for operating on so-called "blue" babies in A Gift of Life, Apr. 6th, '46.]

In Auckland, New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. W. Rose read the Collier's article and subsequently brought their daughter, Marie Stewart, five, to Johns Hopkins. She was operated on last May and released in June, a healthy, mischievous child.

The day after, Roy James, a boy from Australia, was admitted, operated on in June and released the first week of August a healthy specimen of boyhood.

During the last year, how many "blue" babies have come to Johns Hopkins as a result of the Collier's article is not known But Dr. Blalock has discharged 80 per cen of his patients as healthy, normal children

BOB WILKINSON, New York, N. Y

OUT TO LYNCH

DEAR EDITOR: Concerning your editoria One Cure for Lynching (Aug. 2d) I wish to quote: "Anyway, here's to Hurtsboro' Mayor Vann. He's a man."

Why make Mayor Vann a national hero Why not give the Negro maid, who helpe my sister fight the Negro and prevent hi from carrying out his criminal attack unt help could be obtained, equal credit for job well done? Here's to Hurtsboro's Ne gro maid Pecola. She's the real hero.

JOHN M. CADE, JR., Tuscaloosa, Al

. . . From the security of his skyscrap office, the average editor cannot compr hend the ungovernable, despairing, con pelling rage underlying the lynching of rural rapist.

His womenfolk have never been isolate hours on hours, day in and day out, in a unprotected farmhouse. Nor have th day after day hurried fearfully down lonely country lane at dusky-dark for t cows. When legal processes, unhampere by outside erratic societies and individua make punishment of rapists certain, lync ing will go the way of the old-time prote tive practice of stringing up cattle thiev

H. Y. NOBLE, Shreveport, L

. . . It seems difficult to achieve unbias judgment where color enters in. If or there could be some way that one's col could be hidden until the trial had end this might be possible. We are responsit for our citizens, and if the helping hand not given those born into unfortun homes we should not mete out the sa punishment to those less handicapped.

NORMA WILLIAMS, Santa Monica, C

WAR PAINT

DEAR SIRS: If the girls are going to fool then let them fool us, but I, for one, res their turning the world into a giant pow room as they do on the cover of Aug 16th, preparing for the School for Cha article in the same issue. Why can't girls keep the unpleasant facts in beauty parlor—you know, the place wh the average girl spends half her time two thirds of her money so she won't l like the average girl—but usually does.

GEORGE BELLAGAMBA, Bronx, N.

BUNNYISMS

DEAR SIRS: It's tough to top the malap isms of Bunny McLeod (The We Work, Aug. 16th) but I have heard a mental lapses in my day. "Why don't come see me never? I live where the bends!" a vaudeville acquaintance mine once said. On our way home fro party she summed up sagely, "Well, much for the social annuities!" But I lo her most dearly when she observed: guess I'm using the correct tick-tac Maybe *I* wasn't because she later said. must be psychopathic, you read my mi

These are male-aprops I have he "Let me meditate it over!" "He must b musele, no superstitious flesh on him!" can make a mistake, I'm not inflam ble!" Of course, you probably know Clark once advised everyone, "Don't my show if you can!" and Jack Norw cried: "I very don't like her!" We're trying to figure out what he meant.

JOE LAURIE, JR., Jackson Heights, N

Mr. Laurie's contributions, while hilar are not the McQue except for Dave Cl enjoinder which is a genuine Bunnyis

PROMISES NEVER WHIPPED A WHISKER

ut through the talk and get down to facts! This chick Electric Shaver has to prove—in 10 days—on your own face—that it's the finest shaving instrument ever—or you get your money back!

When it comes to *promises,* we can make more than most people.

After all, we've worked for 17 years to make shaving almost as easy as flicking a light switch. And in the Schick Super we honestly believe we've turned out the shaving instrument that beats them all.

But packing this ad with promises wouldn't *prove* anything to you.

Instead we say this:

Put a Schick Super next to your face—and *see what it does for you.*

Watch those heads give you double-action on every stroke—watch your face come out from behind the toughest whiskers bare and beardless, slick and nickless.

Find out how Schick takes work and worry, cuts and scrapes, out of shaving. Try out some fast up-to-date shaves. Shave with your shirt on when time is short.

Try it all for *10 full days.* And then—



10-DAY TRIAL BUY—Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with two close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give you double shaving action on every stroke. Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at $18.00. Buy one—try it for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave you ever found, *return it and get your money back in full.* Or—trial-buy the famous Schick Colonel for only $15.00.

If you don't feel that the Schick Super tops everything for shaving ease—bring it to your dealer's and take all your money back!

So what do you say? How about starting the 10-day trial right *now* by heading for the nearest Schick dealer?

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER and SHAVEREST



FOR COMPLETE CONVENIENCE—THE SCHICK SHAVEREST

Handy automatic wall-holder, handsome in any bathroom. Fits any Schick ever built (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe, fingertip handy next to mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up the cord. **$7.95**

Shaverest—Trademark Schick, Inc.

YOUR HAT *IS* IMPORTANT



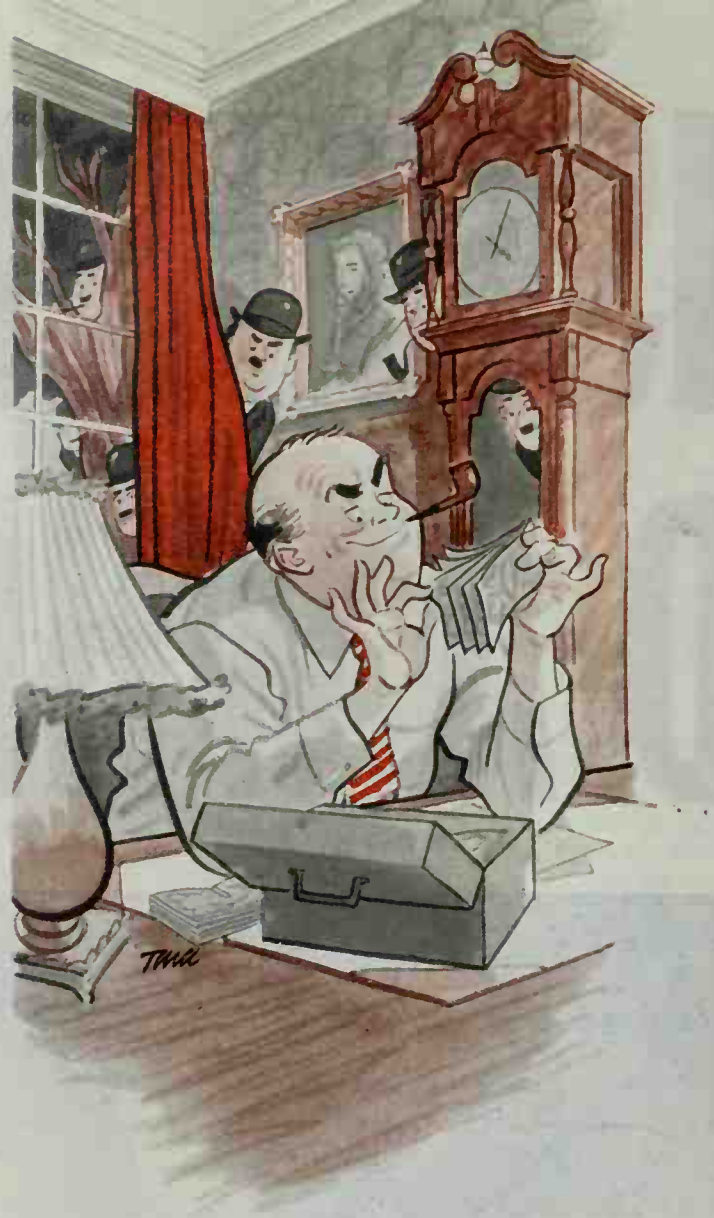
$6.50 to $12.50

PORTIS HATS

Discerning women, constantly conscious of men's appearance, acclaim Fall Portis Hats. These well styled, superbly crafted fur felts have what it takes . . . Style, quality, enduring good looks. Shapes to fit every face, in harmonious colors to agree with your Fall outfit. . . . And top values!

See your hatter or write

PORTIS HATS, CHICAGO 10, ILL.



THEY CAN'T FOOL THE REVENUE MAN

BY A. L. M. WIGGINS

The tax evader who juggles with his return m think he's fooling Uncle Sam but he's only p ing up a load of grief for himself. Here's wh as told by the Undersecretary of the Treasu

THE boy at the bank teller's window was small and nondescript, and no one paid any attention to him until he produced a big bundle of currency and slipped it under the grill for deposit. As the teller counted the money several $1,000 bills were disclosed.

Then the man next in line began to take notice; he was a field agent of the United States Treasury, waiting to deposit his regular pay check. And a Treasury tax man reacts to a $1.000 bill like a member of the homicide squad does to a bloodstained garment; he wants to know where it came from and who owned it and where the owner got it. To him a $1,000 bill usually means there's a tax evader in the woodpile. The agent turned to the boy and said, "Son, that's a lot of money you're depositing. Where do you work?"

"I'm a clerk for an insurance company," the boy said. When the boy left, the agent followed and spotted the firm.

This agent was not an income-tax man, but he reported what he had seen, and investigators immediately took the trail of the $1,000 bills. It was a very simple and productive inquiry. From the insurance company they learned that the big bills had come from a manufacturer of automobile trailers; he customarily paid his insurance premiums in cash, and often with very large bills. So the investigators swooped down upon the manufacturer, examined his books, compared the figures in them with his bank deposits, expenses and other items, and wound up with claims against him and his business associates for delinquent income taxes. With penalties, the amount collected was almost $2,000,000.

This manufacturer had entered in his books all payments made to him or to his company by check, while cash payments, which were encouraged, were not entered. He thought he had dreamed up an original scheme that would fool the Treasury's income-tax experts; actually, he had tried one of the oldest tax-evasion dodges, one that rarely works.

He had forgotten, among other things, that if a man i get anything for his money it must be passed around, passing big bills in secret is well-nigh impossible. Invari somebody sees them, and almost always somebody t about what he has seen. And eventually the news gets to income-tax people, who have very sharp ears.

I told the story of this tax evader to a friend, and he s "Oh, yes, I know you get most of the big boys. But i about the little fellows? There must be thousands of t who get away with murder every year."

Well, my friend was wrong. We get the little evader well as the big ones, but the little cases seldom get into papers, and the general public doesn't hear of them. T the case of the man who ran a filling station and lu counter on the outskirts of a sizable city. He made a g living from his business, but he was distinctly a small op tor. He figured that he could chisel a few hundred do in income taxes without running any risk. He operate a cash basis; how could anyone know how much he in? So what finally happened? He paid the $300 he tried to evade and a 50 per cent penalty besides. In a tion, he hired a lawyer, and the lawyer didn't work for r ing. I estimated that it cost this man about $1,000 to t evade $300 in taxes.

Why was this man suspected? Simply because hi ported income did not fit the pattern of other operato the same kind of business in the same territory.

Another small evader, whom we caught, was a fuel tractor; he sold several thousand cords of wood to the A In his tax return he reported correctly the price he ha ceived, and most of the other items of his return were wise correct. But he made one mistake. He claimed before he sold the wood to the Army he had bought it neighboring landowners. One of our local agents happ to know that a great deal of the wood came from a site was being cleared for an airfield, and had cost the contr nothing but the labor of cutting and hauling. This ma big difference in his profit and, of course, in his true tax and the fact that he had attempted to evade taxes mad even bigger difference.

The fact is that over a stretch of years an incom evader has almost no chance to escape paying what the ernment's income-tax division says is due, plus penalt the evasion has been willful. And on top of that, if th fraud, there may be a jail sentence. An evader shoul think he is safe merely because he doesn't hear from u a few years. Under the law we have six years in whi catch the man who makes a false return and to recom criminal action against him. But additional taxes ma assessed at any time a deficiency due to fraud is foun



Disgruntled or underpaid employees are a fruitful source of tax tips



Every year thousands of taxpayers voluntarily disclose unpaid taxes



Treasury men get to kno ness of even the smalle

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL TARA

What type of girl did you marry?

Whatever her type, she's your best *girl. So remember her wedding anniversary with a gift that's worthy of her—a beautiful and accurate Hamilton Watch!*



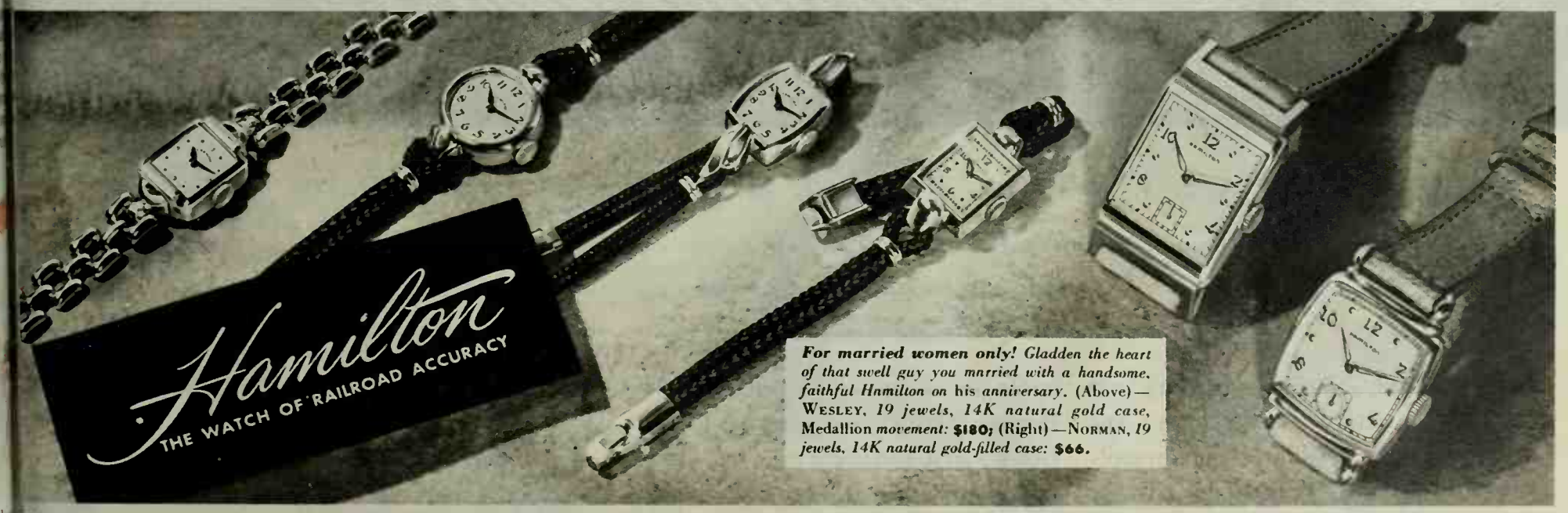
OUTDOOR TYPE. Does she like sports as much as you do? And do you even take her along on hunting trips? She'll love a stunning Hamilton like the FL-6 (below). 17 jewels, 14K natural gold case and link bracelet with Hamilton's finest *Medallion* movement: **$210.**

HOMEBODY. Is she cute as a button, neat as a pin? And does she surprise you with dinners that taste even better than those your mother used to make? Surprise her with a lovely Hamilton like the LYNN (below). 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case: **$71.50.**

UTTERLY FEMININE. Is she still as young-looking as the girl you proposed to—even though she's the mother of three husky children? She'll be even more beautiful wearing the graceful and accurate LANA (3rd from left, below). 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case: **$71.50.**

GLAMOUR GIRL. Is she such a wonderful dancer that she makes even *you* look smooth on a dance floor? She'll be thrilled speechless by the breathtaking beauty of the graceful GRETA (4th from left, below). 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case and heavy silk cord: **$100.**

The watches below were picked to suggest Hamilton's wide variety of styles and prices. See your jeweler for many other appropriate Hamilton gift watches from **$52.75** *up.*



For married women only! *Gladden the heart of that swell guy you married with a handsome, faithful Hamilton on his anniversary.* (Above)—WESLEY, *19 jewels, 14K natural gold case,* Medallion *movement:* **$180;** (Right)—NORMAN, *19 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled case:* **$66.**

The finest hairspring ever developed! It's the exclusive *Hamilton Elinvar Extra*—non-magnetic, rust-proof, true at all temperatures. First used in Hamilton Railroad Watches, then in Hamilton war timepieces, now assures greatest accuracy in every Hamilton made. Prices include Fed. Tax. Send for FREE catalog and revealing booklet, "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-5, Lancaster, Penna.



PRESENTING CAPTURED YORKTOWN BATTLE FLAGS AT STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, 1781*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER



"...twenty-four standards, taken at the same time, are ready to be laid before Congress."

—LETTER FROM GENL. WASHINGTON TO THOMAS MCKEAN, PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 27, 1781

Sweet indeed, after anxious years, was America's victory at Yorktown. And nowhere was it celebrated more heartily than in Colonial Philadelphia. Today, those early traditions of hospitality are nobly sustained in Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. An exceptional whisky, so rich yet mild, you might reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.



86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILA.

*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia" — *The Heritage Whisky* — Famous Since 1894

tter how long after the filing of the re-
n.

At this moment the Treasury has in its
s more than 30,000 leads—they come
us from every imaginable source—
ich will undoubtedly turn up hun-
ds of millions of dollars in hitherto
ded taxes. So far in 1947 we have col-
ted delinquent taxes as high as $200,-
,000 in a single month. During the
rent fiscal year, which ends next June
h, we expect to bring into the Treas-
about $2,500,000,000 through our
orcement activities. We estimate the
t of enforcement to effect collection
not more than one dollar for every
nty collected.

Ve are determined to get every dollar
's due the government, with penalties
interest, and are prepared to recom-
d criminal action in every case that
ms to justify it.

o other policy would be fair to the
ponderant proportion of the Ameri-
citizens who pay their full and
per taxes.

Source of Income Is Immaterial

When it comes to tax money the gov-
ment is not interested in whether you
your income by preaching the Gos-
or by engaging in a disreputable oc-
ation; we want our share and we're
rmined to get it.

man may be a gambler, a book-
er, a blackmailer or a burglar, but
doesn't give the government part of
ake, we step in. And one way or an-
r we usually manage to find out what
take is. In order to learn what the
iues of the numbers game were, we
mathematical experts calculate prob-
ties; and operating on the basis of his
es we have collected enormous sums
numbers operators in the big cities.
lid the same with bookmakers.

d how do we catch all these people,
other evaders with more honorable
pations? Well, there are thousands
ays of doing it, and our agents know
all. Since the federal income-tax
became effective in 1913, approxi-
ly 388,000,000 returns have been
and in the process of examining
over the years all the tricks of
d-be evaders have been encountered
ten that a skilled examiner can spot
tentional error almost at a glance.
ve have plenty of skilled examiners.
ttered over the country are more
1,000 Treasury offices, and out of
about 22,000 men and women work
business of collecting taxes. And
agents are not snoopers, although
disgruntled taxpayers may claim
hey are. They do no improper pry-
to your affairs. But they do exam-
our tax figures. If there is an error,
are just as anxious to refund an
ayment as to assess an underpay-

y are observant, and they know
reas in which they live and work.
read the newspapers. They make
dic studies of real-estate transac-
They learn about unusual currency
actions. They look into sudden dis-
of wealth. The purchase of mink
, for example, has started many a
ssful tax hunt. If a man buys
ne notably finer than his economic
on would seem to justify, we inves-
. We investigate hat-check receipts,
o waiters, earnings of cabdrivers
thers to get a line on average in-
. Some of our agents have even
d at these occupations to get this
nation.

e one of our agents in Chicago saw
vertisement of an auction sale of
y and thought it might be interest-
find out who bought what. One
, he learned, bought a ring for $12,-
Another paid $19,000 for a neck-
A third bought three rings, the
est for $3,500, the most expensive
3,500. Their tax returns were ex-
amined to see if their reported income indicated such spending power. I am glad to say that most of the buyers were shown to be in the clear, but several were not, and after an investigation we levied and collected additional taxes, with penalties.

Even money hidden away may trap the tax evader. Recently, twenty-dollar bills that had a musty odor began to circulate in a small city. A revenue agent traced the bills to the original owner and found them to be part of a treasure that had been buried in a damp spot. It proved to be income on which no tax had been paid.

Death, too, may play the role of detective. When a man dies, his estate is usually subject to an estate tax. If the inventory shows hidden wealth on which income taxes have not been paid, the estate is assessed the tax plus the penalties.

In addition to the evaders uncovered by routine checking of returns a great many are turned up every year by informers. Government agents receive no additional compensation for taxes recovered, but the informant may be paid a reward as high as ten per cent of the delinquent tax collected. These informers, whose names are not revealed without their consent, are of many kinds. The estranged and angry wife of a doctor secretly gave evidence that caused her husband to pay more than $100,000 in delinquent tax, interest and penalty. A three-cent stamp brought information from Alaska about a construction worker who had won more than $200,-000 gambling, and had reported none of it. We took $160,000 from him in tax, penalty and interest.

Discharged or underpaid employees are a fruitful source of hot tax tips. Recently a bookkeeper brought to the Treasury two sets of books used by his employer, one for income-tax purposes, the other the true income record. They cost the employer the evaded taxes and penalties plus a jail sentence, and the informant received a substantial reward.

Checking Up on the Farmers

For years it has been common talk that many farmers paid little or no income taxes. There was some truth in this, because farm incomes were small, many farmers kept no books, and farmers have never been expected to do much paper work.

The Treasury tax experts finally decided that the current high income on farms seemed to justify more income-tax returns than were being received from the rural population. So a team of 128 agents were sent to a typical farm community and told to get the facts and, if the facts warranted, the delinquent taxes. These agents studied the AAA benefit payments and other government subsidies. They examined bank accounts, store accounts, yields per acre, and land values based on acreage yields.

In general, they studied the standard of living in the test area, and searched the records of grain buyers, cattle buyers and others who buy farm products. The agents worked an average of six weeks each, and the cost of the study was $88,-142.29. But as a result of the investigation the Treasury collected from the several hundred farmers in the test area a total of $5,359,589.56 in taxes, penalties and interest.

Similar studies are planned for other farm communities throughout the United States.

Every year there are thousands of voluntary disclosures of unpaid taxes made by the taxpayers themselves. Such a voluntary action usually avoids humiliation and prosecution. If you have a friend who has temporarily gypped Uncle Sam on his income tax, give him a tip. He can't get away with it.

THE END



Brands are back!

...and so are JOCKEY LIGHTWEIGHT LONGS!

• More than names you merely *know*, brands are names you *trust* and *prefer* . . . because they meet your standards in quality at prices that are *right*.

To dealers, who during the shortage of branded merchandise had to sell unknown substitutes, this means "old friends are back."

To you men who prefer full-leg coverage plus the scientific masculine support of Jockey's Y-Front, "your closest friend is back"—*Lightweight Longs*.

Jockey is popular among millions of men the world over . . . because it is *right* in quality, in comfort, in price.

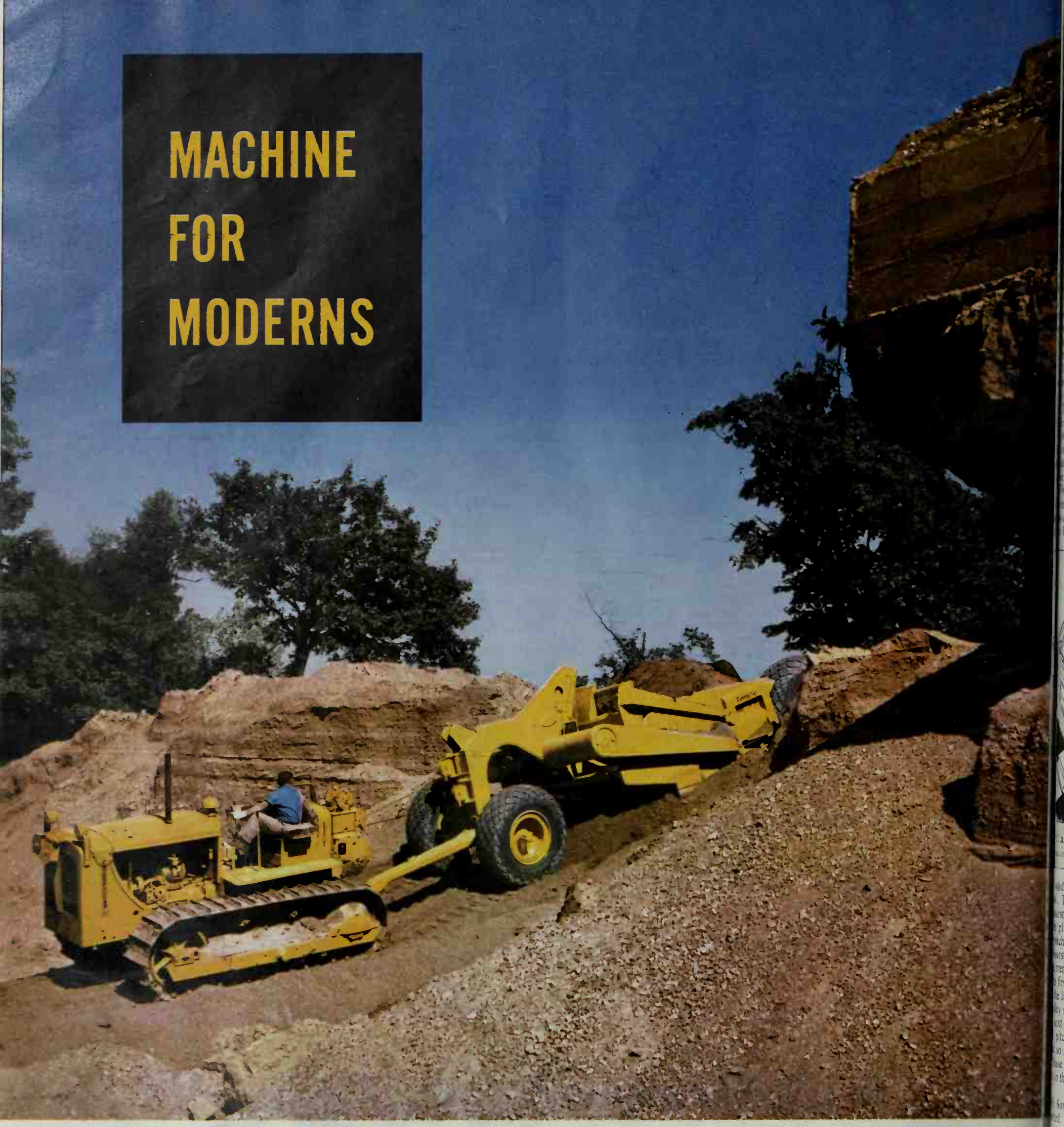
Light enough for year-'round wear, it's the full-length model that extends down to the ankle. Also available are Shorts and Midways. Other Jockey models are on the way back.



IT'S A BRAND . . . IT'S A TRADE MARK . . . IT'S MADE BY Cooper's INC. KENOSHA / WISCONSIN

Licensees for Canada, Moodies; for British Isles, Lyle & Scott; for Australia, Speedo Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; for Switzerland, Vollmoeller.

MACHINE FOR MODERNS



In the brief span of a dozen years the combination of a scraper pulled by a Diesel-powered tractor has revolutionized earthmoving. It has helped to win a world war, and is ready for new and gigantic undertakings in a world at peace.

A dozen "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors and matching "Caterpillar" Scrapers could have built the old Erie Canal — "Clinton's Ditch" — in half the time it took the thousands of pick-and-shovel men employed on that project, and at less cost. Today every citizen benefits by the vast accomplishments of these modern machines.

Moving steadily behind the brute power of the tractor, a "Caterpillar" Scraper bites into the soil with its tough steel blade, scoops up yard after cubic yard of earth, and walks away with a ten-ton l

Like every "Caterpillar" product, the new scra is rugged — built to work at full capacity for y on end. Its cable controls are the last word in sm operating efficiency. The scientifically desig blade "boils" earth upward through the middl the open bowl, allowing it to top out properly. huge over-size tires provide easy pulling in soft

Wherever dams, levees, highways or airports being constructed, you will see these leviathar action. They are builders of the nation's prog

CATERPILLAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DIESEL ENGINES • TRACTORS
MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLIN

BANNER OVER FIRST

Continued from page 22

ere not classic, but they were clean-cut
nd his jaw was good. He did not look
ke most New Yorkers, with his deep
n and stubby haircut. . . .

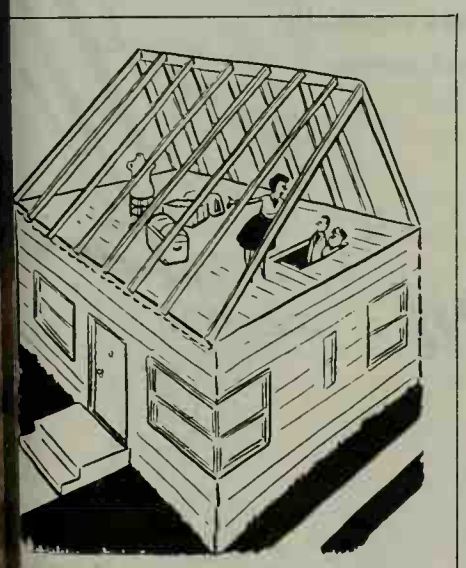
The Eagles were again in the field and
e Sox were up for their last raps. It was
e head of their batting order and in the
ll pen the Eagle reserve hurlers were
orking furiously, for a one-run lead is
thing against a wild base-running team
e the slugging Sox.

The Sox lead-off popped. But the sec-
d hitter choked up and slapped one be-
een first and second, nearer to first.
p Fite could not get to it. Kelley, the
ter, was safe on a doubtful single.

Patsy said, "You see that? Kelley
shed that one at Fite. They're playin'
bum leg!"

The girl said, "Smart baseball. . . ."
e green kerchief was a rag in her fists.
Morgan, the next Sox batter, laid back
though to hit away. Then he crouched
ddenly and laid a bunt down the first-
se line.

Fite, of course, held the bag as Egg
rimer rushed to cover the bunt. Egg
s able to throw out the runner at first.
t Kelley, starting fast, turned second



". . and this is our unfinished attic!"

COLLIER'S — FRITZ WILKINSON

slid into third under Fite's hasty
w. The tying run was set up.

earst, the giant Sox left fielder, was
e plate. Gudgeon buzzed for a re-
pitcher, but allowed Egg to throw
earst. Egg threw one ball. There
a tremendous shout as Hearst picked
e first one and slammed it on a line
the luckless Fite.

elley scored. Hearst went to second.
next man banged a single off the
f pitcher and the ball game was
d so suddenly that the girl in the
-base box did not seem to realize that
s in the bag.

HE Sox got two more runs before it
nded. The Eagles could not get a hit
eir half of the ninth.

tsy sighed, looking at the brown girl.
had slim legs and did not look like a
t-club singer was supposed to look,
ought with some surprise.

e said, "Poor Hap. He'll die all
gh dinner."

tsy said, "He'll die worse tomor-
. . . I shouldn't say that, but Mr.
re—I mean I'll be in there tomor-
" He had to tell someone.

o soon? Without practice, or any-
?" Her eyebrows went up. "You
you can step in there and take
's place?"

e stood up to leave. He had to meet
Moore and Joe Gudgeon. He said,
an't tell you any more right now.
'll be in there."

"Why, you're too short," she ex-
ed. Then she said quickly, "But I
wish you luck. I've been an Eagles fan all my life. I inherited it from Daddy."

He said, "Thank you, ma'am."

Patsy felt the friendliness of the girl; it was funny, because the column had said she was always around with Hap Fite. He supposed she was a dyed-in-the-wool fan. He knew about them. They kept baseball going, made it the national game. He watched her go from the box and suddenly he felt terribly alone and inadequate. He hurried to send a telegram to his mother, who had that tremendous faith in him.

JOE GUDGEON was old and gnarled and tough. He was piloting the Eagles through a rocky season, against terrific odds, and his seamy face showed it. He held Patsy Dealer by the elbow in a grip of iron, and his face was a mask from a grim pageant. The silent, grouped Eagles stared back at him.

Gudgeon said, "This here is Patsy Dealer, up from Florida. He plays first today."

Hap Fite kept his head down, tying his shoelace. It was Mike Holman, the fiery second baseman, who snapped, "What's this, Joe, college stuff?"

Someone laughed on a harsh note. Yesterday's loss had rankled; none of the home club was in good humor.

Gudgeon said, "I say he plays first. He's got the signs; he bats second. Dorn goes into clean-up. Hap'll be ready to pinch-hit. I got no use for sorehead ballplayers. Now go out there and take the lead in this league where you damn' well belong." His voice was quiet but he wore his toughness like a cloak. The veteran ballplayers got up and went out.

Gudgeon said to Patsy, "You wanted it this way."

"Sure," said Patsy. "I'll be all right."

"We *all* better be right," said Gudgeon. They walked out the runway together. The crowd matched yesterday's and the field seemed enormous after the cramped little stadiums down home. Patsy swallowed and looked at the third-base box.

He saw her at once because of the green kerchief. He did not waste any time staring. He went on and sat on the bench and watched the Sox work their allotted warmup time.

The Sox were cocky today. They were even in the standings; they had Elbows MacNeal to pitch. Even Fite had never hit freely off MacNeal. In baseball there is always this fateful series between the two leaders, somewhere along the line of August or September. The Sox knew and everyone knew that this could be the breaking point, that the veteran Eagles could fold today and let the Sox run away from them.

The Sox came in. Gudgeon growled, "Snap out there!"

Patsy Dealer, five feet ten inches tall, one hundred and seventy pounds, rolled a little as he trotted. He had heavy legs, slender ankles, but not too slender, not like Babe Ruth's ankles. He took his old fish-net glove to first base.

Then the roar went up. It was astounding—it was shocking. The resentment came out on the field like a cloud of poison gas. It rolled over him, stifling him. A leather-lunged fan transcended the noise with a shriek, "Who's the little bitty clown? We want Fite!"

Holman tossed the ball to him. It plopped out of Patsy's glove, rolled on the grass. He was fixed as a statue, his mouth open.

Abruptly his chin came out, his teeth went together. He walked over and deliberately picked up the ball, examined it, threw it to the bat boy, calling, "Save that for me."

Holman said, "What's the idea, busher?"

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

You Get a *Lot* of Satisfaction

Striving for perfection is a fascinating art. It has been the Nunn-Bush experience that a high purpose unfailingly induces finer workmanship. So we endeavor with all the earnestness we can muster to make Nunn-Bush shoes the world's most *satisfying* shoes for men. You should get a lot of satisfaction out of Ankle-Fashioning — the Nunn-Bush development for greater comfort and added miles of style.

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Merchant

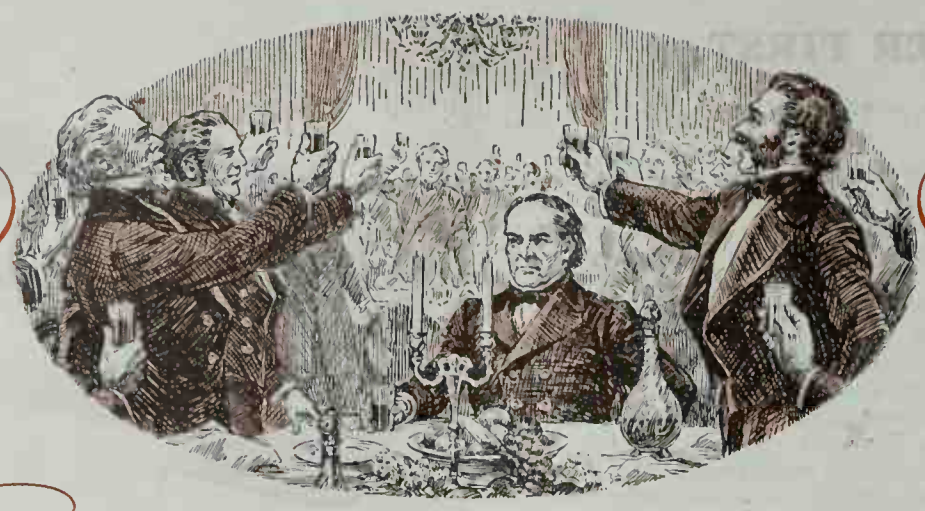
NUNN-BUSH SHOE CO • *Manufacturers* • MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.



The Commander

Style 2306

Brown Highland
Harness Stitched
Oiled Leather Sole
Rubber Heel



They drank to Daniel Webster...who had spread the fame of James Crow's whiskey

A dinner was given to honor Daniel Webster, in 1837, at Versailles, Ky.—not many miles from where James Crow distilled his famous whiskey. Crow's whiskey was especially appropriate for this occasion, for it is known that Webster held it in the highest esteem.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT ★ BOTTLED IN BOND

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR



OLD CROW



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT · BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

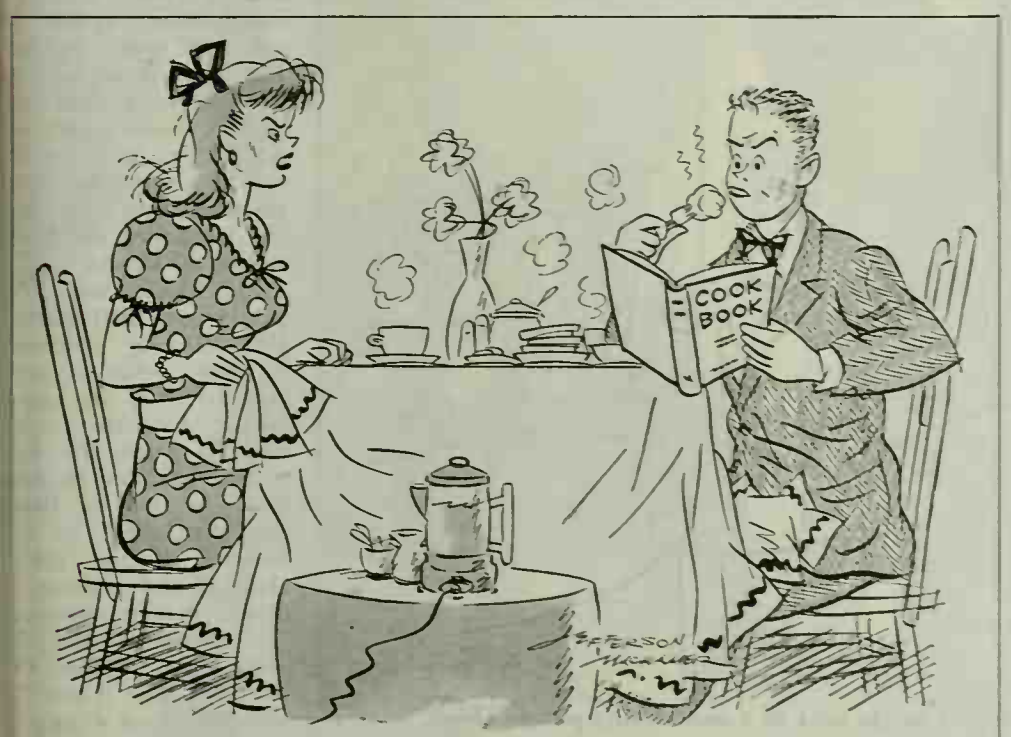
Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New Y

"It'll be a museum piece," said Patsy gravely. "I never drop one."

Holman said, "You better not." He was holding back, Patsy knew, seething at the installment of a busher in Fite's place, but determined to play it out. They all felt the same, because they did not know. It was a revolutionary experiment and only Mr. Moore's belief and insistence had put it over.

Patsy said, "You see that *you're* in there." His voice was harsh, and he scarcely recognized it as his own. The churning inside him lessened, steadied to a drumming beat. This was his life's mission, this was his battle to win or lose. That it steadied him, that he was all right, was only slightly amazing because he had prepared for it.

He fielded the fungos carefully, without flashiness. His seeming awkwardness became a flow of efficiency around first base. Holman said no more and Patsy finished the infield practice with a quick pickup and throw to the plate and ran off the field in his high-kneed, rolling stride. Behind first base the jeers rose and the man with the voice, a little, wizened man whose mouth was a braying trumpet, howled, "We want Fite!"



"Why can't you be like other husbands and read a newspaper?"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Fight is what you'll get," Patsy napped. The fans saw him look up and aw his lips move and the time-honored hout went up:

"*Rabbit ears! Itty boy's got rabbit ars!*"

At the dugout, Patsy paused, glancing p at the box. Marge Marlowe sat unched, a small figure. She knew what Rabbit ears" meant—a ballplayer who annot take the riding of the opposition r the fans. He wondered if she de-oised him already. . . .

ELBOWS MAC NEAL was very great. He had a grandeur of presnce to go with his pitching. Patsy sected a bat from the three light sticks he nd brought from Florida. He held it ghtly, feeling eyes upon him. He ooked up into the face of Hap Fite.

The lame first baseman's countenance as impassive. Patsy started to speak, ecked himself. Fite said in a low voice, Watch his hooks."

"Yeah," said Patsy. "Thanks." He ent into the on-deck box, squatting, ndling the bat. He never swung two, e just played with the stick he had sected, stretching his arms, loosening the uscles. Mike Holman, leading off for e Eagles, fanned.

The second baseman came back, omping, glaring, heaving his bat ahead. itsy rolled to the plate, tugging at his p. His stomach contracted once as he glanced down at Gudgeon coaching on third. He got the "no orders" sign and the lump departed and his stomach was all right. Gudgeon was giving him his chance to hit the way he wanted.

He had a narrow stance which seemed unnatural and faced him toward the pitcher. The little fan shrieked, "Itty boy's got a foot inna bucket!" Patsy tugged at his cap.

MacNeal, a master of curves, was cautious, pitching to a strange busher in a crucial series. The Sox poised, darting sharp glances at the batter's box. Patsy relaxed as he had been taught, every muscle loose as ashes. MacNeal missed the corner on a couple of teaser throws.

IT WAS two and none when the good ball came in. It was slightly outside, from a left-handed pitcher to a left-handed batsman.

Patsy's stance widened as he strode. His bat slid around. He used only his wrists when he punched the ball.

It rang convincingly off the stick. It slid past the diving second baseman. It rolled on the grass, short in right field. Patsy was running.

No one hooted when Patsy Dealer ran. The heavy legs became a blur, the sturdy body hurtled through air. Morgan, the Sox fielder, coming in to play safe on a palpable single, was one step slow.

Patsy, burning the paths, hit first base with his left foot, seemed to soar through the air. Nearing second he took off in the dirt, a perfect hook slide. Ball, runner, and shortstop of the Sox went into a cloud of dust and then a blue-uniformed arbiter was spreading his hands, his dour countenance split in a cynical grin. The busher had stretched a single into a double.

Patsy arose and hitched at his pants, then his hand crept in that habitual gesture to his cap peak. He held the bag, looking expressionlessly down at Gudgeon. His demeanor proclaimed with insolence that this was all in the game.

Inside him, however, was a churning; not lighthearted, not happy; the excitement as of a fight just ahead.

Ken Older was at bat, staring at Patsy, then at the pitcher. MacNeal was conferring with his infield, glancing askance at Patsy. The Sox could not play in on the grass, not with hard-hitting Older up. Yet there was a new speed demon on second with one out. They ate up time until the umpire called play.

MacNeal threw one pitchout. Patsy took a generous lead, slid back. MacNeal steadied and went back to his curveballing. The incident had upset some delicate balance, the thing which distinguished him from other good hurlers and made him great, and he could not get the second curve exactly where he wanted it.

Older pounced, swinging. Gudgeon gave Patsy the signal to run. The ball went into right field, as was proper. Patsy rounded third. The dirt flew beneath his shining spikes. He hurled himself at the precious rubber which was home plate.

He had scored a run on his first appearance in the big leagues. Instinctively, as he climbed to his feet, he touched his cap. The crowd behind first base was silent amid the cheers.

The brazen-lunged one howled, "So itty bitty's a speed boy. Who wants him? We want Fite!"

Patsy trotted to the bench. He slowed for one look. The green kerchief fluttered. He ducked beneath the awning of the dugout. There was a murmur of congratulations, that was all.

Then a big, tobacco-chewing man sitting next to Hap Fite drawled, "Okay, busher. You gimme a run. Let's see what these soreheads kin do about holdin' the lead."

That was Charley Prince, who was pitching that day. Hap Fite patted Prince's shoulder. The next two Eagle batters went down, stranding Older. Patsy got up and hustled onto the field. He had not expected anything but resentment from the Eagles. Fite properly thought himself a better first baseman on one leg than any busher with two swift ones.

Patsy had to do more than fit on the base paths, he knew. The Eagles were slipping, they were old and tired, they needed a boost, a moral lift.

Again the green kerchief fluttered at him. He took his infield throws in a slight haze. He knew he could not afford to think of the small, brown girl. He grimly thrust her from his mind.

THE game settled down behind Prince's fast-ball pitching and MacNeal's curves. The Sox connected a lot, but the fielding was tight. Patsy had putouts galore and every throw he took increased his ease. The innings sped by like magic little eras of time.

The single run began to loom. The tension was terrific. It seemed as though the Eagles sat atop a volcano from which at any moment Sox power would explode. It went all the way through to the ninth inning, with the Sox at bat and the score one to nothing against them and Charley Prince still throwing his hard, high one bravely down the middle.

Patsy had never been able to see another good ball off MacNeal. He had walked once, but no other hit was vouchsafed him that day. In the field he had accepted his chances without spectacular incident. The leather-throated fan had fallen into a dull monotone of invective for sheer lack of material. Patsy had showed himself to be a speed boy, an acceptable, rather small first baseman—certainly not the successor of the great Hap Fite.

It was not enough. Patsy almost begged for trouble, silently aching to prove himself. He was torn between his desire to have the game safe for the Eagles and to complete the mission he had undertaken in coming here. Inside him the churning mounted as the last half of the ninth opened.

Charley Prince was strong, but the Sox were aroused to fever pitch. Anderson, Sox lead-off man, rapped at a bad ball. It skidded into left field for a lucky single. The Sox began to shout and howl like Indians, scenting a rally.

Anderson, a good base runner, took a big lead. Prince threw to first in an attempt to pick him off. A groan ascended from the stands.

It was a rotten throw. It was too high

Compare all Others



You'll Write Better With an *Autopoint* Pencil!

The worth of a pencil is in its trouble-free, flawless writing. That's where "Autopoint" pencils excel in every test. For their "Grip-Tite" tips won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out—prevent irritation of leads breaking on slightest pressure. And their balance is precision-designed to give you easy, tireless writing. Try this famous pencil today. Your writing will demonstrate why "Autopoint" is America's busiest pencil. Handsomely finished and designed to suit every taste—prices range from 50c to $5.75. Standard or Real Thin leads.

No. 406 $1.25

Instant Action *Autopoint* Index



Press key and index cover flips back right to alphabetical page on which to enter names, phone numbers, data. The 4"x3" cards can be withdrawn and replaced easily. 100 extra loose-leaf sheets in base. Black or walnut. For office, home, gifts and bridge prizes. Price $4 at dealers.

If your dealer cannot supply you with "Autopoint" Pencils and Indexes, order direct.

Business organizations give "Autopoint" Imprinted products to keep prospects remembered—build good will.



No. 3 $1.50

Autopoint
BETTER PENCILS
50 cm Pocket . . . Every Pocketbook

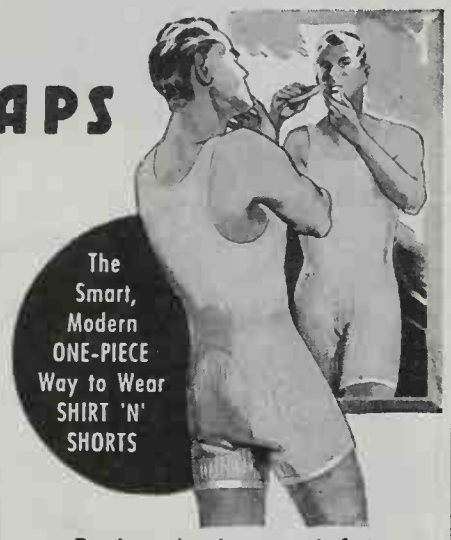
Autopoint Company, Dept. C-9, 1801 Foster Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.
"Autopoint" and "Grip-Tite" are trademarks of Autopoint Company

Autopoint Company, Dept. C-9
1801 Foster Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.
Please send details and prices on imprinted "Autopoint" products in quantities of...
Name .....
Company Name .....
Street Address .....
City ..... State .....



For SERVICE and COMFORT

IT'S HAPS



R-e-l-a-x in the smooth-fitting comfort of HAPS. No buttons; no binding, no climbing, thanks to its ONE-PIECE construction, air-cell absorbency; exclusive INTERKNIT* *closed* seat. *Guaranteed more comfortable and convenient than the underwear you wear now, or money back!* Wash in a whisk; easily; need no ironing.

$1.75 up

Jones QUALITY HAPS

AMERICA'S *Comfort* UNDERWEAR

*REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

● BOOKLET 68 on comfort — yours for the asking; don't miss it!

AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP., UTICA 2, N. Y.

You've NEVER tasted Candy LIKE THIS!



© DE MET'S, INC., 1948

Yes, TURTLES are more than just everyday candy—they're an irresistible combination of delectably creamy caramel, rich milk chocolate and selected pecans. So order a pound at once. Just send $1.75 for *one* pound; $1.55 for *each additional* pound sent to same address, same shipment. Price includes all postage, insurance and handling charges. DEMET'S, INC., Div. F-1, 312 West Madison Street, Chicago 6, Illinois.

TURTLES is the registered Trade Mark of DeMet's, Inc.

almost for Hap Fite, much less an undersized busher. It seemed destined for the stands. . . .

Patsy's legs uneoiled. He stretehed. Like India rubber, he seemed, growing a foot, then leaping. The big glove snatched. Patsy came down to earth, diving for Anderson, but that worthy had sensed the play and was safe back on the sack.

Patsy walked to the mound. He grinned and said, "Okay, Charley, ol' boy. 'At's the way to hold him there."

The color was just beginning to return to Prinee's eheeks. He said, "Kid, you're a fielder."

Holman, scowling, had come in also. He took the ball from Patsy and molded it in gnarled, strong hands. He gave it to Prince, stared at Patsy and said, "Let's play some ball."

PATSY went back to his position. The crowd was suddenly silent, waiting. Kelley was up. Kelley choked his bat and laid one down the first-base line. It was the only chance in that game Patsy had had to cover a bunt.

Patsy went in like a coursing rabbit, chased by hounds. He snared the ball in his bare hand, spun. He had ample time, thanks to his speed, to get Anderson at seeond. He threw underhand, snapping the ball, aiming it at second base.

Holman was not there. He had run to back up Prince, who covered first. Hill, the Eagles shortstop, made a dive and trapped the ball, holding Anderson to second. But everyone was safe.

Patsy started to yell, "You dummies, can't you cover?" Then he closed his mouth like a steel trap and walked toward Prinee.

The pitcher said, "Kid, we never played that one."

"Yeah." Patsy took a deep breath. Holman was coming in. Patsy said, "I booted that one. I'm damn' sorry. I shoulda played Kelley."

Holman still said nothing. Prinee went baek to the box. The Sox were rattling the bats in front of the dugout, screaming themselves hoarse. The runty fan behind first bawled, "I knew he'd kick it around! *We want Fite!*"

Patsy did not dare look for the green kerehief. He crouched, watching the hitter. Prince struek out Morgan with great courage, and Hearst, the big Sox slugger, eame up. The Eagles infield backed up, expecting anything from Hearst to be hot and heavy.

This was the moment. Hearst eould break up any ball game. The tying run was on second, the winning run on first. Prinee, his jaw hard, took a lot of time to make his piteh.

Patsy set himself, watching the third-base coach, watching Hearst. He took a quick look at the poised base runners. He made up his mind.

Prince fogged his high hard one through, attempting to get past Hearst for an initial strike. The Sox slugger, using perfeet strategy, suddenly faced around and loosened his bat. He bunted, and he laid it down the third-base line, where Prince himself, a slow man, would have to field it.

Patsy shouted and moved. The magic speed of his legs carried him onto the grass. He crossed in front of the amazed Prince, bisecting the diamond.

He was in the third-base path. He scooped the ball from the dirt. He slung it, underhand, to third, shouting as he did so, "Second, Owen, second!"

Owen, the Eagles third saeker, tagged Anderson. He fired the ball to second base.

Kelley, unsuspeeting, had rounded second two steps. It was Holman who eame in behind Kelley and took Owen's perfect peg. It was Holman who shoved the ball at Kelley. It was the perfect play, except Kelley had come awake and was under Holman in a wriggle and slide which saved him by a hair.

Holman came to the box with the ball. There was fire in his eyes. He said, "Charley, this busher's been trained. Charley, he almost got the side for you."

Prince said, "And I know who trained him—"

Holman said, "Charley, pitch to these monkeys!"

Patsy was back on first. Kelley had made a great play, getting back safely to second. Oliver was up, a good Sox hitter. Patsy bit his lip. The strain was getting too great. He had to steal a look at the third-base box.

The handkerchief was flying, all right, like a small flag. The girl was no longer



"There's a single next to a man eating potato chips"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

sitting down. She was standing, leaning forward. The tension had got to her, all right. It eased him to know it.

Prince threw to Oliver. The Sox hitter swung, but the ball glanced off the top of the bat. It lofted high, going foul. It was dropping into the stand behind first base. . . . The little loudmouthed man was jumping, stretching, eager to grab the souvenir—

An arm knocked the prancing fan sideways under the seats. A bare hand struck the railing and Patsy Dealer climbed an invisible ladder. Worn, brown fish net swept, as though eatching insects. Patsy fell into the stands alongside his tormentor. Like rubber he bounded baek, gesticulating with the glove for the umpires to see. The ball reposed therein.

The ball game was over. The Eagles had won. Patsy dug the vociferous little fan out from under the seats. He said politely, "I hope you enjoyed the game, sir." Then he vaulted the railing and ran for the tunnel.

IT WAS a small, curiously silent vietory gathering, in the clubhouse, nestled in deep left field. Mr. Hal Moore had called them there—Joe Gudgeon, Holman, who was field captain, Hap Fite. Patsy gaped when the girl eame in with Fite, but everyone seemed to accept her presence and he wondered with a sudden sinking feeling if she and Fite—if they were engaged or anything.

Mr. Moore said, "I guess you all recognized Dealer's style out there today. I guess you know we've got the greatest fielding first baseman since Doc Frayme—"

"An' Doc Frayme taught him," said Holman. "Nobody else could have."

Joe Gudgeon took a deep breath. He said, "When Doc took Patsy—his sister's kid—an' told me he was goin' to train him for me, I knew someday it would come true. Doc Frayme was my pal—"

"Was?" Holman frowned. "Why, Doc's livin' down in Florida . . ."

Patsy was staring at the girl. She kept her eyes down, listening.

JOE was saying in his honest, tough voiee, "Doc died last week. They kept it quiet down there, Patsy and his mother. Doc sent Patsy to me from his deathbed. And if that's corny, okay . . . You saw what happened. Them Sox'll never catch us now, with Hap pinch-hittin' homers an' the kid fieldin' like he does."

Holman said, "I'm satisfied. I give in. You're right, Joe."

But then Patsy had to speak. He got up and stepped near them. He said, "There's more'n that. Doc Frayme was supposed to be a crook. He got run outa baseball. The greatest player ever lived, he would've proved, if they hadn't run him out. Why, they couldn't get him out—he could place-hit into any field, off Alexander, off Mathewson, off Bender . . ."

Mr. Moore said, "Another player died recently. He left a statement. It was positive proof that he was the guilty man. Frayme never threw a game. He liked to bet, he liked to drink beer, he was a happy character. But he was honest, as Joe always claimed, and as many another player elaimed." The owner of the club said softly, "But Doc wouldn't give it out that this other man was guilty. He was content, in Florida, on his orange grove. He just wanted Patsy Dealer to eome up to his old team, the Eagles. I think I'm as tough-minded as any of you. But I'd like to be able to shake the hand of Doc Frayme—and tell him I'm sorry."

They were silent, then they all talked at once. Patsy's heart swelled under it—this was what he had worked for. The genial, grinning face of the great man who had died swam before him. . . .

Then the green kerchief was before him, twisted and rent, but green as ever.

"Are you Hap Fite's girl?" he asked.

She said, "Hap's girl? Why—Hap's engaged to my sister. You see, I'm Monty Fulheimer's daughter. My daddy played with Doe Frayme. You can't sing in nigh clubs under the name of Fulheimer."

The bull session was going strong; the baseball elders were yapping, heads together. Mr. Moore had produeed a discreet bottle of Scotch. Fite said loudly, "I'll teach that kid to slug one sometimes so they don't figure his play—"

Patsy said, "I've never been in a nigh club. Do they serve steaks?"

"Omigosh," she despaired. "Just another hungry ballplayer? All my life nothing but basc hits and rare steaks?"

He was gently taking the green scar from her small brown hands. He was folding it and placing it in his breast pocket. He looked at her long and hard.

She said, "We-ell. Maybe I'm wrong . . . so sue me!"

They laughed together and then they were slipping away from the clubhouse running for the taxi stand.

THE END



Here's a two-in-one instrument that will be the hot spot of any after school party. An automatic radio-phonograph with a LIFT-OUT, CARRYABOUT radio! This revolutionary set plays ten 12-inch or twelve 10-inch records . . . up to 50 minutes of uninterrupted recorded music.

The lift-out radio is compact and powerful and its lightweight makes it easy to lift out and carry. You can plug it in the bedroom, kitchen, or den and get big radio performance in small set size. It has a beautiful airstream cabinet only 9" high clad in rich satin finished mahogany veneers with matching mahogany plastic radio or toasted mahogany finish with contrasting ivory plastic radio.

See your Westinghouse Radio retailer today and ask for a demonstration.

Tune in Ted Malone Monday through Friday 11:45 A.M., E.S.T., A.B.C.

listen...and you'll buy Westinghouse

ME RADIO DIVISION, WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION, SUNBURY, PA.



IN YOUR OWN SCHULT

● Today's outstanding VALUE in privacy, amazing convenience, and year-'round comfort for living or luxurious travel... A quality product, famed for satisfaction and backed by over a decade of performance. See your Schult dealer, or write today.



SCHULT CORP., Dept. 2409, Elkhart, Ind.
In Canada: John Inglis Co., Ltd., Toronto

Free Write now for book on trailer coach living and latest Schult models.
Attend Nat. Trailer Coach Show Commercial Museum, Philadelphia November 8-15, 1947



SCHULT *Trailer Coaches*

CLEANLINESS, THAT IS!



That's what every good homekeeper expects when she cleans the toilet bowl. But why not be certain? Let Sani-Flush do the cleaning. Sani-Flush also disinfects—assures you of true toilet bowl cleanliness. Its fast, thorough chemical action removes all trace of stain and film, leaving odorless freshness. No scrubbing. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush.

Will not injure septic tank action. Effective in hard or soft water. Sold everywhere. Two economical sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

USE TWICE WEEKLY



HOLLYWOOD HEADACHE

Continued from page 19

An important independent producer had a different view.

"Don't let them kid you about that," he said. "What they have in the vault can give them a headache. The picture is made, the money is tied up and the studio costs go merrily along. No matter how you cut those costs, studio overhead can chew you right up. If you're making only a few pictures, the studio overhead is distributed over fewer films. Instead of the overhead figure being 30 per cent, it is now 60 per cent on some films. That brings them in at such a figure that only the biggest ones have a chance of getting the money back. You put 60 per cent overhead on a modest little stinker and it goes down without leaving a trace."

However, it is true that the big studios are holding back films which may stir up the paying patrons in the fall. Twentieth Century-Fox has Captain from Castile ready to charge out in October. Enterprise has Arch of Triumph. Charles Chaplin withdrew Monsieur Verdoux after six weeks' try in New York, but distributors feel it may do better now.

What will probably be the best test of all is Forever Amber, into which 20th Century-Fox has thrown everybody but its last vice-president. They started with Peggy Cummins, dropped her, spent a few millions fooling around and then hurled Linda Darnell into the breach. It may end by being one of the costliest films ever made. If it makes a profit, Hollywood will consider that God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world. If it makes a profit without the English revenue, it will be a miracle.

Being bemused by the whole proposition, the producers occupied the summer months in putting out reissues of old film. That old perennial Gone With the Wind did well, but Alexander's Ragtime Band was strangled immediately on rebirth and others crept miserably back to their lairs.

"What were the gentlemen trying to do?" asked an acid-minded observer. "Drive the audiences out of the theaters permanently? When the slump came, instead of leading with their aces they trotted out the third team."

David O. Selznick *did* give the public a chance to gaze at his Duel in the Sun epic but this was considered a doubtful boon by the industry. "When the kids come home from a movie and start doing burlesque of it," said a Hollywood figure, "that's not good."

The big grossers were The Best Years of Our Lives, The Egg and I, and The Farmer's Daughter. The experience of the latter picture was heartening because the public resented the title and the picture never drew well anywhere in its first week. It took word-of-mouth comment to get it started.

What really worried the producers was the squeeze between falling receipts and the cost of making pictures. There was general agreement that something would have to be done about costs, but what? The big studios were cutting heads off right and left (M-G-M fired in the thousands, including producers, directors and writers) but still million-dollar pictures were costing two million.

"Lousy carpenters getting $2.58 an hour," said one grumbling producer.

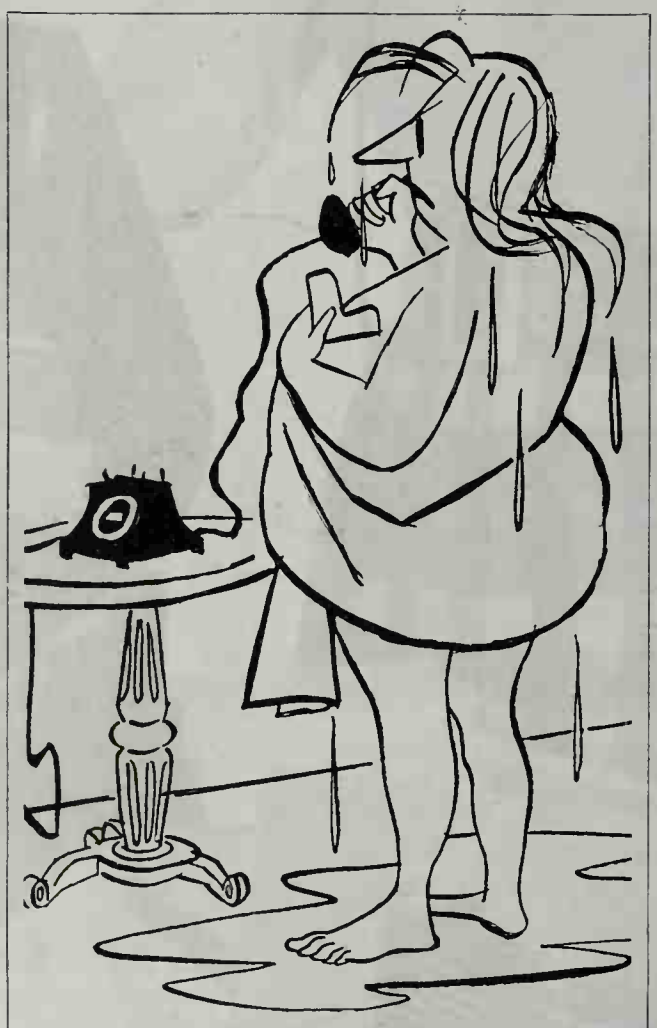
There was a general tendency to take a wallop at the hired hands but little criticism of actors, who were getting as much as $250,000 a picture. One producer reported that a star had graciously lowered her price to $200,000 but he was not hopeful of a permanent change.

"Now that business is off," said the producer, "we simply *have* to use a big name in our pictures. That means they can demand more in bad times than in good."

It was said openly that Cary Grant would draw down between $400,000 and $500,000 from Samuel Goldwyn for his work in The Bishop's Wife. Much of this excess, however, was caused by a delay when the ebullient Samuel tossed out the original script after two weeks of shooting and had the cast sit around expensively while a new one was being hatched.

This small exercise in patience cost M. Goldwyn $800,000. On that basis the final picture would probably run between three and four million.

And all this was before the British bombshell. If labor was a problem then, what will it be now that the foreign market has dried up? Will labor give up the gains it has made or will it insist that cuts be made everywhere else first? Will the stars come docilely forward and ask that their stipends be sliced or will they cast a glowering eye on the upholstered producers and ask when they are going to take the pauper's oath?



"This is the Youthbloom Soap Company. What brand of soap are you using?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

As if that weren't bad enough, they've been carrying on a jurisdictional strike in Hollywood for the past year that has torn the town apart. It is a complicated matter which we shall not attempt to unravel, but the carpenters, painters and set designers who originally went out on strike are still out and have been replaced by other workers. This has raised costs immensely.

"We needed a set for a picture," one producer told us, "which our old carpenters would have done in three days. The new ones took three weeks on it and then the painters did such an awful job that we couldn't shoot the scene. The set cost $30,000 and we had to throw it away."

Nobody knows if the strike will ever be settled. In the meantime, men who made Hollywood a miracle of technical efficiency are walking the streets unemployed and the cost of making pictures continues to soar.

There have been attempts to beat this game by making pictures in foreign countries but nothing much has come of it. RKO has the Churubusco Studios in Mexico City but according to Dore Schary, production head of the studio in Hollywood, there is nothing to be achieved by making pictures there except novel outdoor settings.

"What you gain in lower wages, you lose in efficiency and time," Mr. Schary says. "The same thing is true of England. Eddie Dmytryk has just made a picture for us over there that cost $1,100,000. He has done Crossfire for us here for $560,000. We can still do moderate-priced pictures here if the work on them is done long before the shooting starts, but when you get into a big spectacle, like the Ivanhoe we'll do in England next year, it will run you into four million no matter where it's shot."

Dmytryk has definite ideas on the British films and asks us not to worry about the threat of competition. One of the strengths of their pictures is that the studios are near London and use stage actors. However, this is also a drawback because the actors are back on the stage at night.

"And the technical men can't compare with ours," says Dmytryk. "It's a cliché to say it but they take their time and they also take their tea. That's why they're lucky to make fifty pictures a year while we're making four hundred. We see only their best; you should see the others, whew!"

The same point is made by I. Goldsmith, a former English producer (The Stars Look Down etc.), who is now with Eagle-Lion in Hollywood. The quality of the present English pictures, he says, lies in the importance granted the writer. "But that's something that can be done only when you're making few pictures," says Mr. Goldsmith. "When England begins making them in the hundreds it will become a business, as it is in Hollywood, and they'll have the same problems. You'll soon find that the general quality becomes better but that the peaks will be fewer."

Another business that has everybody in Hollywood groggy is censorship. As the attacks continue the tendency is to stick ever closer to "pure" entertainment, meaning escape films of the most innocuous type. At a time when audiences are finding foreign films exciting because they tackle human problems, Hollywood is retiring into a cave.

Dr. John Lechner of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals denounced the following pictures as containing "Communistic or subversive propaganda: Margie, The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers, Boomerang, The Best Years of Our Lives, A Medal for Benny, Watch on the Rhine, The Searching Wind, Pride of the Marines, The North Star, and Mission to Moscow." William Mooring, film critic of Tidings, official organ of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Los Angeles, characterized The Farmer's Daughter as Communistic.

There can be no doubt that the persistent whackings are having an effect. Warner Brothers, who made a reputation with their hard-hitting films on contro-

YOU press the button —IT does the rest



Most people don't want to "experiment with Photography" —they simply load the camera with Kodak Verichrome Film, and nail down the memory of a day . . . in snapshots.

Yes, *their own snapshots*—bright, clear pictures that Verichrome gets without anyone's "expert advice." So why hold back . . .when the opportunities are all around you? Get Verichrome, *use it always* . . . you press the button, it does the rest . . . EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

Only Eastman makes

Kodak Film

. . . the film in the familiar yellow box

Kodak

"THE BOSS COMES TO DINNER" by John Falter. Number 8 in the series, "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it



In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

al subjects, have rapidly retreated to themes. They seem to have full confidence that this will bring in the shekels because they have bought back 105,380 shares of their own stock since May and a little thing called Life With Father to dally with.

Before Schary at RKO has refused to be stampeded, M-G-M took a whack at Ibsen in The Hucksters and there are still a dozen anti-Semitic pictures in production, so perhaps a few ideas will be presented after all.

Censorship is not the only concern of the artistic unions. They got their start during the depression when the studio heads cut salaries 50 per cent but forgot to include their own.

The lesson has not been forgotten. Directors are as strongly organized and conservative as a bankers' association.

How Unions Feel About Reissues

The writers are aggressive union men but the directors are the most amazing of all. Their union is small and it contains dozens of men who think nothing of making a quarter of a million dollars on a picture. There is a good possibility that these three organizations will make the studios think twice on the reissue. Since the showing of old films obviously cuts down the number of new ones being made, the unions are going to demand additional payment for their members on the old ones.

The only solution for cheaper good pictures seems to be clearer thinking and better organization. Dmytryk brought Columbia fire in for RKO in twenty-four days of shooting at a cost of $560,000. Orson Welles is doing Macbeth in thirty-one days. He first tried the play outlined version of the play at Salt Lake City with the full cast. He then spent several weeks making a sound record of the dialogue; then he started shooting.

If the "Boy Wonder" can get away with it, he may be giving Hollywood an antidote shot in the arm. Naturally the Welles method won't work with large musicals or spectacles but there are serious producers who believe the ordinary movie could be made at half the present cost if proper preparation is made. Others are not sure.

"Look what you're faced with before you start," the latter say. "Your star will cost you at least $200,000. If you get the same director that's another $150,000. Stories don't grow on vines and you need a good writer and maybe two more to get a script in shape. You're into five hundred thousand before you even nail up a slab of wood on a set."

On the face of things there would seem to be serious problems, but not all of Hollywood is worrying. We went in to see Mr. Goldwyn, who was happily chewing his gums as if the money wasted on The Bishop's Wife were mere lettuce.

"Bad times are when I do best," said Mr. Goldwyn. "When people start shopping around they want good pictures and that's the kind I make. I made the most money in my life during the depression."

Darryl Zanuck sent word that all was best in the best possible of worlds. All we needed to do was work hard and keep a stiff upper lip. At that time, however, Mr. Zanuck had not heard from Mr. Attlee.

On the other hand Enterprise Pictures shut up shop for the summer months, and most of the independents were treading water and waiting to see which way the tide turned. Liberty Films (Frank Capra, William Wyler and George Stevens) had thrown in the sponge, taken a few millions in profit and tied themselves up with Paramount as working stiffs.

Other directors, however, are going ahead with independent production. John Ford has announced three pictures starting immediately with War Party. Lewis Milestone is finishing Red Pony. Howard Hawks has done Red River and will have another picture in production soon. Leo McCarey is starting Good Sam.

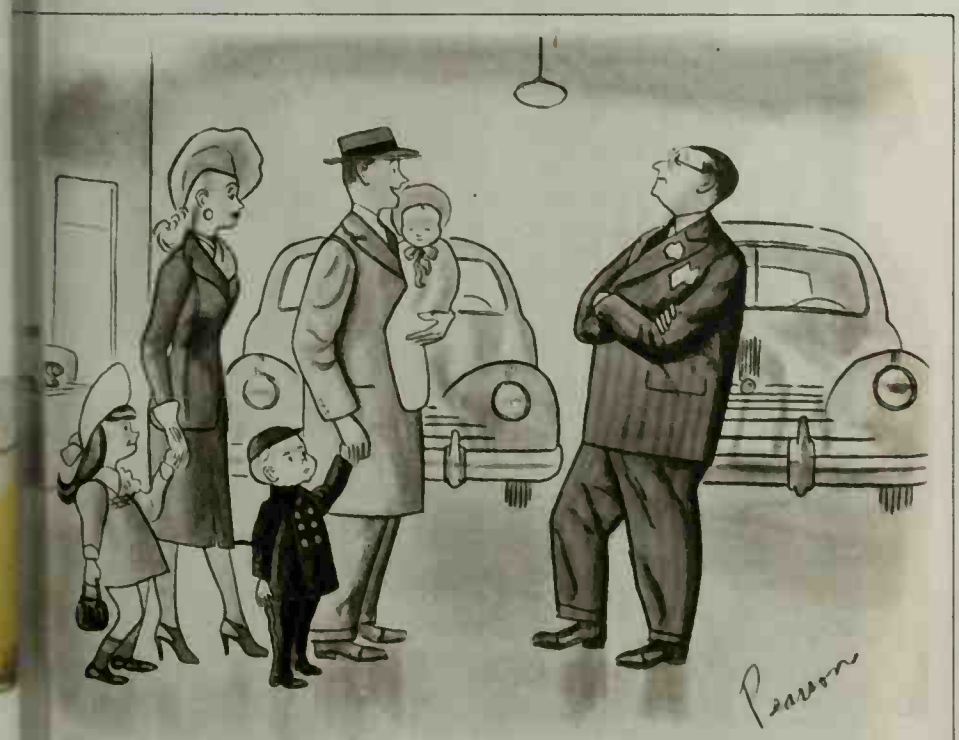
However, there was one symbolic scene when we were interviewing an important executive. The intercommunication thing buzzed, he listened attentively, cried yessir and leaped up. It seems that an even more important executive had suggested that he hop right down to the parking lot and meet him in his car. They were going to the races. We are informed that Mr. Attlee never goes to the races.

We got another impression of things while talking with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on the set of The Exile, a picture in which he was acting, directing and producing—the latter with much of his own dough. We asked him how he felt about things.

"Merely terrified," said Mr. Fairbanks grimly.

This, also, was before Mr. Attlee had spoken in a quiet, dull voice. There will be a moment's pause while we change reels. The last scene will be that of a Hollywood producer sitting with his head in his hands. All he is saying is "Oh . . . oh!"

THE END



"When we placed the order we said coupé. Can that be changed now to a sedan?" CHARLES PEARSON

PROVED!

Smoother, More Comfortable Shaves for 3 Men out of every 4

BEARDS EASIER TO CUT—Said 79%
LESS RAZOR PULL—Said 75%
CLOSER SHAVES —Said 69%
SMOOTHER FEELING SKIN—Said 82%



Only Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Offers You This Proof

THE PROOF! 1297 men tested the new Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream Way, and—*no matter how they shaved before*—3 out of 4 reported more comfortable, actually smoother shaves!

Here's All You Do:

1. Wash face with soap and water. Rinse!
2. Soap face again. Do not rinse!
3. Apply Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream immediately, smoothing it upward into beard. *This way, you get the full benefit of Palmolive Brushless Shave Cream's beard-conditioning effect!* Then, shave—and discover the smoothest, most comfortable shaves you've ever had!

Get a Giant Tube or Big 9-oz. Jar Today!



To Love and to Cherish..

Rings as breathlessly beautiful as the bride herself. Styled for endless admiration. Skillfully handwrought in the true Traub tradition of superiority.

Prices as low as $9 for Wedding Rings. $75 for Engagement Rings, including tax Write for illustrated folder.

Genuine Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS

Traub Manufacturing Company. 1942 McGraw. Detroit 8. Michigan

A WONDERFUL MIXER



BY DUNLEA HURLEY

Presenting an amiable citizen named George K. Marble, whose efficiency with a certain lovely creature—and with any conceivable combination of alcoholic beverages—was something to observe and remember

WE WERE seated at the choice table of a little place downtown which Sanders, a precise man, highly recommended for the precision of its cocktails; our lunch being delayed by the rush of business, we had sampled more than one. They were either the best cocktails I had ever had, or the woman I suddenly noticed among the standees at the entrance was the most beautiful woman in the world, or possibly both.

"It was about a year ago," said Sanders reminiscently and somewhat to my surprise since he was one of those serious, silent kind and we hadn't been conversing. "To be exact, eleven months, three weeks."

"Time flies," I said politely.

"It was during that strange interlude," Sanders went on, "when Precision Units, Incorporated, was trying to convert from bomber parts to a good snappy line of Mexican pottery or something."

"I know what you mean," I said. "Over at Acme we—"

"It was," said Sanders, firmly, "the day after a select executive group—only those, that is, who had two bucks and could wangle the evening out—incited a farewell riot for Pete Waters."

"Your Chief of Cost Accounting and Production Control, I believe," I put in, indicating that while my attention might seem to be focused elsewhere, I distinctly heard at least a third of everything he said.

"Chief of Cost Accounting, Production Control and Inventory Procedure," Sanders amended. "Pete was being released, as the saying goes, and returning to his prewar career as assistant night cashier at the Snack Shack, Route 29."

"We had a Chief of Plant Co-ordination over at Acme," I offered, "and the very day after V-J Day—"

"On the morning of which I speak," Sanders continued unabated, "I had an early appointment with Old Man Hultz, the boss, so my wife gently roused me an hour later than usual.

" 'Why didn't you call me at seven-thirty?' I asked her churlishly.

" 'For one reason,' she churled back, 'you didn't get in till quarter of eight.'

"Loath to prolong the argument, I arose with alacrity and shaved to the accompaniment of the Breakfast Concert on the radio, painfully wounding myself in the frenzy of the Danse Macabre. My horoscope in the morning paper warned, 'Don't do anything.' That was the day."

He paused and signaled the bar with

"George knew all the bloated plutocrats, but they made me feel like I was the cigarette girl in disguise"

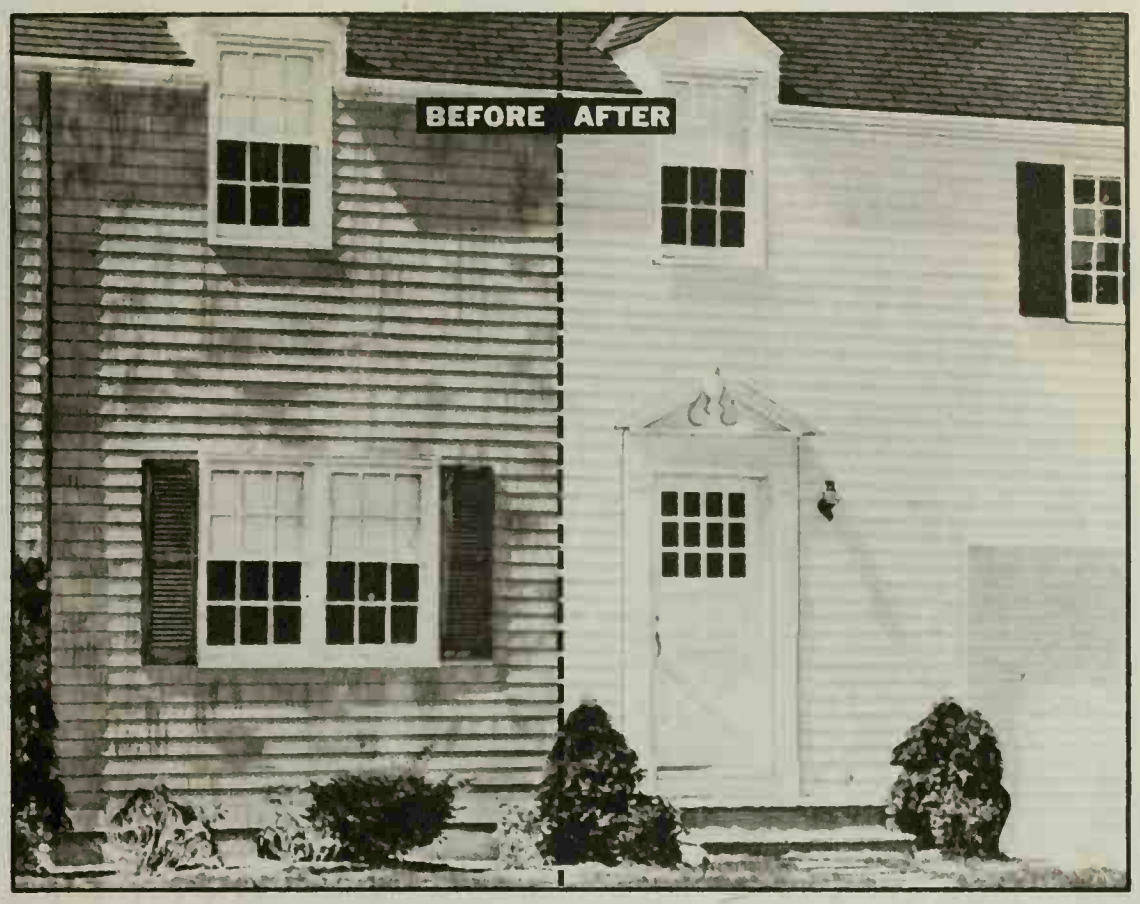
PAINT NOW!

famous SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

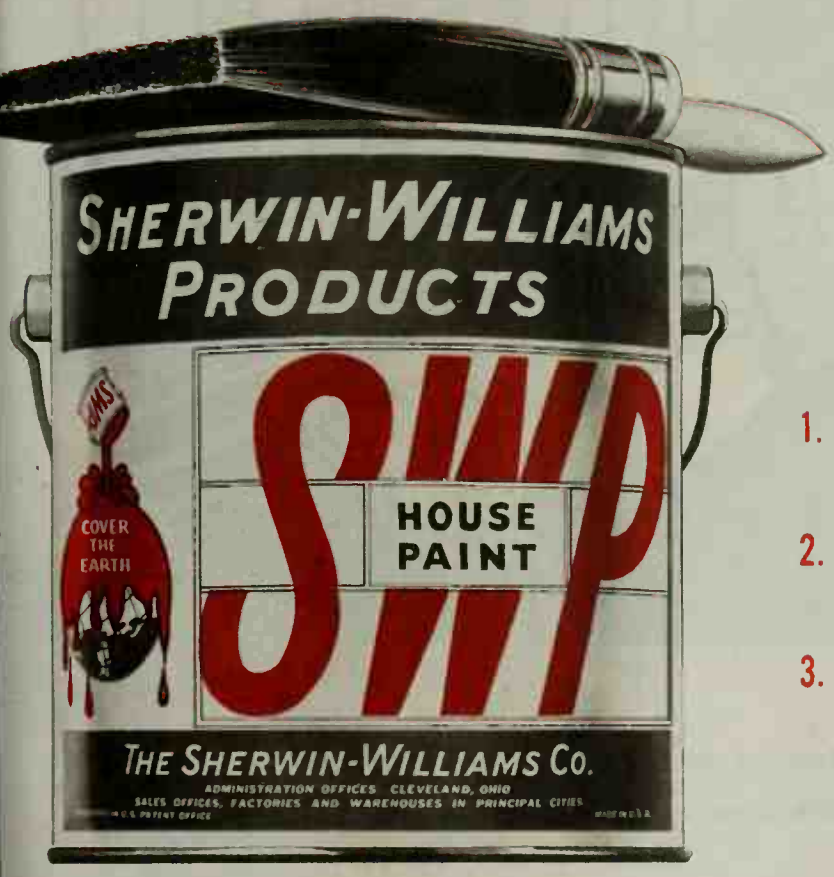
SWP

HOUSE PAINT

is better than ever!



IT'S RICH IN PURE LINSEED OIL!



In painting your home, it costs less to use the best . . . that's why SWP is the most widely used house paint in the world!



SWP IS 6 WAYS BETTER!

1. Honest-Film-Thickness!
SWP shows no deep brush marks . . . no weak spots in the film, "honest" full coat of paint all over!

2. Quicker-Drying!
Without sagging or wrinkling . . . SWP dries through and through before heavy dust can collect!

3. Smoother Surface!
Dirt can't get a toehold on SWP's tougher, smoother, glossier surface!

4. Whiter! Brighter!
Whiter whites . . . brighter, more beautiful colors! That "freshly painted" look lasts for years!

5. Cleans Itself!
Every time there's a heavy rain, SWP cleanses itself of accumulated dirt.

6. Saves More Money!
SWP stays beautiful . . . does not require repainting for years!

See your SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Dealer for Sound Advice on Painting your Home!

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS





Permission Peter Arno
©The New Yorker Ma

PUZZLE:

STATION SCENE, 1957. Find the man who is getting a steady income from U. S. Savings Bonds. He was smart enough to start buying, back in 1947.

Of all the ways of saving up a tidy sum of money, one of the *easiest* and *safest* ways is to invest your money in U. S. Bonds.

You can buy Bonds either through the Payroll Savings Plan at your place of business—or if the Payroll Plan is not available to you, but you *do* have a checking account, through the Bond-a-Month Plan at your local bank.

Both ways repay you $4 for every $3 you save, by the time your Bonds mature. Choose the sum you can afford—from the chart on the right—and start saving today!

Ten years from now, you'll be mighty, mighty glad you did!

SAVE EACH WEEK	AND YOU WILL HAVE		
	In 1 Year	In 5 Years	In 10
2.50	130.00	668.97	1,4
3.75	195.00	1,004.20	2,1
7.50	390.00	2,009.02	4,3
12.50	650.00	3,348.95	7,2
18.75	975.00	5,024.24	10,8

Save the easy, automatic way . . . with U.S. Savings Bond

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

fingers. Embracing this opportunity nject a bit of adrenalin into the con- sat[illegible]. I nodded toward the vision up nt.

What would you say a wonderful ture like that was doing in a place this unescorted? True to somebody ne army of occupation? Stood up?"

Neither," said Sanders with certainty. You *know* her?"

What the devil do you think I've been ing bout for the last five minutes?" en; uded.

wo ew drinks were placed before He studied them reverently.

Behind that bar," said Sanders, nd the leader of his profession, the te: chemist of his kind in the world." di- rectly held my tongue. Sanders d pproved and continued his story.

I grappled with the mail at the office that morning (Sanders said) a pe- r sense of frustration came over I felt left-handed and all thumbs. I n to wonder if perhaps this atomic ity wasn't already doing things to us. radually, I realized that something happened to my office, itself. The wall with the creeping cactus lan- ing on the window sill appeared to p where the front wall should have and the front wall, with our loving fo Neatest Floor of Any Depart- , 1939, was at the back. I was try- o figure out how the view beyond ac us was still Gutzler Boulevard, I came upon the memo.

s addressed, "To All Department s nd Supervisors," and said: "Ef- e immediately all desks in the of- ar shops shall be turned in the sit direction from which they have fac ng." It was signed, "George K. le, Assistant to the President."

ad never before heard of the man fu hermore couldn't see how Old Hultz, who doesn't do anything av nd is very good at it, could use ss anee, but then, of course, I am Director of Personnel in Charge of ing.

ho n heaven's name is George K. Je I asked, turning to my beautiful secretary, a feat which under the new desk arrangement put a severe strain on the sacroiliac.

"Just another genius," she said, emitting a beautiful sigh. "The Old Man picked him up at the shore. Washed up on the beach, I wouldn't be surprised."

"What's the dizzy idea turning the desks around?" I demanded.

"Mr. Marble feels it will give everybody a new perspective," she said. "Now, isn't that cute?"

So after burning out the best years of my life for old PU, as we happy co-workers affectionately refer to the grand old company, I wind up trading a southern exposure of my beautiful secretary, ash-blond Mary Murphy, who has just now attracted your attention at the door, for an uninterrupted view of the Screw Machine Department photographed in the sack race on their annual picnic to Ditweiler's Happyland Park.

"That does it," I said. I got up and after several futile stabs for my hat which for ten years had dangled behind my desk but now hung in front, located its whereabouts and put it on, backward. "It's been wonderful knowing you, Murph," I said, simply. "If anybody ever asks, I retired to Texas and am happy among my pineapples."

The Chief Engineer, Chief Draftsman, Chief Messenger Boy and the rest of the chiefs were down the street at Rappy's Luncheonette, chiefing at the bit. I joined the powwow, a daring move for a personnel director considering the ugly frame of mind the boys had developed over our newest employee.

Silvers, the Safety Chief, while working that morning on his month's report which, if there was no accident by five P.M., would have set an all-time state record, scurried joyfully from the wrong side of his desk and was felled in his tracks by the wall. Hullerman, our near-sighted purchasing agent, was completely unstrung after consistently issuing orders to the water cooler and beckoning to the Ladies' Room when he wanted the office boy. Little things like that, but they mounted up.

I talked fast to assure the lads I knew



I'm nuts about you, Sally, but you let me see you only twice a year"

BARNEY TOBEY



Better fabric...
Better shirt

Prince Oxford fabric makes the kind of shirt that always looks good and feels good. That's because it is beautifully woven of long staple premium cotton and has the heft and body you expect from America's favorite oxford cloth. Equally correct for business or leisure, it comes in clear, clean, fast colors that won't ever fade. Sanforized* for permanent, comfortable fit. At good stores everywhere.

Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.

*Fabric shrinkage less than 1%

IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Try this Tonight for Morning Freshness!

It's a plan that's bringing peppier, happier mornings to thousands! Here's all you do—just drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime each night.

Taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine promotes sound sleep. It also supplies specially processed food elements to restore vigor and drive while you sleep. What's more, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most people should have—in a better, more natural way to get them.

So why not give Ovaltine a trial—you've a lot to gain, and nothing to lose but your sleepless nights and listless mornings!

OVALTINE



For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

When your back muscles feel as stiff as a board after unusual exertion, get busy! Rub on Absorbine Jr. and help those aching muscles limber up *fast!*

Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your strenuous activity has burned up their nourishment. But rub on Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation. Fresh invigorating blood supplies fresh nourishment! Then tired back muscles relax, become supple again, the pain fairly floats away!

Ask your druggist today for Absorbine Jr.—50-year-famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. A long-lasting bottle, $1.25. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

nothing more about George Marble than the obvious fact that he held a paid-up card in the pixies; I convinced them of the inadvisability of dropping him from some high place just at this time and returned to talk it over calmly with the boss—but Marble had canceled my date with the Old Man to take him golfing. . . .

I found Marble next day up on the third floor, embalmed in the beautiful mausoleum that had been originally laid out for an Army liaison officer long since gone back to the kohlrabi department of a supermarket in Lower Upcong, New Jersey. He looked virtually normal, aside from the super zoot, or jet propulsion, mode of his ensemble. He was a solid young man of medium height and innocent baby-blue eyes that gave him an air of hanging on your every word.

As we went along, however, I gathered an impression that he didn't hear half I said and arbitrarily disregarded the other half as sheer nonsense. He had an attitude of standing back, as if humoring the mad world in its foibles. He began to remind me of somebody or something that I was trying to place when I was struck by the unorthodox situation of his wastebasket. It was perched on top of his desk, perhaps two inches to the left of center.

"Handy, I suppose, when you get used to it," I suggested.

George plucked it off the desk and returned it to the floor.

"Just been studying the situation," he said. "What do you think of this idea? Call in half the wastebaskets. Reduce the company's over-all incentive to error by fifty per cent."

Before I could answer, he jumped happily on the interoffice phone and hurled the order down its throat. For this he was being remunerated in money.

Handing me one of the boss' special cigars, he himself put a light to a pipe which had no tobacco in it. At least, although he puffed in noisy satisfaction, no smoke appeared and the careful rings he blew from time to time were entirely invisible.

"Only way to beat the habit," he said. "Little trick I learned from J. P. Thorganheim. You know J. P.?"

I AM as close to J. P. Thorganheim as I am to Harry Truman. I voted for Dewey but have a cousin in Missouri. And I would have bet any one of Thorganheim's millions that George wasn't any closer.

"Great little old fella, J. P.," said George. "Haven't seen him around lately. Guess he's been laid up with that trick tummy. I tell J. P. if he'd cut out all the plum-stuffed duck and junk he'd be better off."

To hear George tell it, he was thicker than thieves with a cross section of the biggest big shots.

"By the way," he said, "what's your objection, if any, to employing a married woman for your secretary?"

"Some of my best friends are married," I told him, "but it just so happens I'm well satisfied with the secretary I have."

"That's the one I mean," said George.

"To the best of my knowledge," I said, "Miss Murphy is living in single bliss."

"A situation," he said, "which I mean to altar very shortly. That's a-l-t-a-r—get it?"

He admitted that while a man could scarcely be accused of trifling with a girl's affections if, having seen her for the first time in his life that morning, he hadn't got around to declaring his intentions by noon, still he knew almost as much about Mary Murphy as he ever would, he felt, and more than some husbands learned of their wives in a lifetime.

He was aware, for instance, that she liked historical novels and Ping-pong, had lost her appendix, took two years of Spanish in high school, quit her place of previous employment for self-advancement, owed allegiance to no foreign power, had never been arrested for a felony and could be positively identified by a small mole three inches above her left knee. He had gleaned these and other statistics from a once-over of her application in the file.

As I left in a dazed state, George limped me to the door. He had a bad case of corns and had kicked his shoes off under his desk. He wore purple socks.

At the door, suddenly confidential, he dropped his voice and whispered hoarsely, "Keep punchin', kid. To hell with 'em all, and don't spread yourself too thin."

Somewhat self-consciously I returned to my beautiful secretary with the positive identification mark three inches above her left knee. I suppose at some time or another I must have glanced over her application, but I'd never really thought of her before in just that way.

She had both phones off the hook, a waiting room full of excited people and was beautifully distraught. It appeared, she informed me, that the Revolution had come; it was led by our Mr. Viznitski, whose subterfuge for opening hostilities was a ridiculous claim that wastebaskets were disappearing from the bookkeeping department.

And the mail room wanted to know if it would be permissible, since the desks were turned around, to use the outgoing desk for the incoming mail and the incoming mail, or rather, desk, for the outcoming—well, you see how it could get.

And the shop committee had been looking for me with that grievance glint in the collective eye. Early that morning George had found himself in the inspection division—lost, no doubt, on his way to the rest room—and had taken a look at one of our arcometers. Somebody was fool enough to advise him he was holding it backward. "Only way to inspect them!" George said crisply and ordered all inspectors to follow suit from there on. He called it the uninhibited approach. The union called it un-American.

"The guy's a character all right," I told Murph.

"Character?" she steamed. "He's a past grand international leprechaun."

GENTLY, I broke the news to her picturing her with a little leprechaun or two lisping its night prayers at her knee, the knee with the mole.

"Murph," I said, "Marble is really crazy about you."

"He's crazy period," she said. Then she laughed. She laughed until I threatened to call First Aid for smelling salts. On second thought, the way things were stacking up, I called anyway, had a bottle delivered for my personal use in case of emergency, and bearded the boss in his den.

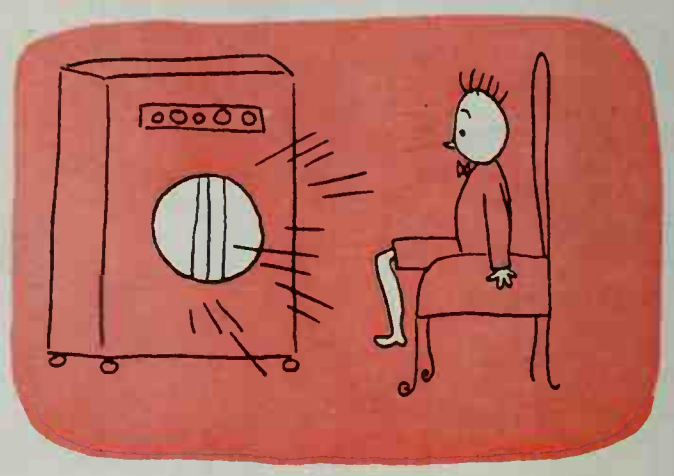
You've seen Old Man Hultz in our ads. He makes a nice trade-mark. The grandfatherly type. Silvery hair, a shy old-fashioned smile and a heart of sheet metal. He was busy catching cold in the draft that his reversed desk exposed him to, and chewing an unlighted cigar.

"Little trick of J. P. Thorganheim's," he explained confidentially. "Healthful and economical. Great little fella, J. P."

"Yeah," I said, "he ought to go far if he just watches out that plum-stuffed duck doesn't sneak up on him."

The boss, I found, had run afoul of George on annual guest day in the lobby of the Boat and Game Club, one of those big haunted beach houses smelling of

THE NEW FREEDOM PRIMER



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Ned is sit-ting by the ra-di-o.
Is he in a cold sweat?
Good-ness no! Ned is de-vel-op-ing his mind.
He is lis-ten-ing to the Chil-dren's Hour pro-gram "Hap-py Jack Hack-saw."
The he-ro has just va-por-ized ten hap-less vic-tims with an AT-OM-iz-er and is a-bout to bash in the brains of three oth-ers with an old-fash-ioned ma-che-te.
But where are Ma-ma and Pa-pa?
Ma-ma is play-ing gin rum-my o-ver at Mrs. Do-lit-tle's house.
Pa-pa is out in the fresh air bet-ting his o-ver-time bo-nus on a horse that is run-ning the wrong way.
Ned does not frit-ter a-way his time.
When he is six-teen he will be a-ble to han-dle a ma-che-te with skill and he will be much sought af-ter in e-ver-y state in A-mer-i-ca.

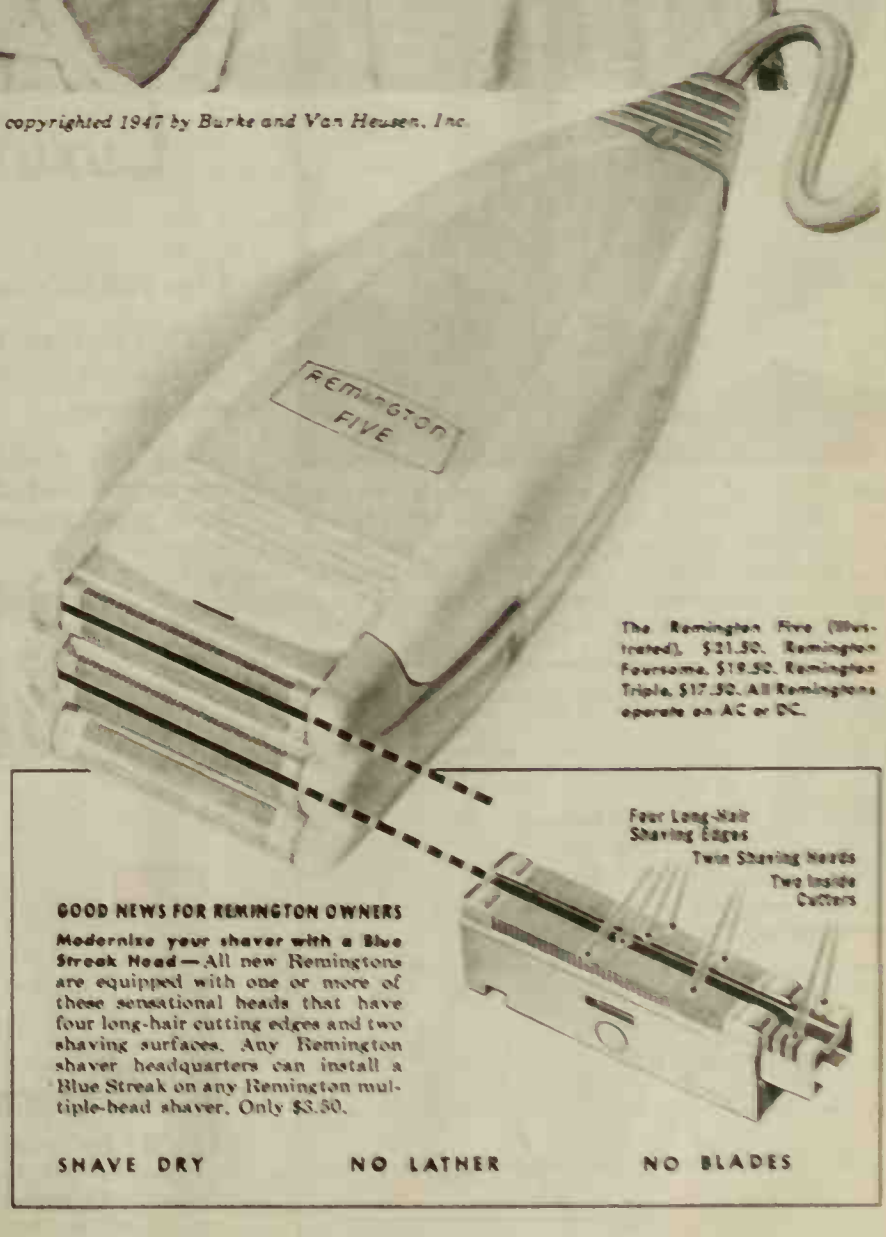
—Alan Foster



*From the song "Smile Right Back at the Sun" copyrighted 1947 by Burke and Van Heusen, Inc.

"Waking up can be fun"* when you shave with a Remington

Start your day on a high note with a fast, clean Remington shave. No lather—no blades—no muss. Just run the business end of your Remington over your face and watch the whiskers vanish. The combination of Blue Streak *twin* heads—with their long-hair cutting edges—and the smooth, round heads is more than a match for any beard. *For a penny's worth of electricity a year* you can enjoy a Remington dry shave every morning, the comfortable kind of shave that helps you start off your day with a smile. There are three Remington models to choose from: The Five, the Foursome, and the Triple. See all three at leading stores or phone one of Remington's ninety-seven shaver headquarters. Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn.



The Remington Five (Illustrated), $21.50. Remington Foursome, $19.50. Remington Triple, $17.50. All Remingtons operate on AC or DC.

GOOD NEWS FOR REMINGTON OWNERS

Modernize your shaver with a Blue Streak Head—All new Remingtons are equipped with one or more of these sensational heads that have four long-hair cutting edges and two shaving surfaces. Any Remington shaver headquarters can install a Blue Streak on any Remington multiple-head shaver. Only $3.50.

SHAVE DRY NO LATHER NO BLADES

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS

A product of Remington Rand

More Remingtons have been sold since 1940 than all other makes combined

Talk about a housewife's heaven! Look at those gleaming Youngstown wall and base cabinets, so deep they'll take every pot and pan in the place . . . and at that wife-saving Kitchenaider sink, flanked by a work surface big as a boulevard. All snugly arranged to cut down cross-kitchen hikes! This dazzling all-steel Youngstown Kitchen runs as little as $11.50 a month on most budget plans . . . installed complete! And those Youngstown honeys below are all priced proportionately!

Luxury kitchens at piggy-bank prices



Watch sink chores go zip! zip! at this trim, labor-saving Kitchenaider cabinet sink with its no-splash twin bowls, speedy rinse spray and huge *huge* storage areas. Big one-piece top is acid-resisting porcelain enamel. If you wish, get a Kitchenaider first, add your matching wall and base cabinets later. As low as $4.45 a month for model shown!

DID you ever see such shining beauties?

They're even handsomer than in your fondest dreams. So satiny-smooth, so snowy-white . . . so gorgeous!

Ah, but wait! These luxurious arrangements are only a *hint* of the kitchen magic you can perform with stunning steel Youngstown units. Your Youngstown Kitchen dealer can show you sc and schemes that you can almost swing on bank savings. Scoot right down and see for yo . . . *today!*

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORA
WARREN, OHIO
Porcelain Enameled Products, Large Pressed Metal P
Design Engineering Service



ALL NEW! Exciting 20-page booklet featuring 22 gorgeous Youngstown Kitchens in full color, plus planning tips! Send coupon with 25c (sorry, no stamps). You'll also get 51 cut-outs of Youngstown units to make miniature kitchen arrangements.

Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Mfg. Corp.
Dept. C-947, Warren, Ohio

Send me your new book on Youngstown Kitchens and the 51 cut-outs. I enclose 25c in cash.

☐ I plan to remodel ☐ I live in town
☐ I plan to build ☐ I live on a farm

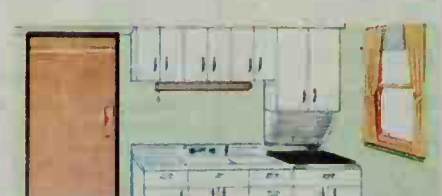
NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

COUNTY STATE

Youngstown Kitchens
BY MULLINS



Like it? It's yours for a song, installed complete in new house or old, without fuss or costly remodeling. Units go beautifully with any range, refrigerator; stay shining clean with swish of damp cloth.



Why jump through hoops doing kitchen duty? Sleek Youngstown units end kitchen chaos, let work flow smooth as can be. It's kitchen bliss the live-long day . . . and constant envy from all your friends.

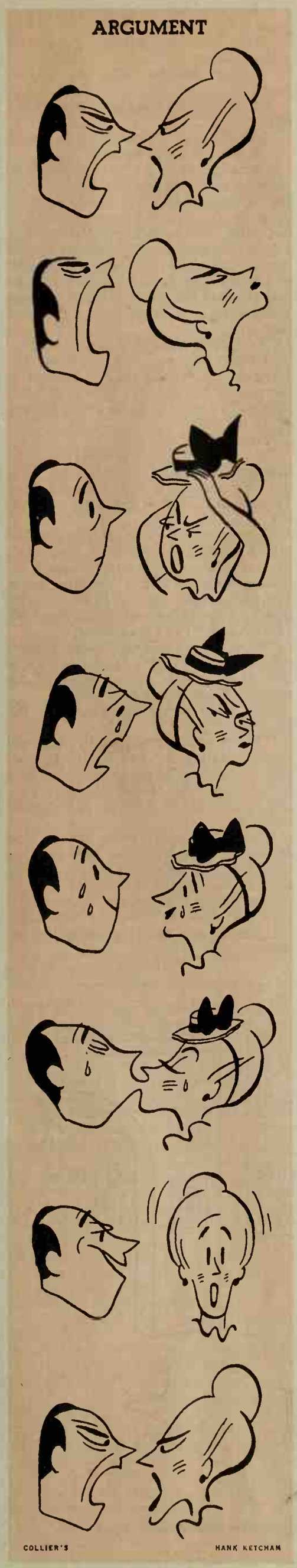


Remember, your Youngstown dealer can help work out a drea for any kitchen . . . even that pet ment you've been wanting. Hie down to that Youngstown showr

terday's fish and old currency, mini-
m membership requirement about
),000 and an ulcer. The boss was a
itimate guest. George, I figured, wan-
ed in, spotted him for a dope, and sold
nself solid in the course of recognizing
Thorganheims and Vanderfellers at
listance, which the Old Man could
e done the same way, from their pic-
s in the papers.
Great idea man, Georgie," the boss
l. "Ever see such action? And only
first day. Wait till he hits his stride."
Have you heard about the new in-
tion method?" I inquired.
Smart," said the Old Man. "Fresh
vpoint."
Not everybody agrees on that," I said.
e union, for example, is getting strike
r."
Innovation," the Old Man said.
at's always the way. It will take us a
le to catch up to Georgie. Bound to.
've met him? What's your frank
ion?"
Mr. Hultz," I said, "I'll admit in my
I've signed up my share of men from
s. There was a period there during
war when I'd gladly have put on a
with two heads if he'd have sworn
antisabotage oath in unison—and
ave paid him double time. But of all
ulus we ever gave desk space, Marble
inner and still champ in my book
they vote a whirling dervish chair-
of the board."
e Old Man turned some of his
er shades, blew out his cheeks and
n a voice like a knife, "I have every
dence, Sanders, in George K. Mar-

at being that, I retired from the
nce.
eep your eye on the ball, Sanders,"
ld Man admonished as I left, "and
spread yourself too thin."
orge let an entire day elapse before
ting Mary Murphy for a date.
't want to rush things, he told me.
olitely refused the first request and
next several, then he got to be a
nce and she started setting him
hard, but George could take it.
asy does it," he assured me.
on't spread yourself too thin," I

UR weeks in our midst scattering
rdust and schizophrenia. Then he
d the chaos with a brainstorm to
hem all. He summoned me on a
lay afternoon. He would have come
office, he apologized, but his feet
killing him.
wanted all our elevators operated
f speed, he said, from two to five
he following Friday. He had some
tant people coming to look us over
Maryland Ply Parts. If they liked
hey saw we were in line for a sub-
cting job that would end all our
r worries.
d they don't like fast elevators?"
rge didn't know whether they did
n't. "But they think we've got three
the personnel we have," he said.
w could they think that?" I won-
"And what's that got to do with
vators?"
ep your shirt on," said George,
vatch the ball. Maybe they got the
e're a little bigger from me. You
how people get a mistaken no-
ke that and you can't shake them
All right. I know we can handle
ob with less personnel than they
ve need. We'll work triple shifts
ething. You can figure that part.
a matter of pencil and paper.
hile, when they inspect us next
, our employees have to look like
mes as many, that's all."
you run the elevators slower," I
d, "to make our traffic look heav-
t no, the slower we moved stuff,
people we'd seem to have."
k," said George, patiently. "I'll
it again. All shop employees re-



port for work next Friday afternoon on the top floor, no matter what floor they belong on. I take our visitors to the top floor and they witness that mob scene. Then I bring our visitors down in the slow elevator to the next floor and who do they see?"

"Nobody," I said. "Everybody is on the top floor."

"A little co-operation for Pete's sake," George pleaded. "Don't make it complicated. When I leave the top-floor shop with my guests I stall them out in the hall, aided by the lousy elevator service. Meanwhile, all employees move by the back stairway to the floor below, so when our visitors get to the shop on the floor below it's the mob scene again, but who knows it's the same mob, except a couple of hundred co-workers in on the secret? Can a stranger tell one dirty-faced mob from another? Well, then we proceed down to the next floor. Get it?"

I got it but I couldn't believe it.

"George," I said, "you can't get away with this."

"Let me worry about that. Just slow up those elevators and get busy figuring out how we'll handle all that subcontracting we're going to get."

"George," I said, "you'll wreck us. We'll be the laughingstock of the industry when this gets out."

"Relax," said George, "you're spreading yourself too thin. Now we want this mob scene busy, you understand."

"Busy," I cried in my delirium, "doing what?"

"Banging," said George. "Loud."

BACK in my cell I went into a huddle with Mary Murphy. Something, as the ancient proverb goes, had to be done. No use advising the boss we were headed for a crack-up. George had him hypnotized and could do no wrong. There was only one way to snap the Old Man out of it. Put the finger on George positively as a phony.

"It's up to you, Murph," I said. "Give George that date. Insist upon going to the shore, specifically the Boat and Game Club. All I want is your eyewitness testimony that any day but guest day George couldn't get past the doorman with a steam roller running his interference, and couldn't call on Thorganheim or anyone else to pass him through, because there isn't a Boat and Game member who ever dreamed of George's existence in his wildest nightmares."

"It's a dirty trick," she mused, "but I'm doing it for the wives and kiddies of the happy co-workers. Let's look at it like that."

She made the date for Wednesday night. I was there in the office ahead of her when she arrived Thursday morning. She took one look at the bouquet on her desk and swept it into what would have been the wastebasket before our wastebasket quota was reduced.

"Big shot!" she said.

"Hey," I said, "that set me back a fin."

"You?" she said. "Oh, excuse it." She retrieved the flowers, murmuring, "Beautiful."

"So George couldn't get you into the Boat and Game Club with a search warrant," I said. "Now go on with the story."

"Oh, we got in all right," she said. "Through the door, too. And if you're anxious about J. P.—Mr. Thorganheim, that is—well, he's decided to take Georgie's advice and lay off the plum-stuffed duck for a while. Mrs. Thorganheim says there isn't a soul can do a thing with J. P. but Georgie."

I sat down hard where my desk chair had been before George rearranged the furniture.

"George really knows the plum-stuffed Thorganheims?" I said.

"And the Vanderfellers," she said. "And some more. Isn't that disgusting?"

"Frankly," I said, "it's a blow."

"A bunch of bloated plutocrats," she said, icily. "They made me feel like they



Foot-fatigue vanishes when you enjoy the twin comfort of Massagic's famous resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift. What's more, you'll take pride in their smart appearance . . . the result of most distinctive styling and expert crafting of finest leathers.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

WEYENBERG
MASSAGIC
Air Cushion Shoes



He won't change from shoes to slippers—because he's enjoying Massagic Comfort.



jet® BEATTIE LIGHTER

- Guaranteed jet-action
- Nothing mechanical to get out of order
- All models designed with slip covers for eosy fueling

HEAVY NICKEL PLATE $5 } NO FED. TAX
MOROCCO or PIGSKIN $6.50 }

Heavy Gold Plate $15 } Plus 20% Fed. Tax
Solid Sterling Silver $30 }

See your deoler or write
BEATTIE JET LIGHTER DISTRIBUTORS
17 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.



Before your radio becomes a total washout on "soap operas"... call in your local service dealer. He's one of radio's *star performers!* He can make your set good as new. And his price is right. With Sylvania testing equipment, he spots the faults. With skilled hands, he corrects them. With Sylvania radio tubes, he assures you of the best in radio reception.



SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

Product of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

thought I was the cigarette girl in disguise. Well, I was one once and told them so, and if Mr. Big Shot Marble doesn't like it, I can always go back."

I guessed that George would be somewhat less chipper that morning, but he limped in, whistling merrily. I met him in the hall.

"She says she hates me," he said, grinning.

"That's good?" I asked.

"That's progress, kid," he said. "From indifference to hate overnight. Next step, hate to love. Got those elevators ready to slow down? This is our big day."

Promptly at 2 P.M. the visiting delegation arrived from Maryland Ply Parts. The gentlemen were uniformly thin of lip and gimlet-eyed. I passed them on my way out to Willie's Café, where I made a brave attempt to forget it all; but Willie, flapping around on his flat feet like a trained seal, a martyr to his profession, kept putting me in mind of George's corns, and all I could think of was purple socks.

BEAUTIFULLY doleful, Murph joined me there later. "How did it go for laughs?" I asked.

"I don't think Maryland Ply Parts enjoyed the joke at all," she said. "They told George he'd hear more about this and left looking pretty grim."

"It was a nice little company," I said, "for the seventy-six years it lasted. Doesn't make sense, does it, how a guy like that could be palsy-walsy with the Thorganheims and Vanderfellers."

"Not to mention the Giltmores," she said. "Oh, Georgie is a great little mixer all right."

"Mixer?" I said. "Mixer? MIXER?" It came to me, you see, just like that.

I said, "Murph, you said it. A great mixer. Those corns! That way of listening without hearing anything! Everybody's friend and adviser! Murph," I said, "will you do me one more favor? Phone the Boat and Game Club and ask them if they ever had a bartender by the name of George K. Marble, and would they like to have him back because according to reliable sources he'll soon be at liberty.". . .

Sanders stopped, suddenly aware that we required a refill; he motioned not too precisely to the bar.

"Frankly," he said, "have you ever tasted a cocktail just like that?"

"Never," I admitted. "But *was* he?"

Sanders considered me gravely and at some length.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, finally.

"George Marble. Was he a bartender?"

Sanders sighed wearily at my perversity.

"You admit, yourself," he said, "you've never tasted better."

I looked over to the bar where a solid young citizen limped furiously to and fro, mixing, shaking, stirring, pouring, never the fraction of a drop too much or too little; and simultaneously he took part in half a dozen conversations around him, or appeared to. There was no hint in his innocent baby-blue eyes that he was aware of the vision of Mary Murphy at the door, or if he was, that it bothered him.

"So the Old Man fired him," I said.

"Immediately and with ceremony. Everything but tearing off his buttons to the roll of the drums. Really, I felt a little sorry for the guy. In a way I guess, Mary did, too."

"He got over her?"

"Not exactly. They married, that is," Sanders explained, "the following Tuesday and opened up here a month later. Three weeks and four days later to be exact."

Through the bottom of my cocktail glass I watched Mary direct a couple to a vacated table and return to quell the milling standees with a beautiful smile. The name of the place, seen on the window backward from inside, was more obviously now "The Leprechaun."

"Between you and me," said Sanders confidentially, "I have reason to believe that Thorganheim put up most of the capital. These things take money."

"But what about the Maryland Ply Parts deal?"

"Oh, we got the contract all right, and we're handling it. Just a question of know-how. You've got to keep punching for an outfit like Maryland, that's all—and be careful you don't spread yourself too thin."

While from where I sat, Sanders was enveloped in an iridescent mist growing thicker by the minute; I'm sure had he smiled I would have detected it.

The waiter brought our plum-stuffed duck and, Sanders being the quiet type, we finished the meal in thoughtful silence.

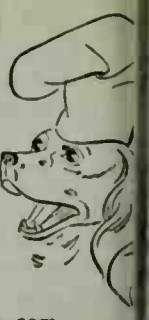
THE END



"I imagine the place would be awfully drab without them, don't you?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

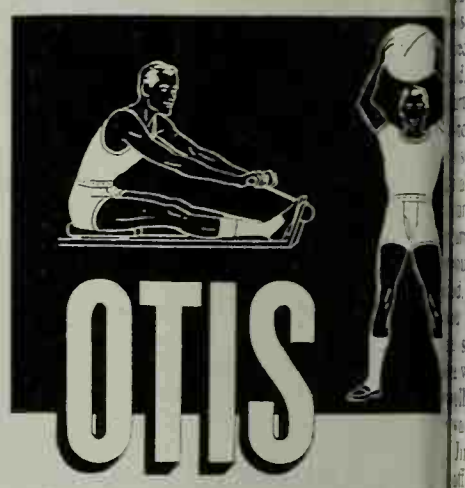
"I'm the POOCHES' PIN-UP!"



—modestly odmits the HI-LIFE Pup Chef. "9 out 10 dogs love *my* idea of the perfect, complete, satisfying, hea building food — HI- Get enriched HI-LIFI your pooch too Money-back guara At stores everywh Ready Foods Company, Ch



CANNED DOG FOO
HI-LIFE



UNDERWEAR AND HOSIE
for Men and Boys

For full value in comfort, wear and style ask for OTIS—for chilly days OTIS WINTERWEIGHTS are just right.

OTIS UNDERWEAR, 57 Worth St., New

"UNBLOCK" *you* DIGESTIVE TRA

And Get Genuine Relief Tha Makes You Feel Really Good A

Don't expect to get relief from headache, sour ach, gas and bad breath by taking soda and othe lizers if the cause of your trouble is constipatio

In this case, your real trouble is not in the st at all. But in the intestinal tract where 80% c food is digested. And when the lower part gets b food may fail to digest properly.

What you want for real relief is something t hlock" your lower intestinal tract. Something t it out effectively—help Nature get back on h

Get Carter's Pills right now. Take them as di They gently and effectively "unblock" your di tract. This permits all 5 of Nature's own di juices to mix better with your food.

You get genuine relief from indigestion so y feel *really* good again.

Get Carter's Pills at any drugstore today. "Un your intestinal tract for real relief from indig

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIAS (SCALY SKIN TROU

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Use DERMO



Prove it yourself how long you have or what you ha Beautiful book o ese and Derm amazing, true graphic proof sent FREE. Wr

SEND GENER TRI SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agree give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refund out question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for gene bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test." Test self. Results may surprise you. Write today for bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Pri plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgre Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABOR Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 5223, Detroit

THE SPLIT HICKORY

Continued from page 26

a sickening and dying when I was
ı little old squirt. And me growing
› be the spitting image of her. And
aving to look at me, remembering,
probably wishing it was her sitting
, instead of only me.
eased in on me, gradually, that
e that was why he'd take the money
in the china sugar bowl on the shelf
o over to the Newphers' every now
gain and tote home a demijohn of
mule. It came to me that if Pa
l go ahead and pull up the stumps—
al ones—why maybe the other ones
ones plaguing him in the back of his
—would root loose, too.

AT evening when we'd finished
pper and Pa was tuning up his
to play like he generally does after
eaten, I said offhand, "When you
ng for us to get at the stumps?"
tightened one of the guitar strings.
never I have me a breathing spell."
id, "I reckon we ought to have us
soon as the tobacco's in."
eckon," Pa said.
id, "It won't be any trick, once we
rted in on it. It don't take much
how to haul up a stump."
s stumps," Pa said. "Not *a* stump.
ain't the know-how, it's the time.
time." He sounded the string with
umb. "You been fighting again,
ou?"
id, "Yes, sir."
u recollect I said you was to quit
e said. "What was you fighting
e wanted to know.
allowed. "Marty said . . . he said
was a scroot," I lied, not looking
Jinks heard his name and jumped
off the sofa. He waggled over to
ears scratched.
u think a heap of that dog, don't
Pa said.
dded.
ll, it's a tomfool thing to fight on,"
l. "Because he is a scroot. Forty
nt kinds of it." He plucked the
strings, slow. "But that ain't his
You lick Marty?"
ok my head.
xt time see to it you lick him," Pa
d he launched in playing Shoo Fly
It makes you feel laughing all over,
ow, when Pa plays that way.
ng to bed, I said, "We'll get after
mps soon as the tobacco's in—huh,

at's what I said," Pa said. He un-
ed his galluses. "What's got into
yhow?"
thing. I—I was just wondering
ve were going to get around to it."
get around to it when I get around
Pa said. "Now hush up on it.". . .
didn't get around to it, though.
August, the August I was eleven,
e August the hail got the tobacco
before we were to cut it. It came
ig as pullet eggs and there wasn't
we could do except stand there
tch it hopping and bouncing, beat-
living daylights out of the crop.
counting on it so heavy.
vening there was a silence in him
old, wet stone. He took his guitar
nd tuned it, and then he drew his
ross the strings, so it made a
y jangle, and he put it away and
d off to bed without a word.
k the china sugar bowl and hid
it made it worse, sneaking it like
o, after a while, I took and put
e shelf where it rightly belonged.
following morning when we were
breakfast he asked me how I'd
go visit at my Aunt Harriet's.
ckon I wouldn't like it," I said,
ot to glance at the sugar bowl. I
ee in my mind Aunt Harriet's
-in mouth, and her hair, skinned
tight over her skull, and her tight-feeling house with the furniture set just *so* with little starched lace doohickeys on it.

"I like it how it is here," I said. "Besides there's Jinks."

"Jinks would keep until you got back."

"I purely couldn't go," I said, "unless I had Jinks."

Jinks thumped his tail and cocked his head, puzzling at me and Pa.

"Not even if I asked you to?"

"No, sir," I said.

"What if I said you was *going* to do it?"

"You wouldn't do that," I said.

I looked straight at Pa, and Pa looked at me. I could see him thinking how much I resembled Ma. I put down my cup. "Pa," I said, "why don't we get after those stumps? We could—"

Pa whacked the table with the flat of his hand so the dishes rattled and the coffeepot lid opened and shut once, like a surprised mouth. "Plague take it!" he shouted. "Will you leave off pestering me about them stumps!" He ran his fingers, bunchy, across his forehead.

"Eat your victuals," he said.

I said, "I reckon I'm done."

"Run along then," Pa said. "I'll be out directly."

"I'll redd up the kitchen," I said.

"I said run along!"

So I went outside and up to the curing barn. Shortly I saw Pa stalking off down the road. After he'd gone a piece, I high-tailed it back to the house and lifted down the sugar bowl. The two-dollar bill and the three ones were gone. I knew for sure, then, and I whistled Jinks and we went up to the Split Hickory because I didn't admire to be home when Pa came back from Newphers'.

He stayed drunk that time for nigh on to three weeks. When he got over it, he looked the same as if he'd had a long sick spell.

"You should've gone to your Aunt Harriet's, like I wanted you to," he said, sitting on the edge of the bed with his hands hanging between his knees. After a minute, he said, "I'm sorry, Tod. I'm powerful sorry. There's something gets *in* to me."

"Sure, Pa," I said. "I know how it is."

"I'll get them stumps up for certain, come spring," he said.

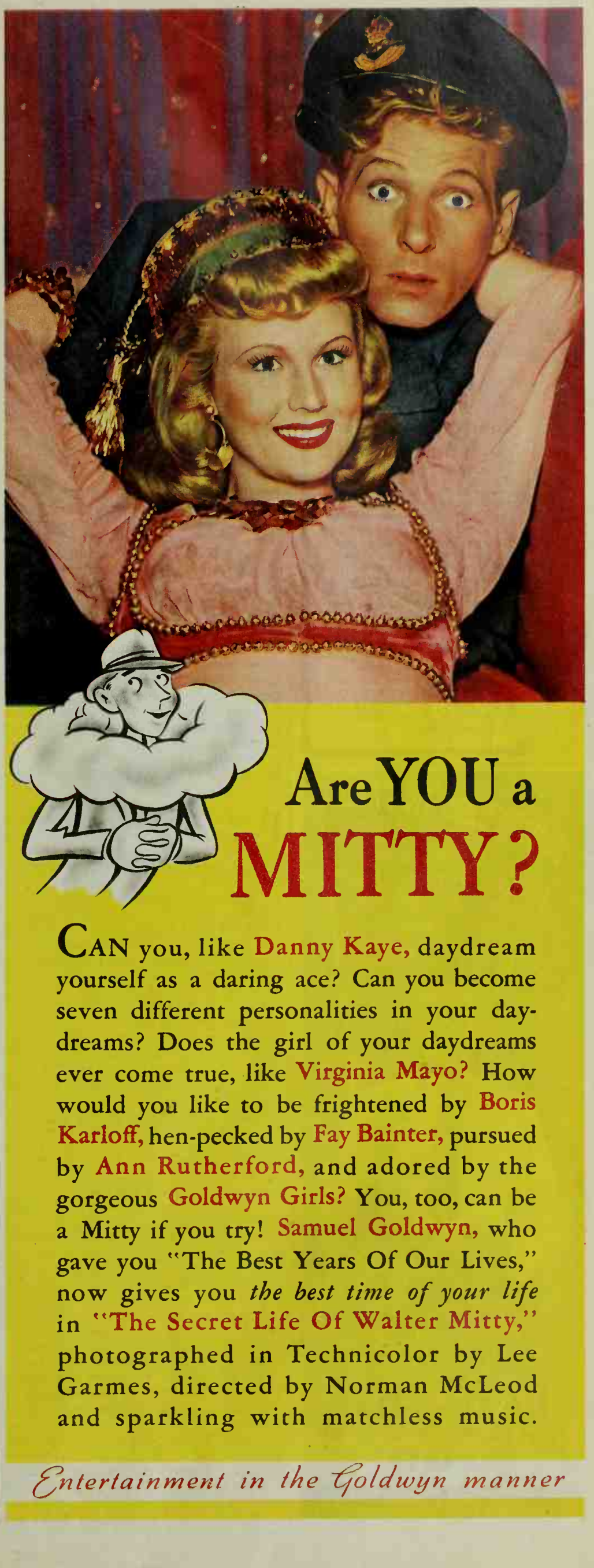
"Sure," I said. "Sure we will. Spring's a better time anyway."

IT WAS a cold winter and a cold, wet spring. The ground squished underfoot and the gully run red. Scrooched in bed at night with the rain pounding on the roof, and driving against the windows, I'd catch myself waiting for it to get in. Sometimes it'd slacken and stop and in the morning when I went to school I could hear the whole world dripping. The ditches on either side of the pike rushed with water, and the creek tumbled white under the covered bridge. Gray, ragged clouds went streaming across the heavy sky—so close I could've hit them with a rock. And then it'd head in raining again. That's how it was all spring until pretty near the middle of May.

I went out one May morning and saw a patch of blue sky the size of a Dutchman's shirttail, and wind ripples on the puddles. And there was a quickening everywhere. And within a week things were fairly busting out *every* which way.

And Pa sobered up and began plowing.

That summer, after school let out, was the best ever was. There never *was* a summer like that summer. Seemed as if no matter what I saw or did, it was extra special. You take, for example, just fishing up the creek. Me and Jinks. I remember how flabbergasted I was one day, when I saw a snake fly. *Really* saw it. How it was a pretty sight to see, I mean. And another day it came to me the creek went



Are YOU a MITTY?

CAN you, like Danny Kaye, daydream yourself as a daring ace? Can you become seven different personalities in your daydreams? Does the girl of your daydreams ever come true, like Virginia Mayo? How would you like to be frightened by Boris Karloff, hen-pecked by Fay Bainter, pursued by Ann Rutherford, and adored by the gorgeous Goldwyn Girls? You, too, can be a Mitty if you try! Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you "The Best Years Of Our Lives," now gives you *the best time of your life* in "The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty," photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod and sparkling with matchless music.

Entertainment in the Goldwyn manner



For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● Lame and stiff and achey from overexercise? There's a time-proved way to ease that soreness *fast!* Just rub on Absorbine Jr.!

Tired muscles are often famished muscles. Your extra effort has burned up their nourishment. But rub those muscles with Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation. Then fresh invigorating blood supplies fresh nourishment! Your stiff muscles loosen up – you feel like a different person!

Ask your druggist today for Absorbine Jr. time-proved formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. $1.25 a bottle. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

YOUR FORM IN FABRIC

Tailored like a jacket . . . conforms to the contours of your body . standards of fit and comfort you have never experienced before in shirts.

Excello SHIRTS

EXCELLO SHIRTS, Inc., *a division of* F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 B'way, N. Y.

somewhere besides just to Summit Falls. Maybe somewhere important even. Notions such as that. I don't know.

That's how that summer was. It wasn't all fishing, or berrying, or squirreling, or Jinks and me racing with the wind just to be doing. There was the regular chores, besides helping Pa with the tobacco and all. But, studying back on it, that whole summer sums up purely wonderful.

The crop that August was almost as good as any crop around. When it began turning, it was a proud thing to see.

"Well, by Harry," Pa'd say, "we don't eat sowbelly and beans *this* winter!" And, "Come fall, I'm aiming to clear me that stumpland for sure and next year I ought to get on the road to being paid out." That was the August I was twelve.

It happened two weeks after my birthday. Jinks and me came home with a mess of catfish we'd got up early to catch while they were morning-hungry, and there was Pa sitting on the back steps pulling a tobacco leaf through his fingers. He didn't answer when I howdy-hollered at him; he didn't look up or anything. When I got closer I saw the expression on his face and I thought: *Oh, goddlemighty. Good goddlemighty!*

I think I knew what it was before I reached him and he handed me the leaf and I saw the wildfire spots on it. It was as though, underneath, I'd known all along that it was due to happen. As though I'd been storing up through the summer for this very minute when I put down my pole and bait can and the catfish, and took the leaf from him.

Wildfire is worse than sore shank and hornworm, and green-bellied suck fly all rolled in one. It spreads as fast as what it was named on. Wild fire. Before you know it the small spots are big spots and they dry, or rot, and fall out, and your tobacco couldn't be any more of a ruination if an honest-to-John fire had swept through it.

Pa said, "I'm getting your things together. You're going to your Aunt Harriet's." He got up and went in the house.

IT SEEMED most a year I stood there. Then, someway, I was running. When I got to the first tobacco rows I commenced yanking and twisting and stamping—but it was like striking out at something that didn't stay hit, like Marty Shane. I tripped over a stalk and fell down. When I sat up, there was a heaviness in me that felt like a sack of wet meal getting ready to split wide open. I doubled up my fist and, someway, I was shaking it at the sky and shouting, "When's it going to quit? You hear? *When's it going to quit?*"

Jinks licked in my ear and I put my arm around him and burrowed my chin in his fur, to stop it from wobbling.

Pa was packing my stuff in the suitcase when I came in.

I said, "I'm not going." I moved to where he could see me. "You may as well make up your mind to it," I said. "I'm not going." I held out the tobacco leaves I'd brought in with me. "Lookit."

Pa said, "I saw it already."

"This here one only has a few, fair-to-middling spots that don't amount to breaking up sticks," I said. And I showed him. "This one is just beginning and you can't hardly tell it, if you squint at it. And this here one here isn't even touched yet! See? Hold it up to the light!"

"It's no use, Tod," he said. "First rain and the whole of it's done for."

"If we went ahead and picked it—"

Pa gave a knotty, squeezed-out laugh. "Sure," he said. "I'll cut it and rack it and have a pound party when it spoils on the stalks. Is this all the socks you've got?"

I said, "I didn't say cut it. I said pick it. Hand-pick it, leaf by leaf. Extra careful. It's not done for, actual, until it rains. It's got a head start but we can save what we can. If we get going."

Pa stood there holding my socks and gazing at me as if I'd lost track of my senses.

"We can do it," I told him. "I know we can!"

He dribbled the socks into the suitcase and he took the healthy leaf in both hands and squinched his eyes at it.

"I *know* we can do it," I said.

He lowered the leaf and his eyes collared mine. "All right," he said. He drew a deep breath and let it out, slow. "All right, Tod," he said.

THE next three days were like a kind of dream, where a thing you can't see is chasing you and, to save your soul, you can't move hasty enough. Red-eyed and fumbled with sleep, we'd be up and off in the morning, soon as it lifted, and late at night after we'd finished stringing, and when there wasn't anything awake but the hoot owls and the bullbats and us, we'd fall across the bed stiff and aching and too worn out to care—asleep before we were undressed.

But we did it! All except the stand over the gully. And we'd have got that, if there hadn't blown up a rain.

The leaves in the curing barn were a mite too green, and they weren't anywhere near holding a good crease. And some, what we later had suspicions on, we took and burned, but—while it wasn't prime tobacco—it was tobacco. Maybe it didn't turn as rich a yellow color as it ought and, when we commenced firing, maybe it didn't deepen the way it generally does, but it was "selling" tobacco. And it was all leaf. What there was of it.



SPORTING ODDS

In a tennis match some years ago at Forest Hills, Merritt Cutler, former National Indoor Doubles champion, threw a ball up to serve, prepared to swing and discovered that the ball had vanished. As Cutler bewilderedly searched his court for the missing pellet, he heard chuckles from the next court and learned the solution: A wild shot from that court had collided with Cutler's ball in the air and knocked it several courts away—a chance considerably smaller than making a hole in one.

—Parke Cummings, Westport, Conn.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)

Pa didn't play his guitar any mo an evening, though. But we didn't e of us let on. Just as we didn't mer clearing the stumpland after the ti in October that was—when Pa was enough aiming to get at it only loaned the heavy chain to Mr. New He went over there to borrow it back he came home with it, all right, bu Newphers had given him a jug of pling whisky. He honestly was pla on saving it until it had some age but the corncob cork didn't fit to sui and . . . well, once he got it out, he got it in again.

That was the October I knocked M Shane's front teeth loose. I couldn't him say uncle, though. And it was October the Ladies Missionary gave a taffy pull after school one da I didn't find out till I'd already go and got my taffy, that it cost ten And everybody looking. It was in ber, too, that Mr. Thompson who the store at the crossroads began pre ing he was busy when I'd come in fo meal or something, on account.

I sure was glad when that Oc was done with. Although Nove wasn't any improvement to brag was gray and drizzly and pretty so kids at school began talking Chr and what they were liable to get.

DECEMBER turned off mild. good tobacco-handling weathe one late afternoon Pa and me menced making it into hands ready for when the auction sales o at the loose-leaf floors in Boonesb

"What you figure it'll draw?" I

"No telling," Pa said.

"Might be more than we expe said.

Pa said, "Might be is a long r hoe."

I said, "It don't take but fairly to do us."

Pa didn't say anything.

"I reckon we'll get by," I said. matter what. Heck fire, I—"

"You'd better tighten that leaf around the end or the whole b come loose," Pa put in. So I saw he admire to talk on it and I shut up.

It was that evening Mr. and Mrs. brought Marty over about Marty' teeth. Mrs. Shane reminds you of hen with its feathers blowing. S Marty show his teeth to Pa—ho were turning dark—and you'd thought, from the way she carri that losing your front teeth was something. Mr. Shane is a tall, jointed man who gets embarrass kept saying, "Now, Mother, don't flustered."

Pa finally got a word in edgewi said, "Why did Tod hit him?"

"Why, *indeed!*" Mrs. Shane sai rowing her eyes at me.

"Why *did* you hit him, Tod?" Pa

Marty knew I wouldn't tell. Th a mean grin glimmering back in couldn't anybody see but me. A g like there'd been on his face that October at recess when he'd t kids Pa was "dirty-drunk" again

"You heard me," Pa said "Why'd you hit him?"

"I don't rightly remember," I s

"How about you, Marty?" Pa "Do you recollect what it was?"

"I wouldn't let him copy off m raphy paper," Marty said.

After they'd left, Pa took hi strap off the hook. He said, "Be that chair, Tod."

I didn't believe him for a secon I saw he mad-meant it. In earne

"I warned you I was fixing t you if you didn't cut out this fight said. "Bend over that chair!"

So I bent over the chair. I coming and I made my hinder as I could, to take the sting. The hadn't any more than landed wh was down off the sofa. He ran ar

Good News for all Typewriter Users!

BULLETIN ... FROM THE TYPEWRITER LEADER OF THE WORLD.

NEW YORK—A NEW ALL-ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER IS NOW AVAILABLE TO BUSINESS ORGANIZATIONS EVERYWHERE.

SUPREME EASE OF OPERATION, LETTERS OF SURPASSING ATTRACTIVENESS, AND SPEED THAT ONLY ELECTRIC ENERGY CAN PROVIDE, ATTAIN NEW HIGH STANDARDS OF TYPEWRITER PERFORMANCE.

COMPLETELY NEW, THE UNDERWOOD ALL-ELECTRIC IS DESIGNED IN CRISP, CLEAN POSTWAR LINES—TO MAKE IT THE "WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL TYPEWRITER".

MECHANICALLY, IT IS THE PRODUCT OF THE BEST OVERALL EXPERIENCE IN TYPEWRITER ENGINEERING AND DESIGN. MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN MANUFACTURING TYPEWRITERS, PLUS TIME-TRIED FEATURES OF UNDERWOOD ELECTRIC ACCOUNTING MACHINES ARE BACK OF THIS LATEST UNDERWOOD PRODUCT.

HERE IS THE LAST WORD IN TYPEWRITER PERFECTION. BEFORE YOU BUY ANY TYPEWRITER BE SURE TO HAVE YOUR LOCAL UNDERWOOD REPRESENTATIVE DEMONSTRATE THE ALL-ELECTRIC FOR YOU.

Copyright 1947 Underwood Corporation



Underwood
All Electric
Typewriter . . . made by the Typewriter Leader of the World

Underwood Corporation

Typewriters... Accounting Machines . . . Adding Machines . . . Carbon Paper... Ribbons and other Supplies

One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Underwood Limited,
135 Victoria St., Toronto 1, Canada

Sales and Service Everywhere

Choice of a lifetime . . .

Golden Wedding

HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS



BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

whining and getting in the way and, when the next one came whishing down, he didn't move fast enough. It caught him in the hindquarters. He gave a yip and before I realized what I was doing I'd wheeled on Pa and jerked that strap away from him. The two of us stood there, staring at each other.

Now here's a peculiar thing. I knew Pa didn't *go* to hit Jinks. Jinks knew it, too. I could tell. Yet it didn't make the slightest particle of difference. It was as if there was something boiling up in me. Something hot and crazy that I hadn't known was inside me at all. But it didn't spill over hot. When it spilt, it was stormy and hard.

I said things to Pa, cold out, it's a wonder they didn't shrivel him, and me, too—and I finished up by telling him he could daggone good and well go to Boonesburg by himself and not come back, for all of me. And I took and I threw that razor strap clear across the kitchen.

Pa went over and picked it up and hung it on the hook. He turned as if maybe he was going to say he was sorry. But he didn't.

And neither did I.

PA WENT to Boonesburg alone. The Saturday morning he left was more like middle-March than close to Christmas. The sky was still peppered thick with cold, greeny stars when he hitched up and pulled off with the load of tobacco. The lantern swinging from the tailboard made a little rosy circle behind. From up at the Split Hickory the pike looked white and like it was reeled off a spool and, in the hush, and farther and farther away, the wagon wheels said, "Bubble-and-squeak, bubble-and-squeak, here we go through the gap. Bubble-and squeak."

I kept hearing them in my mind even after the east streaked with red and the red shaded off and the sun inched up like it was peeping over the edge of the world to make sure everything was in kilter before it went whole hog and committed itself. However, the longer that morning got, the less in kilter it was. There was too much of it and not enough to do with it, for one thing, and for another there was a weasly feeling I couldn't get rid of, spoiling in me. It was as if it was *my* fault it was Pa's fault he'd gone off without so much as glancing back to see was I anywhere around. By the same token, it was sort of *his* fault it was my fault.

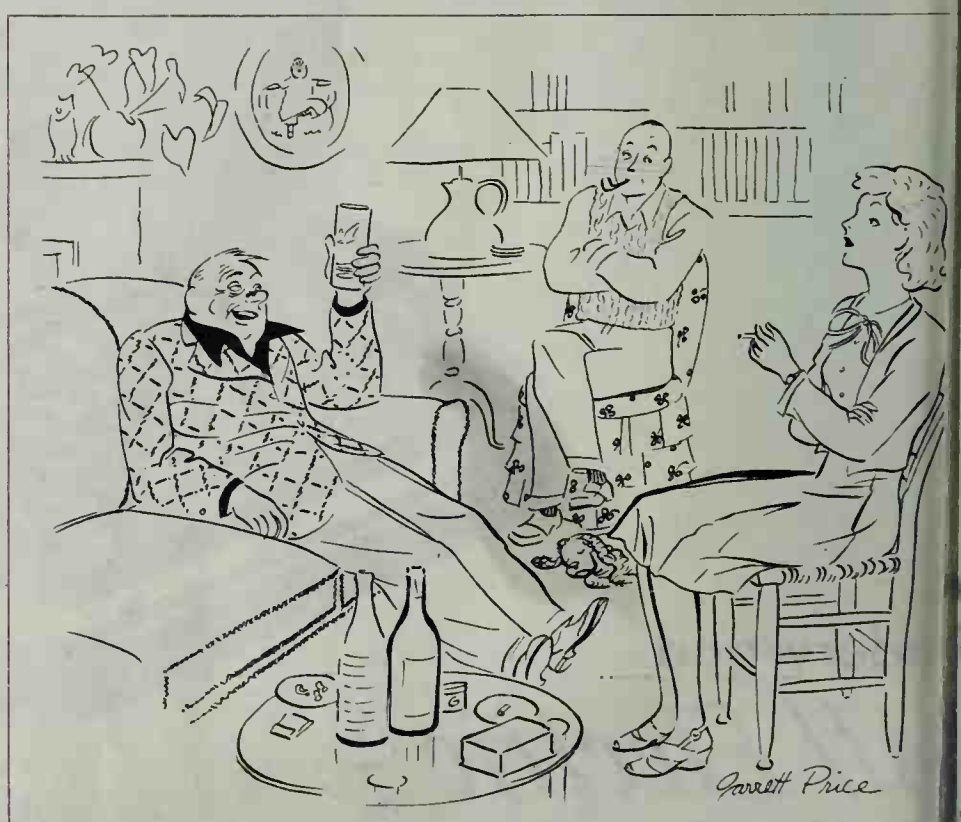
Midmorning I moseyed off down the road toward the store just to be doing. At least that's what I told myself. But I reckon I knew what I was aiming to d actual, because I made me a cold bea sandwich to take and I didn't whist Jinks from where he was investigatin something over in the stumpland. Ar when I heard a truck coming I didn waste any time stopping and sizing it u It was a load of Christmas trees whi meant it was bound for Boonesburg sur However, there was a sign on the win shield that said NO RIDERS. So I made if I was going to race it. The driv slowed down and gave his horn a toot f me to watch out and, when it went past hooked me a ride easy as skinning a c

Boonesburg is a filled-up kind of pla The houses are right smack dab next each other's yards and it seems f every tree there's a telephone pole, a everywhere there's a vacant space is billboard or a gas station or both. Ther people hurrying every which way, as they're all late for wherever it is they going, and there's streetcars clanging a dinging, and more automobiles scooti along than you can shake a stick at—behaving according to signals. When y cross Republic Street and look off tow where uptown is you can see these h signals twinkling on and off in a red a green string. Uptown is real exciting hopped off the truck at Republic a went up Ninth to the warehouse, thin ing how surprised Pa was going to when he caught sight of me. And plea maybe. Only he wasn't there.

I ran into Sid Newpher—he's the who has the seed warts—and, with letting on I didn't already know, I fou out Pa had sold and left and that the pr he'd got was slim pickings. If Sid c sidered it was slim, I knew it was mig slim. So, instead of hanging aroun beat it over four blocks to Hallen's liv stable to see was Pa there getting read start for home. Because, if he wasn well, heck fire, if he wasn't he was at bank probably. Or someplace.

Hallen's isn't a very high-grade ery stable. However, it only costs fift cents to hitch to the iron railing in back plot. Mr. Hallen don't run it. just owns it. There's generally alw somebody new running it.

Our team and wagon were there, in back plot, so I went inside to see wa in the office. At any rate it's wri OFFICE beneath the pointing hand on sign that's nailed by the door. It's not just part of the stable partitioned though, and there isn't but a dirt fl and a potbelly stove, and a dropl dangling from a twisty green wire, some chairs and a table where there's



"I don't see how you commuters keep this up night after night?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PR



AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"I help make your telephone service the world's best"

"Long before most of you were born—back in 1877—I started making telephone equipment for the nation.

"As the manufacturing and supply member of the Bell Telephone team, I've *always* had a lot to do with making your service the world's best—at the lowest possible cost.

"The close teamwork made possible by my being a part of the Bell System was never more important than today—in helping to meet record demands for telephone service.

"My name is Western Electric."

MANUFACTURER . . . of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.



Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

For Smoother Motoring

INSIST ON

BOWES

SEAL FAST

SPARK PLUGS



REX MAYS
world-famous
race driver,
says—

HUSKY, DEPENDABLE, ECONOMICAL..
They Can Take It!

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION
INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

ally men sitting around playing cards. The glass portion of the door is painted green but there's scratched places where the paint is off and you can look through.

I was fixing to take me a look when Joe opened the door. Joe's the colored fellow who's worked there ever since I can remember. You don't think about Joe being colored, though. Once, when Pa was liquored up, Joe stuck up for him in what would've been a ruckus sure enough, if Joe hadn't run the other man off the livery-stable premises. Anyhow, like I said, Joe opened the door and I said, "Hi, Joe," kind of sheepish, and fixed to walk in. By the stove, a black police dog raised its head and fastened its yellow eyes on me. It growled deep in its throat.

I stopped where I was. Then I saw it was muzzled. The men sitting around the table laughed. One of them, a big beef-faced man, said, "Since I put that muzzle on him it sure interferes with his meals." He jerked a thumb at me, and I could tell it was him who was running the stable this trip. "High Pockets there," he said, meaning me, "makes five he's been cheated out of so far today." They all laughed again.

"Six," the man across from him said. "Muley Bates is one. Woody Thacker, two. Rolly Atchinson was three—"

"I wasn't counting Rolly Atchinson," the big man said. "You'd have to stock and water him first to make a meal."

"You mean distill him, don't you?" somebody else said. And they all laughed.

Rolly Atchinson is Pa. I could feel my ears hottening and I opened my mouth to say something—I don't rightly know what—when Joe looked at me with those soft, Burley-colored eyes of his. Someway, for a minute, it was as though I was knee-deep in them.

He said, as if he was talking to himself, "Do more harm than good."

The big man said, "What's that, Joe?"

" 'Gators," Joe said. "What I mean *al*ligators!"

The big man winked at me, as if he was letting me in on a secret joke. "Joe," he said, "if you could be anything you wanted to, besides an alligator wrestler, what'd you be?"

Joe's teeth flashed in a white grin. "A light-com*plected* blond!" he said and, when the men laughed, he laughed. He made out as if he was expecting me.

"If you all'll excuse me," he said, "me and this young gentleman got business to at*tend* to. I promised I'd learn him how to rassle them old *swamp* 'gators."

"You going to be an alligator wrestler, too?" the big man asked me, joshylike.

"Maybe," I said. And I went away from there. Joe caught up to me.

"Mister Tod," he said.

I stopped. "They haven't got any call to talk that way," I said. "I should've gone ahead and said my say!"

"They didn't know Mister Rolly was your daddy," Joe said. "Honest. They didn't mean no meanness. But if you'd blowed off and rubbed their fur the wrong ways why *then* they'd have been mean. What I mean, *mean*. You done best."

"I should've stood up to them," I said.

"It's like rassling 'gators," Joe said, as if I hadn't spoken. "Be a foolish thing to tackle unless you knowed exactly where you was at. You take Mister Burless, doing all the talking in there. You don't handle him just so, why, look out.

"If it was me," he went on, "I wouldn't let it rankle me what happened. Your daddy's got a taste for whisky. That's all they was *really* saying."

"They threw off on him," I said.

"They's *always* throwing off on somebody," Joe said. "Thing to remember is your daddy don't do it. You run along and come back later. A livery stable isn't no place to hang around. I'll tell Mister Rolly you was here. And, next time you're in here, I'll sure enough learn you to rassle *al*ligators."

He gave me a wink copying the one that that Mr. Burless had given me and I couldn't help smiling. But it was a smile that didn't go down deep. Deep down, where it counted, there was a spot like gets in potatoes. A black-rot spot. And it had that Mr. Burless' name on it.

Pa wasn't at the bank. Nor he wasn't at Tate's Feed and Harness Store where there's generally a bunch arguing, good-natured. Nor he wasn't gassing with anybody in the lobby of the Farmers and Traders Hotel. Nor in the barber-shop, there. Nor he wasn't in the bar, nor in any of the ones further on. And he wasn't at the courthouse square where people have a habit of congregating, because there's benches around the Confederate Statue which stands facing up Main as if it was expecting the Yankees any minute, and wasn't going to budge an inch—Sherman or no Sherman.

MAIN STREET was so crowded you could've taken a stick and stirred it. Hunting for somebody on Main Street is like hunting for a certain particular pebblestone in a creek bed. Christmas was everywhere you looked. There were Santa Clauses—some with red crepe-paper chimneys and some with kettles for people to drop their money in. There was mistletoe and holly and bunches of evergreens tied with ribbon bows; there was a Salvation Army band playing Christmas songs on a corner, and where the tall iron lamp usually is by the post-office steps there was a big Christmas tree all lighted up.

The store windows were decorated with cotton, and sparkly artificial snow, and silver tin-foil icicles, and clusters of bells. There was one that had a giant mechanical Santa Claus that worked! It sat on a throne and leaned forward and slapped its knee and laughed Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, over and over.

The best one, though, was the store that had its window fixed up like a toy workshop at the North Pole. There was just about every kind of toy there is, I guess, in that window. You could look all day and never get looked out. And I pretty near did. When I came to, it was two-thirty by the clock on the courthouse, and I lit out from there in a hurry.

The team and wagon were still in the back plot. I simmered down to a walk and, of a sudden, I halted dead in my tracks. Laying there, patienting it out, was Jinks! He came high-tailing when he saw it was me, and the way he carried on you'd have thought I was the king of Egypt. He wasn't half as pooped as I was either. And all I'd done was window-wish. *He'd* covered thirty-eight miles!

I divvied my sandwich with him then I rubbed him good with a b sack out of the wagon and I went i stable to see could I find him a drin

There was a queer kind of a fe in the stable. I felt it as soon as I ste inside. It was sort of like when ther smell in the wind you can't place. it was uneasylike. Then I heard Pa's v coming from the office. The door shut closed, so I couldn't make out he was saying but I knew right off s thing was wrong. I don't know w just knew it. I eased up to the door

"Hell," I heard Pa say in the to uses when he's being One of the Bo can be as big a sport as anybody. I don't see how this is a sporting p sition in any way, shape or form."

"It's not supposed to be," Mr. less said. "It's a scientific experi Furthermore, Joe wants to wrestle Don't you, Joe?"

"Well, please, sir, Mister Burless, answered, "I can't say as I'm overly ious."

Through the scratches in the pai the glass I couldn't see anything bu back but, someway, listening, I cou Joe in my mind. He'd be grinning maybe rolling his eyeballs the w does to get a laugh. But nobody lau Nobody except Mr. Burless. I won who it was wanted to wrestle Joe Joe didn't care to monkey with. strong. I couldn't figure it out. Wh it was, I decided, must be an excep good wrestler to make Joe back

"You see, Atchinson," Mr. B said. "He's anxious to wrestle him *overly* anxious. But anxious. That' you said, Joe, wasn't it?"

"Um, *um*," Joe said. "I *druther* on specializing in 'gators."

"Tell you what," Mr. Burless sai something sly and deviling crept i voice, "I'll give you ten, Atchins step aside from the door and Joe t get through it. Now that's a sp proposition ought to please every Eh, Joe?"

Something wet shoved itself in hand. It was Jinks' nose. I clos fingers over it, gentle, so he'd know quiet the same as if we were in the hole up the creek by the beaver d

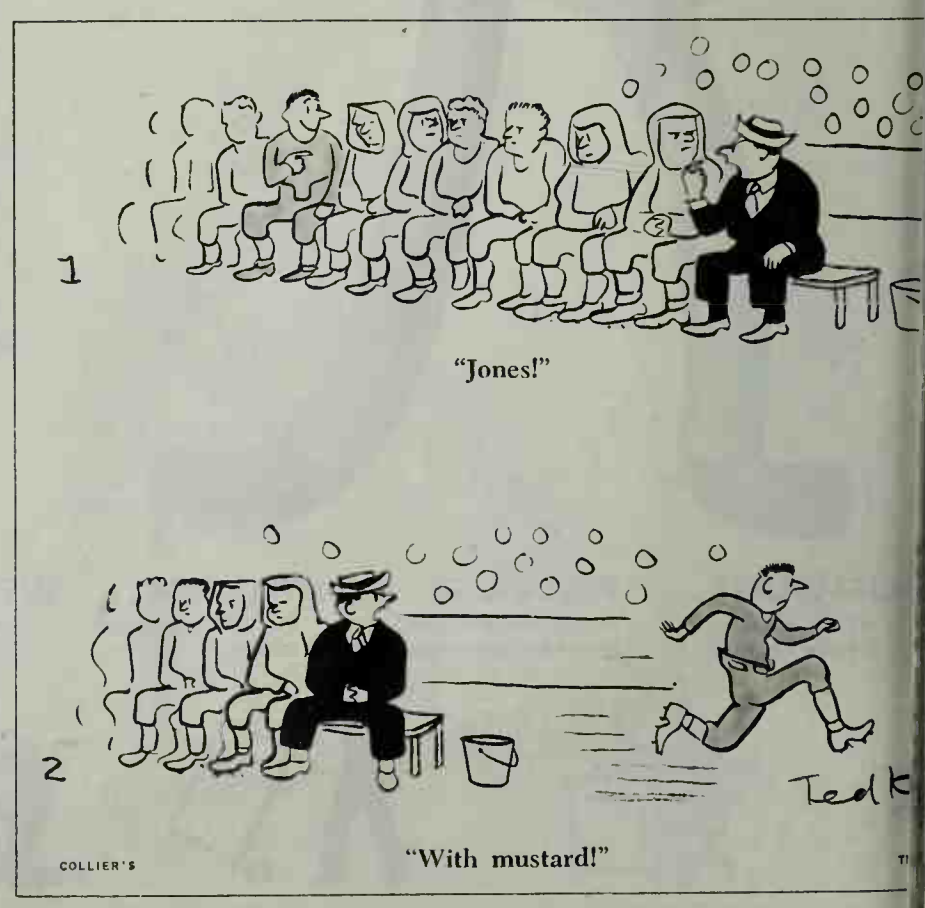
"If that's the way it is, Mister Bu Joe said, "that's the way it is."

"Suits him, Atchinson," Mr. said. "And it suits me and the rest

"I don't want to keep hanging Pa said, "but—"

"But what?" Burless said, soft.

"Well, it ain't funny for Joe





Understand Rivalry and you understand America

There's a lot more to this picture than three little boys competing for a maiden's favor. Behind it is the spirit of rivalry that moves America ahead . . . the competitive spirit that makes us all eager to accept a challenge to show what we can do, and be judged by how well we do it.

Rivalry is second nature to Americans. We're raised on it. It helped us win a leadership the whole world envies. Competition is in our blood. We like it. We put it to good use.

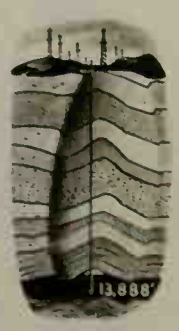
Take the Petroleum Industry, with more than 34,000 individual firms of all sizes. In every phase of this business employing 1,250,000 people, companies work to outdo rivals; compete in oil production, compete in refining, compete in research for new uses, compete in sales. That's why Americans get petroleum products at the lowest prices in the world. Taxes and prices vary of course, but gasoline in the U. S. is always the world's best bargain.

Nor does the race to make new products, better products . . . the race to produce more and more oil to meet record-breaking demand . . . stop with gasoline and lubricants. In a hundred different fields, petroleum and its countless by-products continue the competition.

The result—better health, a chance to go more places more easily, more comfort . . . more . . . *constantly* more, for *you*.

THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS

epest
ng well—
feet—
fies the
itive
ith
3,475
tion com-
seek to
intain
-impor-
reserves.



Special fuel barges—moved over river routes by towboats of enormous power—now deliver as much as 3,280,000 gallons in one tow. 650 companies engage in oil transportation by barge, rail, pipeline or tanker.



Today, the modern car gives you far more power, better performance, greater comfort because competition among some 400 refineries resulted in the finer fuels which make possible the high compression engine.



Oil from the ground to produce food from the ground. Over 20,000 petroleum distributors and jobbers help fuel the farm machinery used to grow food to feed you.

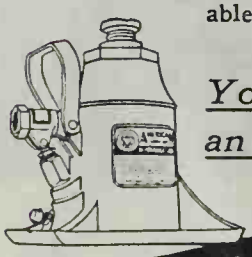


Service stations everywhere, over 225,000 of them—employing over half a million people at a billion dollar annual payroll—compete with rivals in service to you.



Prepared for the oil industry by the American Petroleum Institute—Copyright, 1947





Jack of All Trades

American Hydraulic Jacks are precision-engineered and built for quick, safe, sure lifting . . . Rugged and dependable in *any* situation.

You can't beat an American!

American Hydraulics Inc. Sheboygan, Wisconsin

© 1947 AH, Inc.

Del Norte Brandy and Wines

NO FINER IN ALL THE WORLD

California Wines, Ltd., Los Angeles, Calif. Brandy 84 Proof

HOW THOUSANDS

EASE PAIN

OF SIMPLE PILES

Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

**Pile Ointment and Suppositories.*

mean—well, hell, Burless, suppose it was the other way around. Put yourself in his shoes."

"But it *ain't* the other way around," Mr. Burless said, softer still. "You with him? Or us?"

"I'm not *against* nobody," Pa said. "I just don't—"

"Can't hang fire all day," Mr. Burless said. "You make up your mind while I'm counting. One . . . if you're with us just step aside before I get to ten . . . two . . ."

Pa's back inched over the least, least trifle and some of the scratches in the glass opened up. It was like looking into a peep show, only you had to keep moving your head to get a good view. And everything was sharp and clear, the way it is sometimes after a frost when you notice things you hadn't noted before. Little things. I saw Joe *was* grinning—but it was a sick grin that didn't have anything to do with the rest of his face. I saw Mr. Burless' eyes were like fish eyes and that the faces of the men sitting around the table—the ones I could see—were like faces they'd put on over their own faces to watch through. And I saw the police dog. It had smelt Jinks. Its yellow eyes were fastened on the door and its upper lip was curled back. Mr. Burless had it by the collar. But it sent shivers up you, anyway. Because it wasn't muzzled any more. A low rumbling came from its throat.

I quick clapped my hand over Jinks' mouth. I could feel him stiffening and his ears flattening, and an answering growl trembled against my fingers. But before he'd let it loose I'd whispered him quiet.

"Three . . ." Mr. Burless counted. "Four . . . five . . ."

"Mister Rolly," Joe said soft, pleady-like. "Ain't a bit a use in making it worse."

"Six . . ." Mr. Burless said.

"They's only fooling," Joe said to Pa. "You do like he says. Lemme run for it. You'll see."

Mr. Burless smiled. "Joe," he said, "you slay me. Seven . . ."

And, all at once, I knew!

THEY say a drowning person's whole life flickers before him in a split second. I don't believe that's precisely true. I think what happens is they see certain things clear. Because, crouched there with my eye glued to a scratch in the glass on the door, it was *like* I was drowning and I saw certain things clear as could be. I saw maybe Joe was right. And maybe he wasn't. That maybe Mr. Burless was bluffing he was going to sick that dog on Joe. And maybe he wasn't. But, regardless, I saw how, if Pa crawfished just to stay in good with Burless, it wasn't going to be the same between him and me. Ever again.

I saw it plain as if I was up at the Split Hickory gazing out and around and down at everything. It was all laid out flat. How it'd been, a long time ago, between Pa and me when I thought he knew everything. And how it'd changed, by degrees, to what it was now. And how it was going to be, if Pa chickened out. If he did, there wasn't going to be anything left but . . . stumps.

"Eight . . ." Mr. Burless said.

I took hold of the door handle—because where Pa's back had been, most of the scratches had opened up and I couldn't stand it any longer. I couldn't stand remembering the time Joe took up for Pa, or the feeling I had that Pa was remembering it, too, and was weighing it to see how much it was worth. I turned the knob and opened the door.

"Sick him, Jinks!" I said. *"Sick 'im!"*

The rest is a kind of a blur. Chairs were overturned, and the light got to swinging crazy so the walls looked as if they were chasing themselves. Everybody was shouting at once. And I saw Mr. Burless pick up the poker. I tried to yell, but I couldn't. I might've got to him if Pa hadn't grabbed me.

Jinks never had a chance. The poker caught him in the head.

He never even had a chance.

But before the poker could come down on him again I'd clawed free of Pa and the last thing I remember is the surprised expression on Mr. Burless' face when he hit the floor with me straddling him.

Then the light went out.

WHEN I sat up, the whole room was revolving, slow and stately, and everything was in pairs—chairs, faces, the stove, the calendar on the wall. There were two slack-jawed, spraddle-legged Mr. Burlesses in a double corner. Both of Pa's noses were bloody. Joe was holding two pokers in four hands and was standing over something. I concentrated and it swam into focus. It was something that had been a police dog.

Somebody said, "Take it easy, boy."

Pa bent over me. "You all right, Tod?" he said. He laid his hand on my shoulder. I shook it off and got to my feet. The room tilted and the walls swayed.



"I think it's wonderful that Jackie asked us to wire him fifty dollars —it shows he's beginning to appreciate the value of money!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

"Get him out of here, Joe," Pa said. "I'll be there directly."

Outside the sun was shining and there was a bird hopping sidewise along the hitching rail. It seemed peculiar the sun was shining and there should be this little brown bird, hopping along. When it flew off I flew with it. We flew high above Main Street, just to be doing, and then we flew to the courthouse steeple to get our bearings and we took off from there and headed into the sun. Below us, Boonesburg got smaller and smaller and, presently, there was the pike no wider than a yellow ribbon dipping in and out. I could mark the creek by the willows and the old covered bridge, and Ballards' by their red roof, and Sims' by their green one, and Newphers' by the double row of honey locusts. The fields were like a big, lumpy bedquilt all pieced out crooked and, far away, there was a man plowing. I wondered who it was. And there was a lop-eared, spotted dog—

I called to it. "Jinks," I called.

"I'll fetch him," Joe said. "Take it easy, boy." He hesitated. "You okay?"

I nodded.

Joe went away and the little brown bird came back and commenced hopping along sidewise again.

Pa let Joe off at Elm where the colored people's houses begin. "What about you?" he asked Joe.

"I was quitting after Christmas," Joe said. "It don't matter." He moved around to where I was sitting in the wagon bed holding Jinks. "I'm sorr... he said. "I'm awful sorry."

He stepped up on the curb and sto... there, turning his cap in his hands a... watching after us. I closed my eyes s... wouldn't see him any more. . . .

It was crowding dusk when we ... home. By the time I'd made a box a... lined it with a piece of carpet it was d... night. I brushed Jinks until his coat sh... in the lamplight. Then I put him in ... box and fixed him as if he were sleepi... I nailed the lid on and the sound of ... hammer blows was like the sound of ... the things I'd kept inside me. The S... Hickory things. Pounding and pound... and pounding. I took the lantern an... went up to the barn to get the shovel.

Pa was sitting there in the dark ... stopped when I saw him. I'd thought h... gone over to Newphers'. In the lant... rays his face looked strange and, of a s... den, I saw him as somebody named R... Atchinson I hadn't ever seen bef... Somebody who didn't have any conn... tion with Pa whatsoever.

"I've figured it out why you done ... he said. "You was afraid I'd eat cr... And maybe I would've. I don't kno... He rubbed his chin so the bristles m... a scratchy noise. "If there was so... thing I could say, I'd say it," he said. "... if there was some way I could make i... to you."

He picked up a clod of dirt and cr... bled it. "Your Aunt Harriet will do... you proud," he said. "You'd of b... better off with her long ago. I'm mean... to get straightened around, Tod. ... can. There's something gets in to... now and again. But I'm meaning to ... it. If I can lick Burless, I can lick it. ... licking Burless won't mean nothing u... I do."

OF A sudden, I saw that was ho... was with Marty and me. I sa... plain as plain. It was as if I'd known i... along and that was why I'd quit be... I'd ever whipped him, actual. It wa... going to count until I'd owned up in... myself I was fighting to save my fac... much as Pa's.

"I'm aiming to plant cone firs in ... gully, the same as it says to do in the ... letins," Pa was saying. "And clover ... falfa, soybeans maybe. I don't kn... But I'm through with just one cash c... The tobacco don't ever draw enough ... price. What I got for it this year will ... the interest at the bank and that's a... all. I'm figuring on hiring out for the ... of the winter and, thataway, I can ge... a new start, kind of."

He paused, as if maybe he was wa... for me to say something. But there w... anything in me to say.

"I bought a Christmas present," ... went on, after a minute. "It's for ... And still it ain't. But I thought y... like it anyway. It don't amount to m... But it was all I had to spend." He s... lowed. "You may as well have it n... he said, and he reached down b... him and picked up a dog collar.

It had goldy-looking knobs on it, a... name plate. The name plate had "Ji... engraved on it. I took it, slow. I c... see Pa searching for something to ... Anything. To take up the slack.

"About them stumps," he said. ... aiming to get after them, soon as ... able. Come spring, I figure we'll ha... a breathing spell and—" He broke ... Because, someway, the *we* he'd said ... a live thing between us. And then I ... something within him split and bre... like when the Hickory went, in a ... storm. His strange Rolly Atchinson ... crumpled and came to pieces, and h... it in his hands. The *we* flew away. ... a bird. Like a little brown bird, loo... down at a man plowing. And I saw ... it was.

It was me.

"Sure we will, Pa," I said. "Sur... will. Spring's a better time anyway."

THE END

Precious pre-war

BOTTLED IN BONDS



from *Schenley*

the House
of
Aged Whiskies

for "Elegance in Taste"

EACH 100 PROOF • COPYRIGHT 1947, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y.

YOUNG MAN OF FASHION

The story of Mr. Charlie James, who has not only a $20,000 sleeve, but something up it

BY AMY PORTER

Price is no object, let's hope, to customers who view James' lush creations in his New York salon. Note the intricate drape of skirts









...e handwork is the rule in the James ...rkroom. Only seams are machine sewn

"It is the spirit of France," critics sighed at the champagne and candlelight fashion spectacle James put on in Paris. These gowns were hits

The $20,000 sleeve looks like any other, but in action it reveals its superiority

YOU wouldn't think anybody could spend $20,000 on a sleeve—you know, a sleeve, thing you put your arm into. But ...arlie James did it. For him, it was ...y.

...harles James, dressmaker, makes ...hes for women in a little upstairs ...ce in New York. He made this ...ve there. Took him three years. It ...not, he says, an ordinary sleeve. ...s, he says, a revolutionary sleeve. ...as one inch more than the usual ...ount of material in it. A woman ... move her arm in this sleeve, he ...s. Or shrug her shoulders, he says. ...pitch a baseball. All without dis-...ting her waistline, bunching at the collar, or splitting a gusset. This, he says, is something definitely special in the way of sleeves.

James will make you up a pair of his new sleeves, if you like, with suit attached, for around $800. Or, to put it more accurately, if *he* likes. Because he certainly won't make anything at all for you unless he wants to. If you irritate him in some way, he most probably will huff and puff and throw you out of the joint. Like the other day.

A woman made a small murmur, a sort of objection, about the way a skirt hung, and did he fix her! He made her to disappear quick. "Get out! Get out!" he screamed. He chased her to the elevator, and as the creaky machinery carried her down and away, he yelled after her. "Don't you dare to come here again, you . . ." he said. He came back into his gilded salon with his feathers still ruffled. "Such a one! She should not be permitted to wear clothes—ever."

James' regular clients think his temper is cute, and his clothes—wonder-ful! He has a waiting list of women who beg him to dress them, please, at any price.

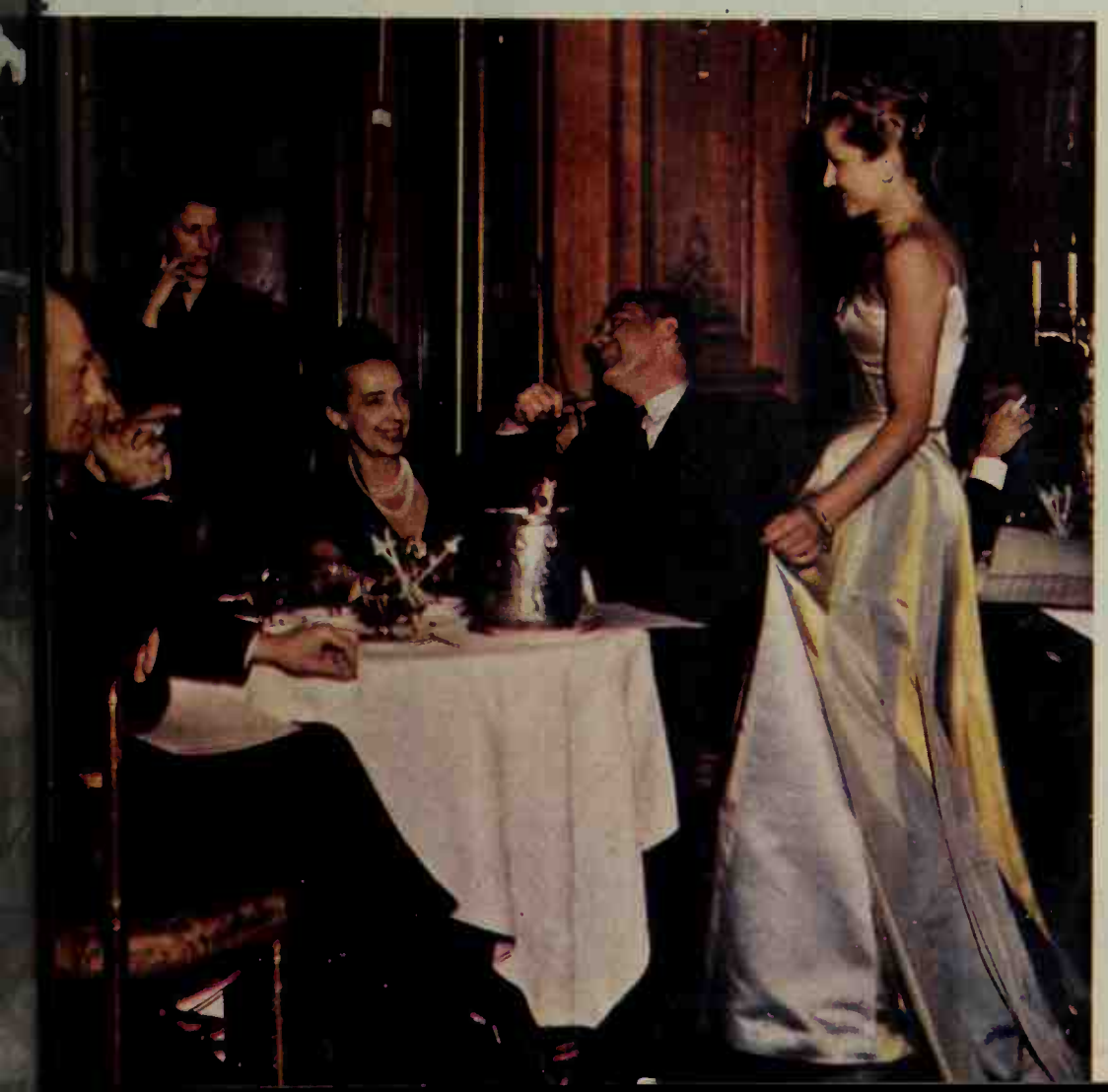
But James is not content. He is troubled about whither are we drifting, fashionwise. He is, in fact, furious, simply furious, at the entire

(Continued on page 104)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE AND CLAUDE HUSTON

...igner Schiaparelli, center, applauded James' ingenious ribbon dress (on model). The ...t has 36 panels, each tapering from one yard at hemline to 1/16 of an inch at waist

Typically James in richness of color and fabric, this gown with six-yard sweep is worn by Countess Cassini, for whom it was designed







Enjoy extra shaving speed and convenience with a

Gillette

One-Piece Razor

To whisk off tough beard with perfect ease — save time and bother — get a Gillette Aristocrat or Gillette Milord *one-piece razor*. These are the finest and most convenient shaving instruments money can buy. There's nothing to take apart or put together. You change blades in a flash. Twist . . . the razor opens. Twist again . . . your blade's locked in shaving position. For cleaning both razor and blade just loosen the holder, rinse and shake. Every man wants a fine razor. Ask to see the superb Gillette Aristocrat and Gillette Milord *one-piece razors*.

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston 6, Mass.



Twist...It's Open



Twist...It's Closed

Gillette *Aristocrat* One-Piece Razor

gold-plated with Texol-covered metal case and ten Gillette Blue Blades . . . $3.79



Gillette *Milord* One-Piece Razor

gold-plated with handsome case and five Gillette Blue Blades . . . $2.50



look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP!

use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

Copyright, 1947, by Gillette Safety Razor Co.

WAIT AND SEE

BY RAMONA STEWART

ILLUSTRATED BY NIKOLAI

HE cottonwoods grew close to the river bed, feeling through the desert soil to the water far th. The chill of night was rush-wn from the mountains, stirring arm day wind.

irl was walking along the gravel which wound beside the cotton-s to the ranch. She was scarcely than fifteen, slender and blond. et in their dirty sneakers scuffed avel, for she was walking with arelessness.

turned in the ranch driveway, , looking at the lighted house stood before her, the lighted beyond it. Her eyes ran quickly he flat ranchland then, search-A horse whinnied in the corral lloped along behind the slats in nce, its mane tossing black in rkening wind.

girl moved on slowly, her soft most inaudible on the gravel. e the garage she stopped once Then she crammed her fists to the pockets of her blue jeans pped through the door.

an stood on an automobile prying at a flat with a tire iron; od quietly, watching him. He his late twenties. His face d-brown from desert sun and His black curly hair rose in a ver his lined forehead. Wide rs moved beneath his T-shirt; st was thick with muscle.

ook a hammer and drove the tween the tire and the rim, g quick and sure, completely d by his work. When he up the second iron she went nd put her heel on the tire, g it so the iron went in easily. ed up. "Ann!" he said.

tern face softened and though not touch him, her gaze out for him. Together they he tire off the wheel and he out the tube.

ought I heard you drive by," . Her voice was low. In a way it was like the man's, as had patterned hers after his. trip?"

pt for this. It blew coming pass."

smiled absently. "The left asn't it?"

"

d you. It was worn almost to ker strip."

inned at her.

," she said softly. "Ma me the paper. You got while you were away, didn't

e did." He ran a finger along of the ripped tube. "This is r."

n't it sort of a surprise?" as awe in her voice, as if she nding off, still watching a pain e she began to feel, would be t to bear. "You never said ."

ss it sneaked up on me," he "I'd been seeing her for a She worked in a bookstore in used to go in and kind of und. And then later I took inner and we got to talking e ranch. You know how it is."

"I was over here every day after school, helping you around the corral," she said. "You could have told me." There was stubborn bewilderment in her voice. "You'd think you'd *have* to tell me."

He moved his head uncertainly. "Look, kid," he said. "A guy never knows. I would've told you if I'd known."

She smiled a little at that. "Well—" she said. "I'll be getting home."

"Oh, no you don't," he said. "You're staying for supper. I want you to meet Mady."

"No!" she said. Then more softly: "Ma wouldn't know where I was." She went sideways through the half-open door and started slowly out the gravel driveway. Then she stopped.

MADY was coming toward them from the house, her cotton skirt pressed to her thighs by the twilight wind. She had fine brown hair drawn loosely back from her forehead and held at the nape of her neck with a yellow bow. Her eyes were large, off-blue and her gaze was soft.

"Hello," she said easily. "I'm Tom's wife."

Then Ann stepped into the light and Mady saw her face and stopped. There was anger on the finely carved young features.

They stood there, watching each other. The trees dipped to the wind and a dry branch broke loose and skittered along the gravel.

There was a hollow slam behind them as Tom shut the garage. He came up and threw a great arm across Ann's shoulders and walked her to his wife.

"Mady, honey. I told you about Ann. Here she is." He rumpled the girl's straight blond hair. "She's the best man in the county."

"All I know you taught me," Ann said.

Mady was silent. She smiled again and held out her hand. The girl's palm in hers was cold and rough as a lizard's skin. "You live on the next ranch, don't you?" Mady asked gently. "We'll see a lot of you."

Ann's smile was jagged. "I'll be around."

"You better," Tom said. "You got my horses trained to you. She has a way with them," he told Mady. "Strangest thing you ever saw. She's a smart youngster, smarter than me. But she doesn't know that yet."

He put a large hand on Ann's head and smoothed the hair back from her temples thoughtfully. "She'll be a hell of a woman when she's grown. That hair, and when she fills out. They'll be no hope for the guy she sets her heart on getting. Wait and see."

"How old are you, Ann?" Mady asked softly.

"Fifteen."

"Another three years," Tom said.

The women looked at each other.

Mady came to the door. "Hello," she said, "I'm Tom's wife." She stopped when she saw Ann's face and they both stood there, watching each other



When You Need a Laxative—

Do what millions do for pleasant, satisfying relief!

Constipation is bad enough. Why add to your troubles by taking a harsh, upsetting laxative? Next time you need relief, take pleasant, gentle Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax gets results easily, comfortably. It isn't violent or upsetting like some laxatives are. When you take Ex-Lax, you hardly know you have used a laxative, except for the satisfying relief you get.

Yet, gentle as it is, you can depend on Ex-Lax for *thorough* relief. It is biologically tested for effective action. Many doctors use Ex-Lax in their practice.

And remember, Ex-Lax has a *delicious chocolate taste.* It's a real pleasure to take!

So take Ex-Lax and as a precaution use only as directed. Ex-Lax is America's most widely used laxative —the favorite of old and young alike. Still only 10¢. Economy size, 25¢.

When Nature "forgets"... remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Say good-bye to money worries by using this profitable plan

BALANCE YOUR BUDGET

and have money to spare!

Have you tried to stretch your income to meet the high cost of living only to find that your budget still doesn't balance? Then, make the extra money you need taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines.

It's easy to get started because your earnings begin on your first order. For money-making supplies, all you need do is mail a penny postal or the coupon below.

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-16
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation details of your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

NAME .....
(Please Print)

STREET .....

CITY ..... Zone No. .....

STATE .....

YOUNG MAN OF FASHION

Continued from page 101

American fashion industry. "They help themselves to my ideas and do not pay," he says.

He has no trouble getting any price he names from his individual clients—but that, with him, is not the point.

"It is wrong, all wrong," he says. "My clients are the guinea pigs of fashion. They set the styles on which the industry depends. The industry should pay them to wear my clothes, and then pay me for the privilege of copying."

Among James' guinea pigs are the best-dressed Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mrs. Millicent Rogers, Mrs. Barbara Cushing Mortimer Paley, Mrs. Eleanor Holm Rose, Lady Diana Duff Cooper, Miss Paulette Goddard, Mrs. Vincent Astor and Miss Gypsy Rose Lee. Occasionally, also, two sacred names of fashion, Chanel and Schiaparelli, wear his clothes—a high compliment from two able competitors in the international clotheshorse business.

But Charlie is still in a swivet. If you listen close, you'll see that maybe he has cause to scream. You'll also see that his $20,000 sleeve may figure in your life after all.

A smile of disbelief would be out of order at this point from any woman who is now letting out hems to conform to the long-skirt trend. Nobody asked you to vote on the length of skirts, did they? It was all accomplished behind your back, wasn't it? The first you knew of the calamity was when you read in the public prints: "Your skirts will be longer this fall." Just like that. Not "Would you *like* them longer?" They *will* be longer. Are you going to buck the trend? Haw, haw! You are helpless, and if "they" decide that "you will wear the James sleeve this season," you'll wear it all right, and no back talk, and it all costs you money. So be quiet, please, while your master speaks.

The Rise of a Fashion Master

James has earned his mastery, and his right to speak. He is—temper, sleeve and all—a figure of growing importance in the angry, churning world of feminine fashion. The machinations that precede the birth of a new style are as mysterious as the hidden prelude to war, but Charlie has been in at the birth many times. Ever since he sallied forth from Chicago 20 years ago, a small, dark, excitable teen-ager with a clothes mission, he has been in there pitching with the "they" who give you orders as to what you shall wear.

This summer he cinched his position and rose to even greater stature, with a bold, brave showing of his things in Paris. Not many American designers, as his friends point out, would dare to expose themselves to Parisian critics, "because the Paris designers would recognize their own ideas, shamelessly stolen by the Americans." That's how the talk always goes—intrigue rampant.

Anyway, James put on this Paris show, and it was a humdinger. Candlelight, champagne, harp music (more chic than piano, thought James), pretty little things to eat, and around 200 leaders of the *haut monde*—that being French for everybody who is anybody—were there.

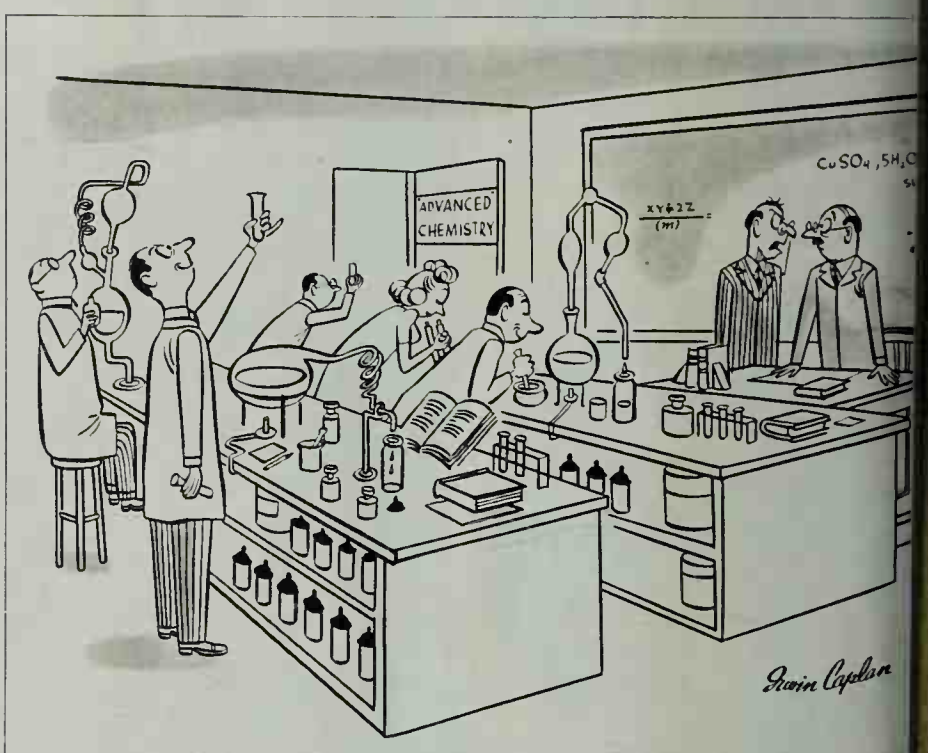
You never saw anything like the way the French *élégants* and their friends went on over Charlie James and the 20 original designs he showed, representing his work during the past ten years.

"Here is a spirit which is in sympathy with the spirit of France," said Christian Bérard, an artist with a spectacular beard who is conceded to be the supreme arbiter of Parisian elegance. Designer Schiaparelli was there; Designers Christian Dior and Mad Carpentier loaned their mannequins for the occasion, and Designer Paulette provided the hats. Altogether a quite remarkable expression of international good will, since the American James was an invader, as it were, into the bread and butter territory of France.

Someone recalled what the late master designer Paul Poiret said at an early prewar show by the young James. He said, "I am an old man now. I am happy to see that I leave the *haute couture* in such good hands. I pass you my crown. Wear it well."

James' clothes have a deceptive simplicity—no gewgaws, very little dependence on buttons and embroidery and so on, but fine sculpturing, precise construction, magnificent coloring. There's no disagreement on this point: The James clothes are beautiful.

All gratifying—but, as James says, it won't pay the bills for his new sleeve. Fortunately this and other bills are being paid at present by a couple of Wall Street angels James has found to back him. In the old days, in his various shops in Chicago, Paris and London, he used to go broke with appalling frequency.



"You have to watch these married vets. Half the time it's their baby's form

COLLIER'S IRWIN CA

Now he thinks it's about time the burden of subsidizing American design, via James, was shifted to the industry—and to an extent this is happening, with one store, the Dayton Company of Minneapolis, Minnesota, buying his entire collection each season, and with one fabric company, American Bemberg, commissioning him to create an evening gown in their rayon.

But it will take a lot of subsidizing to pay for the luxurious James notion of true designing. He spends from $1,000 to $3,000 on research and experimentation for each model he brings out.

His sleeve, he says, posed an unusually difficult problem, and was therefore more costly. When he and his designing colleagues decided to get rid of football-size shoulder padding, they had to do something about the collapsed state of sleeves, and James made it the occasion for undertaking a complete structural reformation.

He worked first in muslin, then in wool, taffeta, satin, making and unmaking hundreds of sleeves. After a $150-a-week tailor and two $100-a-week seamstresses had done a week's handstitching on one of them, he would look, frown, and say, "It won't do. Rip it out. Start over." With materials costing from $15 to $25 a yard wholesale, and and a half for overtime, money got spent very fast.

However, if the new sleeve perc through to mass production, it w as important to the four-billion- clothes industry as a new superch or landing gear would be to the ai industry.

James contends he should be pa his research, as an industrial desig paid, and not just for the individu he may sell.

He contends, also, that the in cannot get along without this sort pensive designing, whether manuf ers buy it here, or in Paris—"or wh as is too often the case, they ste Because change is the lifeblood of ion, and change cannot occur witho connivance of these structural-en designers and the style-setting w who wear their clothes.

But isn't this a lot of fuss abou little, Mr. James? Couldn't just an say, "Okay, let's make skirts long year," or "Let's drop shoulder

No, says James. "Just anybod tried it and nobody listens and happens. Besides, any funda change requires reconstruction entire silhouette—a job only a t signer can do.

Is Mr. James trying to wrest leadership from Paris? No, he i to get fair treatment for all de French, American or whatever. should be room for everybody. H there'll be a welcome in America 12 apprentices he is now trainin the G.I. Bill in his New York sho

"But Paris is headquarters ag as before the war," says James, " to laugh to hear Americans try to otherwise.

"If America wants a genuine center of its own, it will have to genuine originators, just as Fra ports her own through governm industry subsidy.

"The embarrassing thing is Americans go to Paris now and buy, but come away with ideas in their business."

James, being a vocal young m stubborn, is making himself hea

It would not be too surprisi got a law passed taxing all of u for the clothes of, say, Mrs. Williams.

THE END



THE BEER WITH THE GREATEST FOLLOWING EVER KNOWN

Mankind's many types of entertainment testify to the need, down through the ages, for well-earned relaxation.

In your moments of leisure, you will find Budweiser a pleasing companion . . . matching your mood of the moment, considerate of your busy tomorrow. Every sip tells you why it is the most popular beer the world has ever known.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . ST. LOUIS

IT LIVES WITH GOOD TASTE . . .

EVERYWHERE



GET YOUR CAR READY FOR ANTI-FREEZE NOW WITH

Warner

COOLING SYSTEM SERVICE



Don't wait until the first cold snap! Be prepared . . . order anti-freeze early . . . and get the cooling system of your car all set for winter driving. Now's the time, before the mad rush is on and your dealer is swamped by motorists who delayed too long. Ask him today for a pre-winter cooling system check-up including *complete* service with these famous Warner products:



Warner Radiator Cleaner. Thoroughly removes rust, scale, oil muck and grease from entire cooling system. Eliminates danger of over-heating from clogged-up passages.

Warner Cooling System Protector. Keeps the cooling system clean. Prevents rust and corrosion that lead to over-heating.

Warner Liquid Solder — Non-Metallic. Repairs leaks by depositing tiny fibers wherever leaks occur. Prevents loss of vital anti-freeze.

Get your pre-winter cooling system check-up NOW!

Warner

A FAMOUS NAME IN AUTOMOBILE HISTORY

Warner-Patterson Co., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

WANTED: A MIRACLE IN GREECE

Continued from page 14

government—is the normal postwar political climate of Greece.

So far as I could see, the Greek government had no effective policy except to plead for foreign aid to keep itself in power, loudly citing Greece's wartime sacrifices and its own king-size anti-Communism as reasons for granting the foreign aid in unlimited quantities. It intends, in my judgment, to use foreign aid as a way of perpetuating the privileges of a small banking and commercial clique which constitutes the invisible power in Greece.

The reaction to President Truman's speech of March 12th, calling for aid to Greece, was characteristic. In January and February of 1946, desperation had produced a spate of good intentions and noble resolutions within the Greek government; but the instant effect of the assurance of American aid was not to stimulate the government to further efforts, but to give it the relaxed feeling that it was delivered from the necessity of having to do anything at all. So it declared a national holiday; there was dancing in the streets. And at the same time it shelved a plan for the immediate export of surplus olive oil—a plan which had stepped on the toes of some private traders.

Demetrios Maximos, the present Prime Minister, is a kindly, well-intentioned old man, with, I think, an earnest desire to help his suffering people. He is very small and frail, with a mustache and a goatee, carefully dressed and wearing old-fashioned button shoes. He speaks English with precision and is something of a scholar. But, though a man of good will, Maximos is a prisoner of the errors of his predecessors and of more forceful men in his own cabinet.

The Influential Tsaldaris

Pre-eminent among these is the Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, Constantin Tsaldaris. A Greek politician of long standing, Tsaldaris has avowedly embraced the principles of a generous amnesty policy toward the guerrillas, has constantly urged the fullest participation by the United Nations in Greece's border difficulties, and in general has been a persistent pleader abroad for the Greek cause. Yet his conduct of internal affairs when he was Prime Minister was not such as to advance Greek recovery significantly. His administration was characterized by the abandonment of measures of domestic economic policy which might have been of some real benefit to the masses of Greek people. But even Tsaldaris advocates another election in Greece when and if the border is stabilized. He professes to recognize that the Greek people are weary of the game of political musical chairs, where the same personalities merely shift their positions when a cabinet crisis develops. There have been seven changes in the Greek government since liberation, but Tsaldaris and his Populist (extreme right) cohorts remain dominant.

An even more controversial figure is General Napoleon Zervas, the Minister of Public Order. During the war Zervas ran a small "resistance" group around whose activities hangs the smell of Nazi collaboration. Today Zervas is foremost among those who want to exploit the present situation, not only to eliminate Communist-inspired aggression from across the borders, but apparently to rub out everyone in Greece who is critical of the present government. He is undoubtedly the figure behind the recent wave of arrests which took in not just Communists, but, according to informed observers in Athens, anti-Communist liberals as well.

I was told in Washington recently by a well-informed Greek friendly to the present regime that these after-dark roundups of Zervas' were not the repressive tactics of a police state, but only legitimate precautions of self-preservation. Of the 1,600 arrested in this last raid, more than 500 were subsequently released, he told me with great pride, because there was no basis for the charges against them.

Then, behind the government, is a small mercantile and banking cabal, headed by Pesmazoglu, governor of the National Bank of Greece and a shrewd and effective operator. This cabal is determined above all to protect its financial prerogatives, at whatever expense to the economic health of the country. Its members wish to retain a tax system rigged fantastically in their favor. They oppose exchange controls, because these might prevent them from salting away their profits in banks in Cairo or Argentina. They would never dream of investing these profits in their country's recovery.

The shipping interests are in a particularly scandalous position. Today the Greek merchant marine is enjoying a boom, and the shipowners are raking in the profits. But the bankrupt Greek government is benefiting almost not at all from this prosperity. Seamen's earnings continue to come into Greece, but owners' profits for the most part are locked away elsewhere.

Any enterprise should be expected to pay a fair amount of taxes to the government under whose protection it operates—and particularly in this case, where the Greek shipowners are making most of their profits out of Liberty ships sold to them by the U. S. Maritime Commission after the Greek government had guaranteed the mortgages. The yearly earnings of a Greek-owned Liberty ship will probably run between $200,000 and $250,000. Of this, only the ridiculously small amount of $8,000 goes to the government in taxes. Foreign experts have urged the government to raise the tax requirements to about $30,000. But the political strength of the shipowners has prevented any effective action.

It will be the job of our mission to get action out of this government. In their efforts, the members of the mission can expect that the book will be thrown at them. They will receive every conceivable excuse and will be held up by every conceivable form of bureaucratic obstructionism and incompetence. General Zervas will cry that the big thing is to fight the Communists by arresting every liberal, and the Communists will he him by spurring on the civil war.

And another, more insidious, form pressure will be brought against t members of the mission. The soc lobby—the smart international set, w its headquarters at Cannes, St. Mo and the Kolonaki Square of Athen will begin to operate. Many of them charming people, speaking excell English, who will be genuinely anxi to be of service to the American missi but who, above all, will seek to con the mission into another means of s guarding their own prerogatives.

I still remember one ornate din when a leading banker entertained m his luxurious Athens apartment. Th were three liveried butlers, several n nificent wines, astoundingly good f One guest during dinner became rh sodical over the beauties of marine and the high sport of spear-fishing u water with goggles. The contrast betw the superb feast in the apartment and starving children in the streets simply too pat and cruel.

These are the obstacles which American mission faces in Greece. we succeed in achieving our objecti

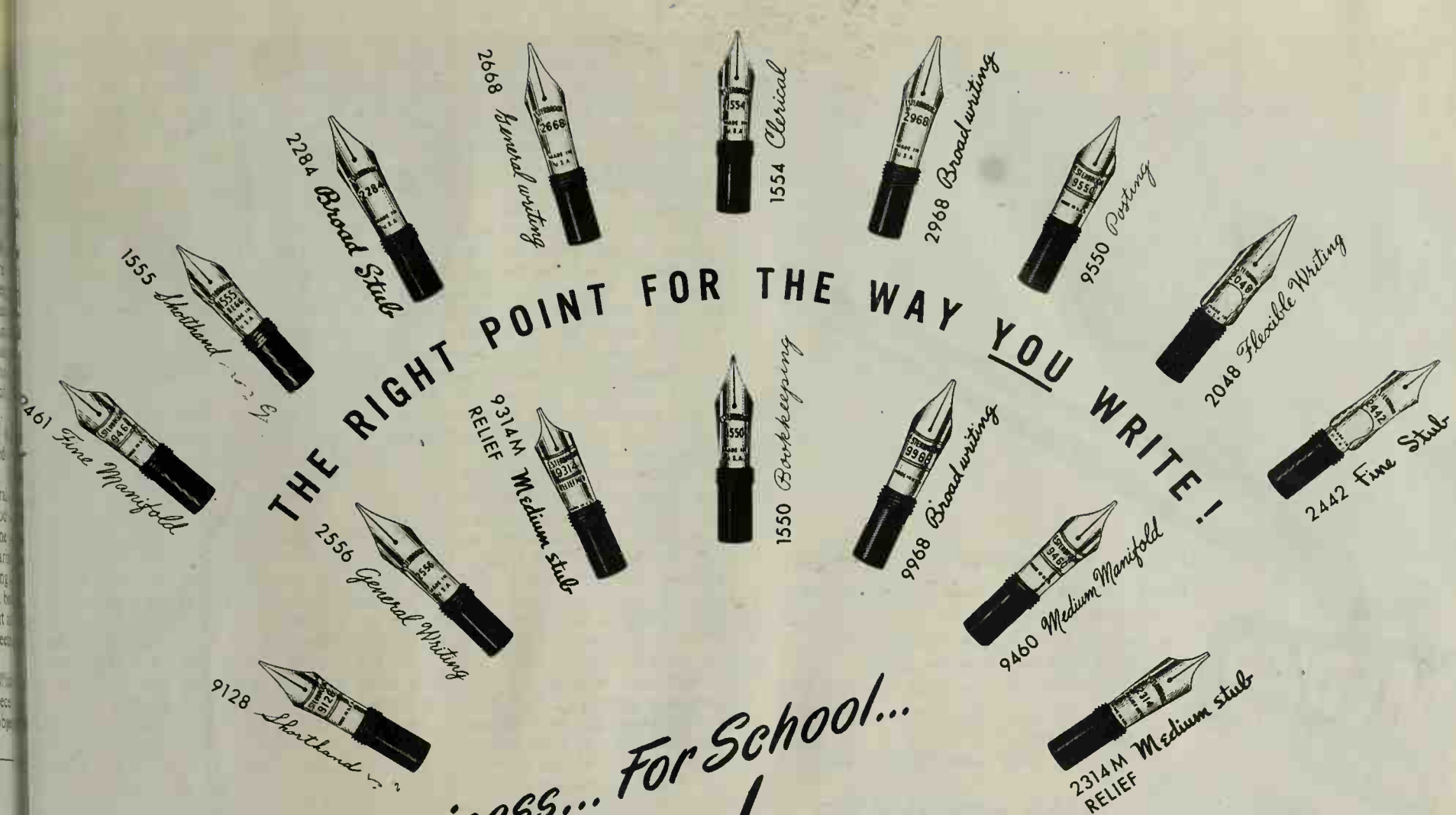


COLLIER'S "I think I'll have another drink. It makes you so witty" BILL K

Such a prophecy depends on ho measure success, and will require a deal of elaboration of what really stitutes our objectives. We cannot ate progress in Greece by usual W standards. There will be no qui easy solution of the many social o nomic maladjustments. My own experience in Greece convinces m the American people will be grea the debt of Mr. Griswold and hi leagues if an atmosphere can be c and maintained wherein the Greel ple have an opportunity in the future for free political choices.

This raises the delicate problem intervention by one nation in t ternal affairs of another. We h face that question frankly. Britis cials freely admitted to me th British Economic Mission served r ful purpose because its function merely advisory and it had no sa with which to enforce its recomr tions. "Our fatal error," said one "was to condone incompetence b of political considerations." Ye ously we cannot treat Greece as if a colonial possession or a con country.

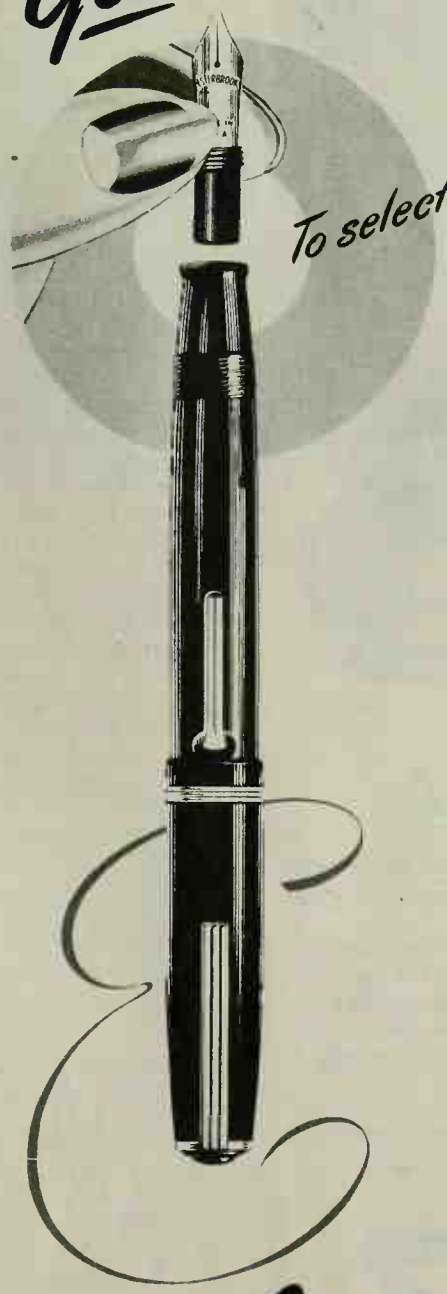
My own answer to that ques provisional and pragmatic. I fe the Greek state, in having reques sistance and supervision, is to that setting a limitation on its own



THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE!

For Business... For School... for You!

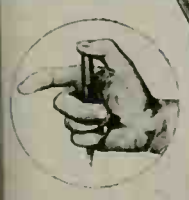
To select or renew... here's all you do



THE ESTERBROOK *Push* PENCIL

Just push the top to feed the lead. Holds two feet of lead . . . feeds it as you need it . . . as easy as pushing a door-bell. Patented tip holds lead firmly at the point . . . eliminates "wobble" and "jamming". In six handsome colors to match your Esterbrook Fountain Pen.





PUSH THE TOP TO FEED THE LEAD

No Other Pen Can Give You This!

Only Esterbrook gives you so *personal* a fountain pen . . . with your choice of 33 numbered point styles so your pen writes *your* way . . . always.

And . . . you can duplicate and renew this personal point of your Esterbrook Fountain Pen *instantly* . . . should it ever become damaged. Simply ask for your Renew-Point style by number at any pen counter . . . and screw it into the pen yourself.

NO REPAIR DELAY...JUST UNSCREW IT...THEN "RENEW" IT

Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN



SOMETHING WONDERFUL GOES ON INSIDE!

Frank Medico pipes have the replaceable filter that

- *whirlcleans* smoke, absorbs juices
- collects flakes and slugs
- *whirlcools* smoke; reduces tongue bite

Cleaner, cooler, drier smoke enters your mouth.

Replace filter when discolored.

MEDICO
FILTERED SMOKING

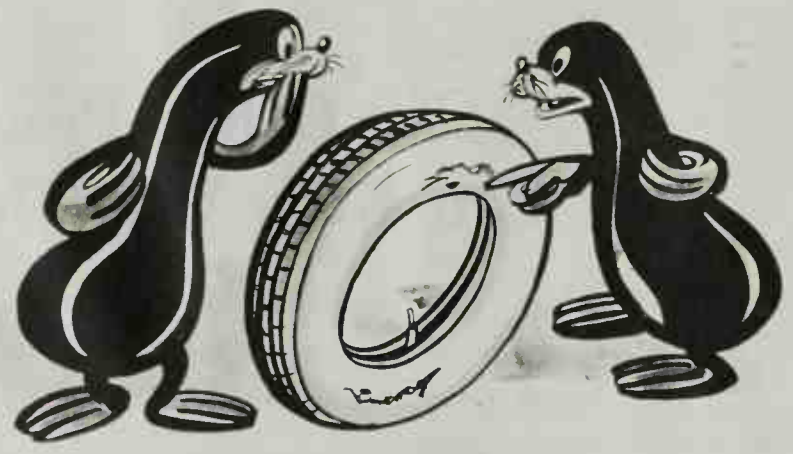


Only these patented filters have the 66 baffles that absorb juices and whirl the smoke cleaner and cooler into your mouth.

S. M. FRANK & CO., INC., NEW YORK 22

FRANK MEDICO V. F. Q.
(Very Fine Quality)
Bowls specially selected for rich-grained beauty. In a wide variety of shapes and sizes. With box of 10 filters **$2**

FRANK MEDICO $1
Standard quality—still



MURDER IN THE AIR!

The above tire was murdered by *lack* of air! Yet the life of the tire could have been saved, if it had proper air pressure at all times—for *underinflation* ruins tires quickly. Don't murder *your* tires. Own your own tire pressure gauge. Use it often. It tells the exact pressure any time, anywhere. It tells you how much air your tires need, and when you need to stop at your dealers for more.

It pays to make sure, once the air is in the tire, that it stays in. *The two Seals* do the job. The valve *core holds* the air in the tire valve. The valve *cap* guarantees an *air-tight* valve.

To "Make Your Tires Last Longer," RIDE WITH BOTH SEALS, Buy them where you see this display.

Watch your Pressures, Keep a Schrader Tire Gauge in your car.

Schrader
PRODUCTS
CONTROL THE AIR



A. SCHRADER'S SON • BROOKLYN 17, NEW YORK
Division of Scovill Manufacturing Company, Incorporated
World's Largest Manufacturer of Tire Valves, Gauges and Accessories

eignty. If we are to make a heavy investment in Greek recovery, it is common sense to suppose that this implies the means to make the recovery effective. These actualities have been recognized by the Greek government and embodied in the Greek note of June 15th to the United States and the U.S.-Greek aid agreement of June 20th.

The note and the agreement spell out specific objectives of reform and reconstruction. It will be the legitimate business of the American mission to take all the steps necessary to secure compliance with the terms of the contract. To get down to cases, if a Greek minister resists or obstructs measures necessary for Greek recovery, or perverts American aid to antidemocratic purposes, I cannot believe that our mission would stand by impotent.

"The mission should make sure that the Greek people are kept fully informed of American aims and efforts and of the nature of the difficulties encountered," one of the wisest of living Greeks said to me. "If the practice followed up to now is continued—that of shielding the incompetence and unwillingness to cooperate of Greek ministers behind a veil of secrecy—the mission may lose the initiative in Greece. The mission must establish direct contact with the Greek people from the very beginning and appeal to public opinion for active support. I see no other means of exerting pressure for necessary measures that are bound to be strongly resisted by the present Greek regime."

The first step, of course, is to bring an end to the present internal warfare and to refute the Soviet propaganda line that the U.S. is financing a civil war in Greece. The best available means of doing this is to have a real amnesty. The Maximos cabinet was finally prevailed upon to adopt an amnesty program which looked plausible on paper; but, as a member of the Greek cabinet told me, the appointment of General Zervas as Minister of Public Order completely destroyed anyone's inclination to take the programs seriously. The amnesty must have enough safeguards to bring out of the hills everyone who is not an outright Communist agent.

Then we must follow through on the program of economic reconstruction. The American mission will supervise closely the money spent for this.

Then, over a longer period, will come political democratization. A program of political reconstruction and reform cannot, in its nature, be put into effect overnight. It is dependent on the restoration of economic stability, and so must be a step-by-step process. Once the economic program begins to roll, we can do our best to foster and develop elements of the center and the non-Communist left.

There are democratic resources Greece which have not yet been tapped. Damaskinos, the archbisho Greece, a man with a massive, disi ested wisdom on political condit carries great moral force in all ca

Sophoulis, the head of the Lib party, though past the prime of his a political life, also has great moral st in the country. Varvaressos, the G representative in the International B is a man of conspicuous ability; some of the younger politicians, Kanellopoulos and the younger zelos, show promise.

These Elements Inspire Hope

There are forces of real demo vitality in the country at large. The cultural co-operative movement se to me an unusually robust and prom movement. The student movemen vigor; and, if Clinton Golden, for of the C.I.O. and now on Dwight wold's staff, can free the trade-u movement from the grip, on the hand, of government stooges, and, o other, of Communists, that may develop into a bulwark of democrac

We are facing a situation unp dented in our history, and we will s have to develop a new and Ame means of coping with it. The B formula in such cases was alway laboration with the native ruling c —buying their support by confi them in their power to exploit the m and relying upon them to hold the ple down with gendarmery and v

This formula is not only repugn American traditions. It is also imp cal. No system would deliver the people more speedily into the arms Russians. We must work out a fo for starting from the bottom and ing up—not starting from the to working down.

Russia is standing patiently by, h to get into Greece by a base on bal is confident that Greek incomp and Greek reaction, combined American inexperience and Am gullibility, will doom the efforts American mission. We will soon frustrated by inefficiency, vacillatio simple knavery, Russia hopes, th will grow disgusted and indifferen finally walk out. Then guess wh walk in!

I think Americans have enou sourcefulness and perseverance t the problem. If we are defea Greece, it will be a crushing mor strategic blow to our new interna role solar plexus. But, if we can Greece in a state of economic and cal health, we will have brough hope and new faith to freedom-people everywhere in the world.

THE END





What the *New* National Guard means to you...

Message from the President of the United States

OWE our existence as a nation to the tra- tion of service of our citizens. It was an o citizen soldiers which George Washington v tory in the American Revolution. At the end ar, the first Congress asked General Wash- give his views on what the military policy w nation should be. This was his answer:

"very citizen who enjoys the protection ree government, owes not only a propor- of his property but even of his personal ces to the defense of it."

e new National Guard gives every man an ity to give that personal service to his coun- at the same time to advance himself. In Guard units all over the country thousands of veterans and other ambitious young men are finding the opportunity to study and learn the things that help them advance in their civilian jobs. They are finding the fellowship that is part and parcel of America. They are participating in a sports and recreation program that keeps them fit. And they are receiving the training that helps keep America strong.

Because of the National Guard's importance to our national defense I have proclaimed September 16th as National Guard Day and have directed that a nationwide recruiting campaign be conducted to fill its ranks.

Harry Truman

u'll find the few hours each week that you spend th your local National Guard unit pleasant and ofitable. Pay is based on new Army pay scale. terans can obtain same rank held upon discharge.

And now young men 17 years old may join the National Guard. For complete information about the National Guard in your community, contact officers of that unit or write the Adjutant General of your state.

ep the Peace! Help the National Guard in your town reach its recruiting goal... now!

Here's how the National Guard Helps You

Pay ★ Education

Fellowship ★ Training

Sports ★ Leadership

Write or visit
your community's unit of the

NATIONAL GUARD

of the United States



Corking good wine!

Captured by this cork is the world-famous wine of California's historic Italian Swiss Colony — wine grown with rare skill handed down through three generations — bright and clear in color, inviting in bouquet, wonderful in flavor!

Tonight, for real delight, take home one of the superb dinner wines from the Colony — say, for example, a ruby-red California Burgundy or a golden California Sauterne. Take, too, an outstanding Italian Swiss Colony dessert wine, such as California Sherry or Port. Open it — look at its brilliance — catch its bouquet — savor its flavor. You'll agree it's "corking good wine!"

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

CALIFORNIA WINES

Copyright 1947, Italian Swiss Colony General Offices: San Francisco



Enjoy **GOLD MEDAL LABEL WINES,** truly superb dinner and dessert wines from the Colony's world-renowned cellars. Also try Italian Swiss Colony's de luxe *Private Stock* dinner and dessert wines, as well as *Tipo Red* and *Tipo White*, the Colony's finest table wines.

THE ABUNDANT MR. WALLACE

Continued from page 25

scribing a Thanksgiving dinner to a
arving man.

As a man, Wallace is an enigma whom
one pretends really to understand. In
e words of President Roosevelt, he
:ks "political oomph." Just as pub-
lity men dream up bright sayings for
lumnists to attribute to their movie
r employers, Wallace's friends fabri-
te stories designed to put him in a
rm human light.

Recently the story was circulated
out a beautiful woman, obviously on
to make at a Hollywood party, who tried
charm Wallace into submission. Be-
e she got well under way she found
rself talking agricultural economics
d wound up by ordering 100 prize
by chicks from the Wallace 4,000,000-
ear Hy-Line Hatchery in Des Moines.

le story is a harmless fiction. When
ed about it most politicians would
ve claimed it as truth. Wallace says it
er happened.

Another story is how, as a young man
fronted with a statistical relation-
he couldn't work out, Wallace sat
n with a book and taught himself
culus, a branch of higher mathematics,
mere mention of which frightens col-
e seniors. This isn't true either. He
d a Drake University mathematics
fessor $25 for calculus tutoring.

Warned that his political bedfellows
e costing him the support of many
rals, he once said, "If I have to choose
veen the former New Dealers and the
s, I'll take the folks." Such idealism
es inspiring reading. The fact is Wal-
will take anybody he can get.

When Mr. Wallace indulges in flights
rhetorical fancy, he is sometimes
mpted by his imagination to believe
a moment that what he wishes were
. His opponents are sometimes less
itable in their estimate of his motiva-
. Said one of them, "If Henry means
t he says he must be stupid. I give
credit for being a good liar."

Wallace can sneer or cheer, depending
what he thinks the audience wants.
king in Pittsburgh, Wallace has
"Greater Pittsburgh . . . is a symbol
much of America's industrial great-
. . . . Pittsburgh has been the beating
t of America's vast development
1860." Speaking in a very small
munity, struggling to build its in-
ry, he has said, ". . . the true meas-
of our industrial greatness is found
ver the nation—and not just in those
ers of concentrated corporate magni-
typified by Pittsburgh and Detroit."

When he was fighting for confirmation
e Senate as Secretary of Commerce,
lace compiled a series of excerpts
his speeches which were calculated to show his sympathetic attitude toward business. In one of these he paid fulsome praise to "big businessmen," the overwhelming majority of whom, he said, "believe in clean aggressive competition. . . . They may fight Roosevelt on his domestic policies but in the main they do it fairly."

In another excerpt he added, "Such men are, in some ways, the hope of America and the world." But last May while rallying support on his tour, Wallace deplored as a penalty of war the fact that big business comes into key positions of controlling power. "I'm conceited enough to think," he added, "that the difference between me and some of these big boys is that I know more than they do."

He Likes Oft-Repeated Phrases

As a man who can match clichés with the best of them, Wallace's efforts, while in Commerce, to woo the wary businessman leaned heavily on oratorical references to "free enterprise." Once, speaking before the American Retail Federation, he used the phrase six times in two short paragraphs, a record which even the National Association of Manufacturers, which made the phrase popular, would have difficulty matching.

Wallace's repetitions (once he used "full employment" five times in twelve lines) are sometimes varied slightly. Before the National Citizens Political Action Committee—a group with an insatiable appetite for a horn of plenty—he found 17 ways of using a favored word, "abundance," in a ten-minute speech: "abundance for all," "lasting abundance," "abundant world," "abundance for all peoples," "long-term abundance," "achieving abundance," "problem of abundance," "peacetime abundance," "technological possibilities for abundance," "abundant spirit," "age of abundance," "triumph of abundance," "fact of abundance," "make abundance work," "peace of abundance," "call of abundance" and, of course, just plain "abundance."

It troubles him very little that some of his more analytical critics accuse him of intentional deceit. It may be a fact, as a senator remarked, that "Wallace is intellectually dishonest without knowing it." He wants "the people" to have "all the truth" but doesn't hesitate to quote partial statistics when it suits his purpose. He decries statements unfavorable to Russia as "Red baiting" but he is one of the most vociferous and ruthless "reactionary baiters" extant.

In order to have something to attack he frequently sets up straw men and

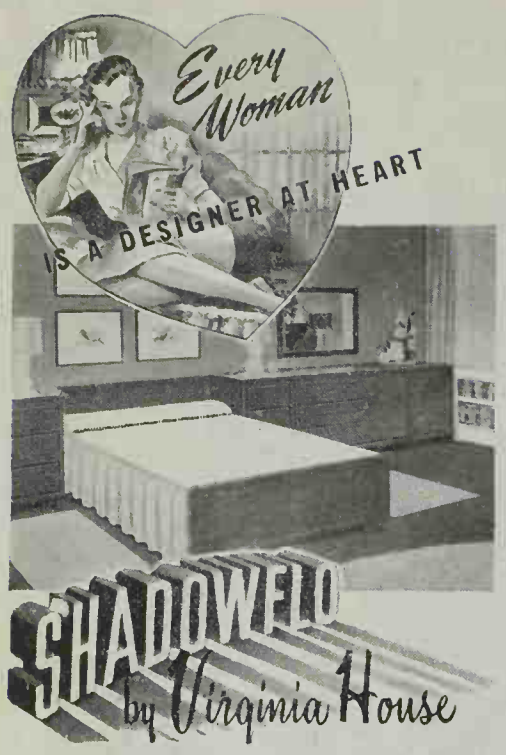


"During vacation he got poison ivy, broke his leg, got a terrible sunburn, almost drowned and was lost in the woods for three days"

LLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY







THE DIFFERENT FUNCTIONAL FURNITURE

Express YOURSELF with Shadowflo! Every piece is designed to combine with all others to help you work out lovely, lively, original arrangements for your rooms! Shadowflo is mahogany in traditional or light gold finish. And it's "open stock" — you can start a Shadowflo room now and add to it later!

AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER'S

A Grouping such as Bed, Chest and Vanity or Dresser is priced as low as **$198.**

VIRGINIA HOUSE

DIVISION OF LINCOLN INDUSTRIES, Inc., Marion, Va.



Colors and patterns rivaling the brilliant color harmony of the mountains.

Durable homespun fabrics...full fashioned to tie right—stay right

PLAIDS STRIPES SOLIDS

$1.50 ask your dealer

Gem-Dandy
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TIES • BELTS

BRACES • GARTERS

GEM-DANDY, INC., MADISON, N.C.

New York Office: 432 Fourth Ave.

then lashes out at them. In 1944 he began his pamphlet, Our Job in the Pacific, with "To discuss our 'withdrawals' from the Far East is no longer realistic." No responsible person was at that time publicly advocating such withdrawal. Asked who such people were, Wallace told a reporter fumblingly that he would have to reread the context. He has liplashed "military leaders" who want to A-bomb Russia, but he refuses to name them.

More than this, Wallace makes erroneous or false statements without subsequent correction. In his explosive letter to Truman criticizing our atomic bomb policy there were at least four major errors of fact. Cornered by Bernard Baruch, he agreed to a retraction of his assertions. Then he disappeared for three days. Finally he refused to sign the retraction and instead issued a statement reaffirming his original position.

Frustrated Hopes of Leadership

Wallace had hoped to become the leader of all U.S. liberals and especially of the survivors among those nurtured on the Roosevelt ideals, such as Rexford G. Tugwell, Paul A. Porter, Leon Henderson, Mark Ethridge, Robert Nathan, Elmer Davis, Herbert Lehman, Barry Bingham, Wilson Wyatt and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. But these and scores of others abandoned his leadership and joined the Americans for Democratic Action which disavows Communist membership.

This was a serious break in the liberal ranks but Wallace, whose chief political instrument is the Communist-supported Progressive Citizens of America, was anxious to smooth the troubled waters. He wrote that liberals were really 90 per cent in agreement, that he and Mrs. Roosevelt were not in warring camps; she had merely addressed one group and he another. "I am not a member or officer of the PCA, and Mrs. Roosevelt, to the best of my knowledge, is not a member or an officer of ADA." Wallace is indeed not a member of the PCA. But Mrs. Roosevelt *is* and has been a member of ADA. When she publicly rebuked Wallace for his failure to check the facts he made no public correction.

If Wallace is unaware of intellectual dishonesty, such avoidance of the honest truth is understandable. But even his friends have difficulty in explaining some of his contradictions regarding Russia. In 1947 he wrote that people shouldn't always be holding against Stalin the statement made by him 25 years ago that capitalism and Communism cannot live peacefully together in one world. Wallace would have us believe that Stalin doesn't feel that way any more.

"Russia," says Wallace, "can live with the capitalist countries in peace," and then asks, "Can't a man change his mind in 25 years? Why, 25 years ago I was a Republican!" But last September, Wallace apparently didn't know of Stalin's change of heart for then he wrote (but dropped it from a speech for fear of booing by left-wingers): "The Russians should stop teaching that their form of Communism must, by force if necessary, ultimately triumph over democratic capitalism."

Wallace's tolerance of reversals of opinion is understandable. He has changed his own mind about Russia. In 1935 he declared that he was opposed to both Communism and Fascism because "they are all materialistic and godless." But in 1947 he explained to a group of Methodist ministers that Communism is much closer to the Christian doctrine than Nazism. "Communism does not have in it any type of racism," he said. "It accepts the brotherhood of men . . . this is the fundamental difference which brings Communism much closer to the Christian approach than Nazism."

While Wallace goes about lightening the burden of the common man, a small group of devotees are left to wrestle with the workaday details of his political strategy. His "man Farley" is corpulent, cigar-loving Harold Young, a Texas lawyer who directly or through government jobs, has been on his political pay roll for six years. Young recognizes two kinds of people—those who vote for you and those who vote against you.

Young operates Wallace's Washington headquarters, a converted apartment-office on Q Street. Wallace also listens to the political advice of Senator Claude Pepper (D., Fla.), ex-Senator Joseph F. Guffey (D., Pa.), Senator Glen H. Taylor (D., Ida.), Calvin Benham Baldwin, a former Agriculture Department aide, now director of the PCA, and Michael Straight, New Republic publisher.

Democrats are wondering hopefully, however, whether Henry will be permanently influenced by a statement by Senator Pepper, following a conference with President Truman: "I think Mr. Wallace can render his best service by continuing to be a private citizen who speaks his mind freely."

Several of these men face the difficult problems of putting Wallace over as a candidate. The biggest of these problems is Wallace himself. When talking with someone he has a habit of lounging at his desk, slumped into his chair, feet on wastebasket, his elbow propped on the chair arm, his head resting on his hand, his eyes half closed. He appears bored if not actually asleep. Even when he is sitting upright during a discussion Wallace yawns openly. Such attitudes do not win friends.

Few politicians invite trouble as Wallace does. He is probably the only major political figure in the world who would take up boomerang throwing. Newspaper cartoonists had a field day lampooning him. But they missed one good story which even Wallace doesn't know. Once he threw and broke the finest example of an Australian boomerang in the collection of the Smithsonian Institution. A habitual onlooker, watching him and Milo Perkins one morning, offered Wallace a boomerang to try. Wallace did and it hit a backstop and broke into several pieces. The bystander, a Smithsonian guard, had filched the boomerang to lend to Wallace. It's back there now, carefully mended.

New Theory of Party Allegiance

Another handicap Wallace brings to his campaign managers is his inclination to think out loud in public. Early in 1946 he was invited to speak before a small group of women. Planning to make only a "little talk" Wallace didn't prepare anything. But when he started talking he found himself developing what to him was a new and interesting subject: party responsibility.

After comparing the English and American systems, Wallace declared that a member of Congress should be read out of the party if he failed to follow party leadership on legislation promised the voters. As an offhand illustration Wallace named several Democrats who, on that basis, should have been read out of the party at that time. In the audience was a Washington Post women's department reporter who had attended the meeting to pick up a two-paragraph social note. Her story kept Wallace busy for sixty days trying to rebuild the fences knocked down by that "little talk."

When it comes to dealing with businessmen, Wallace is all thumbs. When Roosevelt gave him the Commerce Department as a reward for 1944 support, Wallace attacked the administrative problems with devastating energy. "I want to be as good in this job as Herbert Hoover," he told a friend.

Each week the Secretary of Commerce takes to the Cabinet meeting a statement on various aspects of business, known in







epartment as the Cabinet Report. ctober, 1945, when General Motors s hreatened with a paralyzing wage ik Department economists handed l ce a paper as part of a report on the at nships between wages and prices th automotive industry. Wallace took o he meeting but didn't deliver it and d it around with a stack of papers a week or so. About that time Blair y of the Detroit News had a rou- nterview with Wallace, and asked bout wages and prices in the auto ry.

llace dipped into his papers, pulled e one he had received from the nists, and handed it to Moody. He e first sentence: "Under the high perations which the automobile y will experience over the next ars, it can grant a substantial wage e and make high profits."

d-Letter Day for a Reporter

dy stifled a whoop and asked if he might use it. "I don't see jection," said Wallace, "except s labeled 'confidential.'" Moody ced Wallace that, as boss, he could what was or wasn't confidential. e gave him the green light.

following day, as a good-will ges- e National Association of Man- ers was giving Wallace a press n. Just before it started, the first of the Detroit News, an after- paper, was on the street, and the ndustry was raging against Wal- having issued a statement which iously upheld the strikers' posi- efore the luncheon was over, Wal- lized, as one newsman put it, "He leashed a hot potato."

er developed that the article had n prepared by the Department of erce but had been submitted by a economist in OPA for publication epartment business magazine. It re had no official standing what- t when Wallace explained this, smen felt he was merely giving olitical palaver and that he was ng it very well.

ng of Wallace as editor at $15,000 has proved good business for the epublic. From a moribund 35,000 ion it has jumped to 100,000. een November and July—despite vertisers' boycott—Wallace at- $175,000 in additional income. st of a special promotion cam- paign to inaugurate him as editor, including advertising and mailing 1,555,961 circulars, was around $105,000, giving the New Republic a quick profit of $70,000 on the deal.

Wallace's basic concept of a businessman is not of the capitalist nobly rising to the challenge of a new age, but of a person who conspires to make hay while the sun shines. He is making plenty of "hay" in his Pioneer Hi-bred Corn Company of Grimes, Iowa, in his Hy-Line Hatchery in Des Moines which grosses $4,000,000 a year and on his 110-acre chicken farm at South Salem, New York. The man whom most businessmen regard as a visionary dreamer is worth close to a million dollars, including what has been salted away in his wife's name, and he will accumulate an additional fortune if his chicken-breeding experiments develop as he confidently expects they will. Financially he is indeed an uncommon man.

Wallace advocates what he calls "democratic free enterprise," which could mean anything but by which Wallace means regulated business, the amount of regulation to depend on conditions. Such an economic term is flexible enough to fit present Communism in Russia, Socialism in England or capitalism in the United States.

The enthusiasm of "people" for Wallace is sometimes great. Despite an unseasonable and heavy all-day snowstorm preceding an evening talk in Denver, Wallace filled the armory, though his speech was broadcast and no tickets had been sold in advance. When Wallace included the city of Austin in his speaking itinerary, Texas Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson declared that the people in the shadow of Northern cities might listen to Wallace but the "clear-eyed, stout-hearted people of Texas" would never do so. Wallace drew the largest indoor audience of his U.S. tour, a capacity house of 10,000.

When Wallace made the speech in Madison Square Garden for which he was fired, a few days later, as Secretary of Commerce, he received 10,000 letters of which 81 per cent are alleged to have approved of what he said.

But if he is to achieve his expanding political ambitions, he must hurry. Time is running out on him. In 1952 he will be sixty-four, and never since the Civil War has a President over sixty been inaugurated.

THE END



"I think that will only create another problem, dear!" BURR SHAFER



SOLE U. S. AGENT CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A GOOD POINT TO REMEMBER...
SAF-T-HED THUMB TACKS
Extra Metal Cap for Extra Protection
GUARANTEE! PIN CAN'T PASS THROUGH THE HEAD

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, 417 S. Dearborn
A Correspondence Institution Dept. 940-L Chicago 5

Fast Relief For Tender, Hot Feet
Eases New or Tight Shoes Almost Like Magic!
Use soothing, refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your troubled feet. You'll marvel how quickly it relieves tender, burning, perspiring or odorous feet . . . how amazingly effective it is for easing new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Sold everywhere. For FREE sample, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois.
Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches
This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



BUILD YOUR OWN 2 Bedroom Home DURO
Look!
$1215.00
F.O.B. Tulsa, Okla.
Pre-fabricated — Immediate Delivery — End your House shortage! Easy-to-erect "Duro Conventional Cottages" are now available. Shipped complete with pre-fabricated wall and roof sections, joist, flooring, roll roofing, double-hung windows, door, all hardware, nails, bolts, 1 coat of paint. Good yellow pine lumber. Lined with fibered, saturated, waterproof building paper. Ideal for home cottage, tourist cabin, hunting and fishing lodges. Factory price $1215.00 f.o.b. Tulsa, Oklahoma. Shipped steel strapped and crated. Also available 12 ft. x 12 ft. Duro Economy Cottage, $295.50. You need not be a professional builder. Any handy man can put one up. Act now. Mail coupon below.
Send Coupon Today
SCHUMAN BROS. LUMBER CO.
3021 Sand Springs Rd., Dept. S-3
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Quick! Send me floor plans, prices on "DURO CONVENTIONAL COTTAGES".
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

WALTER DAVENPORT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor



GLASS POCKETS FOR CONGRESSMEN

WHEN Congress gave up trying to cut taxes and went home at the end of July it left in one of its deepest and darkest pigeonholes a resolution by Republican Senator Morse of Oregon, that would require each senator to disclose once a year all sources of his income. Presumably if the resolution ever gets anywhere it will be amended to include members of the House, also. But this is one item of unfinished business our national legislators seemed unwilling to touch with even an eleven-foot pole. Up to now Senator Morse has not been given so much as a hearing on his resolution.

"I believe a legislator's viewpoint," says the Oregon senator, "may be influenced—no matter how honest he is—by his own personal interests. Therefore I believe the public has a right to know from whom and from where we get our money. My own actions show that I do not think it improper for a senator to receive money over and above his salary. I lecture and write for fees. Neither do I say or believe that sources from which my colleagues receive money are improper. That's not the point. The point is that the people have a right to know what influences the attitudes of their representatives. They need to know this in order to decide whether we truly represent them."

Morse's opposition protests: "It's another left-wing needling job, designed to create doubt and distrust of our government." . . . "A stink bomb." . . . "What does Morse think we are, a bunch of crooks?" . . . "I don't need watching." . . . "Will we be allowed to pull down our shades at night?" . . . "A good idea if the purpose is to run good men out of public life." . . . "Do you want our laws written by men who have not succeeded in private life?" . . . "A trick to handicap a well-to-do candidate."

Maybe this Morse resolution would result now and then in an embarrassing strip tease for somebody, but that possibility alone is no reason to bury it in a committee graveyard without so much as a funeral service. Why not hold hearings on it when the Congress meets again, so that we and a lot of other Americans can size the thing up in the light of pro and con opinion?

When Herbert Hoover was in the White House he used to say that all men close to the President must have glass pockets and, if the story is correct, he called on those closest to him in official life to report to him their outside sources of income.

His glass-pockets idea has merit. If government always operated on the visible plan, respect for it might be considerably higher. And respect for government is something that must be maintained in this country if government in its present form is to be maintained.

The Morse resolution is something more than a hotfoot for his colleagues, even though some of them believe he has nothing higher than hotfoot intentions. But the proposal should be enlarged to include members of the House, of course, and policy-making officials in executive departments and agencies. In the form of regulations these officials write more laws than Congress does.

And while at the business of purification by sunlight, the practice of nepotism might he reported on annually. Putting relatives on government pay rolls in certain cases is justified by good results, but it is a practice that generally is held in low esteem by the paying public. The facts in this field could do us no harm at all. Just have each member of Congress list relatives who are working for Uncle Sam, their salaries and what they do.

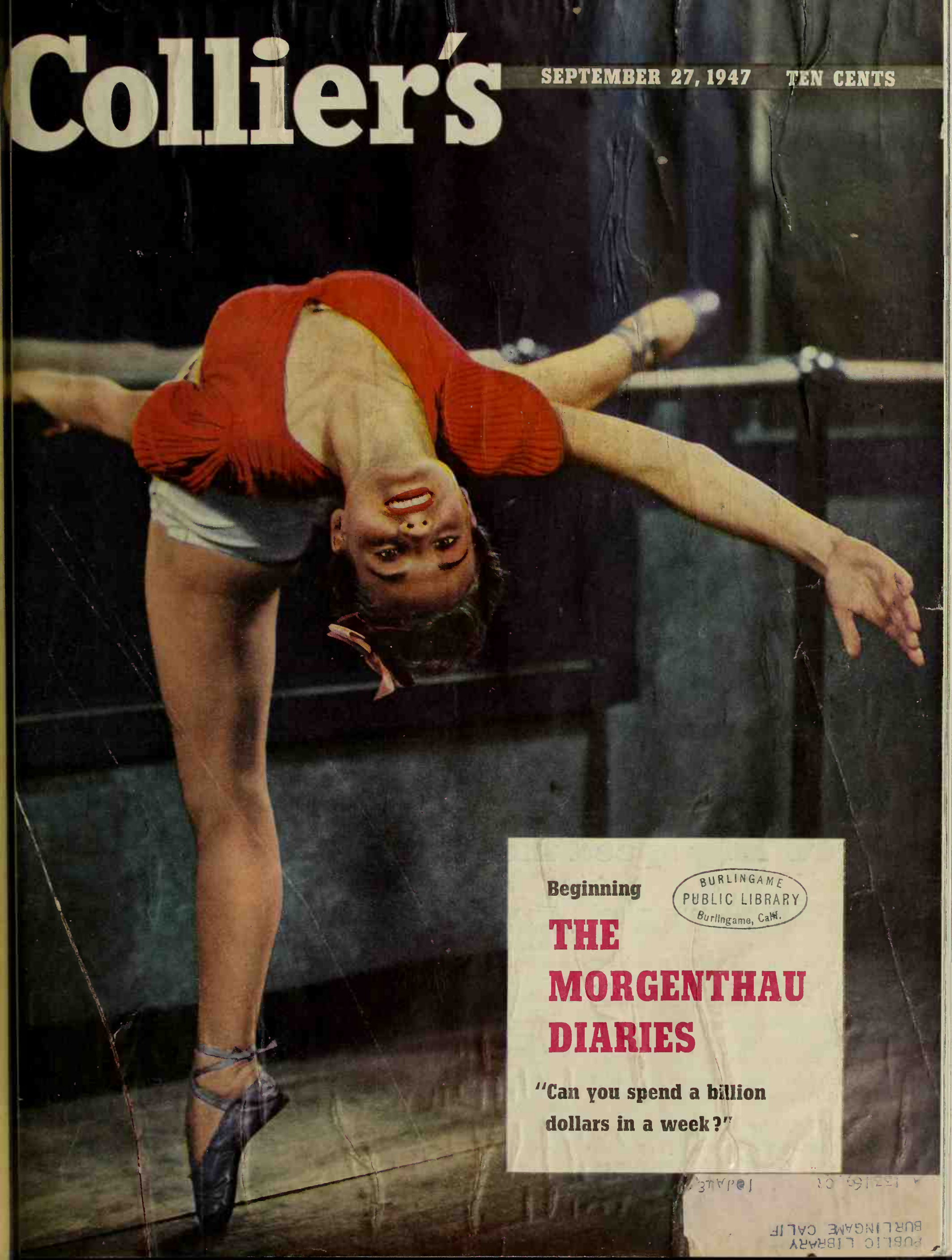
Last year Congress had the good sense to vote its members big raises in pay, and a retirement system. Next year it should think of adding glass pockets to the appurtenances of office.

Faith in the ability of people to govern themselves implies that the more facts the people have, the wiser will be their decisions.

JAMES C. DERIEUX

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 27, 1947 TEN CENTS



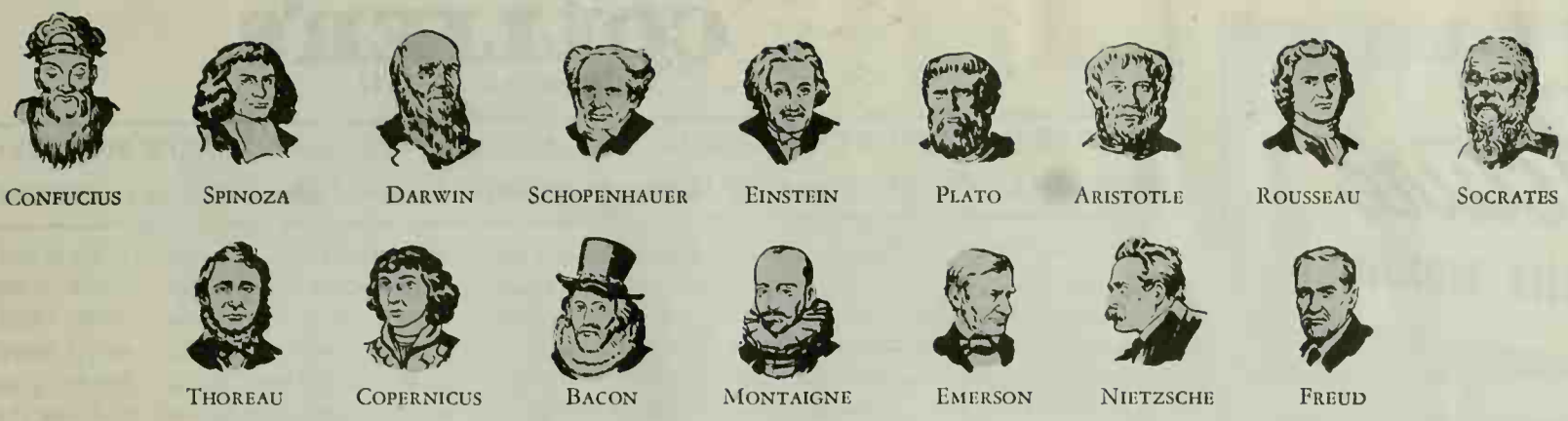
Beginning

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

"Can you spend a billion dollars in a week?"

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

PUBLIC LIBRARY BURLINGAME CALIF



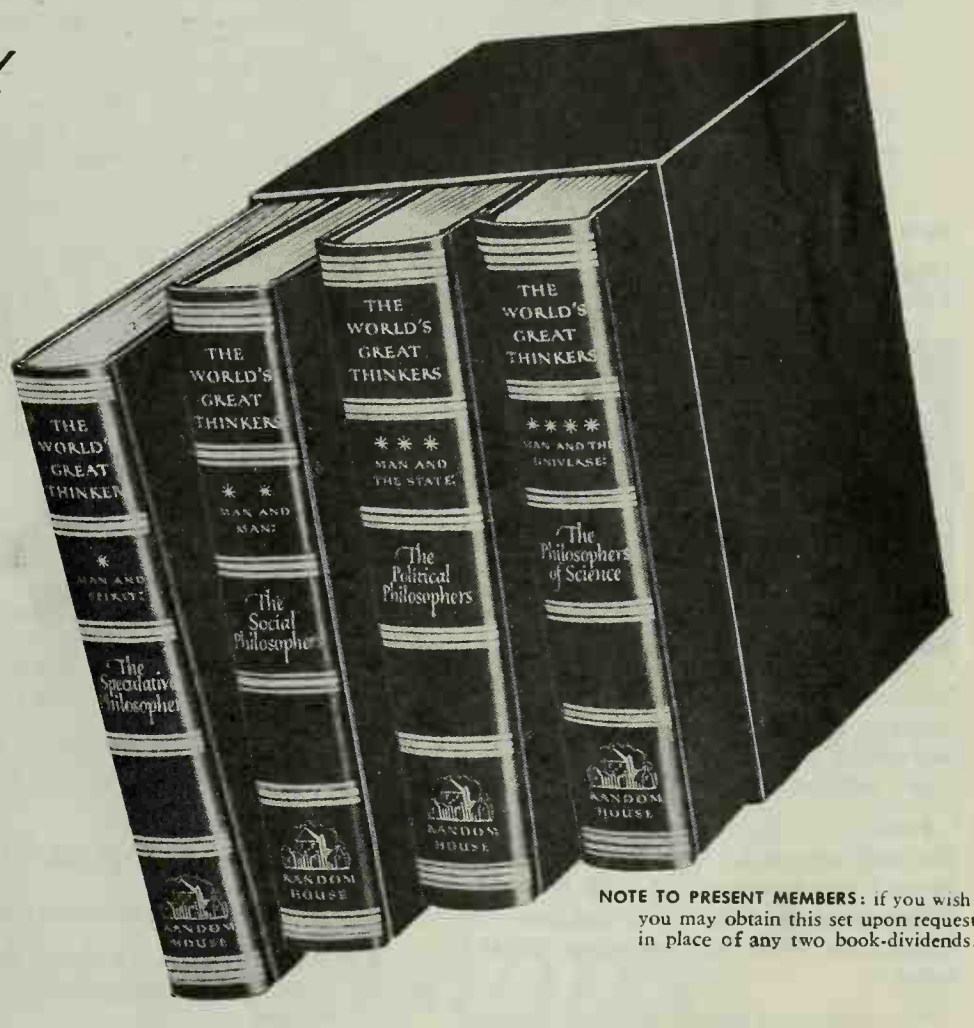
THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS

In Four Volumes · Boxed

Retail Price $10.00

Given Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB



NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: if you wish, you may obtain this set upon request in place of any two book-dividends.

HERE are the philosophies men live by . . . from the works of PLATO and ARISTOTLE and CONFUCIUS to those of FREUD in our own day. These careful selections compiled by Saxe Commins and Robert N. Linscott offer a source of courage to meet today's problems. In them you will find wisdom and guidance from over forty of the world's greatest thinkers, in writings as vitally important today as they ever were.

Here . . . IN FOUR HANDSOME VOLUMES, BOXED . . . WITH INDIVIDUAL INTRODUCTIONS ARE FORTY-THREE SELECTED MASTERPIECES OF THOUGHT THAT HAVE MADE AND INFLUENCED HISTORY

Over 2000 pages!

You buy many books-of-the-month ANYWAY—why not get them from the Club, PAY LESS, and share in the Club's book-dividends

YOU do not pay any fixed yearly sum as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You simply pay for the particular books you decide to take,* and you have a very wide choice among the important books published each year.

Not only do the Club's five judges, every month, choose an outstanding book (sometimes a double selection) as a book-of-the-month; in addition, the Club makes available "special members' editions" of many widely-discussed books—*making a total of fifty to sixty books* each year from which you may choose.

If you buy as few as *four of these books in any twelve-month period,* you get the full privileges of Club membership, and since there are sure to be, among so many good books, *at least four that you would buy anyway,* the saving to you is extraordinary.

You pay the regular retail price—frequently less—for each book-of-the-month, whenever you decide to take it. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) Then, with every two books you buy (from among the books-of-the-month and "special members' editions" made available) you receive—*free*—one of the Club's valuable book-dividends.

These are beautiful library volumes, sometimes highly popular best-sellers. Last year the retail value of the free books Club members received was in excess of $16,000,000—books given to members, not sold! This year it will be more. Why not share in this distribution, particularly *since you need never take any book you do not want,* and actually pay less for many books.

Also, as a member, you are kept thoroughly informed about all the important new books, and insure yourself against missing the ones you are particularly anxious to read. These, briefly, are the sensible reasons why hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB A479
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I am to receive, free, the four-volume set of THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month from the Club each full year I am a member, and I may cancel my subscription any time after purchasing four such books from the Club.

AS MY FIRST SELECTION PLEASE SEND ME:

- ☐ THE MONEYMAN (*$3.00*) by Thomas B. Costain
- ☐ INSIDE U. S. A. by John Gunther (*$3.50*)
- ☐ THE STORY OF MRS. MURPHY by Natalie Anderson Scott (*$3.00*)
- ☐ A STUDY OF HISTORY by Arnold J. Toynbee (*$5.00*)
- ☐ PEACE OF MIND by Joshua L. Liebman (*$2.50*)
- ☐ EAST RIVER by Sholem Asch (*$3.00*)

Name.....
Please Print Plainly

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ... *State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THE UNFINISHED DANCE"

with

MARGARET O'BRIEN

CYD CHARISSE • KARIN BOOTH

And Introducing

DANNY THOMAS

A HENRY KOSTER Production

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY
Based on "La Mort Du Cygne" by PAUL MORAND

Directed by.....HENRY KOSTER
Produced by.....JOE PASTERNAK



We never cease to be amazed at Hollywood's constant quest and discovery of new stars, new stories, new excitements for the movie-loving millions.

Now, in "The Unfinished Dance"—a new and spectacular kind of Technicolor musical entertainment—M-G-M lifts the velvet curtain on a fascinating and hitherto little-known world: the back-stage of the ballet.

"The Unfinished Dance" presents talented Margaret O'Brien, in her most amazing performance, as a youthful dancing star.

"The Unfinished Dance" also presents at least two of tomorrow's most scintillating stars: Cyd Charisse and Karin Booth. With young Margaret and other exciting people, and breathtaking Technicolor settings, they reveal the joys and dreams and romances of a life you perhaps never knew existed.

This is the story of the most exquisite dancers in the world . . . and of a girl who wanted to become one of them. She had to decide between her idolatry of the reigning favorite and her hatred of the newcomer. With her hand on the switch of a hidden trap door, she had it in her power to end the brilliant career of a beautiful girl. Out of drama such as this, out of intrigue and romance and music, M-G-M has woven a really unusual film, brimming with emotion and beauty.

Director Henry Koster and Producer Joe Pasternak were entrusted with this production plum. We cry them "Bravo."

For a refreshingly and excitingly different kind of Technicolor musical, a combination of tense drama, exquisite spectacle and musical delight—see "The Unfinished Dance"!

COLLIER'S

September 27, 1947

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

W. B. COURTNEY	*Europe*	WELDON JAMES	*Far East*	AMY PORTER	*Articles*	ULRICH CALVOSA	*Photographs*
JIM MARSHALL	*West Coast*	GWYN BARKER	*London*	ANDRÉ FONTAINE	*Articles*	GURNEY WILLIAMS	*Humor*
FRANK GERVASI	*Washington*	FREDERICK R. NEELY	*Aviation*	LESTER VELIE	*Articles*	AIMEE LARKIN	*Distaff*
WILLIAM HILLMAN	*Washington*	KYLE CRICHTON	*Amusements*	RUTH CARSON	*Articles*	RUTH FOWLER	*Distaff*
JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*	HELEN P. BUTLER	*Syntax*	LEONARD A. PARIS	*Articles*	HENRY L. JACKSON	*Wearables*
EDWARD P. MORGAN	*Europe*	HERBERT ASBURY	*Articles*	JOSEPH UMHOEFER	*Articles*	LARABIE CUNNINGHAM	*Fiction*

THIS WEEK

FICTION

JUNGLE LORD — By JOHAN FABRICIUS — 14
Between the men and their guns stood the rage of a giant ape.

SWEET WATER — By DICK PEARCE — 18
The Serial Story. The second of five parts.

THOSE THINGS DON'T HAPPEN — By MACK J. MATTHEWS — 22
His screwball wife had cried "Elf!" once more than too often.

NOTHING OR NOBODY — By GEORGE ZUCKERMAN — 26
In an hour he would die—he had never really been alive.

STAGE DOOR GIRL — By JOSEPHINE PEARSON — 50
Medora Miles breezes through a lopsided love affair.

ALL SQUARED AWAY — By MORT GREEN — 86
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES — By HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. — 11
PART I: THE FIGHT TO BALANCE THE BUDGET
Beginning a remarkable story of operations inside the New Deal.

OUT OF THIS WORLD — By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN — 16
Until you have visited Lily Dale, N. Y., you haven't "seen" or "heard" anything.

INDONESIA—PROBLEM CHILD OF U.N. — By WELDON JAMES — 20
Collier's correspondent gives a vivid account of the fighting in Java.

TOUCHDOWNS ARE BIG BUSINESS — By ED PRELL — 24
Meet Mickey McBride of the Midas touch plus *the Cleveland Browns.*

FIFTY-MILE BLEACHERS — By EDWARD P. MORGAN — 28
The World Series via television—the hope of baseball-bar fans.

HOUSES READY-MADE — By RUTH BUGBEE — 41
Prefabrication is beginning to find its place in housing.

FASHION AT YOUR PRICE — By RUTH CARSON — 76
What mass-production has done for the woman on a budget.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL — From OUR READERS — 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — By FRELING FOSTER — 6

THE WEEK'S WORK — By TED SHANE — 8

EDITORIAL: *F. D. Roosevelt: The Full Picture* — 98

COVER — By *JIMMY SNYDER*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

NO. 1 BIRTH

SIRS: In her letter to you (The Week's Mail, Aug. 9th) Myrtle L. Gillis' account of "Snorri," Thorfinn and Gudrid has no more historical basis than Gulliver's Travels. I have read translations of the Icelandic fables and can find no reason to place "Vinland" in North America.

As for the first whites born on this continent—at least the first on record—they were twin sons of Algoncahan na Cuille, who sailed from Galway with his wife, Margrad, one young son, Finghan, and four men companions on a fishing expedition beyond the Arran Isles. Overtaken by a storm, after five weeks they came in sight of a great stretch of coast line and found they were on a great river.

That river is the Merrimack and the landing place, now Newburyport. The date October, A.D. 778. Unfortunately they were met by unfriendly natives so they followed the stream as far as they could navigate and then leaving the ship, continued on foot up the valley to the Pawtucket Falls on the present site of Lowell. Here they were welcomed by a small friendly tribe called Wampscutts with whom they lived as brothers and in less than a year the afore-mentioned twins were born, being named Phassa and Donghal. After a stay of fourteen years, Margrad had a longing for her native land, so persuaded her husband and two of the sons to go back. After great labor and suffering they arrived at Inisherone on Killala Bay in Sligo, A.D. 793, June 5th. Phassa had found a deep and lasting love for Çhamusca, a native girl, and refused to leave her. From this union sprang the Passaconaway tribe of what was later to multiply and spread out into the great group of Indian nations known as Algonquin, after Phassa's father, Algoncahan.

Brian Borhme, Islands great ruler, who lost his life following his defeat of the Danes at Clontarf A.D. 1014, was descended through his mother from Phassa's eldest brother Finghan (tenth generation) who wrote the account of the whole expedition in old Erse.

I have the only known fragment of that ms. It shows in an attached note that it was once in possession of Dr. Keating who had it from the Duke of Ormond (I know not how), and would have included it in his History of Ireland could he "have obtained supporting evidence."

TIMOTHY E. HAYES, Long Beach, Cal.

CHILE PROTESTS

DEAR SIRS: In your August 2d number you say in your article entitled The End of the

(Continued on page 79)

Vol. 120, No. 13. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. In Canada 10 cents a copy; one year $4.00; two years $7.00; three years $10.00, including postage. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

COPYRIGHT, 1947, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion



A Pioneer in Pensions

Bell System Plan for Employee Pensions and Benefits has been in effect for thirty-four years.

Long before there was any thought of Social Security or of pensions by most companies, the Bell System instituted a Pension Plan for its employees. The plan went into effect in 1913.

The Bell System Pension Plan was not only one of the first pension plans but it has continued to be one of the best for employees. The full cost is paid by the Company. The employee is not called upon to contribute anything.

16,967 Bell System employees (10,769 men and 6,198 women) were receiving pensions at the end of 1946.

The Pension Plan is part of a comprehensive Benefit Plan that also covers sickness, accident, disability and death payments. These were paid to more than 110,000 employees and their dependents in 1946. During that year, one Bell System employee in every seven benefited directly from the sickness provisions alone.

All of this is in the interest of the public as well as telephone employees. Because for you to have good service we must have good people to give it to you.

These Pension and Benefit Plans are part of the Bell Telephone Company's responsibility as a good employer and a good citizen in every community in which it operates.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYA

Despite man's age-old interest in his origin, no remains of prehistoric peoples were found until 1848 when a fossil skull was discovered at Gibraltar. Since then, skeletons—or parts of skeletons—of a score of unknown races, some estimated to have lived as long ago as 250,000 years, have been unearthed in various parts of the world.

The U.S. government had no law that specifically applied to persons involved in interstate flights of stolen aircraft until Sept. 24, 1945, when the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act was amended to cover such cases.

The machines that grind and polish plate glass in the Ford plant in Dearborn, Michigan, are constructed in a single line 600 feet in length—so long that, in order to produce glass of uniform thicknesses, their designers had to allow for the curvature of the earth, or the middle of the line would have been 1/4000th of an inch higher than the ends.

Unlike the United States and most other countries, Great Britain allows its national flag to be used in commercial advertisements.

Only three men have circled the globe in small sailing vessels singlehanded. The first was Captain Joshua Slocum who, in his 36-foot sloop Spray, left Boston in April, 1895, and returned there in July, 1898, having covered 46,000 miles. The second was Harry Pidgeon who, in his 34-foot yawl Islander, left Los Angeles in November, 1921, and returned in October, 1925, having sailed about 38,000 miles. The third was Alain Gerbault who, in his 39-foot cutter Firecrest, left Cannes, France, in April, 1923, and arrived back at Le Havre in July, 1929, having traveled approximately 40,000 miles.

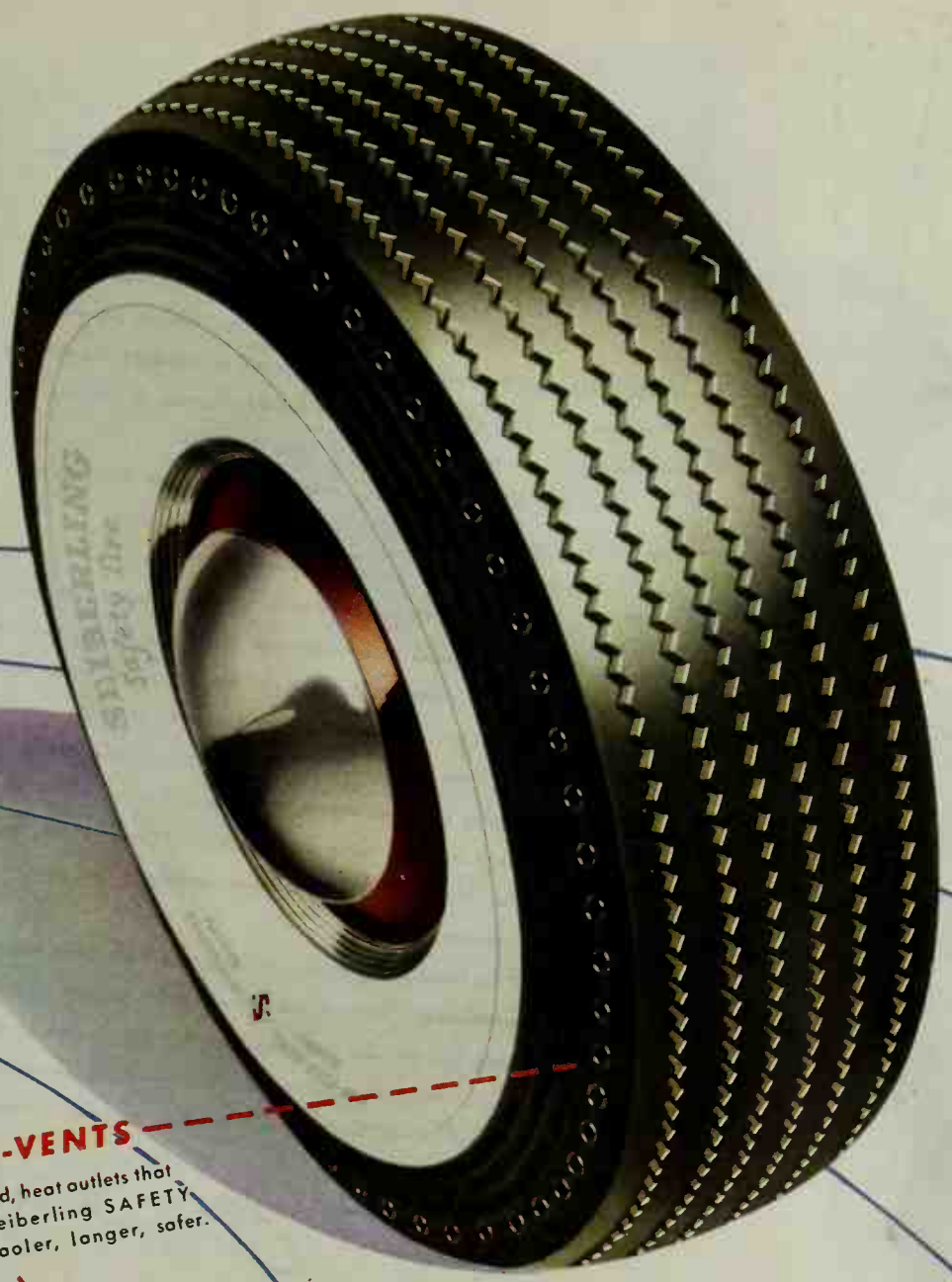
Guernsey Island in the English Channel still retains its ancient custom of black-listing alcoholics. To reform such a drinker, a member of his family applies to the court which issues an official order that no one is to sell him liquor thereafter. As a constant reminder to all concerned it also orders a police photo of the man pasted up in every bar.—*By May Stening, Richmond, Va.*

A recent investigation of boxing discloses that many pugilists, barred from fighting in one state as physically unfit, are able to enter three or four bouts a week in other states by using fictitious names.

As the Mormons believe that the dead are helped toward salvation by the proxy baptism of living kinfolk they devote considerable time to genealogical research for ancestors for whom they may go through this religious ceremony. Hence, during the hundred-odd years that Mormonism has existed, millions of these vicarious baptisms have taken place.

On a summer's morning in 1909, a lone elephant was found wandering on the beach of Staten Island. As no one reported the animal missing its discovery became a front-page mystery in the N.Y. newspapers and even led to the speculation that the elephant might have swum the Atlantic from Africa. But after three days "Stella" was claimed by a man from a Coney Island show who later admitted he had secretly ferried her across the 17 miles and planted her there for publicity purposes.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.



HEAT-VENTS

...nted, proved, heat outlets that ...ke the Seiberling SAFETY ...ire run cooler, longer, safer.

The **SAFETY** of exclusive Seiberling Heat-Vents

The **SAFETY** of extra strong Rayon Saf-flex Cord

The **SAFETY** of skid resisting Saw Tooth Tread



SEE THE **NEW SAFETY TIRE** BY

SEIBERLING

A NAME YOU CAN TRUST IN RUBBER



SEIBERLING TIRES

See it at your independent Merchant displaying this sign of quality

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON, O., U. S. A. • TORONTO, ONT., CANADA

See how easy it is to have *Safe Headlamps*



SAFE driving at night begins with safe headlamps. They reduce eye-strain, lessen fatigue, prevent accidents.

Here's all that needs to be done. If your car is an older model, very likely the reflectors need polishing; dimmed-out bulbs or cracked lenses should be replaced, and loose or dirty wiring connections cleaned and tightened. If your car is a later model, with Sealed Beam lighting, a burned-out headlamp can be made "as good as new" with a Sealed Beam replacement unit.

Whatever the age of your car, headlamps should be checked for "aim" at regular intervals—and after any minor collision.

For headlamp service, and all kinds of automotive service, look for the familiar sign of United Motors Service. This nationwide service organization assures you of competent mechanics, modern service methods and original-equipment parts.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN — UNITED SERVICE MOTORS — IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

Selected independent automotive service stations are authorized by

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

to display the sign above and to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps, Gouges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
SAGINAW Jacks
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
DUREX Gasoline Filters
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THE WEEK'S WORK

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Franklin D. Roosevelt had a profound sense of history. He believed that those in public life owed to future generations the duty to make available the materials accumulated while in public office. He knew that the custom throughout American history has been for officials to take all their papers with them on departing office. His hope of preventing the dispersal of the personal records of his own administration was carried out by Congress in setting up the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park.

He hoped that this Library, established under the Archives of the United States, would receive, not just his own papers, but the papers of other members of his administration.

Sharing his belief in the importance of preserving historical records, I kept a personal file consisting of private notes, memoranda, newspaper clippings, copies of letters and documents, and other materials. They were assembled daily with instructions that no official documents be included among them. Before I left office, I gave specific written instructions that my personal papers be reexamined to make sure that my previous orders had been fully complied with. These papers, known as the Morgenthau diaries, might be more accurately called the Morgenthau scrapbooks.

In 1941 I informed the Librarian of Congress that these papers would go to the Roosevelt Library and copies to the Library of Congress. I have never made and will not make any personal profits out of anything I have written in connection with my experience as a public servant. Any profit will go to a foundation for world peace of which Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is President.

H. Morgenthau

IN THIS issue, Collier's begins publication of the long-awaited diaries of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury under President Roosevelt. The comments of the Editors on the information drawn from the Morgenthau Diaries and other similar articles on the New Deal will be found on this week's editorial page. Above is reproduced a statement by Mr. Morgenthau touching on controversy that has arisen in Congress and elsewhere concerning his records of service in the Cabinet.

MORT GREEN (All Squared Away, p. 86), born in the State of Brooklyn ('19), calls his childhood a complete flop, frittered away with just being a child. He made up for this defection by becoming a high-school grad, truck driver, salesman, carpenter, playboy, credit investigator, loafer and soldier; and after the war, a chorus boy, then a radio writer.

Right now Mr. Green applies four days a week to laying his golden radio eggs; on the other five he fondly dabbles with both a book and a play, which he courageously hopes someone will buy. "If there seem to be too many days in my week," he explains, "this is only because I have many spares left over from weeks I did absolutely nothing."

UP TO a point, Jungle Lord, p. 14, is gospel. Johan Fabricius was making a trip into the Java hinterland. He came eye to eye with an orangutan, ensconced safely in the cage. Something in that eye stirred him. Immediately he cast the orangutan for the yarn, letting his imagination supply what would happen if Old Ha made good an escape.

Fabricius always has drawn on adventuresome background for many chefs-d'oeuvre. Born in B dung, Java, in '99, he boyhooded towns like Batavia and Surabaya. fifteen he started to learn painting the Academy of Arts in The Hag Holland, often illustrating fairy a whimsy stories which he wrote that purpose. At seventeen he v an official war painter on the just-well-forgotten World War I Itali front. He later served in the Du army, adventured off to lead the l of the Gaucho in Paraguay, betwe revolutions.

The last war caught him dallyi with pen and palette in Capri. almost had to fight his way sing handed to northern Europe, then E land, where he spent the war ye broadcasting to his native Holla He covered the liberation and Jap s render in the Indies for the B.B Right now he's in England, probal knocking out a novel or three ab his recent years.

This week's cover: On the Exerc Bar: Jimmy Snyder snapped O. Suarez in a Ballet Schoolgirl po bending backward to please. The g geous, hip-chucking, many-tongu Olga, of French-Spanish blood, l danced with the American Ballet, w Van (The) Johnson, then an unkno in Broadway's Too Many Girls, l ballerinaed at New York's plus Copacabana Club, and will be da *diseuse* in the forthcoming musi Music in My Heart, based on the of the song writer's pal, Tschaik sky. . . . TED SHAN



Top Performance

...for MOTORS



means HAVOLINE

Put in the star performer, for top motor performance! *Keep your motor Havoline clean* . . . "take out" the carbon and gummy sludge that throw pocketbooks for a loss. You gain gas-miles, power, economy. No need for substitutes — this *modern* motor oil is All-American, at Texaco Dealers everywhere.



. . . CLEANS as it lubricates

TEXACO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

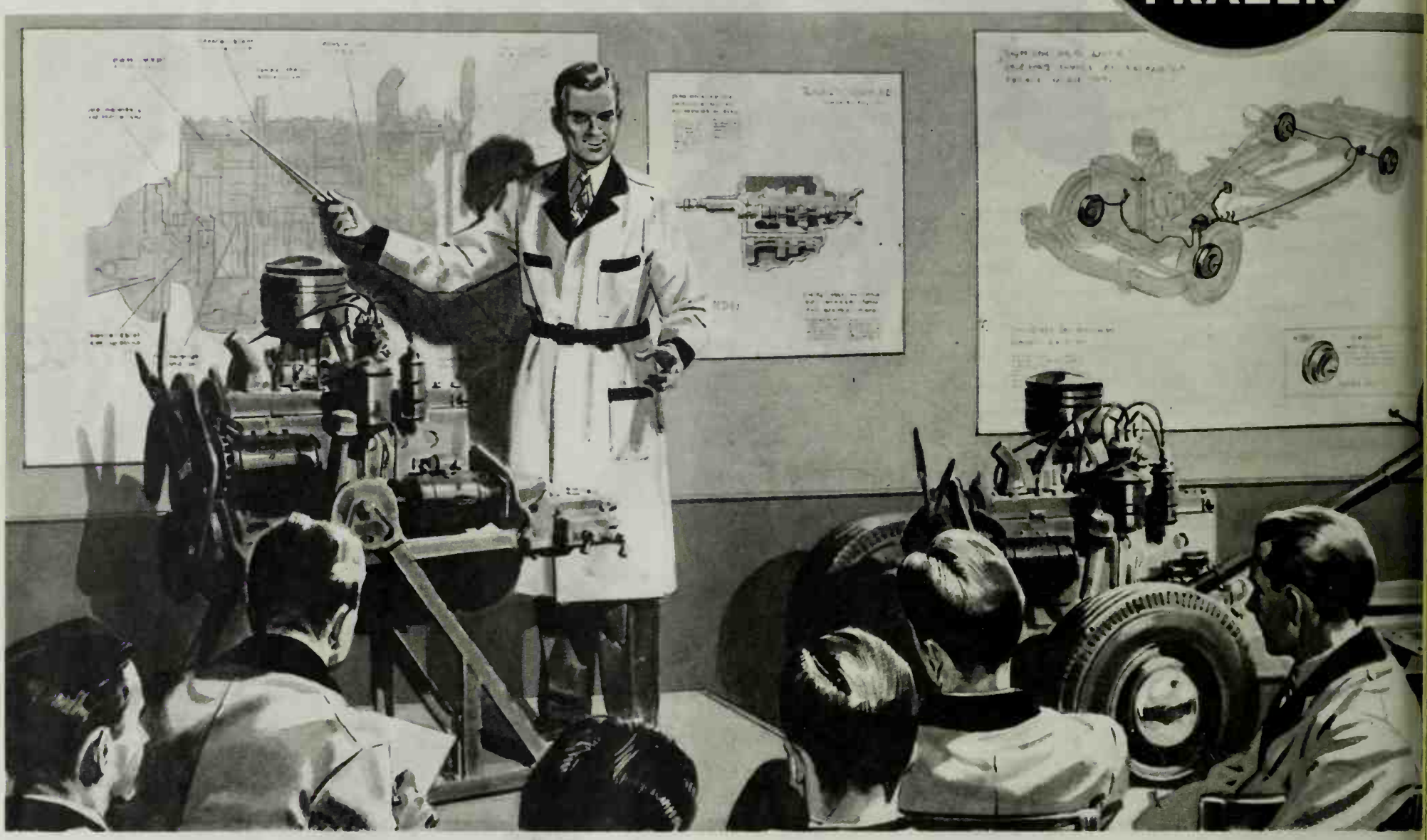
THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATER presents the TONY MARTIN show every Sunday night. See newspaper for time and station.

SERVICE TO KAISER AND FRAZER OWNERS IS ONE OF OUR RESPONSIBILITIES

KAISER
GENUINE FACTORY PARTS &
SERVICE
FRAZER



The K-F Willow Run Service School Constantly Graduates Factory-Trained Men

Henry J. Kaiser and Joseph W. Frazer know very well that *service* is a *factory* responsibility. They took early action to make sure that every Kaiser or Frazer owner would find first class service wherever he might drive. One of the finest service schools in the industry started at Willow Run the day the first cars came off the line!

Every week for sixteen months a class of factory-trained service men has graduated. And every week the school enrolls a new group of Kaiser-Frazer distributor and dealer service men from all parts of the country. These men are expert mechanics. They take the factory training to familiarize themselves with every part and accessory and to learn the most efficient and economical way to make adjustments and repairs.

Right now, the tens of thousands of Kaiser and Frazer owners have at their service one of the *four largest dealer organizations in the world.* And every dealer has a factory-approved service garage, modern equipment, an available supply of genuine factory parts, and trained mechanics ready to serve you expertly. Visit your nearby K-F dealer today. Inspect his facilities. He sells 100% postwar motor cars *and* 100% postwar service under our approved K-F *Golden Rule Service Policy.*

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGA

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

1-THE FIGHT TO BALANCE THE BUDGET

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

Here begins a revealing story of the struggle within the Roosevelt Administration over execution of the historic spending policy, with its vast economic and political ramifications. The first of a series by the former Secretary of the Treasury

I had known Franklin Roosevelt some twenty years when he asked me in 1933 to come down to Washington as governor of the Farm Credit Administration. We had been neighbors in Dutchess County, but our most intimate acquaintance dated from Roosevelt's illness—in one sense so tragic, in another so decisive in producing his future greatness.

It has always seemed to me that his struggle for recovery from that illness developed those qualities of humanity and leadership which made Franklin Roosevelt the accepted champion of American and, later, of world democracy.

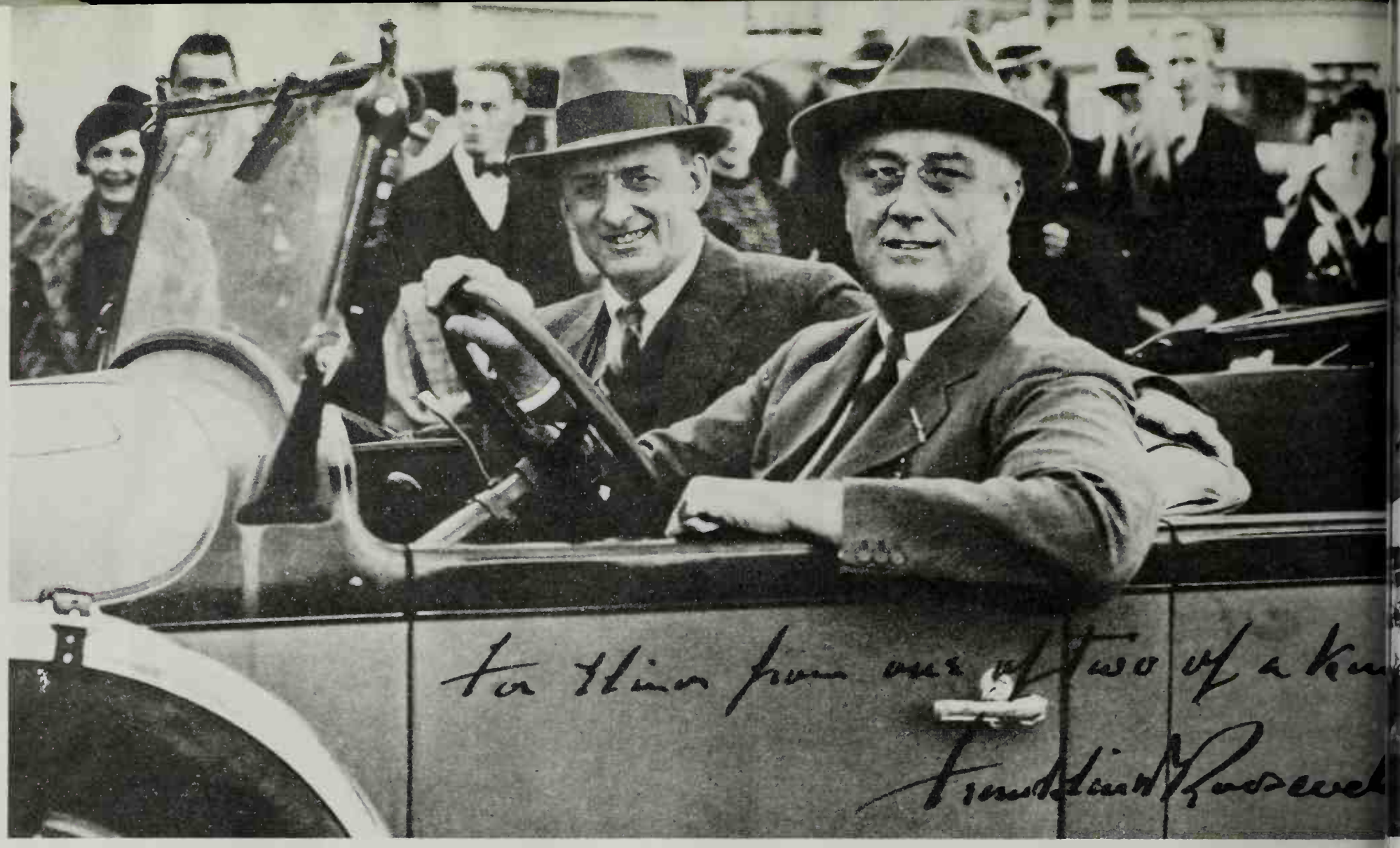
Roosevelt is an extraordinarily difficult person to describe. A man of many and varied drives, he was always about ten steps ahead of anyone around him. He thrived on contact with people, as only an ex-invalid can, and each new person brought out a different side of him. In reading through the many personal notes and records of my twelve years as Secretary of the Treasury, I have been struck anew by his unending variety. He appears weary as well as buoyant, frivolous as well as grave, evasive as well as frank—they show a man of bewildering complexity of moods and motives.

I make no pretensions to subtle psychological analysis or to literary craftsmanship in writing of Franklin Roosevelt. I can only report some of the many aspects of the man as I saw them at the time and noted them down shortly afterward.

Some of the things I say will be misinterpreted. A favorite indoor sport in certain circles is to snatch remarks of Franklin Roosevelt out of context—particularly if they are uttered in one of his characteristic gusts of high humor. But I am prepared to tell the whole story as far as my knowledge and my records allow—and to run the risk of misinterpretation whether by enemy or by friend. Roosevelt's place in history is sufficiently massive to survive the pinpricks of petty detractors.



DRAWING BY SAM BERMAN



This picture of the late President and Mr. Morgenthau was presented by F.D.R. to Mrs. Morgenthau following a visit to the Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia

The Morgenthau Diaries are not in the usual diary form. They comprise some 900 volumes of personal notes, records of conversations and conferences, miscellaneous memoranda and copies of official documents, as well as Mr. Morgenthau's account of daily events. This series of articles makes frequent reference to the author's diary, but recognizes the impossibility of presenting the data in regular diary form.—THE EDITORS.

(See The Week's Work, page 8)



Roosevelt gave people jobs instead of the dole during the depression years and thus the Works Progress Administration kept many destitute persons working

IT WAS hot afternoon on the last day of August, 1934, one and a half years after the day when Franklin Roosevelt said in his inaugural address that our country had nothing to fear but fear itself. I drove up the winding road to Roosevelt's house at Hyde Park and, at the door, was told the President would see me upstairs immediately. He was taking a bath.

The President told me that Lewis Douglas had been there the night before and resigned as Director of the Budget. He was at the time personally fond of Douglas and seemed terribly upset and hurt.

"Henry," he said, "I give you until midnight to get me a new Director of the Budget."

Douglas, who during the war was Director of War Shipping, who today is President Truman's ambassador to Britain, was the great advocate of a balanced budget. His resignation was no real surprise: Budget-balancing was all right but Lew had wanted to balance the budget immediately—at the expense of almost everything else, including the Administration's relief and recovery programs. Life was not that simple. A great deal was at stake.

The President looked at me sharply and said with great emphasis, "In the words of John Paul Jones, we have not yet begun to fight."

The background was this: When Roosevelt took office in 1933, the economy of the country had literally come to a standstill. But his vision and courage brought a scared and sullen country to life again. He gave people jobs instead of the dole, stopped mortgage foreclosures, dared to throw all the resources of the federal government into the battle to save bank deposits, homes, farms and individual self-respect. It was worth every penny it cost.

In those early days there was no time for careful planning or for detailed co-ordination. We were in a race against hunger and revolution, and we had to act fast. Lew Douglas' rigidly orthodox ideas about the absolute indispensability of a balanced budget interfered with the Administration's program. The President and I felt that Douglas' policy involved too great a gamble with human lives; that we could not stop the essential spending necessary to keep people alive, to keep the farms producing, to keep the government functioning without doing irreparable harm to the recuperative forces of the country.

Yet we differed from Lew Douglas, not over whether a balanced budget was our ultimate goal, but over what sacrifices of relief and reform we were prepared to make in order to get it right away. Indeed, in the course of the year 1934, as the actual crisis had receded, I had begun to worry myself about the spending program. In the first place, I wanted all spending for relief and public works to be co-ordinated under a single head so as to avoid duplication and administrative confusion. In the second place, I wanted a scheduled tapering off of spending so that we could look forward to a balancing of the budget.

It was with these two objectives in mind that I asked the President whom he was considering as Douglas' successor.

He took my breath away by saying, "What do you think of Tom Corcoran as Director of the Budget?"

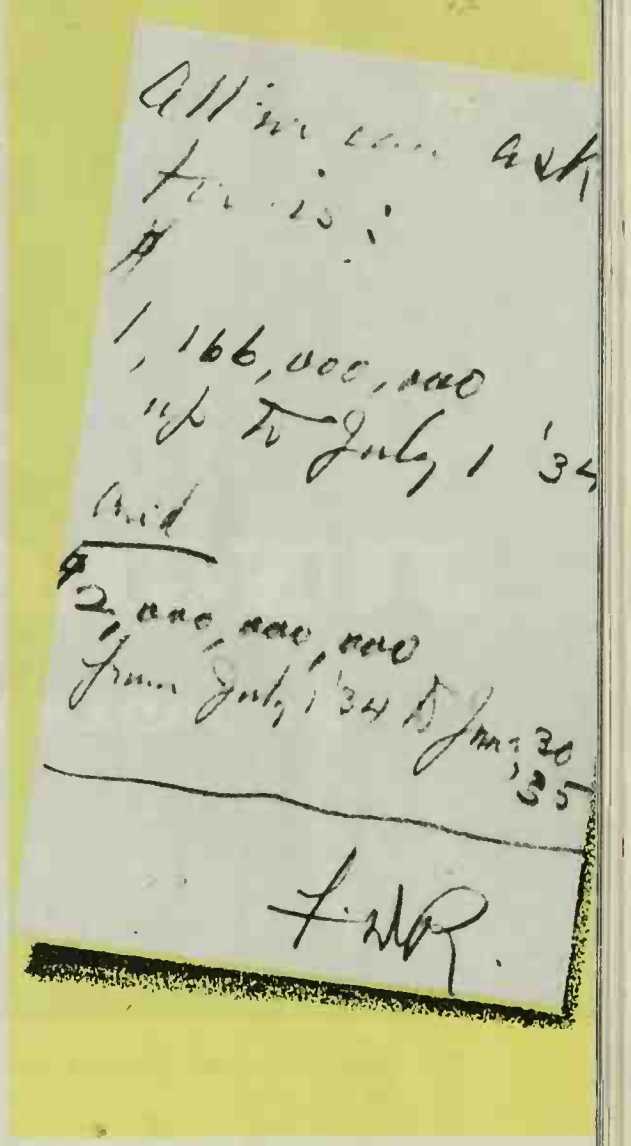
This seemed to me absolutely out of the question. Tom Corcoran was a first-class lawyer, a first-class political operator, a first-class accordion player. But I felt sure he knew very little about finance and could not be relied upon to keep a tight rein over the spending policies.

So I hastily suggested Daniel Bell, then my Commissioner of Accounts



ACME

n 1933 President Roosevelt signed the Farm Relief Currency inflation bill. At right: Secretaries Morgenthau and Wallace



Birth of a budget. Memo to Morgenthau for 1934-1935 fiscal year appropriations

nd Deposits in the Treasury Department, for the job. Fortunately Roosevelt liked the idea, and Bell was made Acting Director.

Bell and I immediately set out to ide herd over the spending programs. Let me say at the outset that I never bjected to spending when the alternative would have been human suffering.

Indeed, once when I discovered that he President had neglected to sign an ppropriation of a million dollars for he United States Health Service, I ired Marvin McIntyre, one of Roosevelt's secretaries: "NOW LISTEN, MAC, THIS MILLION DOLLARS CAN DO MORE GOOD AND GET QUICKER RESULTS THAN ANY OTHER MILLION DOLLARS I KNOW OF BECAUSE WITH IT THE HEALTH SERVICE CAN GIVE EVERY MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE A SHOT IN THE ARM. IT CAN TAKE THE GOLD OUT OF THE TEETH OF THE BANKERS AND REMOVE THE DECAY. FURTHERMORE WE WILL BE GLAD TO FURNISH FREE VETERINARIAN SERVICE TO THE WHOLE WHITE HOUSE STAFF AS LONG AS THE MILLION DOLLARS LAST."

Note. The President signed.

But I did feel that, in a capitalist conomy, recovery had to depend asically upon private business. I anted to see a free enterprise econmy as flourishing as the twenties but perating more soundly and more quitably. It seemed vital to me that he government try sincerely to build feeling of confidence in its financial operations so that businessmen ould be encouraged to take over heir proper role of invigorating the conomy. I did not believe in the notion that a large, permanent deficit as necessary to "compensate" for inadequacies of private investment or for deficiencies of private purchasing power. Nor, I think, did the President or any of his close advisers in 1933-34.

The men in charge of the various spending programs were Harry Hopkins, responsible for relief; Harold Ickes, responsible for public works and Henry Wallace, responsible for agricultural payments. I was in favor of having them spend all that was necessary to meet human needs but I knew that a future of unlimited spending would only demoralize the business community.

In September, following Douglas' resignation, there was deep concern among some Treasury experts at the direction—or perhaps I should say lack of direction—in which the spenders were going. My diary notes a conversation with my special assistant, the ever-critical Jacob Viner, former University of Chicago economist, who felt the President was getting "a lot of poor advice."

This situation prompted me, late in 1934, to get the President to eall Ickes, Hopkins and me together for a series of meetings so I could have a co-ordinated estimate on which to base our financing for the coming year and on which to plan for a balanced budget in 1937 or 1938.

These meetings were not very successful. Whatever the President said, Ickes and Hopkins would yes him and Ickes made one remark that was a classic. He said he could not see that it made any difference whether the government spent five billion dollars or private capital spent an equal amount—although our whole purpose was to revive private business.

Our failure to work out a program reached a climax in December when we met at Warm Springs. Ickes had no detailed program but merely a lot of lump sum cost figures. The President was angry. When I telephoned him that evening to say I thought we could get a program once we had found a man to run it, he exelaimed: "I am going to get a program within 48 hours. I am going to get my program first and I will not settle on who is going to run it until I do get my program."

Finally, we were able to get a statement about ultimate balancing in the President's budget message for January, 1935. When Bell and I left following our last eonference with Roosevelt on the subject, he called after us: "Well, my budget message is so Tory that I will have to put in all of my radical suggestions in my message to Congress."

Ickes was as prickly a customer to handle in those days as he is today. I remember the President's breaking the news to Harold that January that PWA was going to be eut. When I thought the President might be weakening a little bit, I made a stump speeeh about my fears of paper money inflation and the importance of balancing the budget for all items exeept relief. Between the President and me, Ickes was swept off his feet and left gurgling and murmuring to himself.

Spenders' Who's Who

Of all the spenders, Hopkins was the best from my point of view. He got money into circulation quickly, which was the economic objeetive of the pump-priming policy, and he gave destitute people work, which was the social objective. Wallace's whole theory of spending in order to reduee agricultural production always seemed nonsense to me.

As for Ickes, he was so anxious to keep graft and polities out of the public works program that he praetieally spent money through a medieine dropper. Iekes' slowness in making deeisions was sometimes a real handicap. The important thing was to alleviate unemployment crises but because of insufficient advanee planning the publie works projects were frequently slow in getting started and therefore expenditures for them were sometimes being made after instead of before the erises had passed their peaks.

It was this situation that prompted me on one occasion to telephone Ickes and ask, half in jest and half seriously: "Can you spend a billion dollars in a week?" Ickes' spending pace was not fast—nor was that of Federal Housing Administrator Nathan Straus. After one White House conference, I told the public-spirited Straus that they were counting on his spending 800 million dollars for housing to speed the pump-priming program.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Don't give it to me all at once. Give it to me with a teaspoon."

He said he was having trouble negotiating for bathtubs and that he wanted the Treasury Procurement Division to help.

"Well," I joked, "can't I resign and go into the bathtub business?"

"I wonder how good it is going to be," he mused. "Where are they going to store the damn' things after they are finished? Well, that's the headache. But the Boss (Roosevelt) wants the order placed and we're trying to arrange it."

These were the sort of unorthodox but essential problems that daily plagued the executive branch but were so vital to success of the program as a whole.

Let no one forget either that there was quite as much pressure for spending from Congress as from the bureaucrats, including a good deal from people who were theoretically in favor

(Continued on page 80)



JUNGLE LORD

BY JOHAN FABRICIUS

"We chugged over the gleaming surface of the muddy brown Sumatra River"—Mauro L. Scali, of American Academy of Arts, Chicago, won a first with this

CONTROLLER VAN HOEVEN seated himself in a government motor launch, and held it steady while I got in. He was a fair, very typically Dutch-looking young fellow, full of enthusiasm for the tropics. He had given his adventurous young heart without reserve to the new country that was now his home, and especially to Sumatra with its still inaccessible mountains and jungle, its half-wild tribes around Lake Toba, its elephant herds, tigers, pythons.

He lived a good fifty miles inland and had urged me to come and see him; as an enticement he held out the prospect of a crocodile shoot. He knew their haunts along the river, and talked of big monsters ten and twelve feet long. With his service motor launch we would travel down the river almost to its mouth, where the native prince had a ramshackle bungalow called a country seat. There we would find a little native *prahu,* in which we could penetrate noiselessly into the smaller creeks.

So about nine o'clock that morning I had arrived at Van Hoeven's modest residence. He waved cheerfully to me from his veranda where he was hurriedly dealing with documents and giving instructions to his uniformed and saber-girt old native policeman.

"I'm ready—just got to tell Ahmad a few things he is sure to forget again directly," he said.

The old man tried to take it all in but it was visibly an effort for him. On top of that he felt bound to salute me with his brown veined hand revealing the apelike pale palm as he raised it to the upturned brim of his Transvaal hat.

The controller's young wife appeared in a blue morning kimono to serve us coffee. She smiled amiably, though she was shy and soon disappeared. Van Hoeven had not told me that she was going to have a baby.

"Do you think it wise to stay away the whole day?" I asked him, when she had left.

"Oh yes, it's quite safe. The doctor called here only yesterday and was sure nothing would happen before next week. Besides, my wife wants me to have the trip. She isn't the sort to be scared," he added.

The old policeman saw us out to the launch and turned the handle of the motor, which started throbbing and hissing. "Ahmad knows how to handle it," Van Hoeven said. "I would have taken him with me but for the possibility of something happening to my wife after all. In that case he could easily follow me in the garrison doctor's little boat to let me know."

He made me smile with his youthful lightheartedness, which was meant to prove to me how little the fact that he was about to become a father could shake him.

"Ahmad, take care of *Njonja.*"

"Saja, Tuan Contrôleur." The old features lighted up in veneration.

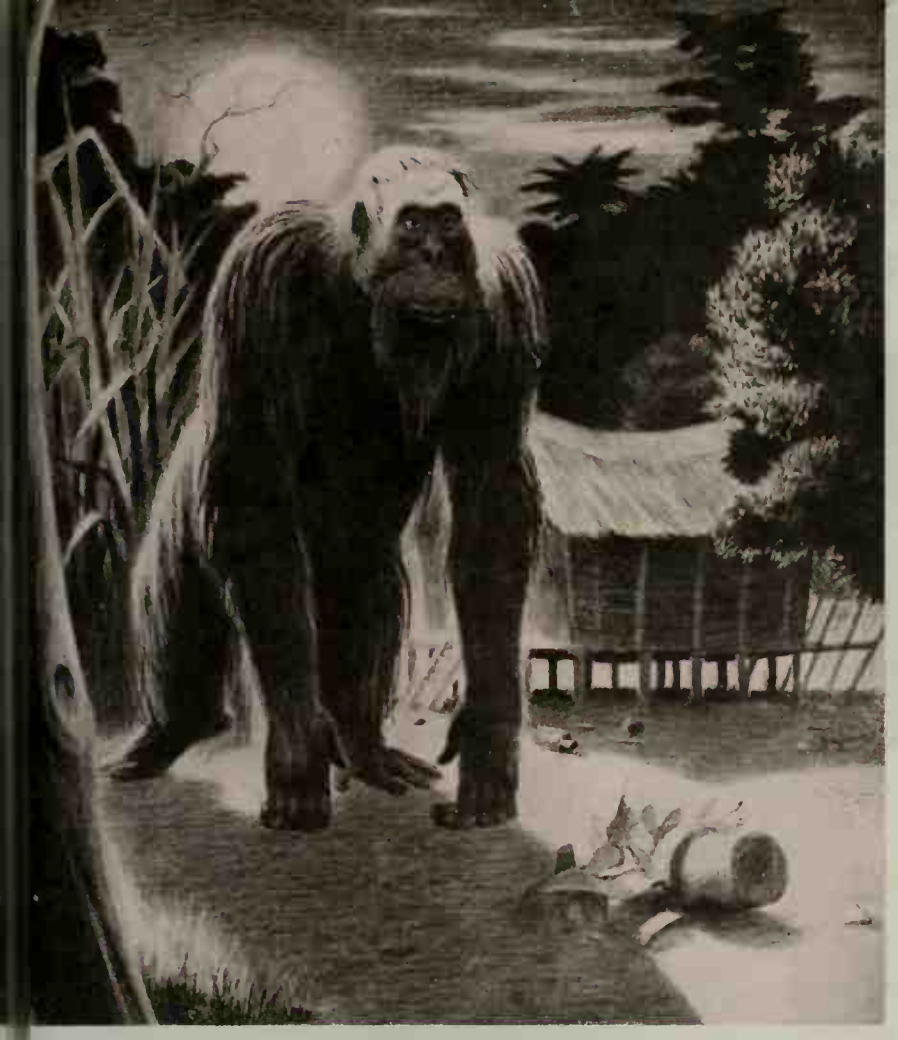
As we chugged over the gleaming surface of the muddy brown Sumatra river, the sun burned down on us from almost directly overhead. We tried to move in the shadow of the trees where their tops overhung the water, but we scraped the greasy clay soil, or fouled our screw with weeds. Down the green gloom of the creeks colored butterflies and sometimes a little honey-thief bird fluttered above the alluring white cups of the water lilies, which lay enthroned, motionless and dreamy in their crown of silent, rounded leaves. Now and then a quivering wing would be caught for a second in a shaft of sunlight, a gleam of magic fanned into life only to die away. Hot. Hot. We talked little now.

When the banks widened out again, the atmosphere became more bearable.

"We are practically there," Van Hoeven said, and round the bend the

"The animal hissed and growled"—a spirited illustration by Roy M. Schroeder, of Chouinard Art Institute





first-prize winner by Hugh S. Wiley, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

ltan's country seat came into sight, modest little wooden house, surounded by a garden. Above the rimitive gate which gave access to e estate, there stood in bamboo letrs: *Mon Repos.*

"As if His Highness ever did anying tiring enough to warrant taking rest!" Van Hoeven said.

The *mandur,* still a young man, me running to help us moor the oat. He was visibly excited by the sit which was both unusual and flatring.

He led us through the garden—a pical native one with *tjabe* and *me-lati* bushes, bananas, papayas and *djambus*—to the front veranda which was in a sad state of neglect. It was overcrowded with European furniture bought at auctions which must have been held half a century ago: rattan rocking chairs, dumbwaiters, showcases, empty flower stands, all half eaten by white ants. The walls were exuberantly decorated with stuffy faded Japanese dolls and *swalls* and cuckoo clocks; and in one corner a cheap Chinese glass painting was paired off with the framed advertisement of a life-insurance company.

"You should have a look inside," Van Hoeven said and tried the door to the inner gallery. It turned out to be locked.

"His Highness doesn't visit here often, I presume?"

"So far as I know, he has been here only once, at the solemn inauguration," said Samidin the *mandur.*

Then a shrill female voice called him to the kitchen. With a sigh he got up.

We also rose, drawn by the sharp roasting smell which penetrated from the kitchen. As we could not reach it through the house, we walked round the outside of it and saw that the building consisted only of one big room and a front and back veranda. But when we reached the back of the house and came in sight of the well, surrounded by bamboo bushes, and the modest annexes—kitchen, storeroom and the *mandur's* living quarters —we stopped. In a cage on wheels such as is used by a traveling circus, we perceived a big red hairy monster, a live, imprisoned orangutan.

IT WAS a formidable specimen, nearly as tall as a man, but much heavier, a dark somber titan. In his cage, where he could just manage to stand upright, he reared up—a tragic monument of antediluvian power in chains, his hirsute fists gripping the bars and his short shapeless legs sagging. His head, which rested neckless on massive shoulders, was in the shadow of the cage's heavy wooden roof. Out of the semidarkness his close-set, malignantly brooding eyes gleamed at us, suspicious new apparitions in his field of vision. His prison was too small to give him any freedom of movement. All he could do was to sink down onto his haunches and pull himself up again. And all around about him, eternally green and boundless, rose the virgin jungle, his world.

Samidin smiled when he saw us halt with a shock. "I caught him myself," he said with pride. "He was getting too bold; my wife was beginning to be afraid of him. At first he sat up there in the trees, and then he came nearer and nearer to the garden. He had seen my papayas and bananas from the distance. And it was with them that I caught him. I put some down for him at the edge of the forest and then I pulled a big net over him that I had made from rattan. You should have seen him raging like a madman. I was afraid at first that he would escape me after all; he bit through rattans as thick as my thumbs! With a heavy iron bar we finally managed to beat him senseless. He had had seven blows on the head already without seeming to feel them! And then we tied him up."

After that Samidin had composed a respectful letter to the sultan, and His Highness had given orders to send him this cage. It had been quite a feat to drag the bound jungle giant across all those tree trunks into the garden. However, there he stood in his cage and still could not understand how he had got there. He spent most of his time sitting down and would not touch food. The fruit, which had formerly made his mouth water, now remained on the floor for days on end. He soiled it and would not give it a look.

Meanwhile we slowly drew near. The cage gave off a penetrating stench and the ruddy-haired colossus looked down on us disdainfully. He did not stir at our approach but his powerful head turned a little to follow us, all his life concentrated in the small, bloodshot eyes with the grandfatherly pouches under them. The powerful mouth with the flat fallow lips stood a little open and dribbling. His dark bald skull was bleeding from chafing against the top of the cage, or perhaps the iron bar had caused the wound there.

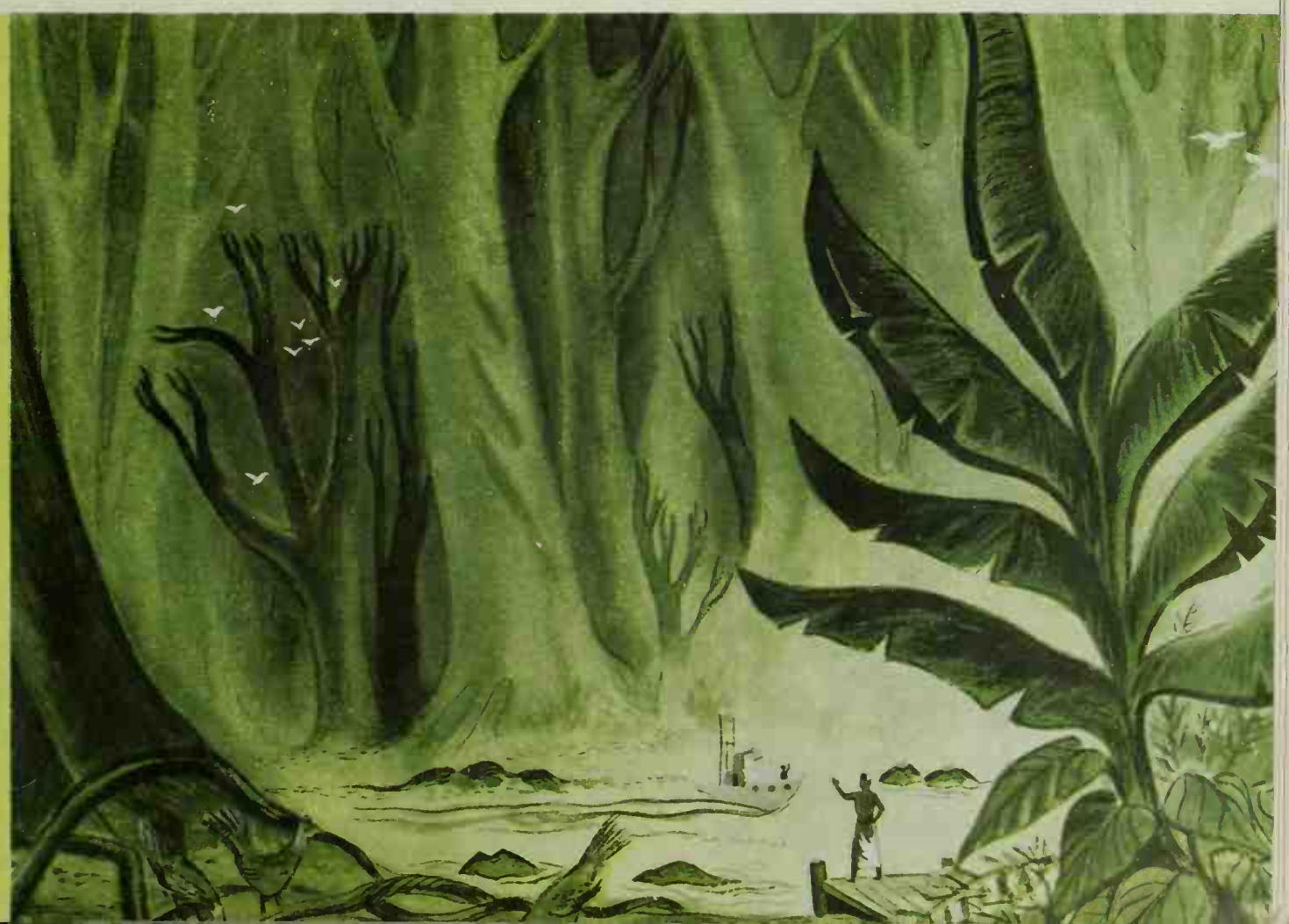
"How long has he been here?" asked Van Hoeven.

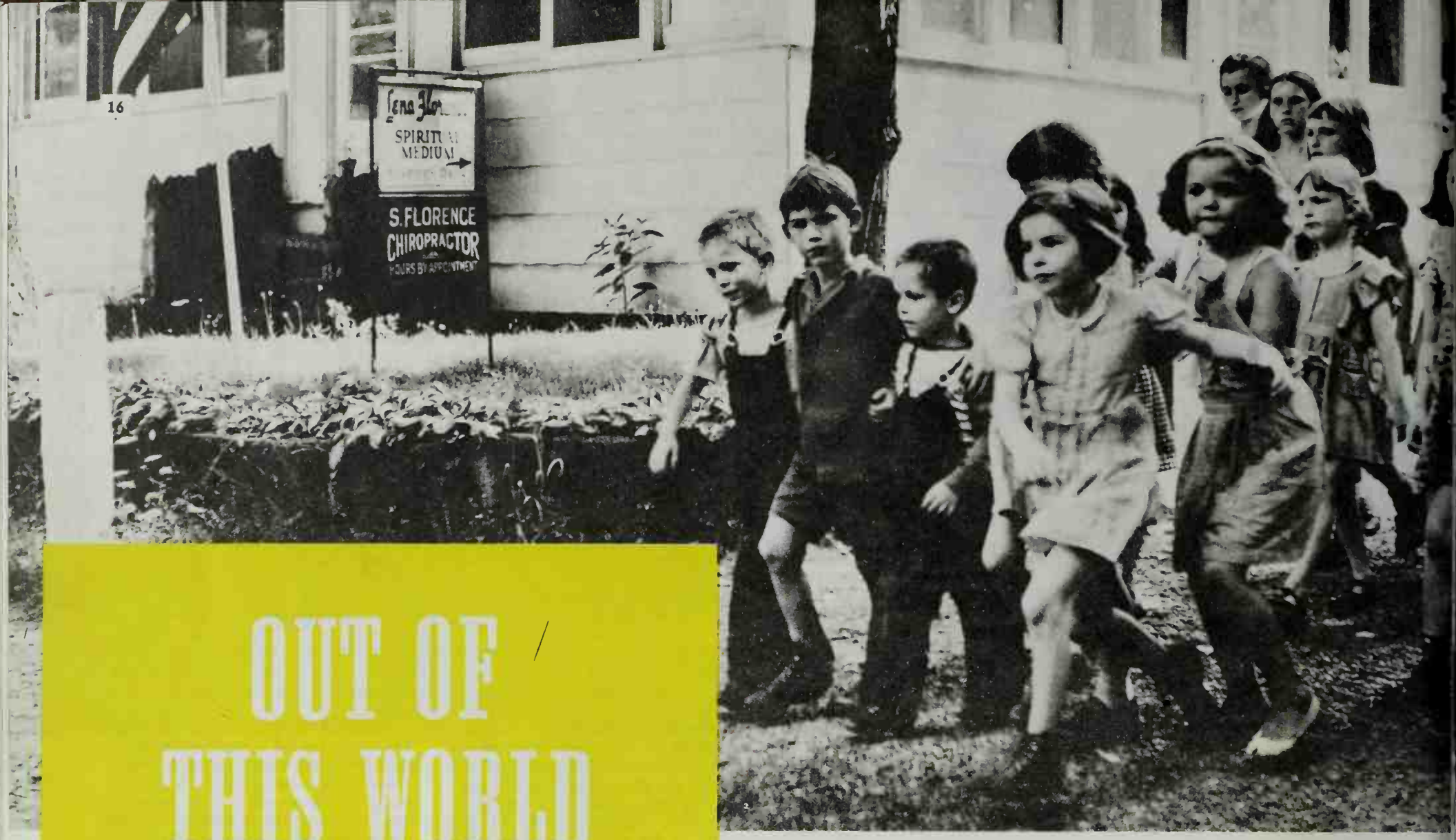
The native did not notice the repugnance and indignation in the white man's voice. He had to think first. "There was a new moon when I got him—a good three weeks ago."

(Continued on page 44)

This one, by Roy D. Erickson, of Chouinard Art Institute, took a second prize. The scene is the same as that chosen by Mr. Scali

illustrations for this story were entries e second annual contest for art school ents held by the Society of Illustrators. magazines submitted stories for which res were to be made: Cosmopolitan, Housekeeping, American and Collier's. n schools participated: Pratt Institute, lyn, N. Y.; Art Students League, New , N. Y.; Rhode Island School of Design, idence, R. I.; Pennsylvania Academy of Arts, Philadelphia, Pa.; American Acad- of Art, Chicago, Ill.; California School e Arts, San Francisco, Calif.; and Choui- Art Institute, of Los Angeles. The jury composed of four noted illustrators: Al- Dorne, Alex Ross, John Holmgren and k Bensing, and the art directors of the participating magazines: Ed Witalis mopolitan), Budd Hemmick (Good House- ing), Dick Chenault (American) and am O. Chessman (Collier's).





While parents are busy with the spirits, Lily Dale children parade to the auditorium to display the "spiritualist truths" taught them during the week

OUT OF THIS WORLD

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

In western New York State there is a town which has the largest population of disembodied spirits in the world. By and large they are friendly ghosts who'll advise you on 'most anything

Lily Dale residents keep up their spirits in small private seances. Miss Betty Possehl, considered to be an unusually fine medium, leads a circle gathering



LILY DALE is a parklike community of neat white cottages built along the shore of Upper Cassadaga Lake about 10 miles from Fredonia, in western New York State. A graceful little brick library, a big white auditorium, an old-fashioned hotel with wide verandas, a white frame assembly hall and an outdoor stage—all placed in a setting of spacious lawns and shady groves—give the place the atmosphere of a college town turned into a quiet summer resort. It is a family place, and young and old are neatly dressed, polite, and friendly—altogether as indistinguishable from the look and feel of respectable, middle-income America as are their cars parked under the elms.

There is a difference, however, as you will discover shortly after driving into the ground and out of this world. For Lily Dale is populated mainly by ghosts. With few exceptions, the people you see are here to hobnob with ghosts.

Until you have visited Lily Dale you are very likely to have a limited appreciation of the versatility and geniality of ghosts—and the ease of getting in touch with them. Far from the conventional spooks of the horror films, these ghosts are as folksy as Lily Dale's flesh-and-blood inhabitants and take an active part in all community activities.

Naturally, the ghosts' principal business is to attend the meetings and assemblies which fill every hour of the day, and to join in the circles and seances which take place every evening. Here they work hard—posing for snapshots (taken, naturally, without a camera), speaking through trumpets, rapping on walls, and moving some heavy articles of furniture.

But like everybody else, the ghosts enjoy relaxation too; and if circumstances are right, you can take walks with them, converse, hold hands, go swimming or fishing, or even dance with them to the popular tunes which are played by a local band every night in the big auditorium. The hospitality isn't all one-sided, either. From Lily Dale, if your spirit "guide" invites you, you can take off on "soul flights" into the spirit world where you will have no end of adventures.

Some ghosts are young and giddy, others are old and wise. All of them, you'll find, are behind you 100 per cent in all your earthly enterprises. Either directly, or through properly ordained mediums, they will advise you in problems of business, health and love. It's pretty flattering when you find great scientists, philosophers, and inventors taking a personal interest in your problems. Among the illustrious dead who appear fairly regularly for consultation are Benjamin Franklin, Dante, Isaac Newton, Thomas A. Edison, Julius Caesar and Calvin Coolidge.

No one has ever attempted to count what you might call the floating population of Lily Dale. On the physical plane, though, according to Ralph G. Pressing, editor and publisher of the official newspaper, the Psychic Observer, there are some 250 families, of whom about 60 stay the year around. They come from all over the country, but principally from Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Florida and New York.

The 67-acre grounds and all real property on it belong to the Lily Dale Assembly, Incorporated, founded 65 years ago for purposes of "free thought, free speech, free investigation." Cottages, most of them built by stockholders, are held in 100-year leases, and in some cases these have been handed down to descendants who have no truck with spiritualism.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD



bbert Macdonald, vice-president of National Spiritualist Association, re-ives a report from Victoria Barnes, M.D., superintendent of N.S.A. education



Daisies will tell, and other flowers too, according to Albert Vaughn Strode, N.S.A. missionary and medium using flowers for contact with the spirit world

Mr. Lee T. Evans, holder of N.S.A. healer's certificate, lays on a hand. "X-ray clairvoyance," he feels, enables him to locate and heal interior disorders

t enjoy the place merely as a sum-r resort.

In addition to the permanent resi-nts, Lily Dale is host to thousands visitors. These are welcome to rticipate in the seances, and, if they sh, stay at the two hotels or in spare oms rented out by the cottagers. sides the hotels, the assembly runs cafeteria, grocery store, novelty op, and a free picnic pavilion.

The Spiritualist Church, of which y Dale is a kind of summer capital, nts around 800,000 members, ough Pressing thinks this is an derstatement. He estimates the al American spiritualists, professed not, at about 2,500,000.

A Class Is Conducted

Bells chime throughout the day at y Dale to announce the various etings taking place on the grounds d a season program lists the time, ce, and featured speakers of each. went first to the Assembly Hall ere Mr. Lee T. Evans, N.S.A. of y Dale and St. Petersburg, Florida, s scheduled to conduct a healing ss. In the plain Assembly Hall, ich smelled pleasantly of fresh-cut wers and pine paneling, five women re seated on the front row of fold-chairs. Mr. Evans, standing in nt of the table on the small plat-m, had already begun the class. He s a tall man, thin and wiry as a vboy, with sparse hair over a high ehead, a small mouth and thin lips. "No," he resumed his folksy chat er waving me to a chair in the nt, "the life of a healer is not all shine and roses. But when you ve the gift, well, you can't very well ge God the busy signal, now can u?"

Near the American flag on the wall hind the platform, a large portrait of George Washington, who never told a lie, regarded Mr. Evans sternly as he went on about a visit he'd had lately on a farm in Ohio with his Cousin Cordie, who just couldn't see why Mr. Evans had become a healer, and even made jokes about it. "I felt so sorry for that man I couldn't hardly hold back the tears," Mr. Evans told us. "The minute I laid eyes on him at the station, I knew Cordie was dying of kidney trouble. I could see 'em both, of course, as plain as I can see your faces and the left one was shot full of holes like a sieve!"

Mr. Evans broke the news to his cousin's wife in the kitchen one night —and before he left, Cordie had come around to spiritualism. 'Course they wondered how he knew about the kidneys, and he explained it was "X-ray clairvoyance"—simply one of the gifts a healer takes more or less for granted, same as "clair audience" or "soul projection" or anything else.

"Repeat after me," said Mr. Evans, "the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm." Between prayers he cast his eyes to the ceiling and it looked as though a trance was coming on. But abruptly, with all the charm of a schoolboy who has forgotten his recitation, he asked: "The first line, please?" Five voices murmured as one: "The Lord is my shepherd. . . ." This was followed by another prayer in which each phrase was repeated four or five times: "The Lord is the center of my being . . . I feel His great spirit filling my whole body . . . His power surges within me . . ."

Suddenly there was a noise in the room like startled pigeons taking flight. It was Mr. Evans rubbing his palms together briskly. He placed a chair in front of the class, rubbed his palms some more. Then, like a man

(Continued on page 36)



SWEET WATER

BY DICK PEARCE

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF BITTER CONFLICT IN THE OLD WEST

The Story:
The action takes place in America's Southwest at the time of the rapid expansion of the great network of railroads across the continent.

Arriving back in his home territory of New Mexico, engineer JIM LINEER is puzzled on learning that the railroad he has been hired to build through the dry Tularosa Valley will be bossed instead by impulsive TRACY THOMASON, with Lineer as second in command. Lineer soon learns that Thomason is engaged to BARBARA EDWARDS, the proud and lovely daughter of railroad magnate H. H. EDWARDS, who is on the scene in person together with his prospective son-in-law, his daughter and her traveling companion, young MOLLY RIORDAN.

The party taking the trip through the valley where the railroad is to be built includes the two big land barons of the area, bluff, hearty WILSON WARE and lean old JUBAL NYE. With Ware is his foreman, big JESS FOLSOM. And with Jubal Nye is his foreman, a little fighting cock named HARRY KECK. There has been a long-standing feud between Ware and Nye, but they have proclaimed an uneasy truce until the railroad is built. However, Lineer has already had to intervene in a fight between Keck and Folsom.

As the wagon train halts in the valley on the second night out, Lineer decides to ride up on a mountain to take a look at the flatlands across which the rails will be laid. Barbara Edwards says she wants to go, but her fiancé tells her not to. Barbara insists. Lineer slowly turns to a cow hand and tells him to saddle up two horses. Thomason turns away in silent anger as Lineer and the independent Barbara mount and ride off.



II

THEY followed the wagon road back up over the afternoon's route until it climbed out of the valley. Then Lineer led single file to the south into the thick juniper and piñon, holding as closely as possible to the crest of the ridge. He watched behind him until he was satisfied Barbara rode in the brush as well as she had seemed to on the road. She had an easy, slack seat.

When the ridge fell away they worked down it until they were in another small valley. It curved up to the southwest, narrowing at a distance into a steep wash The wash was a white gash in the shoulder of the peak they were seeking.

Barbara rode up until they were abreast. She half stood in the stirrups, throwing out an arm. "This is fun!" she exclaimed. The willfulness was gone from her face, leaving it alive and eager, and Lineer was conscious of the red softness of her parted lips.

She settled back in her saddle, and when Lineer did not speak she studied his face, making no effort to hide her interest.

Presently she said, "You did not want to make this ride with me, did you?"

"No," he said.

"Why did you do it?"

He smiled. "Attack is better than defense, eh? Why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Force the issue. Pit me against Tracy."

"You could have refused me."

"And then what would have happened?"

"I would have hated you," she said promptly.

"Under the circumstances," he said dryly, "I probably would be better off with your dislike than Tracy's."

"I'm sorry."

"Why did you do it?" he repeated.

"I don't know." Unhappiness made an unexpected shape upon her mouth and then was gone. "It's—oh, I don't know."

"Was it because you quarreled with him over Ed Ware?"

"How did you know that?"

"Half the camp saw the ending of it."

"No, that wasn't the reason. That was nothing. It was because I—I just had to, that's all."

He pulled up his horse. Her own danced away and she brought him expertly back, watching Lineer's sober face. He said, "There are cross purposes here that I don't understand. If Tracy and I have to work together then we have to be friends, too. Or at least not enemies. You must not put me between you again as you did today."

"I won't," she said. "Please, let's don't talk about it any more."

THEY rode on at a fast walk. She gazed straight ahead, her lips drawn tightly together. Two days ago he had thought her mouth sulky. Now he wondered if it were not uncertainty that he saw. She confused him. He had expected a fight with her, and she had been almost meekly contrite.

He said, "How long have you known Tracy?"

"Since I was a child. Why?"

"No particular reason."

"I'm not so sure," she said. "I don't think you ask questions without a reason."

"All right," he grinned. "I was curious. I thought he was a man you met one day and got engaged to the next. I'm surprised that he is someone you have known all your life."

"That is not a very nice thing to say."

"No," he agreed. "It isn't."

"Is that the kind of woman you think I am?"

He said thoughtfully, "Yes, you are a woman. Until just now I had thought of you as a girl."

"You haven't answered my question," she said.

"Nor will I."

"Because I wouldn't like the answer?"

"No," he said. "If you had asked me ten minutes after I first met you there at your father's car, I would have given you a full answer. And an unflattering one."

She said, "How old are you, Jim?"

"Thirty."

"A year older than Tracy. In some ways you seem a great deal older."

"Now you're the one who is being unfair," chuckled Lineer. "But I don't know to which one, Tracy or me."

They laughed together, and for that moment they had found a basis for comradeship. The fact disturbed Lineer. There was a complexity to this girl he had not suspected. He had the feeling that in the same situation she had created this afternoon she might do the same thing again, despite her promise. But would it be an act of impulse or of deliberation?

She rode close to him, saying warmly, "You must not leave, Jim. You must stay and help Tracy."

He regarded her through a short silence. She did not know, then, that Tracy's presence and hers were ruining plans that meant much to him. To her the railroad belonged to the man she was going to marry. He found himself wondering when they would marry. It must be soon, if she was to remain in the Tularosa country.

He replied in a voice half curt, "Tracy is a capable and self-sufficient man."

She looked at him wonderingly, put on guard by his tone.

"He is," she said firmly, "and I love him."

He said suddenly, surprising himself, "How does a woman know that she really loves a man?"

Barbara laughed, surprised, too, and showing a certain pleasure at the question. "There is no answer," she said. "A woman knows or she doesn't. She can't go beyond that."

"I never knew my mother," said Lineer thought-

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



homason reached for Barbara and brought her to him roughly. After a while she said softly, "I needed that, Tracy. Won't you remember to do it more often?"

lly. "My father always said that he and she owded a lot of fun and trouble into their few ears together. He said he carried her love somehere in his body as confidently as he carried the ead on his shoulders, and used it every minute but ver could use it up."

"Yes," exclaimed Barbara. "Yes, that's it!"

She turned away from Lineer's puzzled glance nd stared straight ahead, her eyes faraway and nfused.

Lineer took the lead again as they clattered into e wash and began climbing steeply. It brought em out on the shoulder of the peak, with its bare de falling away precipitously to the left and a narw ravine leading up on their right.

Barbara gave a little exclamation and pointed up thirty feet to her left.

"Yucca bloom," said Lineer.

It rose straight up from barren stones, a blossom mass of creamy white, soft and luscious. Below and all around it, its barrier of needle-tipped bayonet leaves pointed jealously outward.

He went on, recalling a bit of imagery that had come to him on one long-ago day, "Like a full-bodied woman guarded by swordsmen."

"An unhappy woman, then," laughed Barbara. She sent at him a glance that was speculative and again faintly surprised.

Lineer took the ravine to the right. It brought them out presently in a cleft, and they zigzagged painfully up to the peak through the rocks and dismounted, feeling the coolness of the wind as it whipped at sweat-dampened clothes.

Lineer's first feeling was one of disappointment, for to the far south a haze like white smoke rose across the horizon and cut off much that he had expected to see. But the girl's cry of delight told him that, to one seeing this immensity for the first time, the ride had been worth while.

Their depth of horizon lay east and south. At their backs to the west, in the direction they had traveled since yesterday, a higher line of the Oscuros rose, curving around in a half circle to the north and falling away to the northeast into a broken plain. Beyond this *(Continued on page 52)*

INDONESIA—
PROBLEM CHILD OF U.N.

When both sides agreed to call off the fighting in Java, the world organization scored a triumph. But the shooting still went on and the order to cease firing had to be repeated. Here is a vivid account of the situation by a Collier's foreign reporter



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Sukarno, President of the Indonesian Republic, addresses a youth rally. But the fierce passion of Republican leaders for independence has not spread to the masses

BY WELDON JAMES

CABLED FROM BATAVIA

A MACHINE gun stuttered a few hesitant bursts as though asking a question. The sounds came from the southwestern outskirts of this still smoldering Javanese town of 70,000, half destroyed by retreating Republicans. Then silence.

"Maybe snipers," said burly, tough-faced Lieutenant Colonel Baron Tets van Amerongen. He was climbing into an armored scout car beside thin, blond Lieutenant Johann Hofers. "Let's get started."

The colonel had a revolver, the lieutenant a Bren gun, but otherwise our ridiculously small convoy of a scout car and two jeeps was unarmed as it began a forty-mile winding tour through mountains, plains, rolling green hills, tea, rubber and rice plantations and dense forests to the palm-fringed blue waters of the Indian Ocean and Wijnkoops Bay—ideal terrain for the three thousand Republican guerrillas operating in this area.

The fortnight's war between Dutch forces and the Republicans had long since officially ended. Both sides agreed to observe cease-fire orders at the first request of the Security Council, while negotiators wrangled over some form of mediation by the United States or the United Nations. But fighting continued on such a scale that a second order from the Council was necessary.

The colonel said that scattered bands had either not received or not believed news of the first cease-fire order. He thought this would not affect them anyway. Meanwhile, he was busy consolidating his position in his small empire. He speculated that the Dutch might find it necessary to take over all of Java, unless the Republican fighters showed more willingness to obey their own leaders.

He added that the only good guerrilla was a dead guerrilla, thus expressing the typical Dutch view that all guerrillas are gangsters who had terrorized their own people, the vast majority of whom welcomed the return of the Dutch.

There was some evidence of this welcome on the tour we took. I observed it elsewhere in jeeping from north to south across Java, both during and after the official war. But the pattern was checkered — in some villages and towns the warmth and sincerity of the welcome were most convincing; in others the people were morose and sullen, giving the "thumbs up" sign reluctantly or unsmilingly or simply ignoring the Dutchmen. Some villages were absolutely deserted. Native cottages, tile-roofed and tree-shaded, were shuttered and barred, giving us in the party an eerie feeling as we jeeped past them in the hot sunlight.

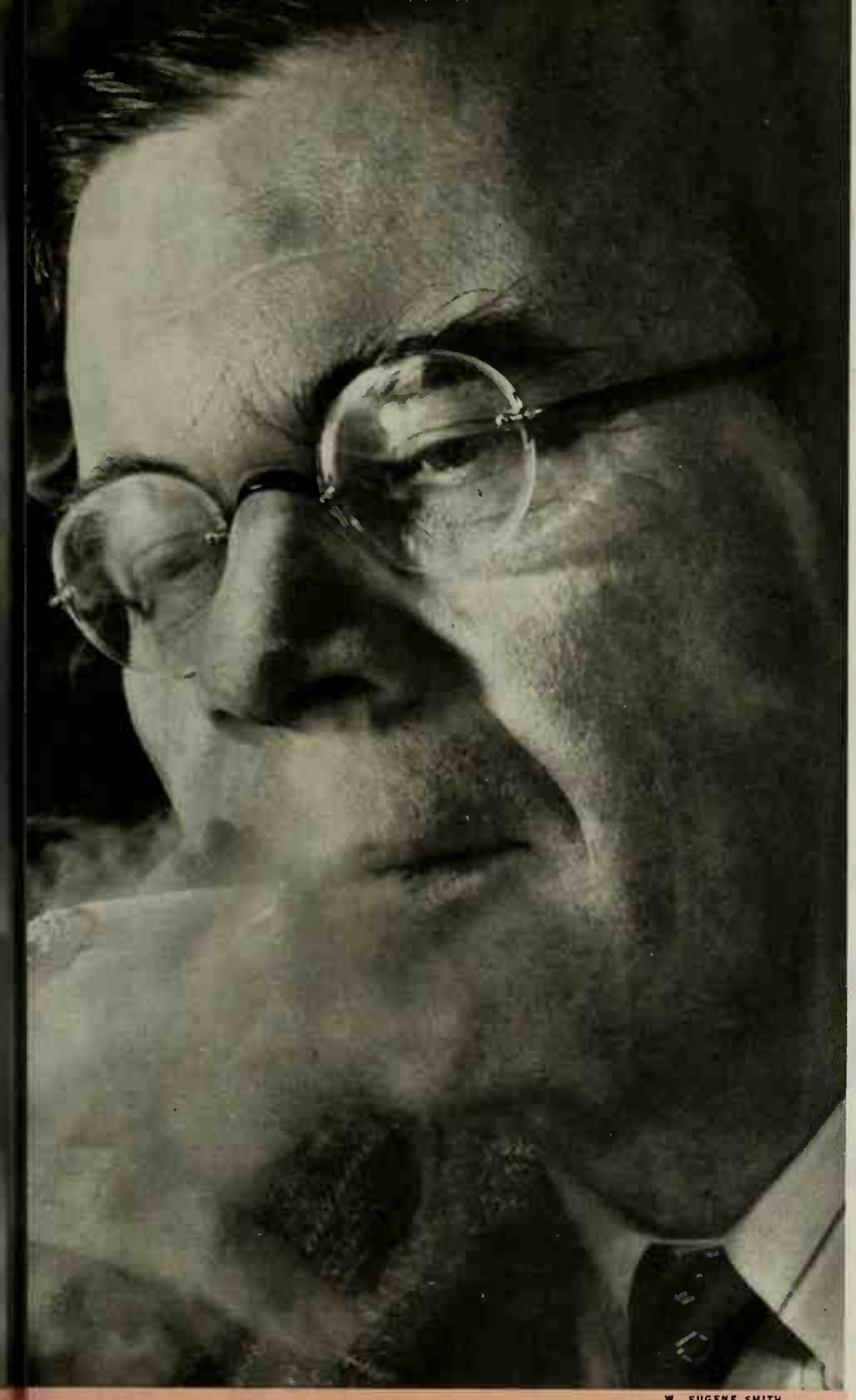
As the lieutenant said, "Such villages are even better ambush points than some of the hairpin roads in the forested mountains." We doubled speed in passing them.

In the fortnight's war, the Dutch reported only 74 killed among 90,000 troops involved—but in the weeks following the first cease-fire order, casualties increased and many more were killed.

However, the unimpressive showing of the Republican army of 300,000 and the fact that handfuls of Dutchmen were holding areas among millions of Indonesians is some indication that the idealistic Republican leaders have not infused their own passion for independence and their own hostility toward the Dutch among anything like all of their 50,000,000 people.

We visited a hidden valley ten miles southeast of Sukabumi, where the Dutch discovered twenty huge concrete galvanized-iron plants erected by the Japanese for manufacturing quinine, cocaine, and other chemicals. The natives said the plants had never been operated.

The Republicans, who had destroyed schools, hotels, numerous residences and most of the Chinese business sector in Sukabumi, failed here. Crude mines were still planted beneath the machinery in various buildings, but not one was set off, possibly because the nearest natives, according to the Dutch, were unwill-



W. EUGENE SMITH

. General Hubertus J. van Mook reflects on problem of Netherlands rule



PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

the official war, a marine commander, holding map, directs Dutch ad- Probolinggo, former Republican port. Heavy fires in the background used by severe Dutch air attacks and Republican scorched-earth tactics

ing to obey destruction orders. This is a phenomenon familiar elsewhere in Java, where in some areas the peasantry stuck bamboo poles in the ground to mark the location of mines planted by the Republicans.

Previously Dr. Hubertus J. van Mook, the Lieutenant Governor General of the Dutch East Indies, had told me a favorite story of an East Java village where a bulldozer removed a log road block. Next morning the same logs were across the road, whereupon the Dutch quizzed the village headman about possible infiltration. The headman finally admitted sheepishly that his own villagers had replaced the block during the night in order to see the fascinating bulldozer work again.

Introducing Johnny Senduk

The evidence seemed to indicate that millions of Javanese were either cordial or only apathetic toward the Dutch. Like millions elsewhere, they seemed more interested in peaceful farming and in earning a living than in the political struggle. It was not on these masses, but on a handful of men like Johnny Senduk that the Republic must count to win its fight. I talked to Johnny in Jokjakarta a short time before fighting broke out between the Dutch and the Indonesians. He is a short, slender, muscular young man with brooding brown eyes and a set conviction that Indonesia ought to be free. He is one of thousands of literate Indonesians who form the backbone of the Republican movement. Ninety per cent of the 72,000,000 Indonesians, scattered through an island empire fabulously rich in rubber, oil, tin, sugar, spices and other foodstuffs, cannot read or write. And of the literate 10 per cent, only a handful boast more than three years' schooling. Educated men like Johnny are important.

Born in Menado, in northern Celebes, 27 years ago, Johnny came to Jokjakarta, the horse-and-buggy capital of the Republic, by way of America and Australia. He had five years in a Dutch school (for which his farmer-father paid tuition) before settling down to rice crops and loafing for a spell. At seventeen he traveled across the sea to Balikpapan, in Borneo, to become an office boy for a Dutch oil company.

His salary of seven and a half guilders a month (less than $3) was enough to buy rice with, and that, according to some old Dutch hands, was all any Indonesian ever cared about in the good old days before World War II. But Johnny liked coffee as well as rice, and he hated the necessity of having to count his pennies before he could order a second cup. He decided to go to sea, make more money, drink more coffee, and see more of the world.

When the war came, he was a cabin boy on the S. S. Tegelberg, quite satisfied with his quarters, his food, and his 21 guilders a month. But he lost his easygoing calm when he discovered there was one scale of war bonuses for Dutch members of the crew, another for the Indonesians.

"It was something like $80 for a Dutchman, $4 for a 'native,' " he said. "A torpedo would not know the difference, I figured, so in Buenos Aires I helped lead a strike for equal pay. We got it—but when we got to New York I was afraid the captain was going to jail me, or something, and I jumped ship."

The frightened youngster knew no one in New York and nothing about the city. Indonesians on Forty-second Street promptly spotted him for "a yokel fresh from home," and took him in. They got him a job as a dishwasher on the East Side. Several jobs, in fact. He was fired four times before he learned that the Americans did not want every dish lovingly polished.

By the fifth job he'd got the idea that they wanted speed. He was making a fortune of $12 a week, and getting his food besides. More important, there was a free public night school, and he, Johnny Senduk, was as free to go there and study as anyone else in New York.

"That was when I decided," he said, "that there must be something wonderful about democracy. I washed dishes by day and studied English and some history and government by night for eight months, and I never got over the wonder of it. This, I said, ought to happen in Indonesia."

In 1943, Johnny zoomed up in the world. He got a job with the Netherlands Information Service, writing and broadcasting propaganda for the Indies from San Francisco. He spent the rest of the war there and in Australia doing that. The Dutch paid him a handsome $300 a month, and, for extra work on their programs, the British paid him another $150. He was never so rich or so happy.

"I believed all the stuff we were putting out," he said. "Freedom, the Atlantic Charter, and all. But Indonesia claimed its freedom the moment the war ended, and it did not get it. When we came back with the Dutch in the spring of 1946, up from Australia, I went over to the Republic immediately." At the time of my interview with Johnny, there was still hope that war between Dutch and Indonesians could be avoided entirely. But he told me, "No one can guarantee your safety if war comes, not even the government. Every white man will very soon look like a Dutchman."

Crisis Followed Crisis

There was a crisis on that week end. There had been one the week before, when both Dutch and Indonesians had warned me not to go to Jokja, because "the war" might begin 48 or 72 or 96 hours later, and the two or three white-skinned foreigners in Jokja might look too Dutch to be safe. Beneath the surface quiet of sleepy Jokja there was the explosive threat of a revolution-in-pause.

We jogged down the main thoroughfare to a side street and approached the studios of Radio Jokjakarta, whence programs in six languages poured forth day and night (but never during the siesta hour), written, produced, and delivered by young civil servants like Johnny.

The program we viewed was in Indonesian or Malayan, the best "national" substitute for any of the 200 clashing dialects and distinct languages of the East Indies, and had little to do with politics. A schoolgirl trio was singing Malayan love songs, hauntingly sad, accompanied by an industrious cellist and a bored pianist, both full-time government employees.

The studio was the living room of the bungalow; the doors and the windows were open, and on the window sills wide-eyed, brown-skinned moppets sprawled, whispering loudly enough to horrify any Radio City director while others stared in from the green garden. In the glass-paneled

(Continued on page 73)



THOSE THINGS DON'T HAPPEN

BY MACK J. MATTHEWS

He laughed when she told him there was a body in the cellar

HELEN should, by rights, have been darkly Irish and fey, with the look of a lovely witch. Then I'd never have married her—I'd simply have run as if the devil herself were after me. And then I wouldn't be sitting here, wondering, doubting, questioning, and getting myself a headache. Well, anyway, I did marry the woman.

For two years now we've shared those intimate screwball fancies of hers, and built a kind of private world of our own, warm and gay and full of happy nonsense. I don't want to talk about it even now coldly and sanely; it's like reading love letters in a courtroom. But things have reached the point where I don't know what might happen, and it's better to set the facts down clearly while I still can.

Our life together has been gone once over lightly with magic, so it's not simple to think rationally about it. It's colored with the way I feel about Helen, which is something I won't try to put down on paper.

What happens is something like this: We'll be walking along the street, respectable and conservative enough for anybody, when some face in the passing crowd will attract her attention. She'll begin a long, fantastic characterization of him, rambling on in her pleasant voice as if she were merely talking about the groceries or the neighbors.

"That man," she'll say, "was frightened by a horse when he was only a wee child. How do I know? Just watch the way he keeps tossing his head, and now and then breaks into that sort of involuntary trot. Up to this time, he's kept it pretty well under control, but it's beginning to show. I'm not one to gossip, but they do say his wife left him because he neighs in his sleep."

She goes off like that once in a while, and it really isn't as silly as I make it sound. Helen has a way of telling a story that makes it gay and amusing. It's partly her expression, very serious and intent, like that of a child reciting something, and afraid she'll start laughing before she gets to the end.

You might get something of the feeling I've had with her, if you saw New Yorkers unobtrusively setting little bowls of peanuts flanked by small flasks of gin, just outside their apartment doors each night, to placate the little people. Or if you found them shunning a certain block on Broadway, reputed to be the Roseland of the shee.

Some of Helen's people are entirely imaginary. There was Aunt Vannie—short for Evangeline—for instance. Of her Helen remarked once that the family had never figured out how she got up on the chandelier that time, but they had to call the fire department to get her down again.

It was Aunt Vannie who greeted a dinner guest at the house with the information that she'd been picketing his plant with the strikers and had had such a wonderful time with them. They had, she said, wanted to call the strike off at one time, but she'd talked them out of it and told them to stand up for their rights. It was after this incident that Aunt Vannie went out West to visit friends. I think Helen had to invent the friends for her to visit, too.

Then there was Lady Agatha, a movie serial heroine of Helen's. All I can remember now of her colorful career is a sequence in which she was saved from a raging forest fire by a sudden cloudburst and flood that nearly drowned her. Fortunately for the heroine, a cold wave swept the country, freezing the water that threatened her. All that prevented her freezing to death was the pack of wolves that came along and pursued her so

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED STEFFEN

found Helen where she'd been when he lights went out. She was pointng a revolver at a man I didn't know



ergetically that her running away om them kept her warm. The last I member of Lady Agatha, she was nging by her hands from a fragile otbridge over a river seething with ocodiles, while overhead the wolves re snapping viciously at her fingers.

One evening last week—and this as when I first began to get worried we were at home, playing some new cordings of Mozart and just taking ings easy. Helen was looking nicer an ever that night and I made a point telling her about it at great length. e made coffee and we were all set r a nice quiet evening of utter re-kation.

"Darling," Helen began mildly, "I nk there's some thing you should ow, before you go down in the cel-."

"Darling yourself," I said, "I'm not ing down in the cellar." I was build-g up my resistance against whatever was she wanted me to bring up. A man should be able to relax and rest sometimes in his own home.

"You're not?" She gave me a look of reproach.

"No, dear, I'm not. While you were making the coffee I thought up some resolutions. I've decided to give up spending my days in the poolroom and my nights in the cellar. I'm going to forswear that revolting habit I have of pelting you with olive stones after dinner. I'm just going to play the phonograph. Aren't you glad?" This time I was beating her at her own game, I mused lazily.

"Well, that's all right then, because there's a man down there. I didn't want it to be too much of a surprise to you when you did go down there."

"Is he a nice man?"

"Don't be vulgar. What would an iceman be doing in the cellar, anyway?"

"I said n-i-c-e. And if you want to make an issue of it, what would any man be doing in the cellar?" We could go on bickering comfortably like this all evening, but I rather hoped we wouldn't.

"This one isn't doing anything. He's dead." Helen waited for a reaction. I yawned. "Didn't you read the paper this evening?"

"No. Did it say we had a dead man in our cellar? I declare, it's getting so you can't believe a thing you read in the papers these days."

"No, silly. There was a robbery," Helen explained, with a great show of patience. "Diamonds and things. Three men held up Lintner's Jewelry Store and took just about everything except the clerk. They got away just like that!" She snapped her fingers. "Except one of them was slightly shot."

"I get it now. It's those shoot-'em-up comic strips you've been reading. Want me to tell you the rest of it? It goes like this: The wounded bandit, separated from his comrades during the running battle with the cops, staggers to the holdup car and escapes.

"Weakened by the loss of blood, he stops in the suburbs before a small but pleasant house, and staggers some more, up to the door. Forcing an entry, he terrorizes the woman he finds alone in the house, and orders her to dress his wounds. She obliges, but while he's off guard she seizes his revolver and shoots him dead.

"The woman then snatches the jewels from the dead man, shoves the body down cellar, not wanting to leave the house in a mess, and dashes out of the house, with the two accomplices of the dead man grimly pursuing her. And next week I'll tell you what happened after that."

I SAT back complacently. If Helen could beat that, she'd have to go some. Maybe I didn't tell it with her charm and grace, but I had used plenty of imagination.

"That's good!" Helen said. "Except no really good housekeeper would shoot a man in her house and make a mess like that. The way it should be, he just comes in and looks around and then slumps down dead. And as for dashing out after she put the body in the cellar, she wouldn't do that, either. I'd never hear the last of it if you came home and found I was out gadding about, and didn't have dinner ready."

"Your version's all right," I told her patronizingly, "but mine has more action in it." I put the Mozart records on to play again. Helen was looking at me admiringly, the way a wife should look at her husband every now and then. And at that point, the lights went out.

Swearing disgustedly, I stumbled to the kitchen for the flashlight. There's nothing I hate more than changing fuses. Other people can do it easily enough, but if I even walk near an empty light socket, I get a shock. And when there's a fuse to change, I go through the ordeal in unhappy anticipation of electrocution.

By way of minor miracle, the flashlight was where it should be in the kitchen drawer, and the batteries weren't burned out. I felt almost cheerful as I went to the hall, flashing the beam before me. I called out to Helen that I'd fix it right up, but there was no answer from the living room. I thought she hadn't heard me.

As I started down the stairs I thought with a kind of shivery feeling of the nonsense Helen and I had been talking only a few minutes before, about a dead man in the cellar. Speak of a cellar, and into it you go. I wondered gloomily why it was that fuses never blew in the daytime, when you could see what you were doing.

I went directly to the box on the wall, pulled the switch, fumbled for a good fuse, and found it. After a couple of false tries, I found the blown fuse and made an exchange. I felt pretty good, having come through without even a minor shock. The shock came, though, when I swung around to leave. The light had flashed across something lying on the floor, something that didn't belong there. I turned the light back to pick it up in the beam again.

It was so definitely a dead man on the floor. Not the dead man I'd been chattering about so glibly upstairs, either, that nice cartoon corpse without substance or reality. This man was horribly real and dead.

You don't expect to find a cadaver pitiful, like a broken doll. His tie was dangling outside his coat, across his outflung arm. It was a gaudy tie, and it lay gaily across the dark cloth of his coat sleeve.

I stopped feeling tender after a very short moment. I'd seen something else. A pair of feet that were not the dead man's feet, that were not sprawled lifelessly, but were standing, with the toes pointed toward me. I moved the beam of light up slowly, over gray trousered legs and on up to a waist. But it was the hands that interested me, rather than the torso. For one of the hands was holding a revolver pointed directly at me.

"Don't flash it in my face, bud, or the gun might go off," a man's voice said quietly in the darkness. "Just turn around slowly and start up the stairs."

Slowly I started turning. And then I got mad. I threw the flashlight as hard as I could at where his face should have been, leaped to one side and heard the roar of a shot. Regaining my balance I made a flying tackle at where I thought he would still be standing. It was a lucky try. I hit him hard and we both went to the floor. I was thinking only of getting the hand that held the gun.

The impact of my body crashing on the man had knocked his breath out, and it wasn't hard to pin his hands down. Neither held the gun. He was beginning to struggle when I found the gun where he'd let it fall. I brought it down hard against the side of his head, and felt his body go limp beneath me.

Weakly, still holding the gun, I got up, and stumbled blindly toward the light switch. It was only a dim light, but I felt better when it came on. The second man was out, almost as cold as the first. I knelt beside him, took off his tie with one hand, holding the gun trained on him with the other. Then, after turning him over on his stomach with my foot, I knelt again and tied his hands behind his back. His feet I strapped together with his belt tight about the ankles, and went upstairs.

I phoned the police, who thought I was kidding them at first, until I got mad. Then they got excited and said to sit tight and they'd be right out. I felt more like sitting and getting tight, but I didn't bother to tell them that. And I was thinking up a few choice words to say to Helen.

She was on the chair where she'd been when the lights went out. And in her hand she was holding the mate to the revolver I was still carrying with me. She had it pointed at a man I didn't know, and he was sitting very meekly in a chair before her. I'd forgotten that there was another guy in the holdup team.

HELEN greeted me with a glance and smile. The phonograph had started playing when the lights came on, and it was near the end of the second movement of the Jupiter Symphony. Helen spoke without taking her eyes off the man before her.

"Darling, will you hold this pistol for a while? I'll go make some fresh coffee. And shouldn't we call the police or something? We can't just sit here all night with this man." She looked a little wan but still game. Sitting down beside her, I showed the revolver that I had, explaining what had gone on in the cellar.

She was very attentive and admiring, but still kept an eye on the man in the chair.

"Just like Humphrey Bogart!" she said when I'd finished, and then went into the kitchen to start the coffee. When the cops came, Helen let them in, being a very gracious hostess about the whole thing. There were a lot of explanations and questions and confusions before the police went away, taking our guests and their loot.

But the thing that gets me is the way Helen takes the whole business. Like casually making coffee while we were waiting for the police. I don't think the whole affair is any more real to her than the man turning into a horse, because I can sense that Helen is faintly critical of our gangster friends of that evening. If she'd invented them, they'd have been much more vivid and sinister.

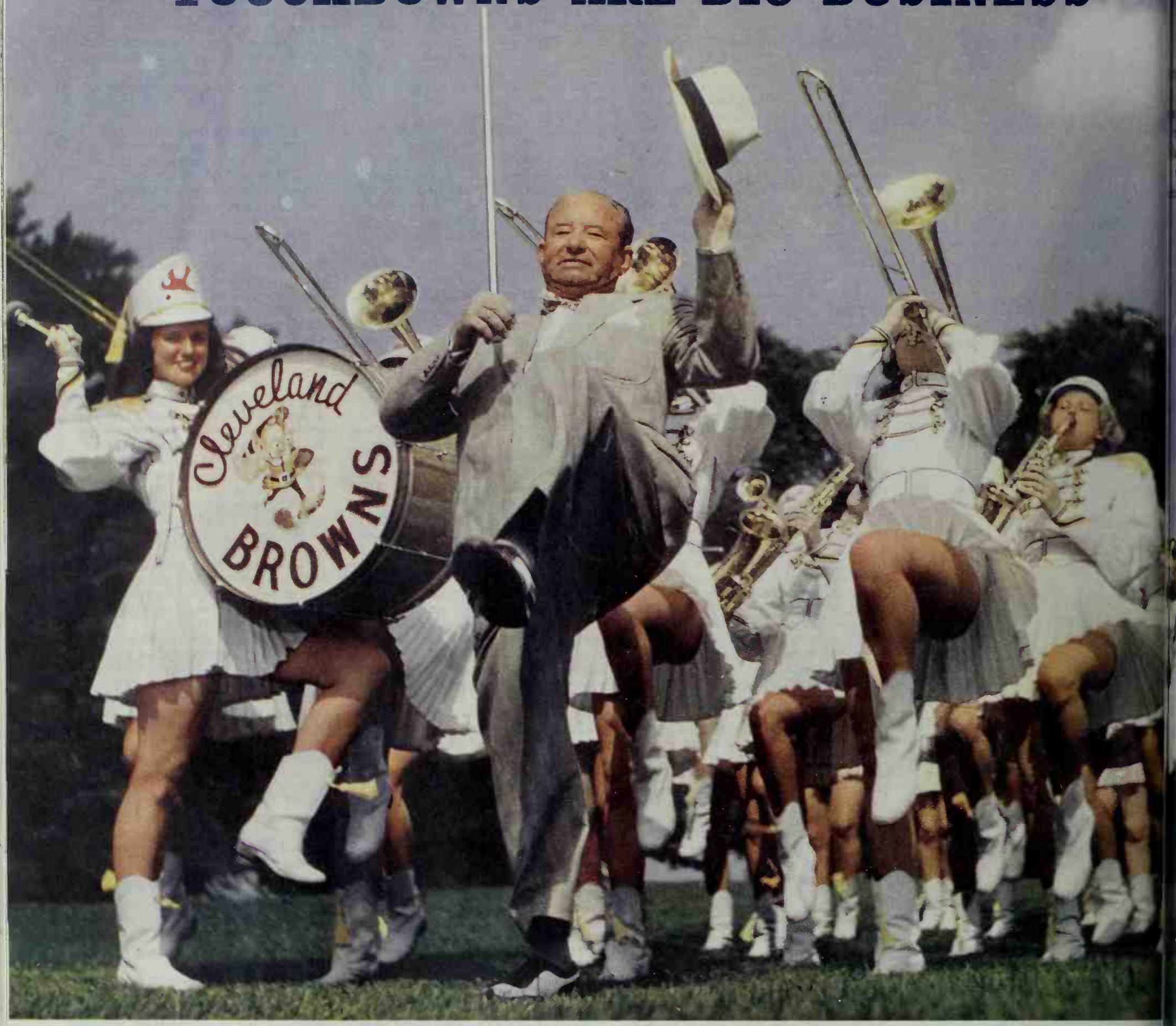
She seems to be annoyed at the way the man in the cellar simply keeled over with the first tap I gave him, and the way the man upstairs let her capture and disarm him with his dead comrade's gun. I have the feeling that she's very, very disappointed in them all.

I also have the feeling that one of these nights we'll be sitting quietly at home, and there'll be a ring at the door. Helen will go and I'll hear her talking briefly to someone there. She'll come back with a telegram, and I know what the telegram will say. It will be something like this:

ARRIVING EIGHT THIRTY PM TUESDAY WITH COMMUNIST PARROTS. MAKE SUITABLE ARRANGEMENTS. LOVE. AUNT VANNIE.

And I just wanted to get down the cold facts of what really has happened before that comes, because by then I won't be in any condition to tell about it rationally. ★★★

TOUCHDOWNS ARE BIG BUSINESS



With his 24-piece all-girl band, the Musical Majorettes, Mickey McBride high-steps up and down the field to the tunes of their own stirring football marche

ARTHUR McBRIDE, known as Mickey to nearly everybody in Cleveland, went into business when he was six years old, a small but prosperous operation involving the sale of newspapers on a Chicago street corner and a slightly illegal activity in streetcar transfers. That was fifty-one years ago, and except for three years when his parents made him waste his time going to school, Mickey has been working, mostly for himself, ever since.

And now look at him—one of the wealthiest residents of Cleveland, where he has lived for thirty-four years. Mickey wears $200 suits and a $600 topcoat, the killer-diller of his wardrobe, all set off by expensive shirts and flashy bow ties. In a pocket, silk-lined, of course, he always carries a bank statement, which never lists less than a million dollars in assets.

Actually, this is only a drop in Mickey's bucket; he could probably cash in at around ten millions, and his fortune is increasing every day. His holdings include a radio station; a big orange grove in Florida; a professional football team, a championship outfit, naturally; lots and buildings in Chicago and Cleveland; a thousand parcels of real estate in Florida; a printing company; a $50,000 winter home near Miami, and, in partnership with Dan Sherby, taxicab companies in Cleveland, Akron and Canton. And who do you think owns the automobile ageney through which these companies buy all their cabs?

Mickey has had the Midas touch for half a century, but his friends feared he had lost it some three years ago, when he ventured into the financial quicksands of professional football where many a hopeful promoter has been sunk without a trace. Until 1940 Mickey had never seen a football game and had no interest in it; about all he knew of the game was that on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon 22 men got out on a field and mauled one another while thousands of spectators went crazy. Then his so Arthur, now twenty-five, enrolled Notre Dame, and Mickey was pe suaded to journey down to Sou Bend and watch the Fighting Iri trample some luckless opponent.

He immediately became a footba enthusiast, and for the next few yea followed Notre Dame's footballers a over the country. But he alwa managed to get back to Cleveland f the Sunday games of the Clevela Rams, of the old-established Nation Football League, who in general d not do so well against the powerf Chicago Bears and Green Bay Pac ers. In 1942, by that time a footba fanatic, Mickey offered Dan

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN

ED PRELL

y McBride banks the
and Coach Paul
runs it. It's a win-
combination for the
and Browns who ran
with the 1946 All-
ca Conference title



ves, owner of the Rams, $105,-
for the team, but Reeves refused
sell. Two years later, his player
er riddled by the calls of war.
ves failed to field a team, and
key, with nothing to do on Sun-
afternoons but listen to the radio,
that he had been cheated.

was about that time, in 1944,
Arch Ward, a Chicago sports
r, began to promote a new pro-
ional football league, the All-
erica Conference. Reeves' team,
Rams, had lost money every year,
Ward and his associates were
vinced that with a good team and
per promotion Cleveland could be
sformed into a good football

town. Ward had several talks with McBride, who is always on the lookout for a good speculative venture, and finally Mickey agreed to finance the conference team in Cleveland.

"I'll go in," he said, "but I got to have the best coach and the best players in the country. And," he added, "I got to have the best promotion, too."

The really hot man in football coaching circles then was Paul Brown—he's not so cold now, either, what with a championship in his first year in the big time. Brown had made an extraordinary record as coach at the Massillon, Ohio, High School, and had duplicated his performance at Ohio State University.

When Mickey went after him to coach the Cleveland team in the new league, Brown was a lieutenant (junior grade) in the Navy, on leave of absence from Ohio State, at the Great Lakes base near Chicago. Brown listened to Mickey's proposition, and then asked two questions: Was McBride really rich? Was he prepared to dig deep into his bank roll to put over the new team? McBride answered yes to both questions, displayed his bank statement, and gave Brown bank and other references in Cleveland. And much to everybody's surprise, Brown promptly went to Cleveland and investigated McBride.

Brown returned to Chicago satisfied that Mickey really had a lot of money and was willing to spend it. He had three conferences with McBride and Arch Ward before they could agree on terms.

Then Brown signed. His contract called for $25,000 a year, the highest salary ever paid a football coach, and 15 per cent of the profits. He was also to receive $1,000 a month until he got out of the Navy and actually took charge of the team. He was assured of complete control of the players, both on and off the field.

In February of 1946, $14,000 richer, minus income tax, than when he had first met McBride, Brown got out of the Navy and came to Cleveland. McBride installed him in offices on the fourth floor of the Leader Building, where Mickey's other interests occupy the eighth and tenth floors. Brown found that McBride had already signed one player, Herbert Coleman, a center from Notre Dame. He promptly sold Coleman to the Chicago Rockets, and so started with a clean slate.

Goodby, Cleveland! Hello, California!

Meanwhile the Cleveland Rams of the National League had had a successful season in 1945, as far as actual play was concerned, winning the league championship in the play-off game. But financially it was the same old story: In four home games the Rams had played to only 73,000 spectators, and at the end of the season the team was more in the red than ever. Dan Reeves decided that eight losing seasons were enough, and in the fall of 1946 he abandoned Cleveland and moved the Rams to Los Angeles, where they did well.

The withdrawal of the Rams left McBride's team the only professional outfit in Cleveland, and also left him with no excuse if he failed to put the team over. Taking McBride at his word, Brown hired six assistant coaches and began signing up players at unheard-of salaries, raiding the draft lists of the National League to get outstanding stars.

Many of the best players were in the service, and Brown offered them contracts under which they received from $100 to $200 a month all the time they were in the Army or the Navy or the Air Force. In this manner he signed Otto Graham, the passing wizard from Northwestern University, who was on the draft list of the Detroit Lions. The Lions, following the example of other National League teams, had delayed negotiating with Graham until he was actually available for play.

While Brown was spending huge sums for players, McBride took over the promotion of the team. The first item on Mickey's agenda was to get a good name, and a contest was announced, with a $1,000 bond as first prize. It was won by a sailor who suggested "Panthers." But Brown learned that once before Cleveland had had a football team called the Panthers, and that it had been a pretty dismal aggregation. He rejected the name. Previously he had refused to let the team be named in his honor, but now he relented and Mickey handed over another bond to a fan who had suggested the name "Cleveland Browns."

Before Mickey had finished his campaign, the Browns were the most terrifically promoted outfit in the history of sports. He *(Continued on page 85)*



The two who made the Cleveland Browns, Owner Mickey McBride and Coach Paul Brown, look the squad over during calisthenics

Marion Motley, Cleveland's star fullback, totes the ball in what Coach Paul Brown calls his "bread-and-butter trap" play





They sat at my bar and I could hear every word they said. Every no-good word. That's what got me

NOTHING OR NOBODY

BY GEORGE ZUCKERMAN

He had an hour to add up the facts of life

PUT the Book away, Father. I know it's holy and all that, but you can read it later—when they march me into the little room with the trick chair.

If you don't mind, I'd like to talk to you because—well, you look like you could be a good listener. See, I never had too many chances to talk. Maybe that's the trouble with my life. I listened most of the time. I wasn't a bad listener and I think I liked to listen to interesting things—and people—and radio programs. But I never had much of a chance to talk.

That's it, I think. And when I got a chance to talk and make somebody listen—well, it didn't work. No, it didn't work at all. And that's why I'm here, Father, and I guess that's why you're here. Well, one thing I'm sorry about is that you had to get up so early in the morning. I really am. Me, I always hated to get up in the mornings. And don't forget I had four years of the Army. A funny thing, Father, I got the Good Conduct Medal twice. Once I got the Purple Heart. In France.

But the war had nothing to do with it. People like to think so. They like to think because I'm a veteran I got bats in the belfry and all that. But it ain't so, Father. It ain't. Matter of fact, I look back now and think the best four years of my life were spent in the Army.

Is that funny, Father? Well, it's just this. I had a lot of buddies killed and wounded and sometimes I got sick of the chow. But I felt like I was doing something—something important. And—well, it's this, too. I felt a little bit important myself. Oh, I only got to be a corporal in the Infantry, but that was all right because I never got to be anything else that really counted in life.

Well, nobody in my family was ever really important. My old man was a subway guard. On the IRT. He was a hard-working guy and maybe he worked too damned hard. We couldn't ever say much when he was home. No noise around the house. He didn't want no noise around the house when he was home. We couldn't even play the radio. We'd eat supper without saying a word. Then the old man would take his collection of newspapers. That's right, a collection. About eight papers every day—papers he'd pick up in the subway cars. He'd read

(Continued on page 95)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Another New Champion

What makes a champion?

It's the ability to excel the best that competition offers.

That's precisely what you can expect . . . and what you get . . . from this new Dodge "*Job-Rated*" truck in the 1½-ton class.

This new truck is built like a champion *to carry* above-average loads. It's powered like a champion to *move* above-average loads.

Like any Dodge truck, it is "*Job-Rated*" throughout to fit its job, and to stay on the job . . . longer, steadier and with satisfying economy.

If your loads require trucks of this capacity, see your Dodge dealer *now* for the finest truck investment you've ever made.

Remember ONLY DODGE BUILDS *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

YES...BUILT LIKE A CHAMPION

Capacity—15,000 pounds—chassis, body and payload allowance. 24,000 pounds—tractor, trailer and payload allowance.

Power—236½ cu.-in. 6-cylinder L-head engine developing 109 horsepower.

Front Axle—4,000 pounds capacity; high carbon, drop-forged steel.

Rear Axle—12,500 pounds capacity; full-floating; single or two-speed.

Frame—Hot-rolled, high carbon steel; reinforced with side plates.

Transmission—Heavy-duty four-speed.

Clutch—Heavy-duty 11-inch; permanently lubricated ball release bearing.

Brakes—Hydraulic internal-expanding type equipped with booster; cast-iron brake drums.

Tires—7.50 x 20—10 ply; dual rear tires. Optional (at extra cost) 8.25 x 20—10 ply.

Models—Standard Cab—4 wheelbases; Cab-Over-Engine, 3 wheelbases . . . all models available with single or two-speed rear axles.

DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

FIT THE JOB ... LAST LONGER



The Pencil that will cope with your W.P.*

MONGOL COLORED

The only thin lead colored pencil that comes graded for normal, heavy and extra-heavy Writing Pressure. All 3 lead strengths are smooth-writing and one is just right for your WP*. Your choice of round or hexagon shapes in the popular, brilliant colors. Try them . . . and buy them at your dealer.



EBERHARD FABER

LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849



A Brooklyn barkeeper seats his television patrons according to the price of the drinks they order

FIFTY-MILE BLEACHERS

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

So you wanna see the game, huh? Okay, pull up a chair. Television is becoming Big Business, and in, of all places, the corner bar and grill where ardent sport fans, sipping a glass, can watch their baseball or ring star in action

THE other Sunday a loyal citizen of Brooklyn braved Manhattan's wilds to root for the Dodgers in a double-header against the New York Giants. He sat through six sweltering hours of baseball and went home only half happy. His Flock had won the opener but lost the nightcap. Furthermore he had missed the great play of the day, Second Sacker Ed Stanky's sensational twisting catch of Giant Willard Marshall's drive deep behind the base line. As Stanky stretched for the ball, some uncouth fan reared up in front of the visitor and totally eclipsed his vision.

Back in Flatbush later the citizen was bemoaning this unspeakable fact to another Dodger fan. "You mean you missed it?" the latter asked. "You mean you didn't get the look on Stanky's face when he nailed that one? I'll never forget that look."

"What look?" the citizen queried painfully. "Where wuz you sittin'?"

"In a tavern 20 miles away," came the smug reply, "with a nice cool glass of beer in me hand."

In many sport-struck pubs a new generation of egomaniacs is being spawned by an invention called television. The sun is setting on the day when the opulent ringside fan can regale envious stay-at-homes with the high points of the fight, when the flamboyant masters of the spoken and written word can hide their oversights behind a verdant hedge of adjectives over the microphone or in the morrow's column. "Whaddya mean it was a left hook that finished Eddie?" a habitué of Jeffries' Tavern demands with newly found authority. "When that there television camera panned down close on the ring you could see the sweat on Eddie's nose. It was Tony's right hook that did the business. You can't tell from nothin'. I seen it all."

There is a chance, albeit thin, that this year for the first time baseball bar fans may be able to see part of the World Series by television. The question of television broadcast rights is still up in the air at this writing, but there's been enough progress in network hookups to assure a whopping big potential audience in the East.

For instance, a game televised in New York could be rebroadcast (via radio relay and the wonders of a line called a coaxial cable capable of handling television's wide frequency band) in, say, Washington, Philadelphia and Schenectady, all of which have television stations. But there are no long-haul relays yet capable of letting New Yorkers see a game televised in St. Louis or vice versa. Television's normal direct range is limited to a radius of about 50 miles.

Whatever happens at the World Series, this television business has already started the goofiest boom the country has seen since some Florida speculator discovered that stucco and subdivisions spelled money in th bank.

Television is the biggest thing that happened to the bar-and-tavern bus ness since the free lunch. Often whe a hot fight or a tight ball game is bei televised, bewildered but beamin publicans have to lock their doo against late comers to keep their tel vision-equipped establishments fro bursting at the seams. Radio and th juke box have been standard equi ment. Now comes a flickering scree to invade the vision as well as th hearing of the thirsty patron—an apparently, just in time.

The ready cash of the war years wa beginning to evaporate from bars elsewhere; then, on top of that, can the regular summer slump. But pro prietors with television sets notice the slump was leveling off, even shif ing into a sales spurt. The worrie custodian of a corner saloon embe lished with nothing more appealin than a radio, a 20-platter juke bo shuffleboard and a wall *décor* lovely dames, wandered up the stre in search of his missing customer He found them, stacked three dee against the mahogany counter thr doors away, watching the luminou image of Joe DiMaggio taking a c at one of Bob Feller's specials. A to the merry obbligato of a tinklin cash register.

In New York in June, a tra journal called Beverage Media ha

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN



TIME OUT FOR A TASTE TREAT...

Time to stop for a moment and sink your teeth into the luscious milk chocolate coating of a Milky Way candy bar. Just taste that thick, milk chocolate . . . the golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . . and soft chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk.

All melt together, in each enjoyable mouthful, to give you that rare taste blend you will find only in a Milky Way.

When you crave good candy, eat a **Milky Way**

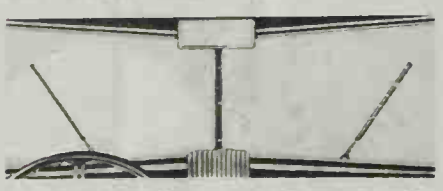


AMAZE YOURSELF

as our "guest"... with this

CONTRASTING DEMONSTRATION

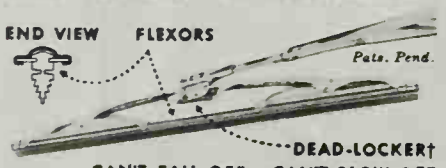
on your own car



CLEAR-FLEX CLEARS! *OLD BLADE SMEARS?*

Prove that your WINDSHIELD . . . like all others . . . has LOW SPOTS . . . hard to wipe clearly . . . . . . using ANYTHING BUT the NEW . . .

ANCO† CLEAR-FLEX‡ WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADE



CAN'T FALL OFF—CAN'T BLOW OFF

FLEXES TO CLEAR THE LOW SPOTS

Know CLEAR-FLEX . . . the first Wiper Blade to conform fully to all windshield surface irregularities. Even wipes uniformly all types of curved windshields. Keeps clear those annoying hard-to-reach low spots common to all FLAT windshield glass. Clears quickly . . . WITHOUT HELP . . . blinding road muck . . . slapped against your windshield . . . from sloppy pavements . . . by passing cars. CLEAR-FLEX already has engineering approval for original equipment on coming models of high-grade cars.

COSTS LESS TO USE

CLEAR-FLEX ECONOMY REFILLS quickly MAKE LIKE NEW . . . at your gas pump . . . when rubber finally becomes worn or damaged. Holder OUTLASTS your CAR.

YOU WIN THIS WAY

Simply ask your good gas-pump man . . . next time you buy gas . . . to install for you . . . quickly . . . out on the driver's half of your windshield . . . one ANCO Clear-Flex Wiper Blade. Deposit with him only the regular price . . . printed on its box. Keep your old Blade . . . if you like.*

THE CONTRAST TELLS

Leave untouched the used Blade and Arm on your OTHER wiper shaft . . . until you compare it with CLEAR-FLEX performance . . . in the next storm! You are delightfully amazed . . . by CLEAR-FLEX. *Eye-strain . . . jangled nerves . . . FILM FATIGUE . . . GONE!* You enjoy at last the relaxed comfort . . . and added safety . . . of crystal-clear driving vision.

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICKLY —IF YOU'LL TAKE IT!

If you then are willing to part with your ANCO Clear-Flex Blade . . . the dealer who put it on for you is authorized by us to remove it . . . put back your old Blade . . . and refund pleasantly every cent you deposited for CLEAR-FLEX. We protect him in that. Show him this ad. You risk no money. Get yours today. Try it. Then make it a PAIR. May save you a costly smashup!

ANCO DEAD-LOCKER



WIPER ARM

*—Use CLEAR-FLEX Blade ONLY with the sturdy ANCO Dead-Locker Arm . . . already on millions of cars. ANCO Arm fits quickly any wiper shaft. Suits any good wiper motor. Holds Blade true . . . at correct pressure. If not now on your car, ask serviceman to install a PAIR quickly for you. More than 250,000 good gas stations and service stores sell ANCO BETTER Blades and Arms.

Made by the makers of long-famous ANCO RAIN-MASTER† Blades and Arms . . . original equipment for years on DeLuxe models of high-grade cars. Your dealer knows ANCO.

†Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
‡Trade Mark of—The Anderson Company

Quality Protected Under Fair Trade Laws
ANCO Patented Products—Patents Make Jobs

THE ANDERSON COMPANY
Established 1918
GARY, INDIANA

pily announced that a survey of bars and grills with television revealed a 30 to 60 per cent increase in business. One innkeeper headily estimated his trade had quintupled.

The rush was on. In all eight cities of the U.S. (New York, Schenectady, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Los Angeles) boasting television stations, and in their environs, bar-and-grill men besieged their radio dealers for receiving sets. (Baltimore and Boston stations hope to be on the air by Christmas if not before.) They wheedled, cajoled, bullied and threatened for priority on deliveries.

One Friday afternoon a tormented barman burst into a supply store in Queens, Long Island, and cornered the manager. "I've got to have a set now, today," he wailed, "or I'm ruined."

There are upward of 50,000 television sets in the country now. Production in June, according to the Radio Manufacturers Association, was 11,484 receivers, nearly twice as many as turned out in the entire year of 1946, but demand still heavily tops supply as television approaches its first anniversary of commercial broadcasting.

Bright signs pop up in pub windows: "See the Game Today." . . . "Fights Here on Television Tonight." A man in Elizabeth, New Jersey, had to rip out fixtures and build wooden bleachers around the walls of his place to accommodate the crowds. An Italian restaurateur in the Bronx converted a deserted back room into a theater. The demand for extra waitresses and bartenders is bullish.

Installed "Television Suites"

Hollywood reported television bars were outdrawing night clubs. Night clubs ordered sets in self-defense as a jaundiced café society shouldered eagerly up to the twinkling screen. In his El Borracho in Manhattan's stylish East 50s, Proprietor Nicky Quattrociocchi painted a notice on his set reading: "You're not transparent. People back of you can't see the screen. Please don't stand there! Thank you!"

In the Bowery where ten-cent slugs are the backbone of the undercarriage trade, one barkeep was threatened with a boycott unless he quit stalling and got a television machine.

Big hotels like New York's Pennsylvania and New Yorker have installed special "television suites" calculated to attract travelers from hinterlands still beyond television's range.

All over the U.S.A. the scramble has mounted for bigger and better contraptions. Inventive taproom tycoons used mirrors to enlarge the screen pictures and multiply the visible surfaces. In at least one bar a system of magnifying glasses was employed.

An upstart company, the United States Television Manufacturing Corporation, headed by an ex-Marine major named Hamilton Hoge, threatened to give the big manufacturers a run for their money with a giant projector-principle set sporting "the world's largest screen." (On most sets you see the image directly from a tube; the UST picture is enlarged to more than 3½ square feet by reflectors.) In September, 1946, UST's sales, which are mostly to bars, hotels and restaurants, totaled $11,487.50. In June, 1947, they had soared more than 20 times to $253,258.29.

The bonanza has had its blighted spots: Customers love to fiddle with the knobs on the sets, trying to get it into sharper focus or change the scene. This invites breakdowns. Some new models conceal the dials behind sliding doors to discourage such fiddling.

Recently the Wall Street Journal viewed with alarm the fact that some financial-district bartenders were so hypnotized by the action on the screen that parched clients all but perished of thirst.

A new knothole brotherhood has sprung up, changing venue from the ballpark fence to the sidewalk outside a crowded cocktail lounge from where the membership peers through Venetian blinds and revolving doors at the televised drama inside. Barmen have been plagued by small boys attempting to gate-crash the sport features, but minors are conscientiously shooed away. And of course the inevitable happened—on the Eighth Avenue fringe of New York's Hell's Kitchen, a righteously wroth fan hurled a bottle at a screen in belligerent veto of an umpire's decision.

Some of the worst complications involve the deadhead or free-loading section of the public. "Have you noticed the new-type television bar-fly?" a reader wrote bitterly to the New York Daily News, the other day. "He hogs the bar,



To insure ample perspiration and a perpetual thirst the heat was upped

one hand clutched around a glass of beer, never buying anything more expensive, and there he parks, through fights, ball games, etc., etc. . . . while people who want to enjoy a few drinks and act like decent spenders have to occupy tables . . ."

This problem has been attacked by various methods with varying success. A man in Orange, New Jersey, keeps his joint stoked to a temperature designed to insure ample perspiration and a perpetual thirst. In Brooklyn, an alert barkeeper placed chairs facing his television set in well-spaced rows. The front row is reserved for Scotch drinkers, the second row for the bourbon, rye and blend trade, third row for devotees of the grape, the last row and standing room for the ordinary or beer-drinking fares. At last reports he was doing nicely.

Another fellow in uptown Manhattan nailed a sign on the wall of his television salon setting a "$2.00 minimum, per person," and jacked up the price of bottled beer from two bits to 35 cents. He doesn't attempt to enforce the minimum, but the sign discourages the insincere and the regulars haven't kicked much over the inflated beer price, figuring, apparentl that it's still a pretty cheap way to kee up with the Yanks or their favorite rin star. In a Third Avenue rendezvo just off Forty-second Street, they su pended sale of draft beer entirely whi television shows were on, in favor of th bottles, but competition forced them t quit it.

Many members of the trade, howeve bridle at such alleged profiteering, i cluding big John Daly, ex-president the New York State Restaurant ar Liquor Dealers Association. "Cheate like that should be run out of business Daly says with Irish temper. Himse a tavernkeeper for 40 years, he fears suc abuses will play into the hands of th prohibitionists. He thinks television here to stay and has invested in it himse but he's warned his colleagues that i no panacea for the bar business. "In few years it will be as common as rad and we'll be right back where w started," he has observed.

Public eateries and drinkeries are by means the only places where television drawing crowds. Churches, schools a clubs are getting sets. Lo Branch, New Jersey, businessm purchased 10 receivers for you centers so kids could have as go a look at ball games as their f thers get in bars. Fifty-five Phil delphia firehouses are installi sets for neighborhood childre and, incidentally, for the firem themselves between alarms. R ceivers are boons to veterans a other shut-ins in hospitals wi otherwise might never see an ou side spectacle. Even several co vents are now wired for sight well as sound.

Individual taxpayers, yearni for their own sets, have ob ously been bucking stiff co petition, but if they have be short on patience they have be long on ingenuity.

Sets Furnished

Several months ago a doct called up one of RCA's televisio supply men in New York, a m named Conrad R. Odden, and a pealed for a receiver for a pati who was confined to her ho with a severe nervous disord When the doctor explained the strument might get her mind her ills, Odden managed to se one out to the lady right aw Somehow the word got arou and now Odden's mail is load with doctors' certificates fr rheumatics, arthritics, wom with child and a sprinkling hastily self-convinced hypochondria all of whom emphasize that they ne television as urgently as medicine, pun on compassionate grounds.

Odden, a 44-year-old ex-Norwegi aviator, who is so busy now with ord and repairs that he doesn't have time get his hair cut, tries hard to give t legitimate cases first call as fast as t equipment is available. A woman cal him up one day and announced she h a complicated and confining pregnan and would he deliver a receiver plea "Madam," Odden said politely, "I sure it would help you while away t time, but how do I know you are kidding me?"

"Send your men along," she repli "and let them see for themselves." S got the set.

Even discounting the novelty att tion of anything new, the boom proved that television is shooting out short pants into a vigorous adolescen Producers are still worried over the t mendous cost of studio productions. be seen as well as heard, a soap op would involve expenditures calculated repel the most extravagant sponsor. I



Mercury is as stimulating as a crisp autumn . . . and just as full of pep!

Styled to perfection—with a distinguished smartness, flowing low-slung lines and a very *modern* look—it makes you want to be the style sitting behind the wheel. Lounge back in those restful seats . . . stretch out your legs and relax—here's real comfort! Six people can ride easily—in deep wide seats with plenty of head room and leg room for all.

And what spirit! Mercury is alive with power, eager to go wherever you wish. You drive without effort—it's so easy to handle,



More responsive to the wheel, accelerator and brake!

holds the road so beautifully, you just want to keep on driving! Moreover, Mercury gives you more pleasure per dollar: lower cost mileage and more economy of operation in every respect. Mercury has a perfection and



Easier to handle—more fun to drive!

reliability born of decades of automobile designing and engineering. See it, compare it, drive it. You'll agree, in style, comfort, economy and thorough satisfaction, *Mercury gives you more of everything you want!*

MERCURY—DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

More OF EVERYTHING YOU WANT WITH Mercury



wall tires at extra cost, hen available.

do you know...

that the beautiful modern air-conditioned *ice* refrigerator gives foods the *three essentials* of complete, scientific food protection—constant cold, proper moisture and clean-washed air? No breakdowns, no noise, no defrosting—and you always have pure, crystal-clear ice on hand for every cooling need. Inexpensive to buy . . . and economical to use!



Before you buy *any* refrigerator be sure to see the beautiful new post-war Ice Refrigerator. Just get in touch with your local Ice Company.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES
1706 L Street, N.W., Washington 6, D. C.

sports and current events are, relatively, cheap to televise because they're there, ready-made and they will undoubtedly provide the main attractions of this new medium for a long time. Makers of razor blades, automobiles and breakfast foods are already subsidizing sports telecasts. In Chicago and St. Louis, a total of four breweries has won the hearts of tavern men by sponsoring on television everything from harness racing to wrestling.

"Sports will be to television what music was to radio," is the prediction of General John Reed Kilpatrick, president of Madison Square Garden. He looks forward with pardonable fervor to the day when Joe Louis and his successors, if any, will defend the heavyweight title before a "ringside" crowd of millions. They will view the bout on giant screens in special theaters all over the country, after such details as box-office percentages have been worked out with the promoters.

But what, in that event, will television do to sports? The question has ignited a major furor which most fans, busy with their beer and barside seats, have thus far overlooked.

Baseball Commissioner "Happy" Chandler's attitude has been to "wait and see" what television may mean to baseball. At least one broadcaster has approached him on the possibility of televising the coming World Series if one New York club is a contender, but, at this writing, no commitments had been made to anybody. If the classic develops into a subway siege between the Yanks and Brooklyn, all three New York television stations will press hard to get in on it.

The key to Chandler's consent in that event would be held, interestingly enough, by the Mutual Broadcasting System, which won't have a television outlet until sometime in 1948. Mutual and the Gillette Safety Razor Company have the radio-broadcasting rights to the Series through 1951, and Mutual has first refusal of television rights. Mutual officials have said in private they would definitely not object to the '47 Series being televised; if they were asked they would probably recommend the assignment go, in New York, not to CBS or NBC but to WABD, operated by the Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Incorporated, which makes television equipment.

New Source of Revenue

Baseball magnates are both intrigued and puzzled by the potentialities of television. They smell fresh revenue. A good major-league ball club now realizes upward of $50,000 a season from radio and as television takes hold it will be another source of income although some of it will undoubtedly be at the expense of the radio account. "We probably can't expect to carry water on both shoulders," one National League official said. But what about gate receipts? It has been conjectured that fans prefer to watch a major-league game on television rather than a minor-league team on its home grounds and that this, in part, explains the box-office slump of the Newark Bears this season.

This might conceivably be classified as an invasion of a baseball club's "territorial rights" which are protected now in radio broadcasting by a complicated code. Under the rules, a Boston station, for instance, could not air a New York game without permission of the local Boston teams. There is no such code for television yet. President Ford Frick of the National League is chairman of a four-man committee studying the problem in that circuit and due to come up with recommendations in December. The American League is doing similar research through the major leagues' executive council.

Screwily enough, television may eventually cause the disappearance of billboards from ball parks. Last fall when the Ford Motor Company bought the CBS telecast of the Dodgers pro football games from Brooklyn, the agency handling the account ordered the scoreboard kept off the screen—because it carried an ad for a watch competing with a timepiece made by another of the agency's clients. Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr., red-haired young director of CBS sports telecasts, got that one overruled. In this case it was the agency, not the sponsor, which betrayed the hypersensitivity, but wherever possible the television cameras now avoid backgrounds extolling goods rivaling the sponsor's products.

What might be called the "Gee whiz" and "Wish you were here, friends," schools of sports announcing—and writing—are bound to be toned down too, in future, because television fans will indeed be there in all but the flesh, to see for themselves.

Although television may affect the gate at an individual event, many experts think it will stimulate sports attendance in the long haul, just as radio has done. Some pugilists and promoters, whose livelihood is ordinarily geared to gate percentages, have been peeved over exclusion from the television kitty. Some fighters are said to object to changing the color of their trunks so they can be more readily identified. (Black and purple, standard shades for boxers, are indistinguishable over television.)

General Kilpatrick, whose Garden encourages the televising of every event possible from the circus to a dog show, reacts to these minority protests something like this: Television revenue permits payment of higher percentages than fighters would otherwise get, and if they're any good on the screen they'll eventually attract a following to t money seats anyway.

To pessimists, Harry Markson, P moter Mike Jacobs' press agent, likes tell the following stock but avowe veracious story: "Friend of mine in Fl bush, a real-estate dealer, used to kid t pants off me, saying fights were no go that he'd never seen one in his life a never would. Then his old man bou a television set and this guy sees his fi bout. Since then, he's been to the Gar five times this summer."

Favorable Tax Ruling

Just as television bar-flies were beg ning to hatch in potentially lucrat numbers some months ago, both the t vision industry and the bar-and-grill n contracted heart disease over the thre ened possibility that maintenance of ceivers in public places rendered sa liable to the 20 per cent federal amu ment tax. Late in March, howe after vigorous representations fr the Television Broadcasters Associati Incorporated, Joseph Nunan, comm sioner of internal revenue, ruled t vision sets were outside the amusem tax classification provided their use not coupled with other entertainm Undaunted by this decision the Penn vania Liquor Control Board recently dered liquor licensees showing televis to pay an annual fee of $120, and b parlors were similarly assessed $60.

The television boom continues on wings of science. If you haven't s Hilda Chester, fanatical Dodgers fan, tertain at Ebbets Field with kla cowbells and sheet inscribed "HIL IS HERE," be patient. National t vision hookups, and her appeara thereon, are only a matter of time.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Since you've become sophisticated I can't tell whether or not you're having a good time"

JOHN RUS



"We can expect a stampede any minute!"

Wondering about the big rush Calvert's getting these days? The reasons are worth knowing: Calvert is agreeably *light* whiskey. A *gentle* blend for gentlemen! And luxuriously mellow . . . richly satisfying in highball, cocktail or neat.

Try Calvert . . . and you'll say it, too . . .

Clear Heads Choose Calvert



Calvert

BLENDED WHISKIES

Reserve OR *Special*

Choice Blended Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

FOR 17 YEARS AMERICA HAS SAID:

"When there's a choice

If you're about to buy a radio or radio-phonograph, you don't have to take what you can get any more. You can choose again on the basis of quality and reputation. Every 1948 Philco keeps faith with the standards which have made its name *famous for quality the world over*. When you buy, let Philco quality be your guide . . . **accept nothing less and pay no more!**





Amazing new way to play records!

Only $129.95*

A New Kind of Radio-Phonograph

Yes, sensational value! A radio-phonograph combination in a stunning mahogany console with Philco's famous quick, easy way to play records. Powerful, sensitive radio reception. Rich tone on radio and records. See the Philco 1260—a triumph of quality and value!

PHILCO

It's a PHILCO"





Smart as the Newest Fashion $29.95*

The new style leader in compact radios! Fresh, modern, smart. Quality features for superb tone and performance. **See the new Philco 230.**



A Quality Automatic, Today's Greatest Value! $99.95

For true, lasting satisfaction in a table radio-phonograph at the lowest possible price, see the new Philco 1253. Automatic changer, powerful radio, full-bodied tone . . . **a sensation!**



Yes, Philco Quality at this Low Price! $19.95*

In a compact radio, above all, be sure of the *quality* promised by the Philco name! Hear it, look for it in the great Philco 200, even to the vital "Underwriter's" label.



The Champion of Table Radios $37.50*

For the *plus* that Philco research gives you in a small radio, see the new 460-I. Amazing sensitivity, power and tone; ivory plastic cabinet of unique design.

Now, a PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH with Philco's new, easy way to play records $49.95

The young folks' dream! A phonograph you carry anywhere; no fussing with lids, needles, tone arms. Philco 1200...slide in any record and it plays **automatically!**



Famous for Quality the World Over

*Price slightly higher Denver and West.

FOR MEN ONLY... *Lucky Guys!*





Never has a man's watchband achieved the beauty and smartness of the new Speidel GOLDEN KNIGHT . . . inspired by the decorative armor worn by chivalrous knights! With its exclusive Speidel SMOOTH-ACTION, it is causing men everywhere to discard old-fashioned bands to give their watches the gleaming luxury of GOLDEN KNIGHT. Wear it yourself or give it as a gift . . . it's the he-male watchband!

COPYRIGHT 1947 BY SPEIDEL CORP.

At Better Jewelers Everywhere

SPEIDEL CORPORATION • 78 SHIP STREET • PROVIDENCE • R.I.

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Continued from page 17

who has hit his fingernail with a hammer, he made whipping motions with his forearms. This, I learned later, was to start the flow of healing power through his hands. He indicated with a nod that I was to take the first treatment and I moved to the chair in front of the class.

"Just relax," he said, continuing his preparations. "That's right . . . lean back. Folks wonder sometimes why we insist so much on relaxation . . . they forget what the healer has to go through with that flow of power. Backs up on me if you don't receive it—yes, sir, makes me feel like I'm going to explode with it! Faith, that's all we ask . . . the mind and body open to receive the great flow. And oh, the happiness of it . . . !"

I felt no happiness as Mr. Evans stood beside my chair and placed his right palm against my forehead, the left palm against the back of my head. He stood there pressing gently for a full minute while I wondered what I was supposed to do. Then he said:

"Celia is here, standing beside us. Have you anyone in the spirit world by that name?" I said no. "The name is Cecile—Sister Cecile. She is a beautiful girl, a Catholic nun, and she says she knows you." I said I didn't remember ever having known her. "It will come to you," said Mr. Evans, removing his hands and snapping his fingers.

Suddenly he stood bent over me with one hand on my stomach and one hand on my spine. In this position, his forearms and elbows were pressed tightly against my chest and back. Perhaps I jumped a little for he interrupted his talk to the ladies to tell me: "There's always a slight jolt when the connection is made. Now do you feel it?" It took a while to think of an answer, but I said, "I feel something."

Using his hands like two electrodes, Mr. Evans had shifted their position several times to expose my insides thoroughly to the rays. Now Mr. Evans snapped his fingers harder than before and moved over to the platform table where he had left two small piles of folded paper napkins, one stack violet, the other stack pink. He began wiping his palms very carefully, like a boxer after a good warmup round. As I went back to my original seat, he threw away the crumpled pink napkin and completed the job of rubbing his hands with a purple one. This was repeated after each treatment.

The stout woman was next. While Mr. Evans was treating her another lad asked him if treatments could be carrie on at a distance. She explained she live in Columbus, Ohio.

"Oh, my, yes," said Mr. Evans, wh said his winter residence is in St. Peter burg, Florida. From there he treate patients all over the United States. Aft all, he laughed, distance meant nothir in the spirit realm where communicatio was direct and instantaneous. "Ju leave me your name and address, write me any time. If it's anything real serious, then, of course, I'll come to yo astrally. We do this in all emergencie Simply slip out of our physical bodie wrap our mental bodies in an astral sul stance, and come directly to your be side." Later I learned Mr. Evans w only one of many healers who mal their astral rounds. Fees are general paid as "love offerings" by the patient

Each Got Same Treatment

All the ladies got the same gener treatment plus special attention to the particular ailments, which included i somnia, lumbago, eye trouble, ar stomach and heart conditions. The thi and the youngest lady—about 35, judged—had a stronger reaction than t others and went into what appeared be a trance. Mr. Evans simply left h sitting there, handed down another cha from the platform and started the ne treatment. The younger woman rose a went back to her seat, looking very pa

Mr. Evans addressed the young woman with sympathetic understandi "You've had mediumship, of course. thought so." The lady said yes, seve times, beginning only a few months a This time, she said, she heard voices a saw the spirits more distinctly than ev before. "Yes, I felt it coming on yo said Mr. Evans. Then he asked her stand beside him while he continued treatment of the other lady and wa his hands.

"Describe, if you see it, the color of rays coming out of my hands," he t her, leaving a gap of about two inch between his hand and the abdomen of patient. There was silence for a f seconds. Then the woman said, "Yes see it. It is pale orchid. Now it turned to light blue. Now it is green a very light green." I was watchi carefully but I saw no rays of any co

"Thank you," Mr. Evans told her dismissal, and she retired to her ch



"Well, if he does grow up to be President, I, for one, certainly hope he does something about corporate invested security taxes"

COLLIER'S — JOHN MILLIGAN



"I'm a busy man, Mr. Ferris—suppose you tell me what I can do with that lousy job of yours and get it over with"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

Color is very important in this work," e told the others matter-of-factly. Green, as you may know, is the color f time—the lighter the green, the horter the time." Then, addressing his atient: "This means a speedy recovery. ou will sleep very well tonight."

The lady who sat beside me was the ast to have her treatment, and when she eturned to her seat, she whispered to e, "My eyes, oh, they're ever so much etter. It's wonderful." The bell had ung the hour 10 minutes ago, and now a oman's voice called from the entrance. Everybody's supposed to be out of here y two o'clock. That's to give you time o get to the auditorium at two-thirty."

Sister Cecile and the spirits which had ppeared to one of Mr. Evans' patients ere the first spirit manifestations I en- ountered at Lily Dale. But the rest of e day and evening were full of them. t the auditorium service, for instance, rough the medium of Mr. Hubert 'Malley, at least 30 spirits managed to et their messages across to persons mong the audience of about 500.

The first hour was similar to that of y Protestant church service—hymns, rayers, solos by a vocalist, and a sermon a guest speaker, Miss Mabel Barnes, Michigan. Mr. O'Malley followed iss Barnes to the pulpit. He was a short, mpact man with a large head and a rassed, squirrel-like face. He spoke in series of sharp, staccato utterances, nctuated by a hacking cough. "Today e shall hear from the living—not from e dead. It is we who are the dead es . . ." The audience laughed appre- atively.

As if suddenly touched on the shoul- r, Mr. O'Malley wheeled around, bbed his head up and down several nes and exchanged words with persons t visible to me. "They're always so patient," he explained to the audience. o one laughed.

If you've ever watched monologuists e Cornelia Otis Skinner or Ruth raper, you know how an accomplished tor, sitting alone on a straight-backed air, can populate a bare stage with real sh-and-blood characters. Mr. O'Mal- 's pantomime was not quite so success- l in materializing the spirits present on e stage. Apart from this pantomime, r. O'Malley's performance differed le from the standard pattern followed the dozen or so other mediums I tched after him. The delivery, always pid-fire and intense, is more like the ctioneer than the seer.

"I want to get in touch, in very close pport, with you," the medium starts t, pointing out a member of the audi- ce. "That's right . . . the lady in the red hat. Will you listen very carefully, please, try to concentrate. . . . Mary is here. She is asking for you. She is a very lovely girl, and she is carrying a little baby in her arms. She calls the baby—what is it again? Dolly, is it? Yes, that's right. The baby's name is Dolly. Do you know Mary and the little baby girl she calls Dolly?"

The woman in the red hat fingers her handkerchief and says, "Mary was my young sister. She died soon after her baby . . ."

"Well, they're right here beside me now, and Mary wants me to say they are happy—very, very happy. She wants you to be happy too . . . and she tells me you have been worried lately . . . you have a problem . . . about your son, she says, your oldest boy. Is that right?"

"That's right," says the woman in the red hat.

"Well, Mary tells you not to worry about him. She says Tommy is young and he will grow out of it. Do you understand?"

This kind of spirit message, more specific than most but otherwise typical, can sound impressive until you consider the essential information it contains: The woman in the red hat is a woman who worries about her son; her younger sister died in childbirth. I heard no medium mention any details about a departed spirit that couldn't have been picked up by hearsay or rocking-chair acquaintance.

Settings of Majestic Beauty

The best place to study the mechanics of spirit reading is probably "the Stump Meetings" which take place every morning and late afternoon in a grassy clearing deep inside a forest of towering pines—a setting of majestic beauty. This, you soon gather, is a kind of training school or amateur hour for young and inexperienced mediums or those who still lack a particular following of their own.

The exception here during the afternoon session was Miss Betty Possehl, the chairman, master of ceremonies, and herself one of Lily Dale's youngest and prettiest mediums. Miss Possehl delivered her spirit messages with great animation and a fetching Scottish accent. But none of the others who trotted briskly up front as she called their names could match her.

One medium, an attractive Brooklyn girl in her early twenties, got stuck completely after seeing only two spirits named "Ann" and "Annie," respectively, neither of whom seemed to have any particular messages for anyone present. As she walked back to her seat, blushing

sing the blues
and be happy



Pick a blue note . . .

Pick a suave and subtle *new* note...Powder Blue, with a faint dusty tone that puts it into smooth harmony with every color in your wardrobe.

We've blended this new shade into many of this season's new Van HeusenTies . . . You'll find it in woven patterns bold and neat, in prints and in smart new panel knits. All superbly fashioned by the makers of Van Heusen Shirts, for perfect knotting and draping. $1.00, $1.50 *and* $2.00.

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

Van Heusen ties

Made by the Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

"It's PIONEER Sir"

PERSONALIZED
WALLET
and KEY CASE



Jewelry type etched initial mounted on wallet of fine imported pigskin. $5.00 plus tax







Personalized key case of matching pigskin in rich hazel tone. Has six removable key hooks. $2.50 plus tax

AT MOST BETTER MEN'S COUNTERS

PIONEER U·S·A·

red, Miss Possehl called after her encouragingly, "It's all right, Alice. Your timing's fine. Just brush up the delivery, that's all."

The greatest attraction for visitors and the shrine of spiritualists everywhere is the Fox Cottage, a modest farmhouse which was moved to Lily Dale some 30 years ago from its original site in the village of Hydesville, 30 miles from Rochester. Here, just a hundred years ago come next March 31st, the youngest daughters of John and Margaret Fox—eight-year-old Margaret and Kate, six and a half—first translated the raps that were heard around the world and which led to the foundation of the Spiritualist Church. Unsympathetic historians since then have seldom failed to note that the birth of spiritualism coincides with All Fools' Day's eve.

The two girls set up what was accepted as communication with the ghost of a peddler who, local legend said, had been murdered in the house. The ghost, it seemed, answered questions by rapping on the wall—or somewhere—and once contact was established, it was easy to set up a code for messages. Shortly thereafter the Foxes pulled up stakes and Katie and Margaret were taken to Rochester to live with their married sister, Leah Fox Fish.

When the strong-willed, managerial Leah entered the picture, the children suddenly discovered they could converse with almost anyone, including friends and relatives of visitors who started pouring into the house for "sittings" at 50 cents a head. This was front-page news, and the press of the world broke out in a rash of articles about the "Rochester Rappings."

On to New York City

In due time Leah packed up her prize performers and moved off to New York City to ride the wave of popular interest that swept over the country. Not one to shoot her bolt on unseemly commercialism, Leah formed a spiritualistic society, studded it with many of the "big names" of the time, and introduced much of the religious atmosphere such as the singing of hymns and the reciting of familiar prayers, which are found in the present Spiritualist Church. The theology was developed later by Andrew Jackson Davis, a Poughkeepsie, New York, tailor.

"Will I get the new refrigerator my husband has promised me to order?" The woman in the gray tailored suit asked it in a low, earnest voice and hardly finished speaking before the answer was plainly audible—3 firm raps. In the Fox Cottage, that means "yes." The woman beamed. "My old one's so small," she explained happily to the host and medium, Miss Flo Cottrell of Holland, New York, who makes the Fox Cottage her summer home. "He was very definite about it too," said Miss Cottrell with a smile of sweet serenity that never once left her face during the hour I spent in the pleasant little house. .

From 10 to 12 noon and from 4 to 6 P.M.—hours dictated by her spirit teacher—Miss Cottrell receives visitors, and you're welcome to inspect all the rooms except one occupied by her and her aged mother. After you've seen everything—some old guns, ironware, spirit paintings of Indians, and bric-a-brac—Miss Cottrell suggests you might rest a while, if you wish, on the folding chairs which occupy the center of the living room and ask any questions that occur to you.

One rap means "no," two, "don't know" or "uncertain," three, "yes," four, "ask questions," five, "greetings." Whenever a new visitor wandered in, the 5 raps sounded distinctly. Between questions, Miss Cottrell recounts briefly how the Fox sisters first discovered they could speak with the murdered peddler. The rapping you hear now is by Miss Cottrell's own spirit "teacher," who appeared to her when she was nine. She was playing at table tipping just for fun with an aunt and uncle when he appeared to her, introduced himself as "Uncle Ike," and gave her the code they have followed ever since.

"Fred is here," Miss Cottrell announced in the same tone you might use to say, "Pass the salt." Her eyes swept calmly over the handful of guests and settled on a young woman who'd come in with her husband. They were a healthy young couple who looked as if they both worked much out of doors. The wife gave her husband a frightened, appealing look, and it seemed to me he blushed under his sunburn.

"Yes, I knew Fred," the young woman said. "He was—an old friend of ours."

Miss Cottrell went on smiling sweetly. "Well, he says he is very happy for you, and never to regret the way it turned out."

"Is Clara getting better or worse?" The woman who asked this sounded as if she'd been holding it in for a long time. There was no answering rap.

"Perhaps you'd better ask him the question another way," Miss Cottrell suggested.

The woman asked, "Will Clara get well?" Two raps—meaning "Don't know" or "Uncertain"—sounded from wall or floor near Miss Cottrell. "Is she getting any good out of those treatments they're giving her at the hospital?" The answer was a single rap—"No."

Presently, Miss Cottrell moved to another chair near the stairway, and subsequent rap responses were heard from that part of the room. "They follow me everywhere," she said. Here, I thought, is a woman who has never had a moment's privacy since the age of nine.

But about the original rappings heard a hundred years ago in this same house, the Fox sisters themselves are perhaps the best authorities. After their first highly profitable demonstrations in New York and a triumphant tour of the country, the going got tough. Partly it was the scientific investigations, partly opposition from well-established churches, but mostly competition from a growing horde of mediums.

But forty years after they brought spiritualism into the world, the Fox sisters made headlines once more. Margaret, a widow, barely managed to support her two children by taking in "sitters." Katherine, who had given up spiritualism at seventeen to marry the arctic explorer, Dr. Elija Kent Kane, went back to it after his untimely death a few months later, and was having trouble making ends meet in London.

Returning to this country, Katherine told reporters she intended to expose spiritualism "from its very foundations." Margaret was interviewed later and quoted as backing her sister, saying "Spiritualism is a humbug from beginning to end."

Then, to a capacity audience in the New York Academy of Music, Katherine demonstrated how the raps had been produced by snapping the joints of her big toe against a sounding board built into her shoes. She also produced rapping by moving the knee joints. But the first rappings in Fox Cottage, she said, came from another source.

"My sister Margaret and myself were very young children when this horrible deception began. We were very mischievous children and we wanted to terrify our dear mother, who was a very good woman and easily frightened. One night when we were in bed, we used to tie an apple to a string and move it up and down, causing the apple to bump on the floor . . ."

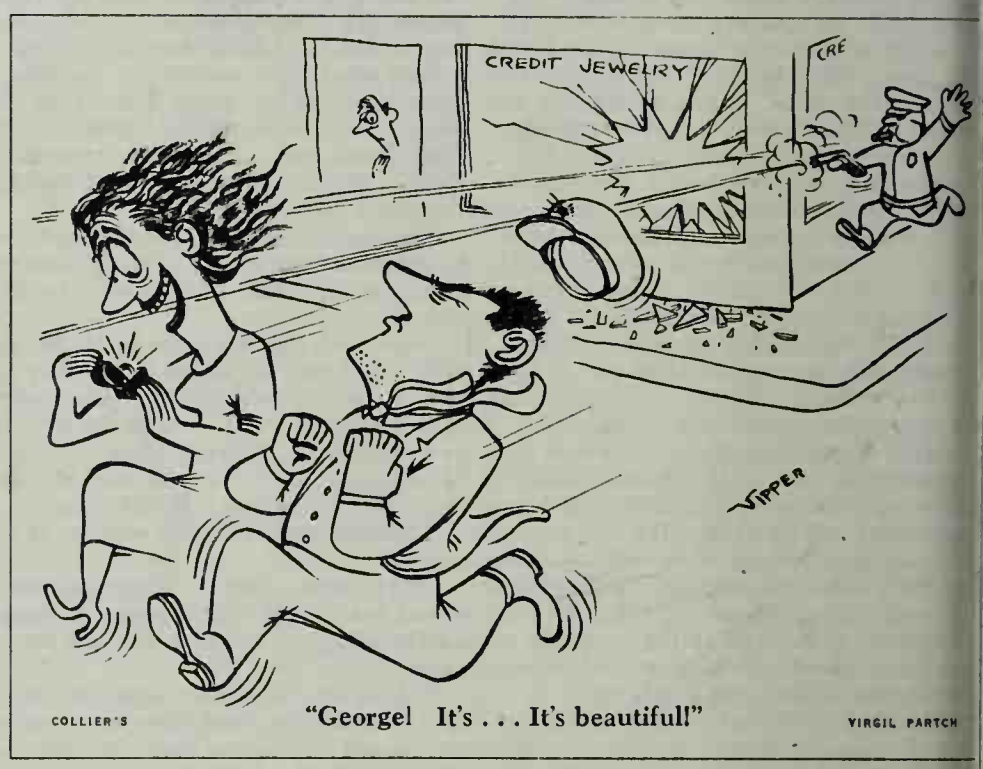
It was in Rochester, said Katherine, that they learned to snap their toe joints and Leah was aware of the deception.

The "confession" was good box office for a few months, then interest dried up and Katherine was again at the end of her rope. Presently she was back in business as a medium, retracting her confession and laying it to financial hardship and evil influences.

But by then nobody cared, least of all the other more successful mediums who discovered that the added publicity didn't hurt the movement a bit.

"Exposures" have been made time and again, but nobody does a more thorough job of it than the mediums themselves. The Psychic Observer is itself a travesty on the movement with its fabulous "spirit news" columns and its advertisements for "Love Healers," "Psychic Artists," and for the trade, of "baby- student- and professional-size aluminum trumpets," "luminous bands," and "lasting quality luminous paint."

To outsiders, almost everything claimed or promised for spiritualism sounds like a cruel burlesque of the followers' credulity. Yet it would be less than fair to accuse its proponents of deceiving anyone. They give only what is asked. And what their followers are is apparently something they have not found elsewhere: relief from anxiety about life, from fear of death and above all from loneliness. To reduce the solace to a trick in the dark is like reducing the glow you feel on New Year's Eve to 5 or 10 ounces of grain alcohol.



COLLIER'S "Georgel It's . . . It's beautiful!" VIRGIL PARTCH

Next week Jule Mannix will take up where Mr. Lagemann left off and tell you where you can buy a good inexpensive phantom. Read Ghosts for Sale

When you step into a Fortune, sir...



YOU "FEEL LIKE A MILLION"

FORTUNE'S "TOWNSTREET" SERIES

● Yes, that "million dollar" feeling is yours, *and* at a moderate price, when you step into a Fortune "Townstreeter"— the finer footwear for town and business. For whatever your walk of life, you'll breeze through more smoothly . . . confidently . . . in smart, authentic, comfortable "Townstreeters." This *maximum* satisfaction is yours for so *moderate* a price because Fortune selects plump, durable leathers in large, cost-saving quantities . . . because Fortune anticipates style trends so that production can be maintained without cost-consuming interruptions . . . and because, despite modern machine methods, Fortune's skilled craftsmen lend full attention to your comfort — assuring you a fit that makes a Fortune feel like it's made for *your* foot, alone. And, in addition, every step in the creation of every Fortune moves under the watchful eyes of Fortune's cost analysts — men trained to keep down the price to you because it's good business for us. But for the final proof, see your Fortune dealer today.





● ABOVE: Style 6197. Straight tip, oval spade sole extension.

● LEFT: Style 6129. Wing tip brogue bal, antique "turf tan."

● BELOW: Style 6741. A smart French toe in rich "dark cherry."



Fortune

SHOES FOR MEN

You're in style when you step into a Fortune

RICHLAND-DAVIDSON SHOE COMPANY • NASHVILLE • TENNESSEE

A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION

Drive refreshed... Have a Coca-Cola

A happy custom belongs out on the highway when you stop for gas and oil. It is part of the pleasure of motoring,—*the pause that refreshes* with ice-cold Coca-Cola. You stretch your legs, have a Coke from the familiar red cooler, and you're on your way—refreshed.

* * *

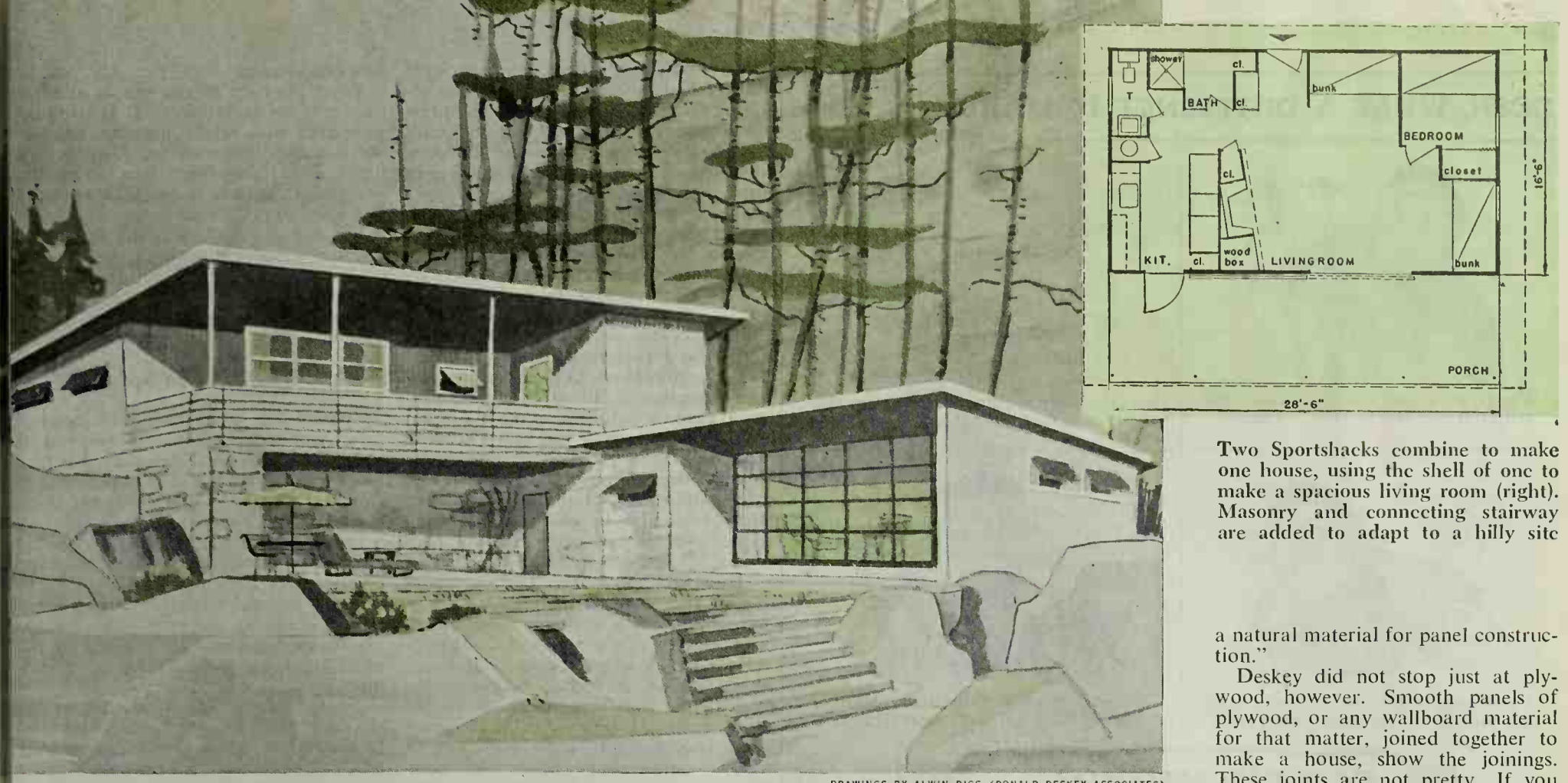
Listen to *The Pause That Refreshes On The Air* with Percy Faith and the Coca-Cola Orchestra Sundays 6:30 P.M. EDT Columbia Network.



Coca-Cola
"Coke"
5¢

Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.

COPYRIGHT 1947, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY



Two Sportshacks combine to make one house, using the shell of one to make a spacious living room (right). Masonry and connecting stairway are added to adapt to a hilly site

DRAWINGS BY ALWIN RIGG (DONALD DESKEY ASSOCIATES)

HOUSES READY-MADE

BY RUTH BUGBEE

Prefabrication, once off to a bad start, is beginning to find its rightful place in housing. Here are some pace-setting examples

MR. DONALD DESKEY, designer of the prefabricated houses pictured here, is not one to be easily daunted. "I think the marketability of prefabricated houses has been far overestimated," he says cheerfully, explaining why, in his opinion, prefabs are not blossoming overnight and by the tens of predicted thousands to solve the housing shortage. Nevertheless, he is convinced there is a sound and growing market for prefabricated houses of good design, that can be varied to meet individual need. That's why he is in the business.

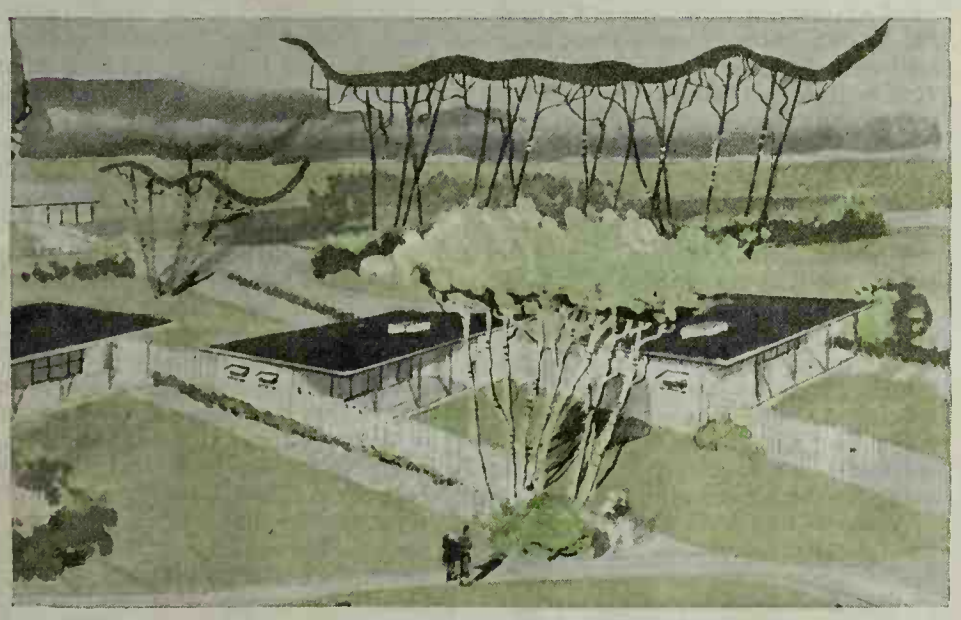
Marketability is a specialty of Mr. Deskey's. He is an industrial designer. As such, it is his job to develop and improve products to sell successfully against competition. In twenty years of industrial designing, he has worked in fifty different fields, putting the Midas touch on such diverse items as billiard tables, fountain pens, radios, lamps, pianos, boats, stoves, plumbing and heating equipment, for fifty-some companies, a list of whose names would read like a Who's Who of American industry. For ten of these years he has been concerned also with houses, and he is the first industrial designer to produce a prefabricated house. For this he is his own client, as president of Shelter Industries.

For years there have been going concerns in this field. Many large corporations and research foundations have done extensive work on prefabrication. So have government agencies. Still no abundance of prefabs on the landscape.

None of this troubles Deskey. He is accustomed to competing with specialists on their own ground, and designing to sell. Assembling his own smart group of specialists, including architects, engineers, production-line experts and the like, he has put on the market to date two kinds of prefabricated houses. The first is a week-end house called Sportshack, designed in prewar years and to be produced again as soon as housing restrictions are off. The second is a G.I. version to suit last year's housing program. Now he has half a dozen variations of this house on his design boards.

He started first with the material of which a house should be made. "Steel and aluminum lend themselves well to mass production," he says, "but will the public accept them?" He thinks not yet. Also, steel houses have not previously been processed satisfactorily against rust. Some manufacturers are now trying enamel coatings. Deskey's own answer to the problem of materials is plywood.

"Wood itself," he says, "is an economical, flexible, durable material with character, and with popular appeal. Wooden houses have stood well for over two hundred years. The development of plywood has added to the desirability of wood as a structural material as well as one for enclosure. It is engineered wood, eliminating all danger of warping and shrinking. It is light, but strong. It is a natural material for panel construction."



Sportshacks (plus garages and terraces) achieve privacy even in close grouping

Deskey did not stop just at plywood, however. Smooth panels of plywood, or any wallboard material for that matter, joined together to make a house, show the joinings. These joints are not pretty. If you conceal them with strips of wood, the strips have a way of making your house look like a packing case. So Deskey devised a system of taking fir plywood—the cheapest plywood—and scratching the soft, coarse grain out of it. The result is a striated wood with a pleasing textured look, that can withstand any number of further scratches gracefully. The ridges in the wood conceal joints, making a continuous wall surface possible.

This material has been used for the interior and exterior walls of his house, glued in four-foot by eight-foot panels to wooden frames. Inside, the plywood is a quarter of an inch thick and casein-bonded. Outside it is three eighths of an inch thick and resin-bonded to be weatherproof. Insulation is aluminum foil.

The heart of the Deskey house is perhaps prefabrication's most important accomplishment to date. It is a mechanical core, combining in one compact, portable, prefabricated unit the heating plant, kitchen and bathroom utilities, including all fixtures. This is an idea on which inventive minds have worked for years.

The Deskey Version

Two years ago Deskey was working on his own version of such a core, when he was called in as industrial design consultant by the Borg-Warner Corporation of Chicago. Borg-Warner were already well along with their own mechanical core which they called the Ingersoll Utility Unit after Roy C. Ingersoll of the corporation, who saw it on the design board of J. Fletcher Lankton, an Illinois architect, and convinced his company it would be a sound thing for them to manufacture. There was an immediate pooling of ideas, and Deskey's organization was employed to help perfect the design and engineering of the unit.

Convinced that such a mechanical core is not only a natural for prefabricated houses, but flexible enough not to hamper freedom of design even for custom-built houses, Deskey persuaded Ingersoll to commission some of the country's leading architects to design houses around the unit, to prove this point. The houses, of a

GOSH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!

by Berry



I'm givin' my all, shootin' a box office triumph for old Super-Colossal . . .



But they keep sendin' me gals with the talent of a corn field scare-crow . . .



I'm ready to tell the big boss to go get himself a brand new director...



When I get a starlet chock-full of talent . . . a gal with everything!



Check the Raw Material in your MOTOR OIL!

Q...How can you put quality in if it isn't there to begin with?

A...You can't!

So when the man says "Check your oil," *you check his.*

For safe, economical lubrication be sure it is 100% Pure Pennsylvania.

These oils are made from raw material which is in a class by itself—Pennsylvania Grade Crude. Oils from this crude are quality from the start...better oils from the ground up. They are known as "balanced" oils, a natural balance of all essentials. They do all the things an oil must do...*all* not just one or two.

You benefit, so does your car, by making sure that every quart and every refill is 100% Pure Pennsylvania of emblem* quality.

FRICTION-FIGHTING FREE-FLOWING
SLUDGE-PREVENTING LONG-LASTING
HEAT-RESISTING MONEY-SAVING



*For your protection, only oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude which meet our rigid quality requirements are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania

dozen gratifyingly different designs, were built in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The resulting flood of attention from the press has made the Ingersoll Utility Unit known from coast to coast. Orders, which speak even louder, are coming in faster than they can be filled.

The plywood walls of the Deskey house are sound, accepted prefabrication practice, and the utility unit gives every indication of becoming accepted practice. With these, and the design skill of a staff of architects headed by Ralph Gulley, former dean of architecture at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Deskey created a minimum, G.I. house that met with more than a fair share of public interest, even though none of the minimum houses allowed under last year's housing program could possibly approximate anyone's dream house. Bowing to FHA specifications, the interior of the Deskey house is similar in plan to any small house, with two or three smallish bedrooms, living room, kitchen and bath.

"However," says Mr. Gulley, "even though the small-house plan has been boiled down to a formula, we think we have added a few amenities."

He has. A sloping ceiling in living room and larger bedroom follows the pitch of the roof and makes the rooms seem larger. Horizontal ceilings in the other rooms create scale by contrast, and allow space above for warm-air heating ducts, which can be used in the summer for circulation of air, stirred by the fan of the heating unit. Then there's the pleasing wall finish of combed plywood, the compactness of the utility unit, a large picture window in the living room, an awning frame over the terrace, a wall to screen the terrace from the street, a canopy to shelter the main entrance and overhanging eaves that will cut off the summer sun, yet let in the slanting rays of the winter sun.

The town of Stamford, Connecticut, liked the Deskey house well enough that it purchased sixty of them for rental units. The houses were erected as a community.

The town of New Britain, Connecticut, has just ordered three hundred to be built on various city-owned sites throughout the town, for rental to veterans at about $35 to $50 a month. In deference to New England, these have had their façades revamped to look like Cape Cod cottages. But the important facts remain, that the houses are all prefabricated, are being delivered to the city erected at just under $6,000 each, and are being accepted throughout a variety of neighborhoods.

Labor No Stumbling Block

But many times prefabricators meet local opposition due to building codes. Deskey, for one, is not going to bang his head against this wall. He ran into trouble in one Massachusetts town because his house does not require the use of conventional two-by-fours. Now his next house will have two-by-fours in it, even though smaller pieces of lumber could do the job. He also has a variation of the house that can be built with a cellar, since many codes demand cellars. He's out to sell houses, not buck the codes of the land, much as he thinks they need it.

Strangely enough, labor is not the stumbling block predicted. "We are using journeyman plumbers on the assembly line," reports Borg-Warner, "and the officials of the United Association of Journeyman Plumbers has publicized the fact that the Ingersoll Utility Unit is being produced strictly in keeping with agreements that have been reached with the United Association." On each unit, in harmonious company, are the labels of the various unions involved.

The Winner Manufacturing Company in New Jersey, first to fabricate the Deskey house, was not unionized when production started in the spring of '46, but is now—associated with the A.F. of L.

What goes on at the site is another headache for prefabricators. Driving up in a truck of a bright morning, unloading a house, and whisking it up before night is a nice fairy tale. Actually, prefabricators have to beg local contractors to put up their houses.

But the worst thing is the site itself. Plunk any house down in the middle of a drab, barren piece of land, and it looks terrible. Put a prefab there, with all the extra-critical attention it will get as something new, and its goose is cooked.

Advice: Go to an Architect

"When you build your own house," says Architect Gulley, "if you do it right, you go to an architect even before you buy your land, and get his advice in selecting a good building site. He plans the house to fit the site. When you buy a factory fabricated house, you should also go to an architect, or a landscape architect, for advice in selecting a lot to suit this house. The charge for such a service is slight. But the service itself is invaluable because it means making the most of your biggest lifetime investment."

To be as adaptable as possible to any site and to any family needs the next Deskey house, no longer designed merely to a G.I. minimum, is being worked out with half a dozen different floor plans. You can have three bedrooms or two, a center or side living room, a rambling, ranch-house type of structure.

Any room is expandable in size, in four-foot units either way. You can build the house right-hand or left-hand to the plan, to catch the view or the right orientation—i.e., the sun in the right rooms at the right time of day. You can set it with its end to the street, or broadside on the lot—service and front entrances are both arranged for easy access either way. And you can have the roof almost flat, for the south, or any of varying pitches.

In his first venture with prefabrication, Deskey was able to circle around many of its problems. "It was in 1938 that I first decided to go into prefabrication," he says. "I studied the subject to see what was holding it back. I could see two things then: The unions and the lack at that time of FHA approval for prefabricated houses of modern design. So I decided to design a week-end house that could do without either. Week-end houses are built in the country, where unions don't operate. They are built by people with means to do without the FHA."

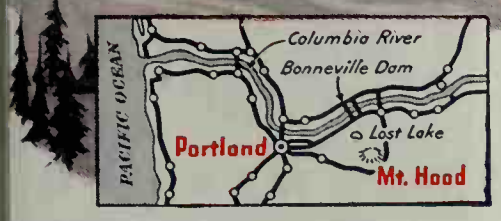
The result was the Sportshack, a lighthearted minimum house that allowed pleasure instead of grim necessity to rule its design. It had a fireplace fitted with grilles for year-round heating, plumbing, closets. It had only one tiny bedroom, but convertible couches could make four more bunks in a hurry. If more space were needed later, it could be added in four-foot lengths, or even another Sportshack could be connected.

The war put a stop to manufacturing plans. In January, 1946, Deskey started up again. Then Wyatt came along with his housing ideas, and Deskey switched to a G.I. minimum house. Some Sportshacks had already been produced, however. They were immediately grabbed up by lucky citizens who have been weathering the housing shortage very comfortably in them ever since. As housing restrictions ease up, Deskey will return Sportshacks to the production line.

Deskey is convinced that, somewhere between custom-built houses and the rigid, cheap little boxes that no one wants, there can be a great choice of well-designed, variable, pleasant houses, that bring the saving of mass production, practically painless erection, and the guarantee of a responsible manufacturer. He's betting his own money on that.

THE END

WHEN GEESE FLY SOUTH... Switch to— AUTO-LITE



Snow-capped Mt. Hood, Oregon's famous peak, suggests the crisp, cold days ahead when you'll want quick starts, best gas mileage. Make sure your spark plugs are ready—install a new set of ignition-engineered Auto-Lites.



Money cannot buy a better spark plug

Tune in the Auto-Lite Radio Show Starring Dick Haymes—Thursday Nights, 9:00 P.M.—E.T. on CBS

● Skies patterned with flying geese signal the wise motorist . . . replace faulty or worn spark plugs with a complete set of Auto-Lites.

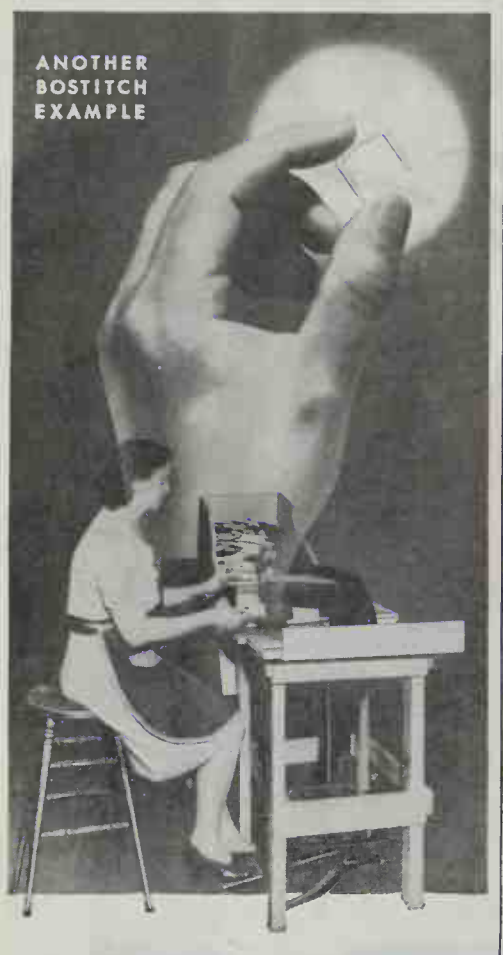
Get the top performance, full power and economy you want from your engine all winter long. You can count on Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. They're ignition engineered. That's why so many manufacturers of America's finest cars, trucks and tractors specify them as original factory equipment. Better see your friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer today!

Toronto, Ontario — THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY — Toledo 1, Ohio

AUTO-LITE



BATTERIES • IGNITION SYSTEMS • WIRE & CABLE



CHANGED TO BOSTITCH; DOUBLED PRODUCTION



When this pointbrush manufacturer started Bostitching metal ferrules to wooden handles—replacing machine nailing—production rose from 425 dozen a day to about 900 dozen.

Bostitch makes savings for others, too: the furniture manufacturer who panels the backs of mirrors at 50% lower fastening cost . . . the luggage maker who reduced floor space 80% for the frame-tacking operation . . . the bicycle manufacturer who fastens shipping cartons, top, bottom and one side, in ⅓ the former time.

Whatever your combination of metal, plastics, wood, cloth, leather or paper, you can probably fasten it better and faster with one of the 800 Bostitch machines. 250 field men in 91 key cities, backed by skilled research engineers and 50 years' Bostitch experience, make it easy for you to get the right machine for any job.

Write for facts about representative models from the world's largest and most versatile line of stitchers, staplers, tackers and hammers. Use the coupon below . . . today.

BOSTITCH

fastens it better, AND FASTER with wire

ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES

Bostitch, 356 Mechanic St., Westerly, R. I.
(or Bostitch-Canada, Ltd., Montreal)

Please send descriptive material on Bostitch time- and money-saving machines .....

Name .....

Company .....

Address .....

JUNGLE LORD

Continued from page 15

"I shall speak to the sultan about it," Van Hoeven said to me. "He could send the creature to the zoo at Fort de Kock and have his name up as the donor. Even there it would starve, but this is unthinkable."

He fingered the lock. It had been patched together with native carelessness after being broken.

"I had to file it open when the cage arrived," Samidin explained. "They had forgotten to send the key with it."

He pulled the wire with which he had mended the filed ring of the padlock a little tighter. "He won't escape," he said. "He is not clever. If he were clever, I would never have succeeded in getting him into my net."

FROM the kitchen his wife watched, smiling shyly, a naked child clinging to her sarong.

"Is your wife no longer afraid of the orang?"

"No, sir. At first, yes, but not after a few days. Even my boy dares approach the cage now. *Eh, mari sini, djangan takut,*" he called to the little fellow who was being pushed forward encouragingly by his mother. "Come on, let *Tuan Contrôleur* see that you are not afraid."

The orangutan began to show signs of restiveness. He turned his head after the little lad, and uttered a threatening growl. The boy did not heed it and silently picked up a small bamboo stick through which a nail had been driven.

"What's that?"

"That stick?" Samidin laughed. "He likes to tease the ape with it sometimes. Boys will be boys."

"Come on, let's have our lunch." Van Hoeven turned away. The *mandur* looked after him, not knowing whether he should encourage his little son now to show Mr. Controller how little he feared the big caged animal.

Samidin served the rice *tafel,* and we fell to.

"Aren't they strange, these natives?" pondered Van Hoeven. "You come to think they have no feeling whatever for animals. For sheer entertainment they'll sit in a circle to watch a fowl with a half-severed throat jump and flutter about for a quarter of an hour. It is simply not to miss that pleasure that they don't slaughter the creature properly. On the other hand, their fighting cock, their turtledove they nurse like a child. This fellow keeps one—did you notice the pole by the well? He pulls it up every morning to the top of the pole so that the bird will see the sun sooner than he does himself, and in the evening he never omits to cover the cage with a cloth against the night's chills.". . .

We jumped up, filled with apprehension when there came a piercing scream from the garden; the child began to howl violently. Then a door banged and the noise ceased. We reached the garden just as the orangutan was busy squeezing himself through the open cage door. He looked around in agitation and caught sight of the *mandur.* He advanced, hissing furiously, reeling drunkenly, toward the native. Samidin retreated hastily, and practically at the same moment all three of us were in the inner room and had bolted the door with the heavy iron bar which stood beside it.

"The windows!" I shouted. They appeared to be secured with solid trellis-work.

We had acted on a primitive impulse. As it soon turned out our precautions had been superfluous; the animal did not dare venture into the back veranda. He halted a few yards from the door. Stooping slightly, the knuckles of his bent fingers just touching the ground, he stared, still gasping, at the slammed door.

Van Hoeven turned on Samidin. "There you are, you damned fool! Didn't I tell you the lock was rubbish?"

The *mandur's* face was gray. "I ask you to pardon me, *Tuan Contrôleur,*" he faltered.

Van Hoeven peered through the blinds of the back window, then turned to me and made an effort to see the humor of the situation. "It's a damned good joke. We're the ones in a cage now!"

"Presently he will return to the wood of his own accord."

"Let's hope so. If we had the rifles we could chase him away with a shot. Where did we leave them by the way?"

"Outside, near the front veranda."

"Can't we get at them through the front door?"

Samidin saw him walk up to it. "The front door is locked, *Tuan Contrôleur.*"

"I know. But don't you have the key?"

"The key is in my room, I think—" He understood what the idea had been. "If *Tuan Contrôleur* wants me to, I shall try to fetch the rifles through the back door," he offered, with that mixture of fatalism and foolhardiness that sometimes directs the actions of the native.

"He'd be after you for sure; you're the one he wants," Van Hoeven said. "How long is he going to sit and wait there do you think?"

"He will go away eventually, *Tuan Contrôleur.*"

"But when will 'eventually' be?"

"When it gets dark."

"Not before?"

"Perhaps even sooner," Samidin said hurriedly, frightened by the controller's impatience.

The young controller's thoughts went back to his home. "If we are late, my wife will begin to worry," he said to me.

"She does not worry easily, you told me."

"No, that's right, but this time she won't understand why it is, as I am not out on duty. If we stay away late, she may get ideas into her head about the *prahu* capsizing among the crocodiles, or I don't know what."

"Don't get impatient. That creature is bound to give up in a little while."

IT DID not give up. It was in no hurry. It stood always at the same spot, its hands just touching the ground. With its small narrow eyes it peered incessantly in the direction of the back door, its mouth open and its throat still swollen from grief—waiting until its enemy should come outside.

Van Hoeven began to get fed up. "Let's try to drive him off. I don't feel like sitting here for hours on end." He noticed a case of beer bottles. "Suppose I throw some of these at his head, with the sultan's compliments? It is safe to open the door again; he won't dare come into the house."

I opened the door, but kept the iron bar handy. Samidin looked uneasy when he saw what we were going to do. Van Hoeven picked up a bottle and slung it with all his force against the ape. He missed, and the animal did not stir from his place, only looked contemptuously at the projectile that whizzed past him.

"Another try," said the young controller and this time ventured a few steps into the back veranda. The orang watched closely, suspicious. Again the bottle missed; the first throw had been better.

Van Hoeven was disappointed. "You have a go, Samidin," he said, knowing how much better a native masters his hand.

Samidin came forward. He was flattered by the confidence. The orang reared himself up on his hind legs and his throat worked furiously when the

This fall it's "Cushioned Comfort"

GET NEXT TO NU-MATICS

Made by skilled Holland craftsmen, NU-MATIC shoes are loaded with comfort features: Cushioned sole for shock absorption . . . Arch Brace for finer fit . . . Steel shank support for longer wear! Buy ***Style*** with ***Cushioned Comfort*** in ***Nu-Matics*** for Fall.



$11.95 to $12.95

Nu-Matics

Complete ranges of styles, color and sizes at your NU-MATIC dealers.

No sacrifice of style in NU-MATIC shoes — Rugged Bluchers for Fall, Finely-detailed "Custom" Toes, Dressy French Toes and Easy Moccasin Types — all the eye-appeal you want with more ***comfort*** than you've ever had. Write for the name of your dealer who features a complete style range of Nu-Matic shoes.

BLUCHER

CUSTOM TOE

FRENCH TOE

MOCCASIN TOE

HOLLAND-RACINE SHOES, INC.
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN
93 Years of Combined Shoemaking Skills

maller and darker figure came out. Samidin took his time. The bottle flew traight at the animal, grazing the swiftly odging skull. The orang bellowed oarsely and moved the upper part of its ody frantically up and down.

Van Hoeven pressed a second bottle nto the *mandur's* hand. "Have another y, a little lower this time."

Samidin nodded silently and threw gain. In this instant the ape became conious of the fact that these dark shining bjects which came flying out at him eant pain and danger. With an unexected, effortless movement, his big hand ught the bottle in midair and hurled it ck with rabid force. It broke to smithreens against one of the wooden pillars the back veranda.

Past realizing the grotesqueness of this ght, both Van Hoeven and I snatched the remaining bottles and threw them ith all our might at the big tawny fort shape, and when we ran out of bots, we made short work of the smaller eces of the inventory of the back venda.

The ape for his part had lashed himlf into a state of frenzy. He jumped up d down on hands and feet, and the am framed his gaping mouth with the ngerous yellow teeth.

At last we realized that this was getting nowhere. The animal was provoked the point of casting aside its caution. approached so near to the steps leadg to the back veranda that we felt it safe any longer to move about outle our door. We held council. Van even, no longer in control of his rves, made a mad proposal.

"Let's risk it. Maybe he'll give us time get at the rifles. And if not I'll keep m at a distance until you have maned to grab a gun."

"How would you keep him at a disnce?"

"With that long iron bar."

"Don't be an idiot! He would tear it ay from you in no time."

"If we let him be, he is sure to go away his own accord later on," said Samidin othingly, troubled by his conscience.

"Do you happen to have a pack of rds on you?" Van Hoeven asked me. omething to distract my thoughts, or han't be able to stand it much longer." ddenly his rage broke out anew. "Of the maddening experiences! Here I n—Civil Officer Colonial Service, next the sultan the highest authority for les around, and I am the prisoner of an angutan!"

He was in too much of a fury to be able to see the humor of it.

After an hour, the ape was still sitting there, but a little farther away than where he had ventured for a moment in his anger. Time did not count for him; he waited patiently—perhaps for more projectiles to descend upon him, or to look once more into the eyes of the brown man against whom he had fostered wild hatred in weeks of suffering. This thought must have been at the back of his mind as he looked around him, now somewhat bored, and caught a fly from the air with his hand and put it in his mouth. From time to time he would suddenly fasten his gaze on the door when he heard anything. We kept still on purpose; we talked in low tones.

"If he is still there when darkness comes, I am getting out of here," Van Hoeven announced. "I am damned if I care what happens!"

"Come, come," I said, "wait until it gets dark. He must go sometime, mustn't he? It's simply inconceivable that he should besiege us here consciously! He has to get used to the thought that he can leave this garden and return to his wood. When darkness falls, his instinct will drive him there."

THE controller's instinct drove him home, where his wife was expecting her first child. He shrugged his shoulders nervously and irritably, and addressed himself to Samidin, "Do you think we could make ourselves heard by the fishermen, when they put to sea presently?"

"They won't put to sea today, *Tuan Contrôleur*—it is *hari Dyumahat*."

Van Hoeven swore. "We should have thought of that," he said to me.

"Of what? That the fishermen don't sail on a Friday?"

"That Friday is an ill-omened day for hunting."

In the sultry hours of noon there had been dead silence. Now birds began to sing with clear voices. "Takukurrr," cooed the turtledove high on her pole.

The short dusk of the tropics crept nearer, by leaps it seemed. The outlines of the lesser buildings and of the young orange trees began to darken rapidly and became vague. The wall of the jungle behind the garden grew higher and stiflingly somber and threatening. The orang waddled sluggishly up and down for a little, and several times uttered a hoarse shout which echoed against the jungle beyond.

"That's what he does every evening,"



"Look what I found frittering away his time in the chemistry lab!"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Of America's leading Cigarettes one is

OUTSTANDING



PALL MALL's distinguished length is the outward sign of a basic superiority. "Distance lends enchantment"—and the greater distance PALL MALL travels the smoke — filters it through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos — gives you a smoother, mellower, more satisfying smoke.

-and they are mild!

CARLING'S Red Cap

Happy Day

Throw the empties away
— No extra to pay







The New Carling's "32." Exclusively Carling's! Rather than the usual 24, Carling's now comes 32 bottles to the case. Same weight, occupies same space as the old 24.

Happy Day! This is Carling's new throw-away bottle.

For the first time in brewing history—a one-trip container at no extra cost to the consumer.

The same 12 full ounces per bottle, but less glass.

No deposit. No return. No nuisance. Every bottle brand-new—never used before, never to be used again.

Like beer? Like ale? Try Carling's Red Cap in the new throw-away bottle. It costs not a penny extra. Order by the case—the new streamlined way. On sale everywhere.

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Cleveland, Ohio

Born in Canada (1840). Now going great in the 48 states as a product of U.S.A.

hispered Samidin. "Sometimes he gets answer from the woods."

This time there came an echo from the le buildings. "Samidin!" came the intive call of the deserted woman, o had fled there with her child.

"*Djangan takut* . . . don't be afraid!" outed the father, just as before, when had encouraged his son to come and se the hairy, imprisoned monster. The ther stopped sobbing to soothe the le one.

"Takukurrr," cooed the dove, won- ing why she was not being brought wn and covered up for the night.

VAN HOEVEN seemed to have given up his insane purpose of ventur- outside in the dark, overcome by oppression that this darkness brought h it.

"At least let us have a light," he said h an odd sound in his voice.

"Better on the veranda—not in here. would draw more attention if some- dy happened to come up the river. d we are bound to get enough mos- toes here as it is."

Samidin appeared to have already un- stood; he took a box of matches from belt.

"Do you dare to light the lamp on the anda, Samidin?"

"If you would keep watch?"

"Let's pull in the easy chairs at the e time," I proposed.

We dragged the chairs inside, and idin clambered onto the dangerously king table and lighted the paraffin p, which hung from the ceiling. That e, he could not refrain from taking a flowerpot that we had left and owing it at the dark gigantic specter e in the back yard. The animal ped aside and scowled and jabbered le the clods of earth and debris flew gainst its stomach.

amidin, frightened by the furious re- on of the orang, fled in a panic to us ors.

nd so came the night. The turtle- e did not coo any more; it had prob- nodded off to sleep on its perch. inst the dark shadow of the jungle flies were buzzing. Later on the n became visible, climbing slowly nst the skeleton of a bare dead *pohon ah*, "king tree," which rose above the ber mass of living treetops.

he fruit trees and the high, thick clus- of bamboo near the well threw long lows over the silver-lit ground, so the dark form of the orang, which ed to increase in size and menace, sometimes lost for a while. But we e able to hear him. Once he emitted impatient yawning noise. He ched his back against a trunk and ing so pulled down a branch which e off. First he ate the fruit, then the branch to burrow about in his , long hair.

canwhile, we were being tormented he mosquitoes; only Samidin was d. Jungle mosquitoes, which never before had tasted white man's blood, became maddened by its sweet savor. Thousands buzzed around us, and for each one we squashed on our cheeks, on our foreheads, our hands, there came new legions humming, murderous and fearless. We could not sit still in our chairs. The young controller thought incessantly of his wife at home. He got it into his head that the baby was going to be born that night. I reminded him of what the doctor had told him, but he sighed.

"The doctor can be mistaken. My wife was thinking it might be sooner."

"Then why the devil did you come?"

"Who was to know that I should not be home again by evening?"

"It must be a comfort to you that Ahmad is there."

"Oh yes, I can rely on him. But after all you never know what may happen! It's the first time. And if she should worry herself crazy over me . . ."

"What will Ahmad do if we don't turn up?"

"He may wait till midnight and then go in search of us. That is, if my wife will let him. She might try to prove to him, to me and to herself what a courageous official's wife she is."

It was now nine o'clock.

The bed that stood in the room had no mosquito netting; the frame from which it had once hung stuck out bare. The lamp on the back veranda began to smoke as the paraffin became low. It flickered a few times and went out. At the same time big dark clouds floated before the moon and utter darkness descended upon the world. We were not able to see the orang any more, but could hear him shuffle round the house, now here, now there.

It seemed as if by now he was wrenching off branches for sheer pleasure; incessantly wood crackled and leaves rustled. Then suddenly a tumult of cackling and fluttering broke out, followed by much banging and stamping. A riotous, unreasonable destroying power seemed to be at work out there, mysterious and invisible.

Samidin sighed, "*Bekin apa, dija*, now what is he doing?"

ONCE Van Hoeven's nerves got the better of him. He wanted to run to the motorboat, to his wife. I begged him to use his common sense, presently his policeman would come to the rescue. But he would not listen to reason; I had to hold him. He was strong, and I feared he would succeed in shaking me off.

"Samidin, do help me to prevent the *Tuan* from going," I called. Fortunately the *mandur* possessed sufficient courage and understanding for such an act of disrespect. He seized him by the arm that had just freed itself from my grasp, and clung to it like a burr.

"Now, *sudah*, let go," said Van Hoeven, panting, giving up the struggle at last. He sank down on a chair, his teeth chattering from excitement.

At long last fatigue overwhelmed us. We now surrendered without resistance to the mosquitoes. We had smoked all our cigarettes, including the pack of *serotos* which the *mandur* had dug up from his belt and offered us magnanimously.

Outside, the creaking and thudding had been going on without pause. Now, suddenly, there was silence. We lifted our heads and listened, tensely. From the outbuildings came dimly the faint sobbing of Samidin's wife. The *mandur* went nervously to the door.

"Perhaps he is gone. Shall I have a look?"

The same instant there was an anxious cooing and fluttering, and a whipping sound as of a bent pole suddenly released. "My pigeon!" stammered Samidin. Something hit the ground. More noise as of wings beating against a cage —then silence returned, pregnant with unseen danger.

Choking, deadly silence.

Toward morning we two must have slumbered for a little while after all. When we opened our eyes, a dusky sort of light was falling through the blinds. We looked at each other, confused. Samidin sat on his haunches near the door and stared before him. He had not slept.

"Is he still there?"

The *mandur* nodded. "Look at him."

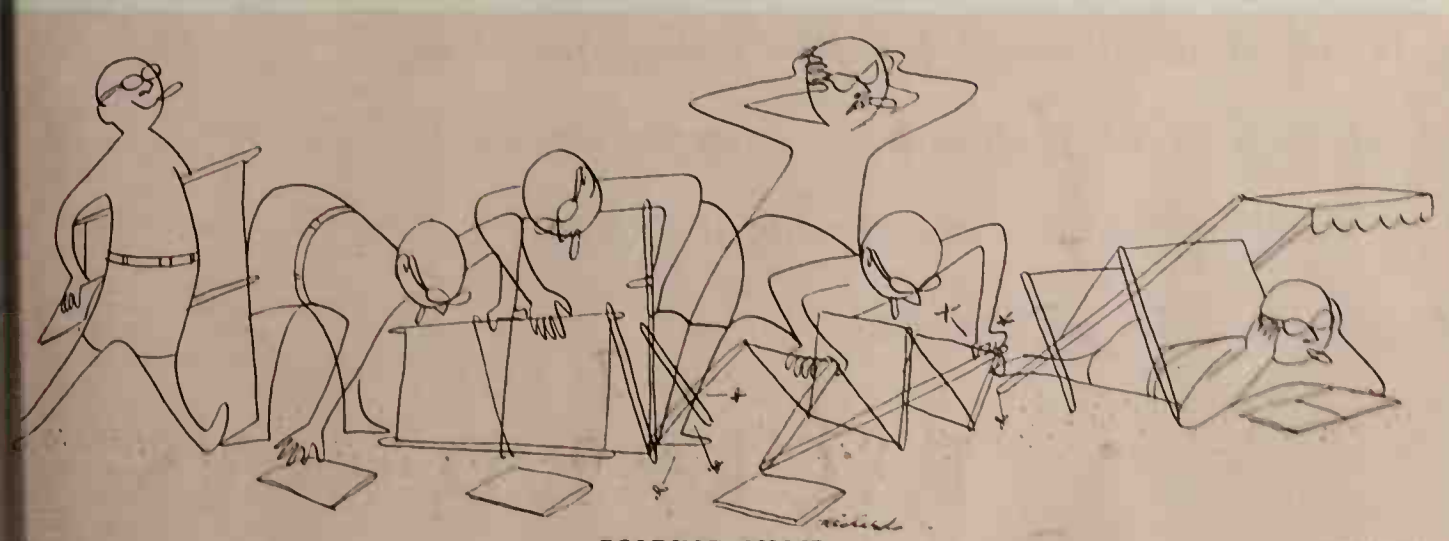
THE orang was sitting a few steps from the veranda, his back toward us and his head sunk low between his shoulders so that we saw only the bald and bloody skull and the outstanding upper rim of his ears. He was a dark, devilish monster, sinister and motionless. And everywhere around him we saw the work of destruction that he had wrought during the long night. The branches of the fruit trees had been torn off, and strewn around the garden.

"*Itu dyahat! Bangsat! Anak sundal!*" abused Samidin in smothered tones as if he was addressing an evil human. The giant ape now half turned toward us; he had heard our voices. Fiercely, noiselessly, he opened his mouth wide. It was meant as a threat, but it looked like silent laughter.

Had it been from wrath that he had turned this well-cared-for garden into a wilderness? Or was the destruction his nature? After all, what does destruction mean in the jungle? For every torn-off branch, a thousand others will grow!

"Look what he has done to the pigeon," Samidin wailed. The pole had been pulled to the ground and the cage lay upside down somewhere in the bamboo coppice. The bird was probably still alive, though it was lying with spread wings, helpless and inanimate, beneath its cage.

Nobody had locked the chicken house and here, too, the hairy giant of the woods had played his wanton murder game. Amidst scattered feathers a number of lifeless corpses of birds lay on the ground. A few fowls that had managed



FOLDING CHAIR

EMPEROR

THE PIPE THAT KNOWS NO PEER

Emperor

NOW OFFERS THE BIT THAT'S ON THE LEVEL

COMFORT BIT

It's Flat to Fit Across Your Teeth

$5.00



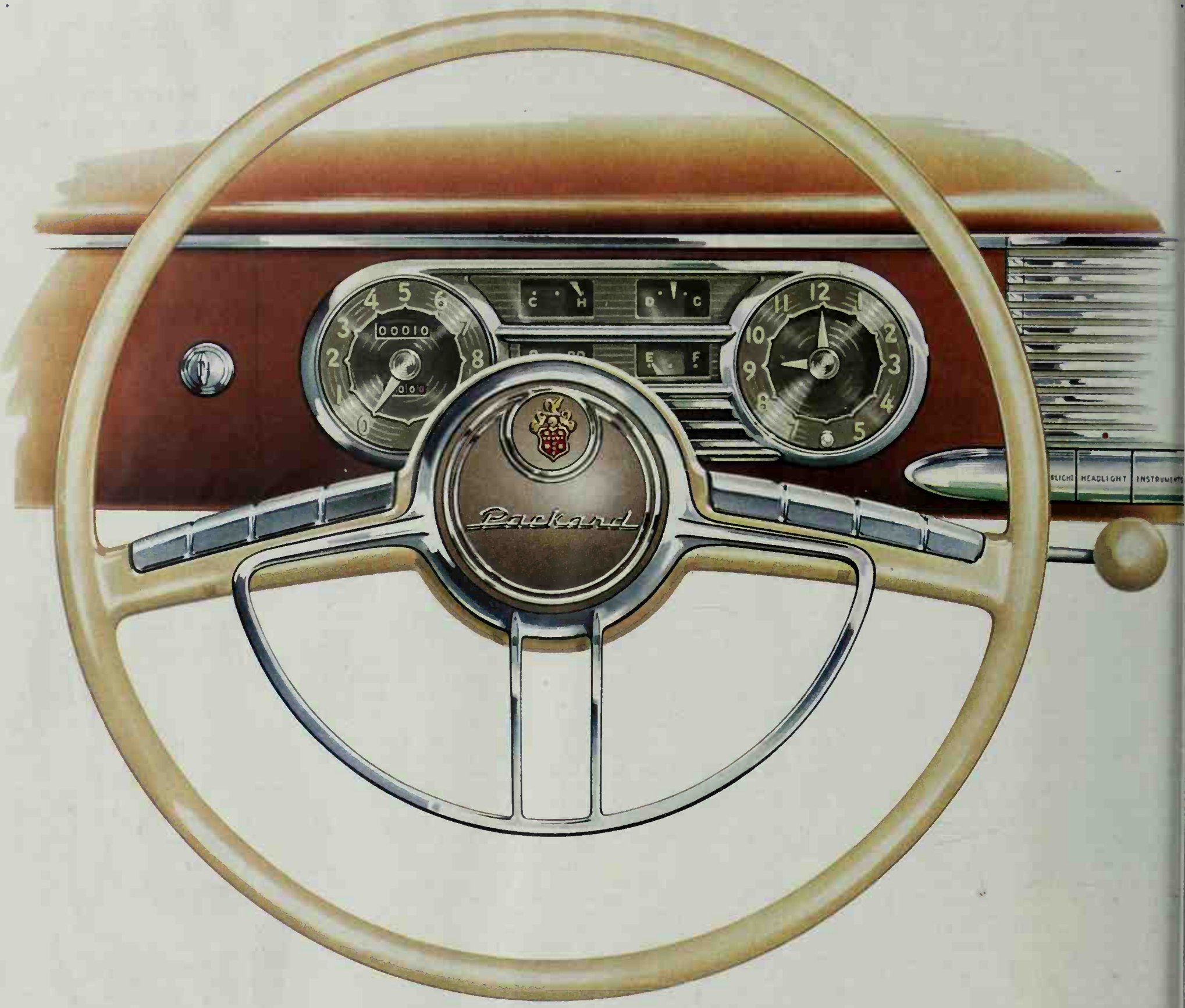
HERE'S the sensational new Emperor model with the Comfort Bit—a mouthpiece that's *flat* to fit the normal alignment of the teeth!

Only in Emperor do you find this refinement. Fashioned of the world's choicest briar in 12 distinctive shapes, the Emperor Comfort Bit is now available at your dealer's. An illustrated folder will be gladly sent on request.

EMPEROR PIPES

Other Emperor Models at $5.50 $5.00 $7.50 and $10.00 Limited

Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.



Behind this wheel--very soon--will sit the happy owner of an entirely new kind of car.

The breath-taking beauty of its advanced free-flow styling--and its brilliant, newly-engineered performance--simply cannot be compared with anything you have ever known in the past.

Watch for--and wait for--the exciting new

PACKARD FOR '48

PACKARD . . . ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

o escape his wild, snatching hands now at frightened and huddled together on he perch, and a young cock raised his oice to greet the morning with a waver- ng crow. Vaguely astonished, the ape ooked in the direction of the chicken ouse, but he did not think it worth his hile to go back there.

"This is purpose; this is revenge," I aid to Van Hoeven. He made no an- wer. The enormous animal with the uddy fleece that had been abused by amidin as a criminal, as a scoundrel of ishonorable descent, was becoming ven for us a being with a logically func- oning, if blunt, human brain. He had it his tormentor in what was precious him, his garden, his poultry, his pi- eon. If the mother had not managed to ag her child indoors in time—

It was already half past five. When ould Ahmad arrive? Surely he must on his way here. Behind the clouds ove the jungle the sky turned orange d gold, and out of the retreating night ose the shocking picture of devasta- n, completed by all we had thrown at e orang's head the evening before.

"There, listen!"

Through the bright, deep birds' voices



COLLIER'S "Please, whoa!" BARNEY TOBEY

om the jungle treetops, we dimly heard t chugging of a little motor. It sounded f away, but was approaching steadily. en the orang became attentive; his ze wandered to the river.

"We shall have to warn Ahmad," I sd. "Is he likely to carry a gun?"

"He may have borrowed one from t military. But in any case we must l to him that ours are standing loaded ainst the house."

"There he is!"

HE little boat came against the tide, running in with a sweep against the y. The native policeman sat in the rn, his brown martial straw hat with t upturned brim pulled down over his s. With visible astonishment, he oked at our boat. Then he tied up.

"*Ahmad! Ati-ati! Ada orang-hutan adalam kebon!*" Van Hoeven shouted.

Ahmad seemed glad to hear his ster's voice. "*Baig, Tuan,*" he shouted k, peering with a sharp look into the den.

The ape showed signs of nervousness. Uncertain of this threat from outside, he moved in his reeling gait somewhat aimlessly up and down at first, beating his hands furiously against the ground. Then he advanced undecided on the old man, who unhurriedly but without wavering walked up from the jetty to the garden gate.

IN FRONT of the gate Ahmad came to a halt. He saw the now-motionless colossal orang at the bottom of the garden and he measured with his eye the distance to the rifles, which he had already noticed.

"Are they loaded, *Tuan Contrôleur*?" he asked.

"Yes, both of them!"

He opened the garden gate and stepped forward. He and the orang looked into each other's eyes, measured each other's courage. There was a strange similarity between man and animal. Ahmad had the same primeval, narrow-planted eyes, his old and wrinkled head also rested deep between the shoulders. But in the man of authority, grown gray in service, there was no doubt and no fear; he knew that he had the law and the right behind him.

And the ape? After the exertion of its terrible night's revenge, there seemed to stir a vague consciousness of guilt. The animal hissed and growled, and flung the upper part of its body from side to side in a threatening way, but it gave ground before the inner certainty of the uniformed servant of the law on bare brown feet.

"*Ajo! Kluar!* Get out, you!" Ahmad suddenly called out imperiously.

Meanwhile he had reached the rifles and took one of them. Panic came over the orang when he saw the shining muzzle in a human hand. He whined and howled like a naughty child, picked up branches left and right and hurled them about as if to express his spite.

"Shoot! Shoot!!" Samidin cried, hoarse from excitement. But Ahmad did not shoot; he restricted himself to carrying the weapon before him as an outward token of authority. The animal was already in flight, now and then turning its head resentfully to look back, and throwing branches behind to cover its retreat and confuse its pursuer.

When it reached the well, Samidin ran out of the house to the remaining rifle. He snatched it up and hastened with it after Ahmad.

"Stop that!" Van Hoeven shouted—neither of us wanted the big animal needlessly shot. But the young *mandur* would not listen, and it was only thanks to Ahmad—who in the nick of time succeeded in pushing the muzzle upward—that the shot thundered forth in vain, echoing against the wall of the jungle. The ape screamed and turned to throw himself on his enemy. The old policeman, however, stepped forward and the orang once more hesitated, then proceeded on his flight. Van Hoeven and I had run out of the house and succeeded in taking the gun away from the *mandur*. He wept with rage and shouted coarse, mean invectives after the animal.

"Shoot him! But shoot him, sir!" he begged.

"Whatever for? He's taken flight, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but he has destroyed my garden, bitten my fowls to death! He will come to kill my child, too! My wife won't be able to sleep any more, she will always be thinking: He is coming, he is coming! Have mercy, *Tuan Contrôleur!* Have mercy on my wife and child, if not on me!"

"Don't talk rot, he won't return, he's seen enough of this place for the rest of his life," Van Hoeven said, with a grim contempt for the native's wild imaginings. If the young *mandur* could not stand it here any longer, he would just have to move.

We were impressed and breathless at the sight of the giant ape regaining the jungle from which he had been lured with coveted fruit. Oh no, he would not show himself any more near here. He left the clearing behind him now and pulled his sluggish body up into the trees as if it weighed nothing. He still kept breaking branches off and throwing them about him.

HE CROSSED over to another tree, moving on the green mass of foliage as over solid ground. Sometimes he was completely submerged in it; a branch would break, cracking loudly under his enormous weight, but a little lower there would be another branch to catch him and he would turn up again. Once more—for the last time—he looked back and gave a hoarse and raucous roar. It was a barbaric battle cry, a cry of hate and derision for all four of us. Then the jungle swallowed him up.

The old policeman now thought of something and addressed himself to Van Hoeven. "*Tuan Contrôleur*—yesterday evening the doctor came and—"

"And what? Has the child been born? How is *Njonja*?"

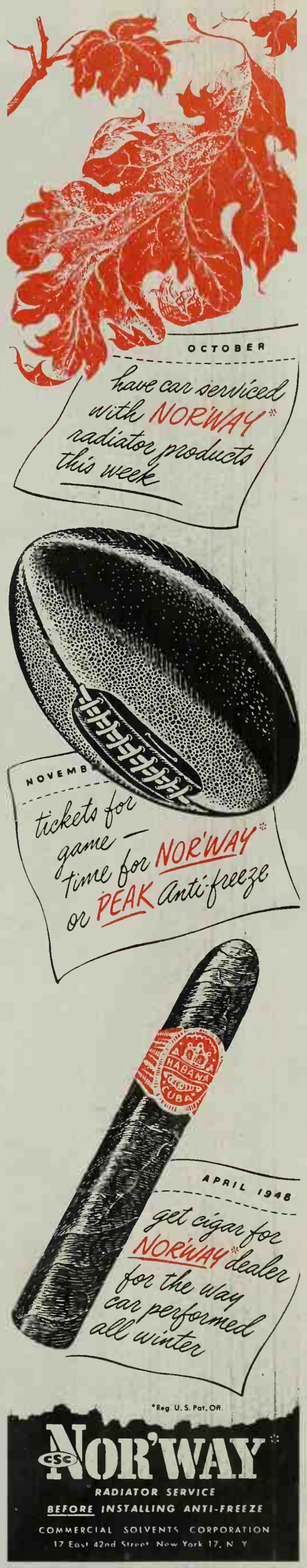
"Everything is all right." While Van Hoeven closed his eyes for a moment, Ahmad went on, "The *Njonja* was worrying about you; but I told her it was the motorboat. *Tuan Contrôleur* does not know how to handle that motor, I said; the thing is old, same as Ahmad, and sometimes cannot get started. I shall go to meet the *Tuan* in a minute. However, I could not leave till morning, because the *Njonja* then felt that her hour was come, and I thought: The *Tuan* will want to know from Ahmad that she is all right. He will be angry if Ahmad is not able to tell him. And I thought, he will like to know as well if it is a boy or a girl."

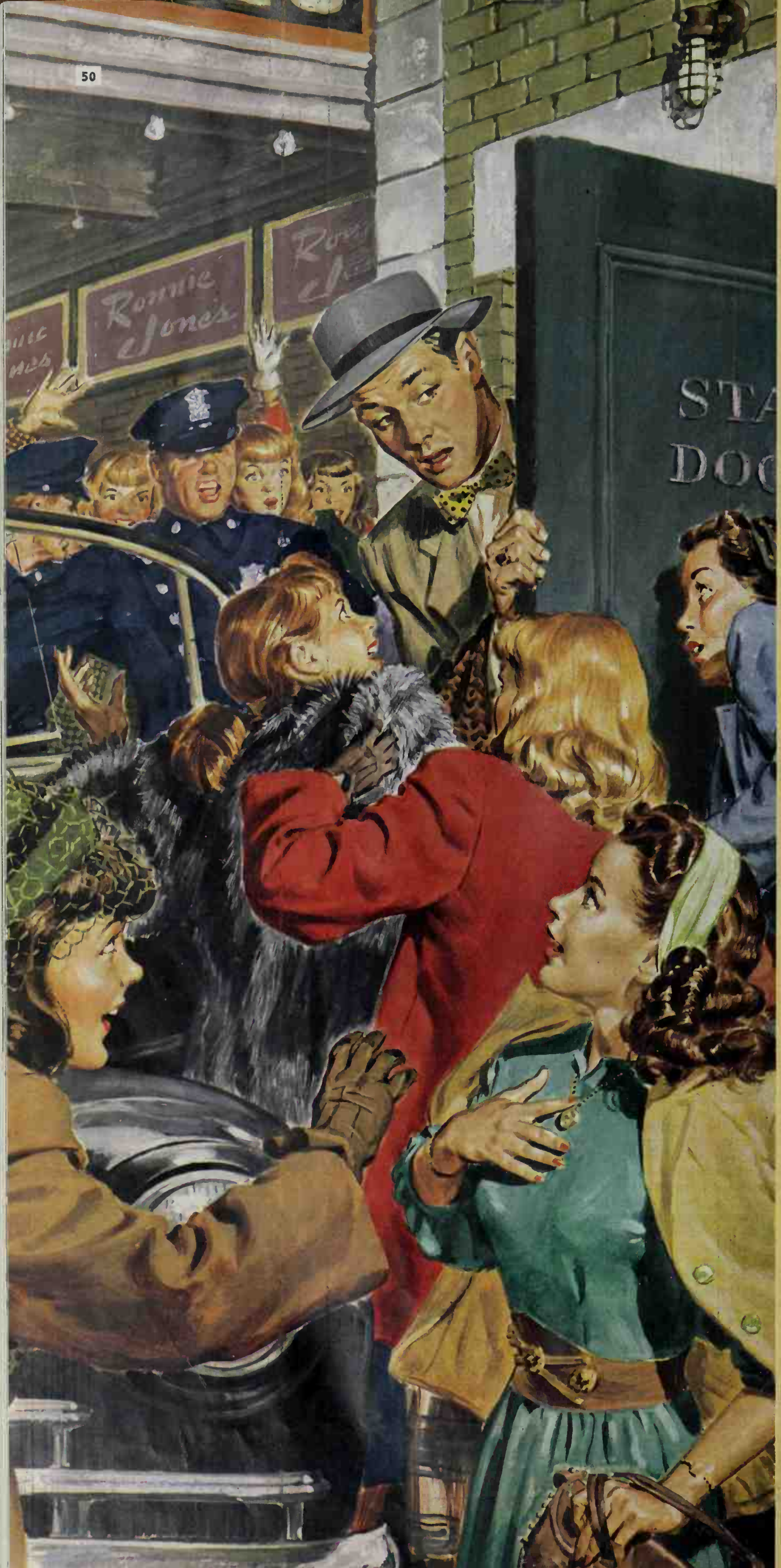
The young controller had tears in his eyes. "Ahmad! I knew I could count on you! Tell me—which is it?"

Across Ahmad's brown sallow face with the old, close-set animal's eyes that had seen much of life and death, there spread a bright, childlike smile.

"*Tuan Contrôleur* will be glad and proud, and Ahmad wishes him happiness and good luck. It is a boy."

THE END





STAGE DOOR GIRL

All Medora wanted was a private crooner—for her very own

●

BY JOSEPHINE PEARSON

IT WAS one of those bleak autumn days that are cold as winter and there were many red noses in the crowd that pressed around a stage door in an alley off Broadway. Legs were red, too, all the way from bobby sox to skirt hems—which was quite a distance when the wind blew. However, the girls weren't complaining about the weather. They had their love to keep them warm. Every time the stage door opened, they squealed; and as someone other than their idol emerged, they groaned.

Medora Miles saw the show once a week. By painful privation in the matter of carfare and movies and school lunches, she was able to save enough money for standing room at Saturday's matinee. She found it necessary to resort to intrigue as well as privation, because there were two people from whom she kept her love a secret. One was her mother who had stated bluntly that she did not approve of young girls going downtown alone. The other was a youth with sandy hair and freckles who erroneously believed he owned Medora's heart.

This afternoon, Medora was pleased to think that she stood out a bit from the crowd that worshiped Ronnie Jones. She was wearing the best her own wardrobe had to offer, plus a hat that she hoped to return to her mother's closet before it was missed. She was convinced that Ronnie had noticed both it and her. Whenever he turned to the audience he had seemed to look straight into her eyes. The look was lovingly returned.

The stage door opened and shrieks rent the skies. They were followed by groans which shook the earth. Medora was growing uneasy, she really ought to go home, but she made no move in that direction, nor did anyone else whose love was true.

While the girls waited, they compared trophies. All of them had Ronnie's autograph and most of them corresponded with him. He wrote very nice notes thanking them for their devotion; these were read aloud with ecstatic sighs.

(Continued on page 88)

The stage door opened. There was a wild scream and a stampede as Ronnie made the distance to his waiting car

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

An Exciting Value by KROEHLER

Design: No. 115 — Fabric: "Pine Tree" Bouclé — Colors: Choice of 12

KROEHLER

Cushionized CONSTRUCTION — Master Craftsmanship — SINCE 1893

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

For Genuine Cushionized Construction

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Both seat and back are doubly comfortable because dual-decked springs, the right kind in the right places, rest and relax you as no other furniture can—just one of exclusive Kroehler Cushionized Features!

"Cushionized" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

New! CUSHIONIZED* CONSTRUCTION

A Sensational Development by KROEHLER Research

This stunning living room furniture is now being featured by Authorized Kroehler Dealers from coast-to-coast. You will be delighted with its low cost. Better still, it is *Cushionized* . . . the newest comfort development in furniture. Ask your Kroehler Dealer for a demonstration. See it today! Try it for comfort! Buy it for value!

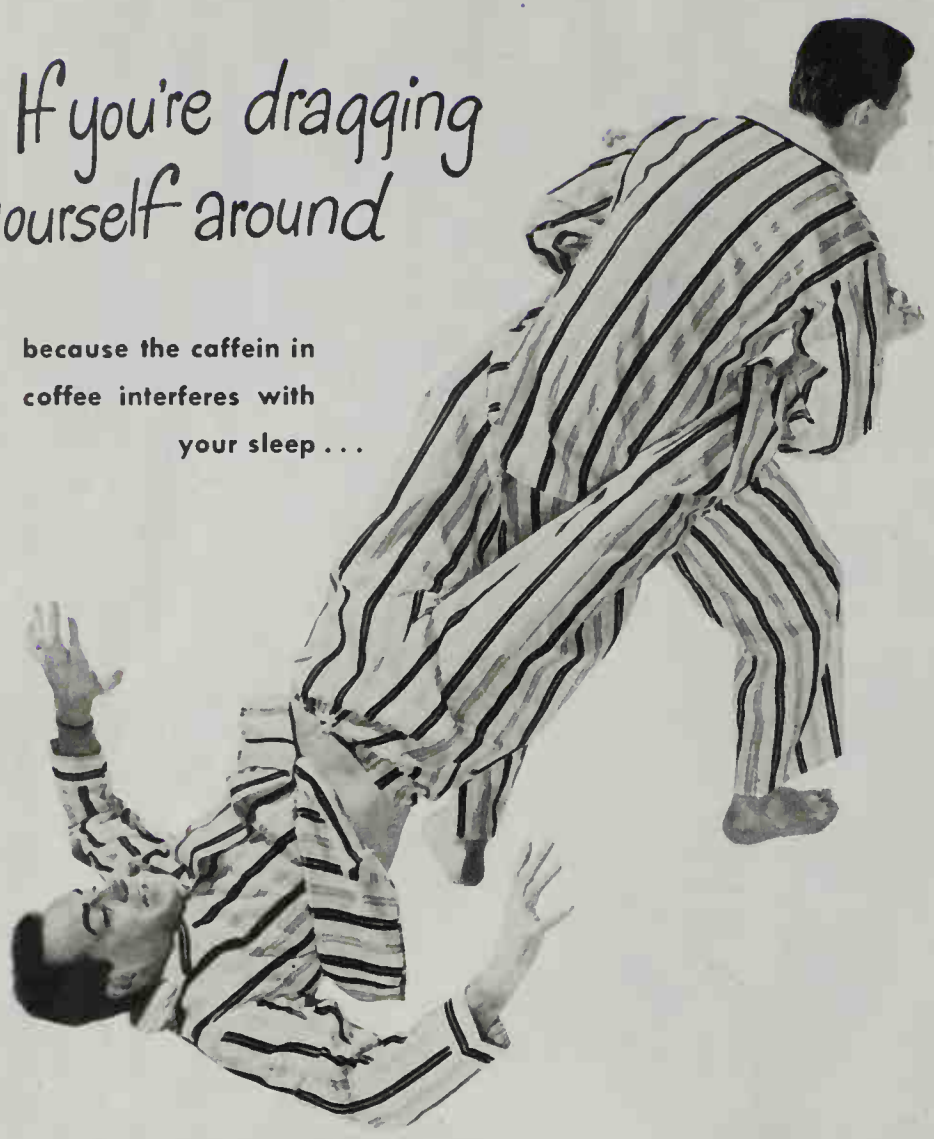
World's Largest Furniture Manufacturer

KROEHLER Furniture

(Say KRAY-LER)

If you're dragging yourself around

because the caffein in coffee interferes with your sleep . . .



switch to rich, delicious, caffein-free

Sanka Coffee



and sleep like this!



Sanka Coffee is superb coffee

All coffee—real coffee—finest coffee—97% caffein-free!

Drink it and sleep!

For your convenience, Sanka Coffee now comes in two delicious forms—New Instant Sanka, as well as your favorite grind for percolator or drip method!

A Product of General Foods



SWEET WATER

Continued from page 19

plain, other mountain ranges sprang up, the Jicarillas to the northeast, the Capitans almost dead east, and then the first spurs of mighty Sierra Blanca peak, highest point in all this country. And on the south of it their eyes picked up another range almost as high, a hazy blue line that faded away into the white smoke filling the southern sky. These were the Sacramentos.

Those ranges were the east wall of the Tularosa Valley. The west wall ran almost straight south from this peak on which they stood, but they could see only the summits of near mountains rising successively higher to the granite point of Salinas Peak, perhaps thirty miles south of them.

Of the vast desert basin lying between these mountain chains they could see, at the moment, far less than half. But that which brooded below in their vision was, from this mountaintop, an immensity of desolation, forbidding and yet impelling, stirring, as always, an old, old challenge in Lineer. No line of green, no gleam of water marked a south-flowing river anywhere below. Small streams ran down these mountain walls and raced onto the basin floor. But the dead earth sucked them down and they vanished before they could form a river.

No, it was a barren, mountain-locked fastness, seemingly waterless, seemingly lifeless. Yet men lived there below and even prospered, salting their lives with quarrels as huge and unforgiving as the land they struggled against.

BARBARA was watching the great white cloud stirring up from the valley floor, lifting in fluffy spirals until it mushroomed higher than the mountains.

"The white sands," said Lineer. "Purest white gypsum. Miles of the stuff. Even the mice in it are white."

He pointed his right arm straight south down the backbone of mountain ranges. "El Paso lies down there, perhaps a hundred and fifty miles." Standing thus, he raised his left arm and pointed it almost due east. "There's Baxter Mountain. White Oaks and its coal are there, in a high gulch. That's the whole railroad, one hundred and eighty miles of it, El Paso to White Oaks."

"Where did you live?" asked Barbara.

He shifted an arm southeast to the point where the white cloud touched mountains. "The town of Tularosa there," he said. "I was born in the S ramento foothills beyond it."

"On a ranch?"

He nodded.

"Why did you leave it?"

"My father used to say that what country needed was schoolteachers engineers. Then he would always ad aim to furnish one of the engineers.' did. He sent me East to school wh was sixteen."

"Does your father still live over ther

"He died last year."

"Oh."

She took his arm and they scramb closer to the eastern edge of the p where the mountainside drop abruptly away below them. She kept arm in his as they stood there, look up at him with her rising interest, sh ing it in her unabashed way.

"When my father died," he said, came back to settle his affairs and sell ranch. It was just before we started road down in Sonora, and I was i hurry to get away. But the place wh a man is born has a hold on him. stayed around, wandering up and d the valley and not knowing why."

"The railroad?" she asked.

He looked at her in mild surprise, nodded. "This valley is a natural ro A small coal road will be self-sustai now. But someday this will be part transcontinental line, and the coal w matter much. Railroad men know The road would have been built ten y ago if anybody could have figured how to get enough good water. Th what I was looking for."

"And you found it?"

He nodded.

She said in a tone of discovery, " railroad means a great deal to doesn't it?"

He slanted his head downward a sober scrutiny, thinking that this had an intuitive quality and a kn for sharp observation. This too was expected. It was puzzling. Her still and her quiet eyes of this moment m her seem so different from the trou maker of two hours ago.

"It does," he said.

"It means much to me, too, Jim."

That was as it should be. A wo wants her man to succeed. T



"You do understand, don't you, Gretchen? We just can't go on living this wa

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTC

How to make housework light...





sail over rugs with an aluminum vacuum cleaner . . . and move around furniture, so aluminum light . . .



eeze through wash day, thanks to an aluminum washer . . .



then cook a wonderful dinner with aluminum utensils . . .



and whisk through the dishes with an aluminum dish washer

llore and better aluminum products—*today*...with

Kaiser Aluminum

a Permanente Metals product

AGINE THE *convenience,* the downright *pleasure* u get from products like these . . .

uminum vacuum cleaners, bed springs — even niture—so wonderfully *light* that you can move m around with a touch of your hand. Alumi- m washing machines, cooking utensils, dish shers that do away with kill-joy hours of drudg- , and actually add new *beauty* to your home.

d to this the *strength* of aluminum . . . the fact t it can't rust or corrode . . . that it lasts a life-time . . . and it's clear why more and more people are demanding aluminum-made products.

And today you have a *right* to demand these products. Because Permanente Metals, led by Henry J. Kaiser, is speeding to manufacturers the wonder metal that makes them possible.

In but a single year of operation, Permanente Metals' huge processing plants produced 175 million pounds of plate, sheet, and strip aluminum. Almost as much as the entire industry produced in the most productive year before the war!

That's why there are more and better aluminum products . . . *today* . . . with Kaiser Aluminum!

Get the Manufacturers' names

For the names of manufacturers nearest you who make the aluminum products pictured above, write:

Permanente Products Company

Consumer Service Division, Kaiser Bldg., Oakland 12, California

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

GIVE A PERSONALIZED LIGHTER—three initials or facsimile of any signature engraved in color $1.00 extra. (No. 350, initials only)



Styled LIKE A 'MILLION' but priced for the millions—

Such value in beauty, finish and workmanship has never before been offered at a price that all can afford. Be remembered longer — give an always dependable ZIPPO, the lighter that lights every time.

Two new stunning pocket models, and a table lighter handsome on the formal table and efficient on a windy picnic, are guaranteed unconditionally.

At your favorite dealer

NEW NO. 350 ZIPPO ENGINED TURNED. High Polish Chrome Case. Rich appearance and low price makes it the outstanding lighter gift. $4.00

NEW NO. 10 ZIPPO TABLE LIGHTER. DeLuxe High Polish Chrome Case. Real all-purpose lighter, useful outdoors, handsome indoors. $10.00

NEW NO. 250 ZIPPO HIGH POLISH Chrome Case. Finished as bright as a mirror (and will be often used as one). High feminine appeal. $3.50

No. 200 ZIPPO Brush-finish Case accepted the world over for its life-time performance, $2.50. Sports Designs, Fraternal Insignias $3.25. 14K Gold and Sterling Silver from $15.00 to $175.00.

ZIPPO MANUFACTURING CO. DEPT. C. BRADFORD, PENNA.



STAR DIVISION, AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.

Thomason was no builder of railroads. But apparently he was going to try to become one. If he could build this railroad, with or without Lineer, it would add to his stature.

"Why?" he asked.

She looked away. "I can't tell you. But I think you will guess soon."

"I have made several guesses already," he said wryly. "And I find no pleasure in them. It is something in the relationship between you and Tracy and your father. But I can't get any farther than that. You see, I don't really know any of the three of you."

"No," she agreed, "you don't."

He moved restlessly, and she dropped her arm. She said, "What happened between you and Tracy in Sonora?"

"Tracy told you that something happened?"

She nodded.

"Then he must have also told you what happened."

"Yes."

"Why are you asking me, then?"

"I want your side of it."

"Don't you believe Tracy?"

"Of course," she said quickly.

"You think there are two sides?"

"Well, aren't there?"

"No."

She showed her puzzlement at the curt tone. "What do you mean?"

"If you love a man there is only one side in his quarrels. His side."

Her cheeks flamed with the sudden anger that he expected. He watched it detachedly, wondering what perversity had made him slash at her so deliberately. Yet he thought that he knew what he was doing, and he did not regret it.

But when she spoke it was with cool control: "I think I know my responsibility to Tracy without your teachings, Mr. Lineer."

"One of your responsibilties is to avoid making trouble for Tracy in whatever work he has to do. What happened in Sonora is behind us. We've shaken hands and forgotten it. Now you're trying to pry into an old wound."

"That's not true," she said hotly. "At least that's not why—"

He interrupted her, "Two hours ago you made trouble between us. An hour ago you promised you would not do it again. What am I to believe?"

For a moment more she met his gaze with her eyes blazing. Then, surprisingly, she dropped her head. When she raised it again her face was composed.

"I'm sorry," she said.

He knew with all the sureness of his reason that he had not been too brutal. If he and Thomason were to build this railroad, no one thing was more important than the establishment of a relationship based on trust and understanding. This girl must learn now not to meddle. Yet he wanted to apologize, and he had to fight down the impulse.

THEY climbed slowly back to the horses. He gave her a hand to mount, seeing the graceful swing of her hips and shoulders. She found her seat and looked down at him, her face abstracted.

"Jim," she said, "have you ever been in love?"

He laughed up at her. "You just must pry, mustn't you?" His eyes grew serious. "No," he said. "No, I don't think I have."

"If you did love a woman," she persisted, "would there really be only her side to her quarrels?"

"Only her side," he said gravely.

He mounted and they stood their horses a moment more, watching the slanting rays of the late sun pick out details of red stone and jagged crest on the wall across the valley. Barbara's eyes were drawn to a dark swatch twisting down the basin near this wall. It seemed to be part of the valley floor, an irregular, sinuous flow of darker earth lying on the valley like a cloud's shadow.

"Lava," said Lineer. "We call it the malpais. Malpie. Malapize. Take yo pick. Spanish for bad country."

"Just the lava is malpais?"

"Yes."

"The whole valley looks like b country to me."

"It's not bad," said Lineer. "It is ha Weak men don't like it. Or weak wome

She turned in the saddle, looking up Lineer so that the sun was in her fa It picked up little flecks of blue in t green iris of her eyes, and he saw w his growing interest that in this light th were not green but turquoise.

"I shall like it," she said slowly.

Dusk was thick about them when th pulled up to the roaring fire of the can Barbara climbed unaided from her ho and went straight to Thomason, claspi his hands in hers and smiling up at hi "It was wonderful, Tracy," she said. wished all the time you were with us."

JUBAL NYE had gone to his blanke lines of exhaustion showing in his fa but his long back birch-straight. One the Easterners had followed. Now Wils Ware was trading memories with Colo Edwards, and making a contest of it as must with everything. Across the fi Barbara sat with her hand in Thomaso Molly Riordan, Barbara's compani gazed into the flames, her eyes large a still and faintly sad.

Presently Lineer caught Edwards' n rose and followed the older man into soft blackness beyond the firelight. Th walked in silence along the slope, pass the water tank, stopping at the dar line where the junipers began again.

"A good night," said Edwards.

"It is that," Lineer agreed.

Edwards sat down, and Lineer fou a place beside him. At this distance fr the fire even Ware's voice was only a m mur. Across the narrow valley the ri reared its black bulk against the stars.

"A good many years ago I crossed country," said Edwards. "A young c just out of West Point. We ran a sur through to California. Passed a cou of hundred miles north of here." stirred slightly, the shifting of his b causing a small rustling in the darkn When he continued his voice helc vagrant note of regret. "At my age a n likes to punish himself by looking b and debating the turns he made in road. I sometimes think I would h been happier in the Army."

"In or out of the Army," said Lin "a man goes where he has to."

Edwards found a cigar and swipe match across his boot sole. The sn flame flared and grew small and fla again as he drew at his cigar. Each fl disclosed the clean decisiveness of face, the hooked nose and the deep-hooded eyes. A suggestion of weari was there, but it was hard to pl Lineer thought that it must come fr the voice. It was not physical wearin

"Yes," said Edwards. "A man v knows that won't look back so often. he'll still look back."

Edwards worked leisurely at his ci giving its fragrance to the night. Fr along the slope came the long, slobber exhalation of a late-feeding horse. Lin lay back on his elbows, loose and pati yet strongly curious because this di man was so slow at coming to the b ness that had brought them out here.

Presently Edwards asked, "What's Ware and Nye trouble about?"

Lineer shrugged. "Pick any dozen r in the valley and they'll give you a do different versions. And there will be s truth in all of them. In twenty y those two have found time and a wa fight over everything."

He stopped, thinking over his wo and realizing they were no sort of ans Yet it was no simple question. Proba not even Wilse Ware and Jubal could agree on the origin and nature their monumental hate.

He went on, "Wilse and old J

$41,000 in Prizes!

Win a new Kitchen or $5,000 cash!



- completely installed and equipped
- designed especially for your home!



ou can have any of these wonderful General Electric rom the Grand Prize kitchen, plus the difference in cash t $5,000.

- efrigerator
- ange
- omatic Washer
- ectric Sink with Dishwasher
- and Disposall
- kets
- ilating Fan
- omatic Roaster
- Waffle Iron
- Electric Mixer
- Automatic Toaster
- Automatic Coffee Maker
- Sandwich Grill
- Double-Duty Iron (steam and dry)
- Kitchen Clock
- Radio

Plus a year's supply of Swift's Cleanser

Now you can have the kitchen you've always wanted! Complete in every detail from floor to ceiling—including redecorating and special lighting—everything you need! All designed exclusively for your home and completely installed as soon as possible after close of contest. If you don't need *complete* new equipment, you can take any part thereof and cash difference up to $5,000. Gas appliances furnished if requested.

BUT that's not all! There will be *many* winners in this sensational contest!

Just Look! 1151 Prizes in all!



100 GE ELECTRIC MIXERS— 2nd PRIZES



500 GE AUTOMATIC TOASTERS— 3rd PRIZES



500 GE ELECTRIC STEAM IRONS— 4th PRIZES

ar this out NOW!

ntry blank or just write on the back of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper)

dd a line to this jingle

's Cleanser's America's finest
cratchless and speedier, too
s all the grease in an instant

l the last line to rhyme with "too."
MPLE: "This cleanser's for me and for you!")

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Zone_____ State_____

Big Weekly Bonus Prizes!

10 ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
(8 cubic feet maximum capacity)
EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS!
Listen to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, weekday mornings on ABC for special announcements.

1st Weekly Contest starts September 21, ends midnight, September 27
2nd Weekly Contest starts September 28, ends midnight, October 4
3rd Weekly Contest starts October 5, ends midnight, October 11
4th Weekly Contest starts October 12, ends midnight, October 18
5th Weekly Contest starts October 19, ends midnight, October 25

Read these easy rules

1. Print or write plainly your jingle line; the last word to rhyme with the word "too" in the jingle, on the entry blank or on the reverse side of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper.

2. Your entry must contain *2* Swift's Cleanser wrappers or reasonable facsimiles thereof. If you use the back of the wrapper to write your entry, accompany it with a second Swift's Cleanser wrapper. If you use the entry blank, attach *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers. Print plainly your name and address. Mail your entry to Swift & Company, P.O. Box 1155, Chicago 90, Illinois. Send as many entries as you wish, but be sure to enclose *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers with each entry; send no money.

3. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. The judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Swift & Company.

4. Any person living in the United States, Canada and Hawaii may enter this contest—except employees of Swift & Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

5. Contest opens September 21; closes October 25, 1947. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of the closing date, and received by October 31, 1947. Entries received before midnight September 27 will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. You accept the conditions of these rules when you enter.

6. Winners of weekly prizes and the Grand Prize will be announced over Don McNeill's Breakfast Club radio program (consult your newspaper for time and station) shortly after each contest closes. Weekly prize winners are eligible for other prizes, including the Grand Prize. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Contest Clues

Here are facts about Swift's Cleanser that may help you to compose a prize-winning jingle. When you use Swift's Cleanser you will find many more reasons why it is *America's finest*. Swift's Cleanser is speedy and scratchless! It's the *only* cleanser that gives you both instant grease cutting and scratchless cleaning. Swift's Cleanser is clean-white in color. It is odorless. It leaves no sediment. Swift's Cleanser comes in a pretty polka dot package in your choice of three colors (red, green or blue) to match your home color scheme. Swift's Cleanser is so fine and smooth it actually polishes as it cleans. Swift's Cleanser was developed in the research laboratories of Swift & Company to be the modern cleanser for modern women to use in the home of today and tomorrow.



Joan Madou, woman of the shadows

Ravic, the ghost doctor

They met strangely

in the plum-blue dusk of Paris. They melted into each other's arms... into each other's lives. Waiting...was the man he was sworn to kill.

INGRID BERGMAN · CHARLES BOYER

IN ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S

Impassioned Drama of Our Times

Arch of Triumph

co-starring

CHARLES LAUGHTON

with

LOUIS CALHERN · RUTH WARRICK

ROMAN BOHNEN · RUTH NELSON and MICHAEL ROMANOFF

A LEWIS MILESTONE PRODUCTION

From the Novel by Erich Maria Remarque · Released Thru United Artists

Proudly presented by The Enterprise Studios · PRODUCED BY DAVID LEWIS · DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE

dominate everything in the valley except each other. And both have to dominate. They can't beat each other down and they can't stop trying."

"Yes," said Edwards. "I can understand that." A dryness came into his voice. "Maybe I can understand it better than most men. The question arises: Will they stop trying long enough for us to build a railroad?"

"Tracy mentioned some sort of agreement with them."

"A clear-cut agreement to keep the peace," said Edwards. "Made by them together in his presence. But sometimes men find they've turned loose forces they can't control."

"They are men of their word," observed Lineer.

"So am I," said Edwards. "But men under me have broken my word and believed they were right in doing it."

Lineer stirred, feeling the first growth of restlessness. This was not the direction he had expected the conversation to take.

"If it happens," said Edwards slowly, "you are to let Tracy handle it. The peace agreement is his. Even in another situation like that saloon fight the other night you must stand aside."

"You're way ahead of me," murmured Lineer. "Everyone but you has told me this railroad is going to be built. But I don't know it until you say it."

"That was settled before I left New York," said Edwards brusquely. He stopped short. When he continued, his voice held an odd urgency. "Be patient, Jim. I'm aware that I'm backing into this. Maybe it's a hell of a way to start a railroad. But I know exactly what I'm doing, and why. No one but me is making these decisions."

Lineer said, puzzled but relieved, "Fair enough."

"Now then. The deal Ware is offering on his coal is so good it's suspicious. Yet the engineers say the coal is there. What's in his mind?"

"At a guess," said Lineer, "it's the town. He raised White Oaks from a gulch camp. It belongs to him. He loves it the way a man loves his son. Maybe he figures the railroad will make the town."

"Not good," said Edwards. "Railroads and town pride seldom mix well. What does Jubal Nye want?"

"What has he asked for?"

"Nothing. That's the trouble."

"He'll profit from land, of course," said Lineer thoughtfully. "Land is his passion, you know. They say he used the first legal fee he ever earned in the Territory to buy a quarter section, and he's been buying ever since. Most of the south end of the valley belongs to him."

"But he has given options to Tracy on all of it we want. At a fair price, too. The value won't go up until the railroad is built. If we buy it now he doesn't profit."

"Ah," said Lineer. "Then I don't know."

"Two strong men," said Edwards, almost absently. "I confess I like both of them. They're tough in a way I appreciate. Each of them, for reasons of his own, wants this railroad so badly he is willing to give away a great deal to get it. You and I would like to find out why. But we are not going to try. We are going to leave that to Tracy."

Lineer sat up. "Go on," he said.

"I'm setting up a separate company," said Edwards. "Tracy has named it the El Paso and New Mexico. He will be president. His authority will be complete. So will his responsibility. I have made only one request of him: that he hire you as engineer in charge. And he wants you."

Lineer's fingers tightened around a rock. "How about water?" he asked.

Edwards repeated, "Tracy's authority will be complete." He continued in a different voice, "There is some argument on his side, you know. He is convinced he can get good water from really deep wells. He tells me that is backed up by Blake and Summers, the engineers he had with him. They are sound men. They point out that there are deep wells at El Paso and on the Jornada."

Lineer's fingers loosened on the rock. He held it in his open palm, rolling it there aimlessly, feeling that hot throb of anger in his blood stream, surrendering suddenly to it and hearing it crash and roar in his head. He flung his right arm back and then forward, and the rock hurtled into the darkness. He sat quite still then, hearing the tunk of the rock below.

He asked mildly, "When you committed me to the flume in the presence of Ware and Nye this afternoon, you knew you were going to do this, didn't you?"

"Yes. I deliberately used you," Edwards admitted.

"Why?"

"I want them to know that Tracy has my complete support. I could tell them so, but it would not be the same. Now they will know that you two disagreed on the most fundamental issue here, and that I took Tracy's side."

"And why was that necessary?"

The older man's cigar glowed brightly for a moment. Then he took it from his mouth and rested his hands on his knees. He sat thus so long that the ash faded to a faint spark. At last he said softly, "Jim, I'm trying to be completely fair with three people—Tracy, my daughter and myself. And it's damned hard. Maybe I'm going too far. Maybe even I'm being unfair to myself as well as you. But this is the way it has to be."

"You don't tell a man much."

"No," agreed Edwards heavily. "You're a fair-minded man. But if you knew what I'm trying to do, your attitude would be colored one way or the other, whether you wished it or not. Take it as it is, Jim. Take it as just another job to do, forgetting the personalities. I say to you that you will never regret it."

"And if I cannot?"

"Then I will find another spot for you as good or better than this. I have no intention of losing you if I can help it. But I tell you frankly there is no other man in my organization fit for this job. And that is not because you know this valley, either."

Lineer said, "I don't understand."

"You are a man at peace with himself, Jim. And this job needs such a man."

"Perhaps I was," said Lineer dryly, "until tonight."

"You still are. I saw it in Sonora. I've watched you here. Men like you don't change much, thank God."

Lineer said suddenly, "Who is Tracy Thomason?"

"Who is he?"

"Yes. What's his background? Where did he come from? Your daughter said today she has known him all her life. If I'm going to work with him I want to know him too."

COLONEL EDWARDS delayed his answer a long moment. When finally he spoke an odd weariness again was in his voice: "Tracy's father was in the class ahead of me at West Point. We served together on the frontier. Tracy was a boy when his father was killed in the last Comanche uprising. His mother died a year later. I took him into my home and raised him."

"Why, then," said Lineer in surprise, "he's like a son."

"Yes," said the older man with a strange diffidence, "Tracy is like a son."

The silence fell again. Lineer found he was wishing that he could see the face of the man beside him. Too much was suggested here, and nothing explained. No man for forebodings, Lineer nevertheless felt the onrush of an old and cold and sealed-off passion working its way up through new fissures. He must live and work with this mystery. It would be best, then, that he make his own attitude as sharply clear as possible.

He said, "I learned to take orders before I learned to give them. But Tracy makes it hard for any man to take orders from him."

"Ahhh," cried Edwards. "You must not say that." He jumped to his feet.

Lineer rose too. "I'm sorry," he said. "There is no pleasure in saying it. But it is a fact I must reckon with."

"All right," said Edwards. "All right. Anything else?"

"Do I need to know anything about Molly Riordan?"

"Molly? Good Lord, no." Edwards' normally decisive voice returned. "Molly's father is my coachman. Her mother is our cook. Molly and Barbara



"For heaven's sake, Merwin, when you want the paint, ask for it!"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

foul line pals

Footwork's half the bottle with a tenpin. That's why seasoned bowlers go for the built-in arch supports that give them hours longer "tension-free" pin busting on sure-footed soles (for right or left-handed bowlers). Hyde-Crafted Goodyear welt bowling shoes give you more accurate delivery on any foul line. (Smoke, brown, black, or white.)

Ask your bowling proprietor or sporting goods dealer about Hyde-Crafted shoes for every sport or write direct for your catalog today.



HYDE
ATHLETIC SHOE CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

BEST FOR ALL LIGHTERS



RONSON REDSKIN FLINTS
RONSONOL FUEL

Yes! there is a difference



Items sold separately or in this handy Ronson Servicer holding everything for fine service in any lighter, as follows:

RONSONOL FUEL that lasts long, burns clean, lights instantly.

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS' that are extra-long for extra-long service. Also a Ronson wick, inserter, cleaning brush and instruction booklet.

FREE Booklet "How To Get The Most Out Of Your Lighter." Write Ronson, 7 Aronson Sq., Newark 2, N. J.

By the makers of RONSON
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FUN ON THE AIR. Tune in on Ronson's "20 Questions" Sat. P. M. (Sun. P. M. Pacific Coast), Mutual Network.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

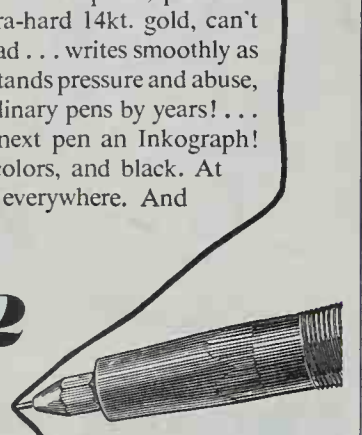


Collecting?

Wrong! He's all through—no more trick pens. And tickled pink with an Inkograph . . . dependable since 1914!

Inkograph writes right all the time, in any kind of hand, on any kind of paper, for every writing requirement —shorthand notes, carbon copies, ruling . . . Uses ordinary ink—you fill it yourself . . . Its exclusive drop valve supplies a steady flow of ink as needed . . . The famous Inkograph one-piece, rounded, cylindrical point, precision made of extra-hard 14kt. gold, can't bend or spread . . . writes smoothly as a pencil . . . stands pressure and abuse, outwears ordinary pens by years! . . . Make your next pen an Inkograph! Five smart colors, and black. At good stores everywhere. And still . . .

only $2



INKOGRAPH

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., New York City 13, N. Y.



Family Portrait in

ALL WOOL Valcuna REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. NEW YORK KNITTING MILLS, Inc.

YOU *Can't* PHOTOGRAPH THE FEEL OF Valcuna REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The same dependable quality you've always associated with *Valcuna* Products.

At your favorite store or write
NEW YORK KNITTING MILLS, INC.
1410 Broadway, New York 18

grew up together right from the cradle. She is a wonderfully sweet girl. And she understands Barbara better than I do."

"One thing more. Will this railroad be finished come hell or high water?"

"The prospect of high water seems grossly improbable," said Edwards with a chuckle. "But this railroad is an important part of Great Western's plans for the future, all personal considerations aside. It will be finished."

"Then," said Lineer, "I'll leave you at the malpais tomorrow and head for El Paso. There are a good many things I can get started."

"Very well," Edwards agreed. "Talk it over with Tracy."

"As soon as Sonora is cleaned up I'll want two of your men there. Georgie Price for my second engineer. And a foreman named Tim McCarthy."

"They're yours," said Edwards. He added thoughtfully, "Tim McCarthy. Is that the man who whipped Tracy?"

"Yes. There's no feeling there now."

"Good." Edwards was quiet for a moment. Then he asked, "Any other reason why you want to leave the party so soon?"

"You saw what happened this afternoon."

"Yes. I guess you're right. Well, let's get to bed."

"I think I'll stay a while," said Lineer.

"Good night, Jim."

BACK in the black night shadow of a juniper, Lineer lay watching the dim outline of Edwards' shoulders as he walked toward the fire.

Thoughts and questions crowded into Lineer's mind, and with them came doubts. He set himself against them stubbornly. He knew that on some lonely night when work had spent too much of his strength and a blackness of mood was upon him, he would look back to remember that a man had been promoted past him, and to curse himself for a weakling. But those were dark hours that came to all men, and perhaps less often to him than to those around him. Yes, he did live at peace with himself, although he had never thought of it that way. He had learned to accept the dictates of his judgment, and to avoid that barren pain that comes of roweling the soul with the reproaches of hindsight. The issue had been decided. The railroad would be built, and his hand would guide the construction. Gradually the doubts gave way against the coolness and the deep peace of the night.

The night's sounds penetrated to him one by one. The squeak overhead that was gone in an instant was a bat, racing its unerring way through the juniper crowns. The soft murmurs in the earth could be many things as he knew, for it was only the stranger to this inhospitable land who thought the little creatures of the earth could not exist here. Somewhere near the wagons below, a footstep came.

Then he heard Barbara Edwards' laugh and Tracy Thomason's strong voice. They were pacing toward him. He sat up and would have revealed himself, but at that moment he heard Thomason speak his name.

"That isn't so and I'm truly surprised at you, Tracy," he heard Barbara say. "You didn't act this way in New York."

"This isn't New York," said Thomason. There was exasperation in his tone, and something close to temper.

"Do you remember, Tracy, that you agreed with Dad we needed something like this together? It would give us a chance really to know each other."

They paused below Lineer. He lay still, resenting their presence, angry at them for this position they had put him in and yet admitting his curiosity.

"I'm learning about you all right," said Thomason. "I've learned that you will flirt with a man right before my eyes."

"If you're talking about Ed Ware," she said, "that was a game that helped pass a long day. He and I knew it. You were the one who misunderstood. You were plain rude."

"All right, all right, I'm sorry," he said impatiently. "I'll apologize to Ware tomorrow. But that still doesn't excuse your running off with Lineer."

"Oh, Tracy," she said, "don't you see? I didn't really care about going. And he would have refused me if you hadn't interfered."

The uneven thrusting of a quick pride was in his reply. "Is that what you call it? We're going to be married. Is it interfering when I ask you not to do something?"

"No, Tracy," she said slowly. "But you must make it easier for me and for other people to do what you want."

"Easier?" he said bitterly. "I'm not unreasonable. Must I beg?"

"This isn't right," she said. "We mustn't stand here talking to each other like this. If we're going to—"

Her words were cut off suddenly as Thomason reached out and brought her to him roughly.

"Barbara! Barbara!" he said.

After a little while she pulled away. "I needed that, Tracy," she said softly. "Won't you remember to do it more often?"

"Every hour of every day."

There was a little silence before she spoke with a sober longing. "I wish we could marry now. I wish it very much."

"No," he said. His quick confidence, so strangely close to exaltation, was back in his voice. "We have made a bargain with your father. I'm more than ever convinced it is a good bargain."

When they were gone Lineer sought out his bedroll. He was tired. His mind was tranquil. He was asleep in a moment, a timeless moment in which green eyes that held a hot sweet passion turned to a cool turquoise and then faded slowly away to the darkness of oblivion.

WITH a last loud clang as of iron on iron, the caravan dropped through a cut and put the malpais behind it. Colonel Edwards looked back, searching north and south and not finding an end to this curse upon the land. It lay like some terrible river of dried and blackened blood, viscous, twisting, full of dark pits and fantastic, razor-edged little peaks.

He whistled. "Whew! I'd hate to build a railroad across that."

Lineer smiled. He felt the pleasant excitement of a home-coming. It was good to be back in the valley, to feel its remoteness from the world and its own secret kinship with sun and wind and wheeling night sky.

He pointed to rising ground a mile ahead. Beyond it Carrizo Peak, bare and brown, was quite near. "I leave you there," he said.

"Don't work too hard, Jim," said Tracy Thomason. "Leave some of it for me."

These three were riding in the last coach of the caravan so they could talk over the work Lineer would get under way. In the second coach young Ed Ware rode with Edwards' three financial associates. The two girls were in the lead coach with Wilse Ware and Jubal Nye.

Colonel Edwards raised a finger north toward the broken plains. "Can you get out of the valley to the north without topping a mountain range?"

"It's rough, dry country," Lineer said. "But no hard grades. And a natural route up to connect with one of those lines coming down across Kansas, if that's what is in your mind."

"So?" Edwards sat back, his eyes swinging up and down the valley, saying no more until the caravan stopped. They stepped out into the hard, bright sunshine. Up ahead the passengers were out of the coaches and stretching their legs. A Nye man was bringing up two horses for Lineer.

How to give TIRED EYES a quick rest

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



Eyes tired? You can rest them quickly. Put two drops of safe, gentle Murine in each eye. Instantly your eyes will feel soothed, refreshed.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a safe, scientific blend of 7 important ingredients. It relieves discomfort of eye-fatigue immediately—makes you feel ready for work or play in just a few seconds. Gentle, soothing Murine helps thousands. Let it help you, too!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



BEST ALL-AROUND!

Keene Quality Belts... available at better men's stores.



KEENE PRODUCTS, INC.
Empire State Building
New York 1, N. Y.



At Better Stores Everywhere

For PERFECT POPPING!
Tender • Nutritious • Tasty
Sun-Cured • Fun to Pop

T-N-T POPCORN

BETTER HEARING!

YOU can have it with "Eveready" "Mini-Max" hearing-aid batteries — better hearing l-o-n-g-e-r *plus* more full-volume operation. That's because they're *full* of energy-producing material — there's no *dead* space filled with inert tar or paper packing!

WAR SECRET! This rugged, *efficient* construction made possible the *proximity fuse*—No. 2 in wartime importance.

The most compact . . . the most economical, "Eveready" batteries are sold by hearing-aid dealers everywhere. Get them for *better hearing!*

FREE TO YOU

EVEREADY TRADE-MARKS MINI-MAX HEARING-AID BATTERIES

"Progress Toward Better Hearing." Write Dept. C-33

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.

Stop CORNS!



Instant Relief

NEVER wait! ACT at first sign of sore toes from tight shoes. Protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief and stop corns *before* they can develop! But if you have corns, callouses or bunions — these thin, soft, soothing, cushioning pads will relieve pain almost like magic.

Remove Corns, Callouses

You'll marvel, too, how the separate *Medications* included speedily remove corns, callouses. No other method does all these things. Cost but a trifle. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

New Advertising Machine



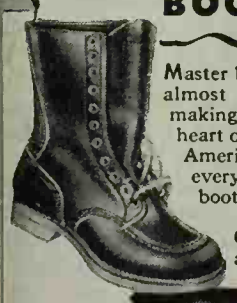
Prints & Illustrates 1c Post Cards

FREE! Learn how thousands of merchants and business men are boosting sales in spite of product shortages *with 1c messages*—printed in a few minutes on gov't postcards—with amazing new, patented CARDMASTER. Your "todays" ideas for specials, read by prospects next morning. Not a toy, but a sturdy, advertising machine, built to last many years. Low price, sold direct. Guaranteed, five years.

SEND NAME We'll send free illustrated book of money-making ideas for your business and complete, unique advertising plans. Rush your name today.

CARDMASTER COMPANY
546 Ravenswood, Dept. 39-D, Chicago 40, Ill.

WITH MEN WHO WANT
the feel of the finest
Original
CHIPPEWA
BOOTS



Master boot craftsmen guided by almost a half-century of boot-making experience, right in the heart of nature's sportsland give America's sportsmen a boot for every need—such as the Utility boot illustrated.

See your ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA dealer for available styles.

"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE CO
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS

Look for this label on every pair.

"I take it," said Edwards, "that we've entered the Ware domain."

"You're on a Ware ranch right now," said Lineer. "You'll stay on Ware land all the way to White Oaks. You'll sleep in a Ware hotel, eat food from a Ware general store, go to a Ware theater. Also you'll see a school and a church that Ware money built. He's proud of his town, and I guess he has a right to be."

"He's our man," said Thomason. "He'll be more useful to us than Jubal Nye."

Edwards squinted up toward the mountains to the northeast where White Oaks lay cradled in its high gulch. He turned back to the two younger men. And though he spoke to them both, his eyes were on Thomason. "If I had to go against either one," he said, "I'd hit the first blow and put every resource, every man and every dollar I had into it."

"Now, Colonel," laughed Thomason. "Don't go borrowing trouble for us."

Lineer mounted his horse, giving the small salute that was the custom of the country. "See you in El Paso," he said. He rode up the line of coaches, saying his farewells. He raised his hat to Barbara Edwards and she gave him a warm and friendly smile.

"I wish you weren't leaving us."

He smiled down at her, then raised his hand to Wilse Ware and Jubal Nye as he turned his horse away.

"Just a minute, Jim," said Ware.

He strode over, putting a hand on the cantle of Lineer's saddle, and walked beside the horse until they were a dozen yards from the group around the coach. Ware looked up then, his face affable.

"Jess Folsom has had his tongue-lashing," he said. "I'm sorry about the fight."

"Forget it, Wilse."

"Sure," said Ware. "You forget this one too, Jim. But you know this valley. You know me. I don't let my men take a licking from outsiders. I back 'em up, right or wrong."

He said it conversationally, with none of the friendliness gone from his tone. Yet the warning was there. And Lineer, looking down into his black eyes, thought that there was no reason for surprise. This was the nature of the man, and he hid his ways from no one. His world was all black and white, conquer or war endlessly, hunger or satiety. This was Wilson Ware the leader, ruthless and unforgiving with his enemies but loyal always to all who acknowledged his leadership in the valley.

Lineer let the silence run on, thinking of this and of the meaning of the warning. Ware could not take offense for the fight, for he was bound by the rules of hospitality and he observed them rigidly. Lineer had gone to the saloon as the guest of Ed Ware. No, the warning was meant for the future. Wilse Ware was telling him that none of the ways and rights of the Ware domain would be surrendered to this new force coming into the valley, however much Ware might want the railroad.

"All right, Wilse," Lineer said finally. "Let it cut both ways."

LINEER shrugged two months of office work from his shoulders and rode north beneath the July sun with Timothy McCarthy at his side. North by east out of El Paso, skirting the Organs. Then northward up the Tularosa Basin's burning emptiness. Northward toward the railroad survey to Tularosa and White Oaks. North toward the blinding white sands and north toward the black knives of the malpais.

Restlessness, and an odd eagerness, too, pushed Lineer. The restlessness he understood. It grew from two months chained to a desk back there in El Paso. Two months of paper work. Two months of labors to overcome the inertia of point zero, to force momentum into the construction of the railroad.

The eagerness puzzled him. There was no welcome for him or any man in this desert. It stretched away to its mountain barriers, lifeless, brooding, silent with its memories of old violence and its threat of violence to come. Yet the pull of it was upon him as always, and he shook it off now to bring his gaze to the man beside him. A lilt of humor lightened the remoteness of his gray eyes.

"Tim," he said, "you've been watching the ground for a mile. What the devil are you up to?"

Tim said elaborately, without looking up, "I'm lookin' for a horny toad and not findin' one. And if they can't live in this desert, how the hell do ye expect me to build ye a railroad across it?"

Lineer chuckled, then growled at him, "You'll build no railroads, toads or no toads. Georgie Price will build the railroad, and you'll sweat only from your strutting, you black Mick."

Big Tim's great laugh boomed out. Big Tim, whose right arm once smashed Tracy Thomason into unconsciousness with a single blow. A laughing giant of a man with blue eyes made deeper blue

TIMMY — by HOWARD SPARBER



"And I'm never coming back till tomorrow!"

COLLIER'S

Holes in Walls



You can get this beautiful color FOOTBALL MAP AND GRID REVUE

FREE! Big wall-size—two feet wide! Full colors! Thousands of facts on college and pro football!



• A beauty for framing! Millions used by sports writers, announcers, coaches, "fans." A gold mine of football information; 1947 collegiate and pro schedules; colors, nicknames of 239 colleges; conference and pro league winners; famous players; All-America team and All-Pro League teams; origin of famous plays; etc. Hurry! Edition limited! Created by makers of famous Albert Richard Coats, Jackets, Gloves and Mittens for men and boys with Spun Sun* interlinings made of Fiberglas*—amazingly warm but light! Featured at leading stores everywhere.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Albert Richard, Dept. 4
Milwaukee 4, Wis.

☐ Send name of store where I can get map FREE
☐ Send map direct to me. I enclose 25c for mailing and handling (no stamps, please)

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Yes . . . she's used to the best!



She pays $10,000 for her diamond necklace...

...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

EVERVESS Yes, Yes!

Makes drinks taste better—costs less!



BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.

YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

LITTLE LULU



"Just like Kleenex—there's only one!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex* best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellucotton Products Co. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

by the bronze of his face, and a shock of ringleted hair black as midnight. This was Big Tim, up from Sonora with Georgie Price at Lineer's command. And little Georgie Price, the second engineer, had sworn mightily there in El Paso two days ago when Lineer threw the paper work at him.

Tim's laugh subsided. They let talk die again, riding with the slackness of deep weariness. The wheeling sun had drained its bounty of strength from men and horses. The need of water and night's coolness was a growing, insistent pulse through their bodies.

Presently Lineer raised his eyes to scan the distant mountain barriers.

"We'll sink our second well about here," he said.

Big Tim pursed chapped lips. He gazed about him at the harsh red hummocks, billowing and shimmering away endlessly in all directions. He looked at the low Jarillas, barren lumps erupting like great blisters of misshapen, molten earth from the desert floor.

"And if ye don't find water?" he asked.

"Then," said Lineer slowly, "there'll be hell to pay."

HIS eyes moved to the cool blue escarpment of the Sacramentos, towering above the heat distortion to the northeast. Sweet water gushed there from myriad springs. Water that could be flumed to the desert here. As he gazed he felt again a baffling sense of unreality surrounding the decision that denied him the flume, and he fought it down as he had so many times these last two months.

He shrugged then and turned his horse off the road, moving west into the mesquite.

"Tinker Well lies over here a mile," he explained. "A shallow well and short supply. Brackish but drinkable."

They came presently to a rise in the ground where they could see the gleam of the westering sun on an earthen tank of water. Beyond was a flat-roofed *choza* and, beyond that, the shapeless crisscross of holding corrals. A few lean cattle stood motionless in the mud of the tank overflow. This was Jubal Nye's water. The only water for twenty-five miles north or south, east or west.

They were two hundred yards from the tank, and tired horses were stretching and throwing their heads with thirst's sharp demands, when the rifle cracked.

They heard the passage of the bullet through the scrub at their close left. They saw in the next moment the bloom of black powder smoke from the hut's one paneless window. Beside Tim's horse a wand of ocotillo, gray and shriveled and cleanly severed by the bullet, slowly toppled. Tim's horse side-stepped nervously against Lineer's mount.

"Why, the blasted—" began Tim, and stopped. They sat their horses with suddenly tightened reins, not moving forward and not running, knowing that had been a warning shot. In this country a man would seldom miss at two hundred yards unless he intended to.

Lineer raised high in his stirrups then, sweeping his hat from his head so that the hidden rifleman could see his face. This was Jubal Nye's water. No enemy could be there.

The answer came instantly in the dark puff of a second shot, and before Lineer heard the report he felt a slight tug against his body and then the burn of pain along his left side.

"Down!" he shouted to Tim, throwing himself sideways from the saddle. He hit on his right shoulder and arm, feeling the sharp bite of mesquite on the back of his neck and grabbing quickly to recover lost reins. Through the legs of the horses he saw Tim tumble to the ground and roll to the safe slope of the nearest hummock. Tim's voice rose quickly, soothing the horse. The animal saw Lineer's horse standing quiet, and subsided.

"Lie still, Tim!" called Lineer. They waited in the sudden, hot silence. The horses were exposed. If the rifleman wanted to kill the animals, nothing could be done to stop him. No shot came.

"We've got to lead our horses out of here," called Lineer now.

Tim rolled back, calling softly to his mount as he came. His hand found the reins.

Lineer rose slowly to his knees, keeping his head below the level of the mesquite, and threaded back through the hummocks. He kept going until he found a depression between hummocks deep enough to shield both horses and men.

Big Tim, coming up behind him, was laughing. "Jim, lad," he said, "ye didn't promise us fun with the work, but I'll not hold it against ye."

He saw the crimson on Lineer's shirt. His laugh died. "Now that skulkin' son of Satan—" He strode swiftly forward.

Lineer lifted the shirt. It was an ugly crimson streak along his side a hand's width below the armpit. A surface wound, not serious. But the bullet had passed just three inches from his heart.

Lineer knew then that the hidden marksman had tried to kill. He knew that shot had been fired in sudden anger when he lifted his hat and showed his face to the man there in the *choza*.

He stood with the raised shirt in his hand and his eyes on the bloody gash, slowly accepting the knowledge that someone in the Tularosa Valley hated or feared him enough to kill him. Not until then did he ask himself who had fired the shots.

He had been in the valley but once since Colonel Edwards had returned to New York. That once was a month ago, a quick trip to Tularosa. There had been no hint of trouble then. And Tracy Thomason had been in the valley most of the time, handling the cash grants from the towns and buying land for the railroad. Thomason had spoken no word of any conflict.

Yet here it was. Trouble at Jubal Nye's water. That meant that Wilse Ware was involved in some way. Had the truce been broken? If so, the railroad was beaten now before a rail was laid. No persuasion could induce workers to come into this basin if Wilse Ware and Jube Nye were at war again.

And in some mysterious and intensely personal way, the point of this violence was aimed directly at Jim Lineer.

WHEN the slow swelling of anger came then, it was directed not at the man in the *choza* but inward at himself. He had come back to the valley of his birth to build this railroad of his dreams. He had accepted conditions that tied his hands. Now he was going to pay the price for another man's ambition. A hard bleakness came into his face. Tim saw it. And Tim, with his memories of Sonora, was pleased.

Lineer dropped his shirt. He closed his eyes, bringing to his mind an image of the ground there before him at the moment the first shot was fired.

When he opened his eyes he said, "Those hummocks continue in close to the tank on the southeast. We can get within fifty yards of him."

Tim nodded.

"We've got to water the horses," Lineer continued. "We'll wait till dark."

He found his .45 in his saddle roll. Tim was rummaging for his own gun. Presently Tim raised his canteen and drained it.

"Now," he said with satisfaction, "with a dry ride ahead, there'll be no changing of the McCarthy mind."

They made their plan, talking back and forth with Tim posted at the crest of the hummock as lookout, then waited through the hot and breathless twilight. Lineer sat quietly debating as long shadows changed the shape of the desert without bringing coolness. They must have water tonight. He was confident

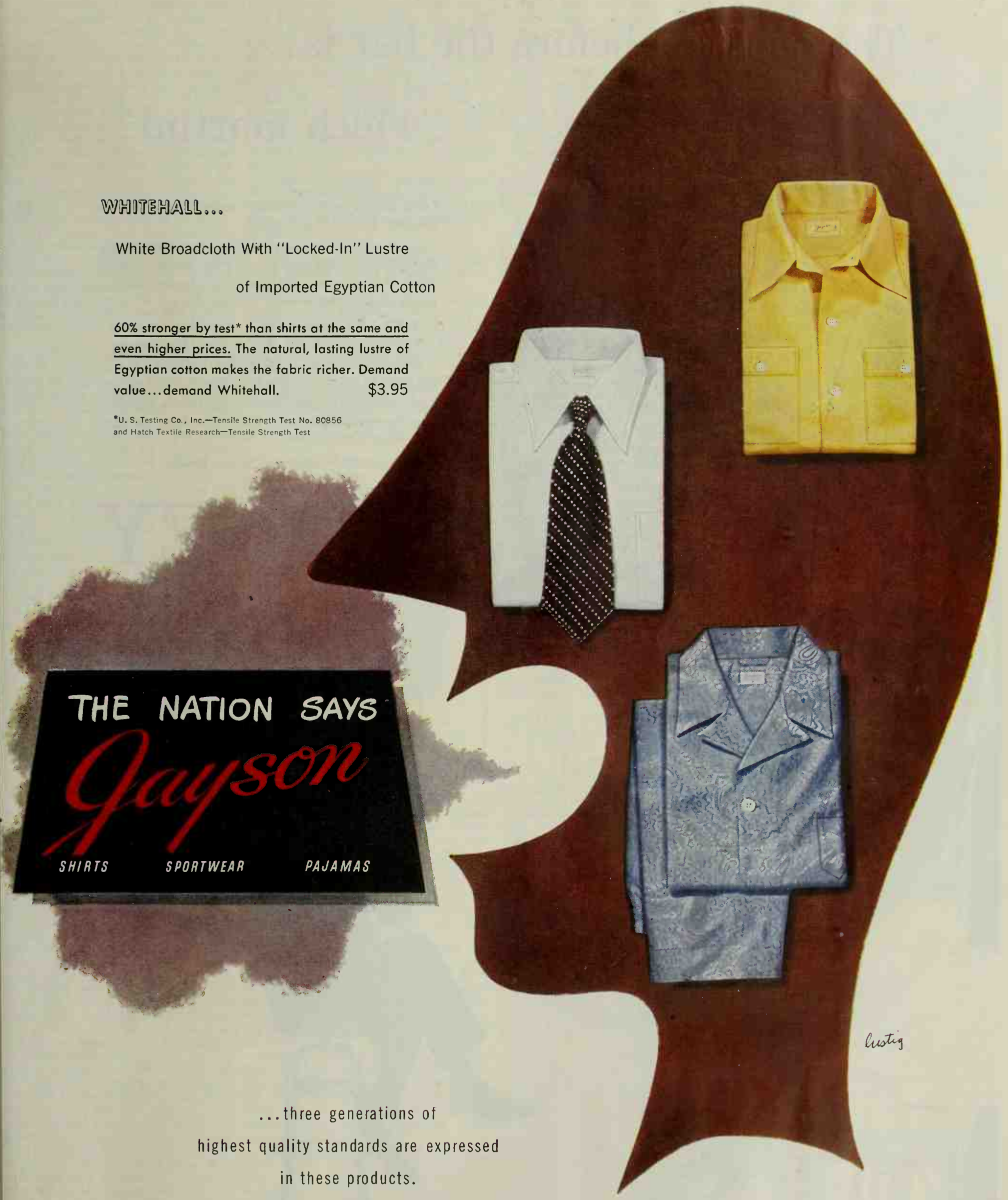
WHITEHALL...

White Broadcloth With "Locked-In" Lustre

of Imported Egyptian Cotton

60% stronger by test* than shirts at the same and even higher prices. The natural, lasting lustre of Egyptian cotton makes the fabric richer. Demand value...demand Whitehall. $3.95

*U. S. Testing Co., Inc.—Tensile Strength Test No. 80856
and Hatch Textile Research—Tensile Strength Test



...three generations of
highest quality standards are expressed
in these products.

Jayson Shirts from $3.25 • Jayson Pajamas from $3.50
Jayson Sportwear from $3.75

F. JACOBSON & SONS, INC • 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • SPORTWEAR • Makers of Excello Shirts

The question before the bar is . . .

which martini?



DRY MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with stuffed olive

PERFECT MARTINI
½ part dry vermouth
½ part sweet vermouth
2 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with lemon peel



3 TO 1 MARTINI
1 part dry vermouth
3 parts Kinsey Gin
stir in cracked ice; strain,
serve with pearl onion

Let's face it: every martini-mixer thinks he has the best recipe in the world.

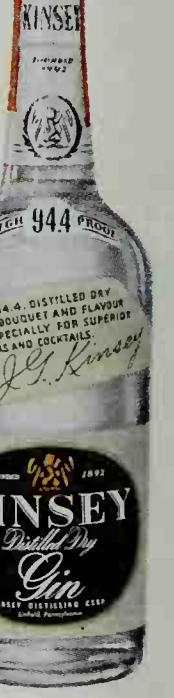
Confidentially, a good martini is a matter of taste. But whether you like 'em dry or sweet . . . with olive or without . . . with onion or lemon peel . . . you'll like 'em *better* with Kinsey Gin.

Kinsey, the *genial* gin . . . superbly smooth.
The *dry* gin . . . yes, dry as fine champagne.
And *94.4 proof* . . . brimming with flavor.

Maybe you're missing something by not trying a *new* martini recipe for a change. You're *certainly* missing something if you don't make your martinis with Kinsey Gin.

Try a smooth Kinsey martini . . . tonight!

KINSEY GIN





It's 94.4 PROOF
It's GENIAL
It's DRY

Distilled Dry Gin • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, P

heir plan would get them to the tank. Should they, afterward, go against the man in the *choza?* Assuming they could catch or kill him without wounds to themselves—and that was by no means certain—would such a course be wise?

Whatever new or old quarrel gripped his valley, there was a chance that it could be stopped. Killing the man would only aggravate it. Lineer turned troubled thoughts then to Colonel Edwards' strangely insistent demand: If war flamed between Ware and Nye, Lineer must stand aside. Thomason arranged the truce. Thomason must enforce it.

The sky overhead was black when Lineer called softly, "Let's go."

Tim slid down from the hummock, took the reins of both horses, and followed Lineer. They came out presently at a point southeast of the tank. Beyond here the hummocks leveled away to flat ed ground right up to the mud flats of he tank. The black outline of the *choza* was faintly visible thirty yards beyond.

LEAVING Tim there, Lineer slipped away without a word. He was not counting on surprise. The rifleman knew they had not gone; he must at this moment be searching the night for them.

Lineer strode slowly and softly westward, hidden in the night's blackness. Presently the gray top log of a corral loomed directly before him. He slipped beneath it, turning toward the *choza.*

Now he lay at full length upon the ground and raised his pistol. Putting himself in the rifleman's place, he thought of what he would be doing at this moment. Staying close to the water. That was certain. But not in the hut. A man indoors could be trapped too easily, would be too limited in his horizon.

Lineer lifted his pistol higher then to the faint outline of the *choza's* roof. He fired, then rolled to his left. He came up on his elbows again, waiting. No bullet, no slightest stir, answered him.

He let what he judged to be a minute pass. He fired again at the roof, rolling hard to the right even as he fired.

Instantly flame spurted from the eastward corner of the roof. The bullet thudded into the ground somewhere to Lineer's left as he rolled hard once more, flinching at the sudden pain when his wound scraped the hard earth.

He let a longer interval pass this time, working his body back slowly with elbows and knees and moving leftward again. The dust stirred by his body in the oppressive stillness choked his lungs, and he fought down a cough. Two minutes. Three minutes. He fired and rolled, and again the rifle sought him out.

He came forward again, moving to his left front, so intent on the pattern of his movement that he was only dimly aware of fresh pain in scraped knees and elbows. He fired, rolling right.

This time the quick bark of three revolver shots answered him from the roof, flicking into the ground on both sides of him. So the man there had laid aside the rifle. If this enemy had fired all six shots of his pistol as well spaced as the three had been, one of them might have struck home.

Lineer moved steadily toward the corral fence to his right. How many minutes had passed? Eight? Ten? Tim could have had plenty of time.

Lineer slipped beneath the fence. He debated one more shot and decided against it, feeling now the deep bite of weariness and the pain of scraped skin and bruises that seemed to cover his whole body. He circled south of the tank. He paused to listen when suddenly Tim appeared at his side. For a big man, Tim could move very quietly.

"Both watered," whispered Tim. "Canteens full. Now we go after him."

"No," said Lineer. "Now we ride."

They were back on the road, and swinging north, when Tim said, "And now, Jim lad, I'll ask ye why."

"Perhaps we could have killed him," said Lineer. "And perhaps one of us would have been killed in the doing of it. But that is not all the reason. We do no fighting we can prevent. Tracy Thomason keeps the peace in this valley."

"Ahhh, does he now? And would he be keeping the peace the way he did in Sonora? I'll be no friend to a man that makes ye turn away from a rascal that tried to kill ye. And by yere own word ye don't even know who the rascal might be."

"If there is fighting," repeated Lineer, "it's Thomason's business, not ours."

"Jim, lad," asked Tim in a troubled voice, "are ye still the man I worked for in Sonora?"

"I am, Tim."

"Then this much more I'll politely ask ye: If Thomason can't protect us, do we keep runnin'?"

"Thomason gets his chance. If he can't keep the peace, I will." . . .

The sun was again on their left cheeks when the tall cottonwoods of Tularosa rose out of the desert at the foot of the Sacramentos. They stopped at the end of the *acequia,* where its water marked the dramatic change from desert to green.

Their thirst satisfied, they moved into the red dust of Tularosa's streets. The dust was powder fine, yielding as a soft



"I don't want to show my ignorance, Professor, but just how are atomic bombs made?"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

carpet. Yet right beside it flowed the cold, clear waters of the *'cequia,* the sparkling life artery of this town. The yellow cottonwoods, close-planted along the canal, shaded the waters and gave to Tularosa a pleasant charm. Even the adobes, set back from the flowing stream, festooned with their strings of chili colorado, lost their harsh angularity in the soft splatter of light and tree shadow.

They stabled at Tyson's, just off the plaza. Lineer felt the need of a bath to cleanse the soreness and the aches from his body, but the mystery of last night pushed at his mind and would not let him wait. He left Tim to send their gear around to the hotel and stepped out on the street.

Molly Riordan was walking toward him. A basket swung under her arm. A blue sunbonnet covered her head against the desert sun and was drawn closely about her face. She walked hurriedly, watching her feet and casting little glances to both sides of her.

Lineer removed his hat and stepped in front of her. She saw his feet and legs first. When she raised her face he observed that her eyes were startled.

"Molly," he said, "you're looking uncommonly fine."

"The same to you, sir," she replied, showing her pleasure.

"Going anywhere in particular?"

"Just a bit of buying for Miss Barbara."

"Buy an extra bit and get me invited there for supper, will you?"

She laughed up at him, her blue eyes full of the merriment he remembered from the first time he ever saw her. "I will that. We're expecting Mr. Thomason too."

"How is Barbara?" he asked.

"Ah, you should see her," exclaimed Molly. "She and the help so busy the livelong day getting the house in order. Buying and planning and sewing—"

"Barbara sewing?"

She slanted a glance up at him, smiling yet reproachful. "Now don't you be getting ideas, Mr. Lineer. Miss Barbara can do anything she sets her mind to. She learned in a twinkling."

There was no mistaking the gentle reprimand in Molly's voice. It brought him again up against a confusing fact that he had wondered about idly during the days in El Paso: the close comradeship between this servant and the willful, capricious girl who was her mistress.

He spoke to her gently, "Molly, you were acting a moment ago as though you were afraid somebody was going to speak to you, perhaps hurt you. Why?"

She stared with quiet face down the street, past the last tree beside the *'cequia,* far out to where the white sands of the desert lay, hot and breathless and harshly agleam.

"I am not afraid," she said. "Truly I'm not. But there is—something—out there. It's—I do not understand it, but there is sorrow in it."

"Sorrow?" He frowned down, puzzled. Then he chuckled. "Molly, you *are* Irish. You see it and feel it before you know it's there. And you're right. It's Pavlo Blanco."

"Pavlo Blanco?"

"The White Lady of the Sands. A Spanish legend of tragedy. Someday when the sands are blowing I'll tell it to you."

As he moved away a thought came to him and he turned back to ask, his eyes gay, "How is Harry Keck?"

The question caused Molly no embarrassment. "I have not seen him for many days," she said.

AT THAT moment Big Tim emerged from the stable. Lineer saw his eyes travel to Molly, and saw Molly's face lift and her gaze go forth to meet Tim. Tim was beside her in a quick stride, smiling down at her as Lineer spoke their names, and then Tim was saying, "Molly Riordan, is it? Jim, lad, ye spoke too little of this."

Lineer stayed but a minute more, and in that minute no word was spoken. Bold blue eyes looked into deep blue eyes, and all of the many things that were said were wordless. Lineer moved up the street. He looked back once, his face thoughtful with its wonderment, and saw Tim take the basket from Molly's arm.

Lineer entered the plaza and turned right. He tried the first door of a wide, one-story frame building, and found it locked. So Thomason was not here. This was the railroad's land office, used by both Thomason and Lineer when they were in Tularosa.

The shades were drawn next door, too, at the little private bank Ed Ware managed for his uncle.

He moved off the plaza and up the street, feeling as always the drowsing comfort of life beneath its big cottonwoods after the harshness of the desert. At the east edge of town he came to two large homes beside the *'cequia madre.* They were the only houses in all Tularosa built of stone and wood. They were the only houses that proclaimed their substance with a second story.

Old Jube Nye lived in the first. The second had been the home of Ed Ware until Wilse Ware offered it to Barbara Edwards. Now young Ware lived in the hotel on the plaza.

Lineer turned in at the first house, knocked, then opened the door when he heard Jube Nye's high, precise voice in-



When the Storm King rages, you'll be ready in your new FOOT PALS brogues. These sturdy, handsome shoes feature ruddy-brown scotch-grain leather from famed W. & J. Martin of Scotland, molded over our comfortable "Buck" last. Other highlights are their full-brogue construction, their heavy double soles and flange heels . . . PLUS quality a grade above their price.

Wall-Streeter Shoe Company, No. Adams, Mass.

WALL-STREETER FOOT-PALS SHOES FOR MEN

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
T. M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Here's "Nipper," RCA Victor's world-famous dog . . . Today, as for 48 years, symbol of the finest in recorded music.



Shop! compare value for value!

Look! it's tops in style!

Listen! it has the famous "Golden Throat"

It's Victrola 65U, compact table radio-phonograph with automatic record changer, the fastest-selling set of its kind on the market. Plays 12 ten-inch or 10 twelve-inch records—almost an hour's concert or dance music.

RCA Victor's *exclusive* pick-up, the Silent Sapphire, eliminates needle chatter and *needle changing*. It's so light, so safe—records not only sound better but actually last years longer!

All radio controls are on the cabinet front—no need to lift the lid to enjoy your radio. Straight-line dial and colorful numbers make tuning easy. There's a super-sensitive electro-dynamic speaker. 2-point tone control for radio and records—and for both the rich, true tone of the "Golden Throat."



The Golden Throat . . . Finest tone system in RCA Victor history, the "Golden Throat's" precise, 3-way acoustical balance is explained in a booklet attached to RCA Victor instruments.

When you're in New York, see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA Exhibition Hall. Open free to all. 36 W. 49th Street, across from Radio City.

"VICTROLA" T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

New in design . . . dependable in performance is RCA Victor's Model 66X11. In walnut plastic with touches of gleaming, gold-lined metal. Has extra-large Magic Loop antenna, supersensitive electro-dynamic speaker, 2-point tone control and the famous "Golden Throat" tone system. At your RCA Victor dealer's now.



RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

vite him in. The old lawyer sat in his shirt sleeves in the living room that he used as an office. He rose slowly and painfully to his feet in his courteous way, his lined face showing his pleasure.

"Jim, boy. How's the empire builder?"

"Sun-scorched and dry as a visiting preacher," said Lineer. It felt good to drop on the worn leather sofa, stretch his legs and take the cool glass of lemonade from the hand of this man who had been his father's old friend. He hesitated, feeling the need of idle and uncomplicated talk, then said abruptly, "Somebody tried to kill me at Tinker Well yesterday."

Jubal Nye's face, trained by a half century of courtroom battles, shaped into an expression of courteous attention, not friendly, not hostile. "So?"

Lineer said, "Who was it?"

NYE let a minute pass. No slightest change showed in his face. But the very fact of his hesitation showed that a struggle was going on in his precise mind, and that it was no ordinary struggle. He said finally, "No."

"If there is trouble between you and Wilse Ware," Lineer persisted gently, "is it not the railroad's business?" He added dryly, "Perhaps not mine until the man at the well shoots straighter. But—Thomason's, say?"

The old lawyer nodded, faintly smiling. "I'll concede that, though Wilse Ware would not. *If* there is trouble."

"I'm moving a drilling rig up to the Jarillas soon," Lineer continued. "I'll have to borrow water from Tinker Well for the drilling crew."

Jubal Nye rose and paced the room. He opened the door and squinted out at the harsh sunlight, his spare and feeble body held stiffly straight by the iron spirit that guided his life. When he came back to Lineer he had made his decision.

"I've got Harry Keck staked out at that well," he said. "Wilse Ware is hunting him."

Lineer was silent, remembering the slim and handsome foreman whose quick pride had flared so dangerously that night at Steve's in San Antonio. So it was Harry Keck at the well. And Keck, holed up, would not let anybody of whom he was not sure approach the well.

"But Keck would not try to kill you," said Nye.

Lineer lifted his left arm, pointing to the bullet hole through his shirt. "Keck fired one safe warning shot," he said. "This was the second. It was fired after I raised my hat."

"At what distance?"

"Two hundred yards."

"Keck is one of the best shots in the country. He wouldn't miss at two hundred yards."

Lineer stirred irritably. He had sat a restless horse when that shot was fired. The best of riflemen could have been thrown off three inches. But that was not what disturbed him now. It was some memory of the man. Something that night at Steve's. Some unnatural light in the eyes of Keck when he braced Lineer after the fight. The man had a wild, hot pride. A pride that would brood and feed on itself, and flash out in time as an insane hate.

"Why," said Lineer with surprise and deep conviction, "the man is a killer."

Nye said sharply, "Do you think I could fight Wilse Ware with stableboys?"

"Why is Ware hunting him?"

"The man was a fool," said Nye dryly. "Got in trouble at White Oaks over a poker game and a horse. Rode by night to get here. I sent him down to the *choza* to hole up until he hears from me."

"Is there a warrant out for him?"

"So I understand. Accuses him of stealing his own horse, as he tells it."

Lineer's voice was troubled, "What's being done to settle it?"

"It's settled," said Nye. "He's my man. He's minding his own business on my land. That's the end of it. Do you think he could ever get a fair trial up there before a Ware judge and jury?"

"I'm thinking of what it could lead to. Is there going to be bloodshed in this valley before we ever get a rail laid?"

"There is not. I'll go to any lengths to prevent it." A strange intensity came into Nye's voice. "Any lengths, do you understand?" After a moment he continued quietly, "But Wilse Ware boasts that he stands behind his men right or wrong. I'll do no less."

Lineer said, "Will you let Thomason mediate this?"

"Of course. I'll surrender Keck if Ware will agree to a trial in a neutral county."

Lineer rose, relieved. This could be stopped now without violence. He thought wryly that perhaps he was disobeying Colonel Edwards' strict injunction to stay at arm's length from this old quarrel.

"How are the deep wells coming?" asked Nye.

"The first one looks good," said Lineer. "The Jarilla well—" he shrugged. "Time will tell."

Nye asked in an absent voice, "Do you know that I own that watershed up in the Sacramentos?"



COLLIER'S "Oh, no, I think you dance very well for a horse" IRWIN CAPLAN



Contains Needed Vitamins and Minerals

Eat Shotwell's "Hi-Mac"



5¢

Chocolate nougat center with ground peanuts, luscious layer of caramel . . . covered with Shotwell's milk chocolate coating . . . plus Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron . . . nutrients you need to eat candy and still eat right.



Right for food Balance!

and eat right!



Right for a Lift

Right for Taste!
Right for Nutrition!



Crave candy? Enjoy yourself! "Hi-Mac" is right. Lusciously right. Has Vitamins B_1 and B_2 —essential for candy-energy pickup. Plus other vitamins and minerals. Indeed, qualitatively, it has better nutritional-balance than an average meal! That's right. That's "Hi-Mac"! Only a nickel. Buy, try, "Hi-Mac"... today.

Other Shotwell Products



"SHUR-MAC"—Whole roasted almonds, nougat, caramel, chocolate coating...plus Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.

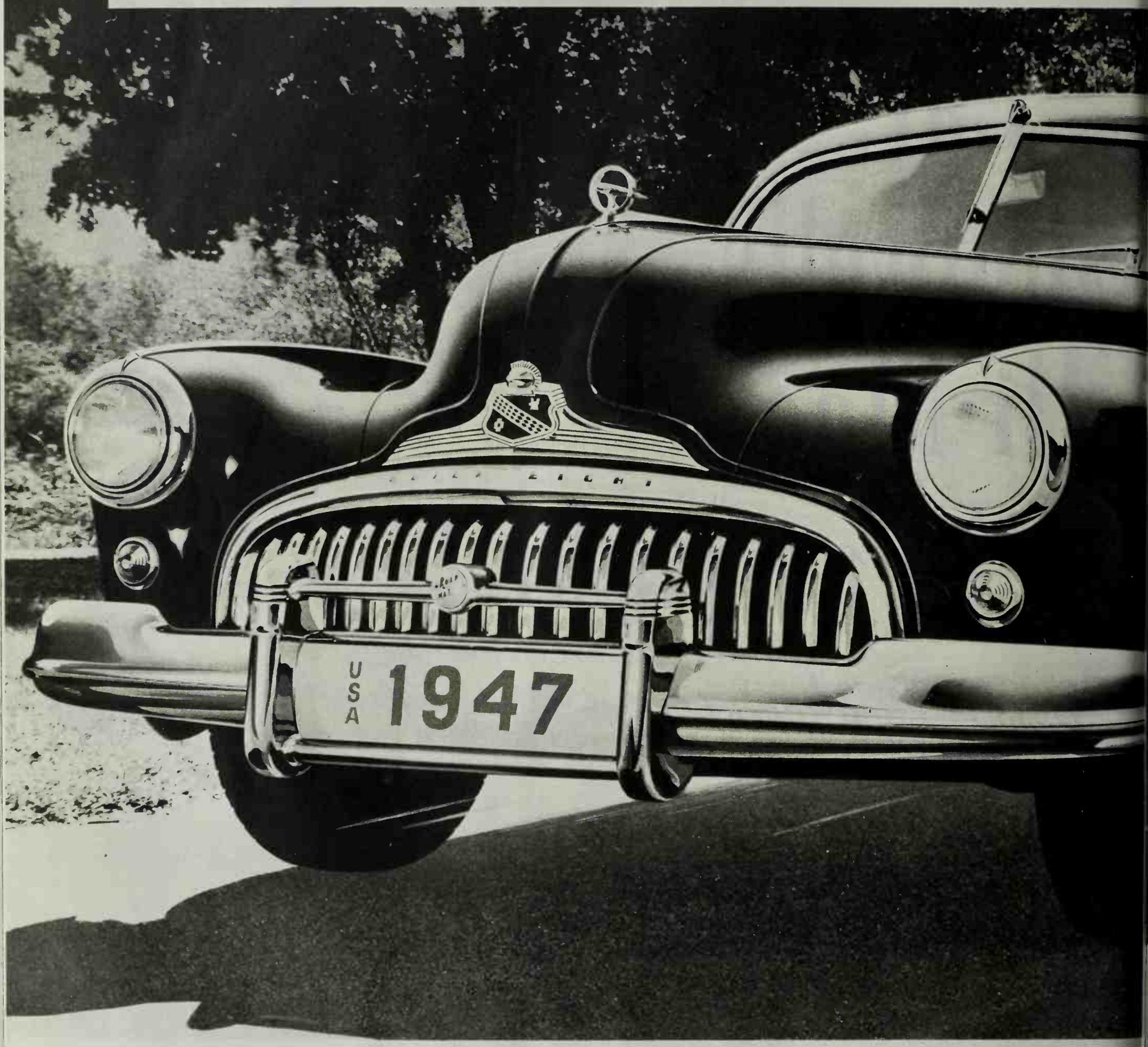


BIG YANK—Marshmallow center, topped with roasted peanuts, fudge, chocolate coating . . . plus Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.

FORTIFIED PURITAN MARSHMALLOWS—Fluffy, tender marshmallows, with Vitamins B_1, B_2, D, calcium, phosphate, niacin and iron.



We stand correcte



ONLY BUICK HAS *ALL* THESE *Star Features*

AIRFOIL FENDERS — a sleek, car-length, tapering contaur af distinctive beauty.

FIREBALL POWER — fram valve-in-head straight-eight engines in two sizes.

ACCURITE CYLINDER BORING — smaathness fram the start an an engine that "stays young."

SILENT ZONE BODY MOUNTINGS — scientificolly placed far a firm and quiet ride.

FLITEWEIGHT PISTONS — for flashing actian, swift response, reduced laad an bearings.

BUICOIL SPRINGING — Buick-developed all-coil springing for perpetuol smaathness and "panthergoit" ride.

FULL-LENGTH TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE — pratects maving parts, gives steadiness in troveling.

PERMI-FIRM STEERING — light but pasitive contral with reduced need far adjustments.

BROADRIM WHEELS — far peak tire mileoge, better car cantrol, freedam fram heel-over on curves.

STEPON PARKING BRAKE — sets with a tauch, eliminates awkward hand se

DEEPFLEX SEAT CUSHIONS — giving i comfort in all madels, three-person an all seats.

CURL-AROUND BUMPERS — frant and originated by Buick ta pratect sheet m Built far bumper jack.

TEN SMART MODELS — in three series, turing Body by Fisher.

—by a Lady





"LOOK," she said to us, politely but very firmly, "you are making me just a bit tired!"

"Tired?" we said, lifting a surprised brow. "You mean you don't find this Buick comfortable? That these big soft seats and gentle coil springing . . ."

"The seats are dreams of comfort," she interrupted, "and your all-coil springing, or whatever you call it, is everything you say it is and more.

"I mean you've just got the wrong slant on how *we women* look on this Buick!"

"Wrong slant?" We *were* astonished. "Why, its style—its smartness . . ."

"'Fresh as a new bonnet,'" she quoted back at us. "And it surely does look like what cars will be in the future—I certainly hope.

"But do you think that's *all* we women are interested in? Don't you think *we* like power and steadiness and easy handling too?

"You talk as though only a *man* likes to go zooming up a steep hill without having to shift all the time!

"You sound like you think a woman wants to be bounced around like a baby on his grandpa's knee because her car's too light to hold the road!

"To hear you talk, one might think we girls never park a car. Why, one of the things I like best about ours is the way I can slip it into a parking spot at the grocer's without wearing myself out tugging at the wheel.

"My point is a woman doesn't think about a car just as she does a new hat! *Of course* we want style—good style that will stay smart—like Buick's.

"But we like Buick because it *does* things for us.

"Because it's big and powerful and roomy and steady without being truck-heavy to handle. Because it holds the road and answers the wheel and stops quick and makes us feel safe and sure of ourselves when we drive!

"That's what *I* like about our Buick—and I'll bet lots of other women do too!"

To all of which we can say—the lady seems to have something. In fact—she makes a pretty good case, it seems to us, for your seeing your Buick dealer right now—and getting your order in.

Surely, you can't go wrong settling on a car that so completely sells itself to both sides of the family!

When better automobiles are built

BUICK

will build them

White sidewall tires, as illustrated, available at extra cost.

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, Mutual Network, Mondays and Fridays

THE MOST FAMOUS BOTTLE IN THE WORLD



HAIG & HAIG *The First and Last Word in Scotch*

IT HAD TO BE BETTER TO ENJOY SUCH UNIVERSAL PREFERENCE FOR 320 YEARS

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

"No," said Lineer in surprise. "You didn't own it when I was up there last year running a flume line."

The old lawyer chuckled. "There isn't much goes on in this end of the valley that doesn't reach me. I knew you were up there and I knew what you were doing. After you left for Sonora I bought up the whole watershed."

Lineer asked curiously, "Why?"

"So that nobody could hold you up on price if you came back to build us a railroad. It's yours at what I paid for it—if your deep wells don't come in."

Lineer's curiosity was strong and direct now. He said, "I don't understand you."

Jubal Nye's faded eyes searched Lineer's face slowly as though he were asking himself how much this younger man could understand.

Presently he said in his quiet, precise voice, "I know what I am. I'm a stubborn old man ruling half of a country that I have no right to rule. A country that should be ruling itself, but can't because Wilse Ware and I have never given it a chance. If Wilse Ware should die tomorrow, I would deed everything I own back to the Territory, then lie down and die too."

He paused. When he resumed there was a rising ring in his tone: "I've done more than one man's share for this country. I've fought Apaches and I've fought evil men. I've fought the sun and I've fought the desert. But I've also done more than one man's share of harm to this country. I've kept God-fearing, gentle people out of this valley because they know Wilse Ware and I have ruled it with violence and may again." His voice dropped away to its old level precision. "A railroad will change everything. A railroad means stability. A railroad means new people. New farms in the foothills, new towns with churches in them. That's why I want this railroad more than anything I ever wanted in my life. That's why I'm going to stay alive until it is built."

THIS was the way of it with Molly Riordan and Timothy McCarthy, standing there on the plaza *publica* of Polvarosa, standing beside the singing flow of the *'cequia*, standing beneath the dappled shade of the old cottonwoods as Lineer walked up the street, pausing once to look back in wonderment.

Molly stared wordlessly up at Tim, unsmiling because all power had left her. She saw the black ringlets that curled about his ears. She saw the strong white teeth of him, and the laughter and the temper of him that lay upon his lips. She saw the deep burn of sun at the outthrust of his cheekbones. She saw the scar slanting across his forehead, slashing a white line through his left eyebrow.

She saw the boldness go out of his eyes and wonder come into them. She looked down at the basket under her arm and she looked at an aged Mescalero Apache asleep against a cottonwood bole and she looked at Lineer striding up the street, and she knew that nothing really had changed.

Then she looked up again and his blue eyes still were on her, and she knew the whole world had changed.

Yet it was she, and not Tim, who set the world in motion again. She spoke to him, lapsing for the first time since childhood into the soft speech way of her father and never knowing it, "If ye'll take the basket, Mr. McCarthy, we'll be going now."

Tim's great hand at her elbow guided her up the street, and ever afterward Molly remembered the sensation of floating beneath the cottonwoods. Floating up and up in the bold blue and the merry blue of their own unbelieving eyes, floating on and on beneath the bright blue of the desert sky.

And when they reached the door of the big house beside the *'cequia madre* a terrible thought came to Tim and he said fiercely, "Molly, there is no other man to answer to?"

"No, Tim," she said. "There is no other man."

That was the way of it with Timothy McCarthy and Molly Riordan, then and forever. Barbara Edwards was the first to know it. She saw it in Molly's radiant smile, and it made her look wonderingly at Big Tim. Without saying a word she slipped to Molly's side and embraced her.

And Lineer, arriving later from Jubal Nye's next door, saw it too. With the deep insight that was part of his nature he understood that these two, Molly and Tim, were this day chosen to dwell on that distant peak where the happiness of a man and a woman is sublime and their sorrow, if sorrow comes, is a dark and intolerable grief. And then he thought of little Georgie Price, who had been Tim's inseparable companion over half a continent, and he murmured, "Poor Georgie."

Tim and Molly had wandered to the big garden behind the house. Now Lineer was smiling down at Barbara, observing the complete graciousness of this girl in her role of mistress of the house. It was a side of her that he should have expected, considering her background, yet it seemed somehow inconsistent with the turbulent girl of two months ago.

Her face was pleased and friendly and filled with a faint excitement. She had tanned evenly, defying the dryness that ruined most women's complexions in this driest of climates. It was a small thing, but it pointed up the surprising adaptability that this girl seemed to possess. Yet he thought that her green eyes held back something, and it set him to wondering.

She was inspecting him too, seeing the red dust that caked his clothes and the deeper stain of blood on his shirt. She said critically, "You could make yourself more presentable."

SHE led him to the back porch, filling a basin for him. He waited a moment, and when she showed no intention of leaving he stripped off his shirt. The cool water felt good on his face and his head and his forearms. He splashed noisily and contentedly with a man's fine disregard for the mess he was making. Yet he was conscious of her eyes making an unabashed examination of him.

Not until she handed him a towel did she point to the angry streak along his side with inquiring eyes.

He delayed his answer, thinking of Jubal Nye's disbelief. Nye was keeping Keck at the well, sending him word to let the drillers use the water. To insist now that Keck had tried to kill him could only cause more trouble.

"A warning shot that came too close," he said. He sketched part of the events at Tinker Well. As he did so it occurred suddenly to him that he had no doubts whatever of this girl's discreetness.

"Keck came here often to see Molly," she said thoughtfully. "I don't think Molly encouraged him, but he was very insistent." She added then, "Keep your shirt off a minute."

Barbara poured fresh water and wet a clean cloth. She stepped to him, and began washing the dried blood below the wound.

She smiled innocently up at him. The touch of her cool fingers and the nearness of her stirred a sharp awareness in his blood. He thought with sudden shock that here was the cause of the eagerness that held him on the road yesterday. Then he told himself that the intimate nearness of any pretty woman would have stirred this response in him. A wry conviction that this was deliberate came to him. This was her talent for dangerous mischief at play. Two months in the desert had not subdued it.

He said quizzically, "How is Tracy?"

She stepped back, glancing obliquely at his face. "Fine. He should be here soon. He went to White Oaks to see Wilse Ware—about a sawmill."

He was putting on his shirt when she seemed to complete some thought, for she said, "You know, Tracy is a strong and clever fighter. My father used to bring professionals up to our place on the river in the summer when he was having stag parties, and Tracy would fight them and beat them. I was only twelve the first time, and Tracy was just out of college. I peeked through a hedge to see the fight. Tracy was wonderful."

Lineer regarded her curiously. "What made you think of that?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just that you are about of a size."

"Were you two together much as children?" he asked.

She shook her head. "He was always away at school when I was small. Then later Dad sent him out on railroad jobs. I worshiped him from afar until he discovered me last winter."

She was smiling again as she continued, "Dad writes that he may come out again in the autumn. I think Tracy and I will marry then."

"That's good," he said.

She asked abruptly, "You and Tracy



"Let's just urge the people to buy it because we need the money"

COLLIER'S — HERB WILLIAMS

BE SURE
YOUR NEXT SHIRT
BEARS THIS LABEL

FRUIT OF THE LOOM



IT COMES WITH THIS GUARANTEE! "If this Fruit of the Loom product does not give you satisfaction in use, return it to us and you will receive a new one or a refund of the purchase price. FRUIT OF THE LOOM, INC., PROVIDENCE, R. I."

Plus these FRUIT OF THE LOOM features: Sanforized, Wilt-Proof Collar, Fast Colors, Exclusive Patterns, Precision Tailoring, All-Over Fit. From $2.95.

GUARANTEED
FRUIT OF THE LOOM
SANFORIZED
MEN'S SHIRTS • SPORT SHIRTS

At value-giving stores everywhere.
For nearest Dealer, write:
ABELES SHIRT CO., INC.
230 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1

HICKOK
BAR-H



The West at its best

On o cattle ranch in Texos . . . or a cauntry club in Connecticut . . . Bor-H is equolly ot home . . . ond equolly top-brand for style. The rugged, long-wearing saddle-leather is superbly Hickok-crofted . . . and custom-tooled in outhentic old-West designs. Sterling Bronco Tie Bor, $3.50. Sterling Steerheod Tie Chain, $3.50. Toaled belt with tangue buckle, $5. Rope-initial Buckle on tooled belt, set—$8.50. (Other belts $3.50-up). Suspenders, $1.50-up. Wollet, $7.50.

BELTS · SUSPENDERS · JEWELRY · WALLETS · GARTERS

Quality Style Leadership

re working well together, aren't you?"
"We haven't seen much of each other," aid Lineer. "He's been here in the valley caling with people. I've been in El Paso andling materials and engineering deils."
She regarded him soberly, meeting his yes. "That is not an answer," she said. But then, I know now that you and racy could never be close friends."
"We have made a good start," said ineer. "I have no complaints."

THEY were back in the living room when Tracy Thomason burst through e front door with a gay shout.
"Barbara!" he cried, seizing her in his ms. He lifted her, laughing, and hirled her. "Jim! The first well is in! venty-eight thousand gallons in the st test run. And moderately soft ater!"
He set Barbara down, continuing exerantly, "A messenger caught me wn the street with the news. The iller is all ready to move the rig up for e Jarilla well."
Barbara kissed him warmly, then lled away with a little laugh. Lineer id, "Congratulations, Tracy."
Thomason dropped his arms, not tryg to pull Barbara back to him though e stood expectantly. He gave Lineer brief, almost quizzical stare, searching r some overtone in Lineer's congratutions and not finding it. The glint of umph made sharp bright points in the leness of his gray eyes. The faint ckles on his forehead sank beneath e flush of his face. He strode once the ngth of the room, the deep drive and tality of him reaching out to conquer.
"We're away, Jim!" he exclaimed. et your gangs organized. Get that first ipment of steel out here. We're going start laying rails!" He paused in his iding to slap a fist into his palm, then ntinued with his strong laugh, "I had hunch it would be this good. I just ught another sawmill from Wilse are. I'll have so many timbers and ossties coming down to you they'll be nning out your ears, Jim!"
Lineer said, "What about the Jarilla ll?"
Thomason swung about challengingly. What about it?"

Lineer said carefully, "I don't want to lay any rails until that well comes in. If we start construction we can't stop without losing a lot of money."
"And waiting will lose us another month," snapped Thomason. "Maybe two."
Lineer shrugged. "If we've reached that desert and the Jarilla well fails, we'll all suffer. Maybe lose some men."
"It won't fail!" Thomason said. "The water's there."
Lineer started to speak and changed his mind. He saw Barbara was watching Thomason, her face intent. Thomason strode to Lineer, his long jaw set, the sharp flare of anger in his eyes. He overreached Lineer with his greater height and he used it, seeming with the taut readiness of his body to thrust against Lineer, as though he could drive and push and beat Lineer down without touching him.
"The water's there," he repeated. "And if it isn't, we'll drive on through without it!"
Again Lineer was silent, and Thomason took the silence for opposition. The very wordlessness of it seemed to infuriate him.
"We'll force our way across," he barked. "If you're not man enough to do it, say so now."
"Tracy!" exclaimed Barbara.
He swung to her. "Keep out of this, Barbara. Lineer has been fighting against me on these wells since the first day. He wants them to fail so he can build his damned flume. Now he'll take orders or get out!"
"I'll take no orders from ye, and could be I'll give ye one if ye keep crowdin' a better man than ye'll ever be."
None of them had heard Big Tim come to the living-room door from the back of the house. He stood there now, poised and grinning but with a dark flame of wrath dancing in his eyes. Behind his shoulder stood Molly, startled and afraid.
Thomason stared for a moment in astonishment, then leaped toward Tim. "Get out of here, you black devil!"
Tim strode forward to meet him, then stopped suddenly. For Barbara Edwards stood in front of Thomason, her arms stiff at her sides but her eyes flashing.
"You'll order no one from my house, Tracy Thomason," she said coldly.
Thomason teetered then on the edge of blind fury, an entirely senseless rage that filmed his pale eyes. And Lineer, moving in swift strides to Big Tim's side, saw in those eyes the struggle between a temper that could tolerate no opposition and an ambition that drove this man relentlessly.
A long minute passed before Thomason's shoulders came down. He breathed like a spent runner. "I'm sorry," he said. He spoke only to Barbara. "I'm sorry," he said again. He met her eyes until she smiled, and then he smiled. He raised his head, looking over her.
"Hello, Tim," he said pleasantly.
Tim grinned. "And wan hello to ye, sor," he said.
Thomason reached out his hand to Lineer. "Forgive me, Jim. I know you weren't trying to rowel me. It's just that"—he smiled boyishly, and all of the charm of the man was back on his face—"it's just that this railroad means so damned much to me. And sometimes I forget how much it means to you too."
"All right, Tracy," said Lineer. "Let us understand each other clearly. It's my job to point out to you the risks we'll run. It's yours to make the decisions. You have gone against my judgment. I'm still with you. If that well fails we've got fifty miles of desert to cross. At the halfway point we'll be twenty-five miles from water. I'll cross it. But when I get across, we'll still need sweet water for engine boilers."
"The water is there," Thomason said once more. That unpredictable bubbling of exuberance was shaping his face again. He had triumphed. The march of rails would begin now. The deep, deep pleasure of command, of obedience exacted, made him altogether charming, altogether handsome. And if he had lost anything in victory, he did not know it. "By the time you reach the Jarillas, I'll have so much water I'll be floating crossties down to you."

HE SWUNG his long right arm around Barbara's waist. She hesitated, stiffening for one brief moment, then relaxed against him.
Smiling up, she said, "I'm proud of you, Tracy."
He said gaily, "Thank you, darling."
"I know it was no easy thing for you to apologize," she said.
Lineer observed the shadow of scornful half anger cross Thomason's face and he knew that Thomason had misunderstood, that Thomason had thought she was proud of his triumph over Lineer and the flume. The thought came to Lineer then that the struggle of wills which would shape the marriage of these two was not yet ended.
He said, "Tracy, there is trouble between Ware and Nye. Not serious yet. But it could be."
"Now what?"
"Jube Nye has a man in hiding. Ware is supposed to be looking for him. I've talked to Nye. He's willing for you to mediate."
"I'll see Nye in the morning," Thomason promised.
"Good. And Ware?"
"I've got to be back in White Oaks the latter part of next week," said Thomason carelessly. "I'll see Wilse then."
Lineer frowned. Thomason said briskly, "Stop worrying, Jim. They gave me their word."
Lineer and Tim were leaving for the hotel when Barbara told them, "Our new furnishings should be here in two or three weeks. We're planning a housewarming. Molly and I expect you two. And we'll accept no excuses."
She stood in the yellow light of the door, watching them go. They had reached the street before she turned back in, her eyes filled with a restless doubt.
(To be continued next week)

BUTCH — **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Oh, it wasn't any bother—just a few leftovers I scraped together"

COLLIER'S



FAMOUS

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

UNDERWEAR

for MEN *and* BOYS

Real, pleasant comfort . . . and long wear! You know you can depend on famous Fruit of the Loom for the kind of underwear you like! And the price is comfortably low.

FRUIT OF THE LOOM

LICENSED MANUFACTURER

UNION UNDERWEAR CO.

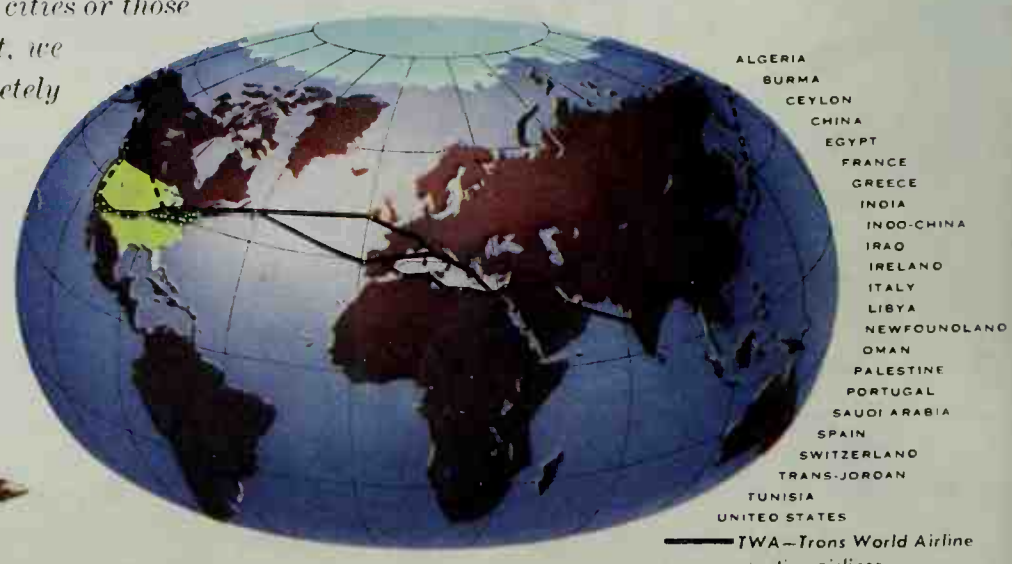
Empire State Building, New York



The phenomenon shown here through the window of a TWA Constellation is what meteorologists call a "glory." It appears when the shadow of a high-flying plane is projected against a cloud of minute liquid droplets fairly uniform in size.

Glory of the High Way

Over the TWA high way, you wing past sights unknown on earth—at speeds many times as swift as the fastest surface transportation—between this nation's principal cities or those overseas. Yet however much you marvel at such miracles of flight, we aim to please you, too, with everything we do to make each trip a completely joyous journey. With trans world seasoned airmanship. With hostesses to whom your comfort is a career. And with the courteous cooperation of those of us you deal with on the ground. For such things are what make flying the way to travel and TWA the way to fly—on the only airline that operates top-speed Constellations coast to coast.



All TWA passenger flights also carry mail and cargo

TWA
TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

INDONESIA—PROBLEM CHILD OF U.N.

Continued from page 21

ntrol room Indonesian technicians sat, d from it, with great casualness, a ng woman strolled from time to time announce the next number.

"Ought to be a news program after , usually," said Johnny, grinning. t today's Sunday. Of course you k that, because there's a crisis on, the ernment news agency would be hot the story—but they never work on day. The girls will probably sing e extra songs to fill in, unless some- 's warmed over yesterday's news or some from the air.

Informal, aren't we?" he asked, ckling. "But it works. Like the ublic."

The Dutch, however, were not so op- istic. Shortly before hostilities began, isited "the front." I talked with sev- l of the Dutch G.I.s at one outpost they all had the same line as r red-haired, freckle-faced lieutenant, nty-three-year-old Johan van Hoog- ten of Utrecht. The lieutenant didn't being in Java. But he was resigned to n fact, like many of his men, he was lunteer.

Many of you Americans had three or r years overseas," he said. "Now we t do our part. It is necessary because hout the Indies Holland could not ex- Nor the Indies without us—they 't have enough doctors, lawyers, nomists, financiers, enough educated h, to run the country alone.

Keeping an army 9,900 miles away n home is costing Holland over a lion gold dollars a day, and meantime body is getting anything out of the ies. The quicker we settle things the er for all—otherwise I'll have to d another two or three years out ."

ieutenant van Hoogstraten, and all others I talked with, were anxious then to shoot it out with the Repub- ns and have it over with. Most of the ves, they argued, wanted the Dutch k. There were only a few trouble- ers and extremists on the other side he line, and the Dutch army, if only ere ordered to, could quickly clean m up and restore law and order. The natives would get self-rule under the Netherlands Union, Holland's interests (two thirds of foreign investments totaling a billion and a half dollars, and a whopping share of the trade) would be protected, and everybody would be happy. Better to do it by peaceful agreement, of course, but . . .

No one, therefore, was very much surprised when the "war" broke out. It was the natural culmination of a two-year stalemate which began August 17, 1945, two days after the Japanese capitulation, when the Republic of Indonesia was proclaimed. The proclaimer was Sukarno, now president of the republic.

Six weeks ensued before any Allied troops reached Java. By the time the British landed at Batavia, the republic was a tumultuous, revolutionary force.

Makes Plans to Negotiate

The Allied commander, Lieutenant General Sir Philip Christison, incurred the eternal wrath of colonial die-hards by announcing that his forces were not coming to restore the *status quo ante* but only to disarm and remove the Japanese and to rescue Allied prisoners of war. He promptly proceeded to negotiate with the Republicans, including one fanatical antiwhite group which was already busy looting, raping, and murdering the defenseless men, women and children in the remoter prisoner-of-war camps.

That, say some of the embittered colonial Dutch, was the first recognition of the Republic. And the one that counted.

But the British did help to negotiate a truce between the Dutch and the Indonesians.

It was initialed by both sides last October. And in March the Dutch and Republican negotiators signed the Linggadjati Pact: The Republic was given *de facto* recognition by the Netherlands, and they were going to work together to establish an interim government that would, by January 1, 1949, convert all the islands of the East Indies into a brave new United States of Indonesia. Sovereign, run by the Indonesians—but as an



"You folks are safe right where you are, but you better pull that hamper in a few inches"

OLLIER'S

DANIEL ALAIN

You can see your tomorrow *today* with the new *Analagraph*



Now there's a scientific way to plan educational funds for your children

■ Is this young football star the college student of tomorrow? The *Analagraph* shows you—scientifically, understandably—how you can realize this typically American ambition.

■ Aided by an expert Analagrapher, you plan your objectives. Whether yours is a family of moderate means or one of high income with estate problems, you see with the *Analagraph* how you can provide educational funds *and even more* . . . home ownership, security for your family, your own retirement.

■ You can purchase for future delivery your own home, a promising start for your children, protection for your loved ones, a happy old age for yourself—truly, a blueprint to guide you.

■ Without obligation, write today for free booklet, "The Analagraph—What It Can Do For You."

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ORGANIZED IN 1845 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



REMEMBER – I'M NOT FIREPROOF!

TWO THOUSAND CHILDREN—UNDER 5—WERE BURNED TO DEATH LAST YEAR! Many more will carry the disfiguring scars of fire through life.

Shock has followed shock over the nation—as one horrible fire disaster has followed another. And the rate of death and destruction continues to rise.

Can anything be done to stop it? The President of the United States thinks so. He has marshalled the nation's leading fire safety experts in an all-out war against this serious menace to our national well-being and economy.

Responsibility for improved laws and building codes, fire prevention education, modernized fire-fighting services, building regulations, must be accepted by highest state and municipal officials.

The action and support must come from every citizen in local communities—from *you*, whose lives and welfare are in danger.

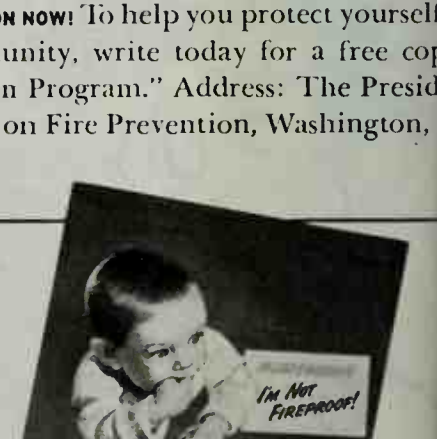
Remember—fire strikes with the force of war. It must be feared and dealt with as a enemy with the power to kill and destro

★ ★ ★

TAKE THIS ACTION NOW! To help you protect yourself an your community, write today for a free copy "The Action Program." Address: The President Conference on Fire Prevention, Washington, D.

"SAFETY from fire should not be a topic for discussion one or two weeks of the year. It is definitely a year-round public responsibility. We in the Federal Government can give aid within the framework of existing agencies. The impetus must come from the states and from every community and every individual in the land."

Harry Truman



This statement is one of a series published by the member companies of The National Board of Fire Underwriters in support of The President's Conference on Fire Prevention.

equal partner, a member of the Netherlands Union of Holland, Indonesia, Surinam and Curaçao, all under the crown of good Queen Wilhelmina.

But there were a lot of jokers in this fancy package and the formal signing included an agreement to disagree. Both sides said, in effect, "Okay, you have your interpretation, and I have mine, but let's sign anyway, and then we can negotiate."

The negotiations began almost immediately, but they produced little more tangible than recurrent crises.

Late in May the Dutch negotiators, the Commission General, sent the Republic a virtual ultimatum, detailing the "final" Netherlands demands for prompt implementation of the Linggadjati Pact. The Indonesian reply was far from satisfactory to the Dutch.

A Willingness to Compromise

At this crucial point Sutan Sjahrir, then the Republican premier and now Indonesian envoy to the U.N., took to the radio to backtrack on an important Republican point: They would accept the sovereignty of the Netherlands crown over the interim government. And they were prepared to modify some Republican counterdemands, notably the demand for an immediate foreign service for the Republic even before the interim government was established.

Sjahrir's willingness to compromise cost him the premiership. In July, after six days of Republican wrangling, he was succeeded by a fellow socialist, Dr. Amir Sjarifudin, a Holland-educated Christian.

Dr. Sjarifudin agreed that it might have been possible to compromise on most of the Dutch demands. But there was one, he said, on which no compromise was possible: the idea of a joint gendarmery or police force, half Dutch, half Indonesian.

"Not one of us could sell that idea to our people," he said. "To them it would look too much like the return of the Dutch on the old terms of colonial masters, and they would not stand for it. For nearly two years they have had their own police force, their own army, and for some five years millions of them have not seen a Dutchman. It would not work." It was on this issue that negotiations finally broke down and the war began.

I had left Java and was in India when hostilities began. I was standing beside Pandit Nehru, when, in a voice surcharged with anger, he extemporaneously denounced the Dutch and made his famous declaration that any European army on Asian soil was an insult to all of Asia.

A wave of anger flared across India. Newspapers campaigned for immediate armed aid for the Indonesians—a step which Nehru of course decried, since he was seeking settlement by the United Nations.

No such warlike sentiments were reflected by the Chinese, however. Indonesian bands were again massacring Chinese merchants and moneylenders in Java, as they did last year.

While the "war" was still official, I flew from India back to Java. As our old C-47 soared lazily westward across the Indonesian island, smoke billowed from dozens of points below us. Hardly 15 miles from Dutch-held Surabaya, the Republicans were putting the torch to villages and fields near the old demarcation lines set by the truce last October. "But only a few," pointed out tall, blond young naval Lieutenant Carel van Hoogstraten. "Farther inland, as you see, all is quiet. There are no fires until you reach the next lines near Dutch positions.

"Now as I was saying," he continued, "the way we took Probolinggo was like this. Sunday at 9 A.M. two destroyers shelled the beaches eighty miles east of Probolinggo for ten minutes. Then two battalions of U.S.-trained Marines landed on the beaches. There was no opposition except a few sniper shots from inland. The Marines fanned out, and advance elements raced toward the city in armored cars and Bren gun carriers. There are seventeen bridges on the highway, but the Marines moved so rapidly and so surprised the Republicans that not a single bridge was blown up despite the fact that all were planted with aerial bombs. Late in the day the Marines paused near Probolinggo. They waited overnight, then entered the city, from which the Republican troops had withdrawn. There were a few snipers, a few houses destroyed by the Republicans, a few casualties—that's all there was to it."

Our unarmed plane hugged the coast line frequently as it covered hundreds of miles of Java, which was already split into four sections by Dutch thrusts. The lieutenant was right about the fires, and his Probolinggo story was fairly typical of the fortnight's war.

The common people have been the biggest losers during the two years since the Republic was proclaimed. One of the villages I visited was Kampong, where only six of 72 Indonesians were left alive after a mysterious plague had struck months earlier. The sole male survivor was the headman's chubby, fezzed son, Adom, who had lost his wife and his mother as well. He said the plague lasted five weeks, killing most of its victims in two to five days. He added that the Republican authorities had been unable to send doctors and medicine (the partial result possibly of the Dutch naval blockade, though the Dutch claim the Republicans ignored proffered medical supplies).

Other Javanese villages were a checkerboard pattern of plenty and poverty, with thousands of Indonesians visibly suffering from malnutrition, scabies, scurvy. Nearly all were clad in rags.

In rice-rich Sukabumi itself I visited a government orphanage in an old Japanese open-air barracks, where 185 forlorn, gaping tots with swollen stomachs, stick-thin arms and legs and old-man faces showed the effects of semistarvation, even though the Red Cross was then feeding them adequately. Indonesian caretakers, who had continued under the Dutch, said the Republic was unable to allow more than two cents a day per child, whereas sufficient food would cost six. But most other Sukabumians looked well-fed indeed.

Ways of Winning Friends

In Sukabumi, the Republicans recently kidnaped the Indonesian burgomaster who had remained on under the Dutch. Similar kidnapings doubtless awaited other "collaborators," and the Dutch would certainly retaliate. Meantime their propaganda tactics of rushing in food, medicine and UNRRA clothing (they distributed 35,000 units here) were certainly winning friends.

The war officially ended August 4th, but actually continued for weeks much as it had since the truce signed last October, with numerous clashes, mining of roads and sniping—only it spread over far larger areas. Both sides angrily listed violations of the cease-fire order—and just as angrily denied the charges.

The Dutch action has hopelessly alienated Republican leaders, who denounced the Linggadjati Pact and demanded complete immediate sovereignty. The old story of negotiate and stalemate was repeated all over again. Meanwhile, men like Johnny Senduk were distrustful of the Dutch. "I have been free too long," he told me, "to want to go back to the way things were before the war."

THE END



BILL STERN picks the ALL-STAR sweater



"Natch"

"NATCH" the Puritan sweater that's the all-year favorite all over America! Personally "campus-picked" by Bill Stern, the "voice of sports" authority . . . in 16 grand-and-glowing school colors. Available in coat style, crew and V-neck pullovers of 100% virgin wool. If your nearest dealer hasn't got it, write . . .

The PURITAN KNITTING MILLS, Inc., Empire State Building, N. Y. 1

Another Great P.S. in



PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

SWEATERS • SPORT SHIRTS • WEATHERPROOF JACKETS • BEACHWEAR

FASHION AT YOUR PRICE

BY RUTH CARSON



If she weren't in such a hurry, this girl could pose to show you that her skirt is long enough to be in the current fashion; yet it doesn't hide too much—as you can see. Her two-piece dress of rayon gabardine is practical and pretty for travel, costs about $13

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

NO MAN who has ever complained about his wife's dress bills will believe it, but 80 per cent of the dresses women buy cost under $20. Only rarely (a scant 5 per cent of the time) do we pay over $25. That's today. Before the war, our big top was a mere $15 for the mass-produced dress which has helped to make the American woman the best dressed in the world.

This low-cost number doesn't pretend to set the styles. Higher priced dresses, created by big-name designers, can do that. They can earn their price by being fashion leaders, and by providing such individual and costly detail as no budget dress could afford. But the budget numbers put over the show like a lively and well-trained chorus. They don't play second-fashion fiddle, either, on any major fashion points. Latest styles may start at $100, but they hit $10.95 so fast you hardly see them whiz by.

Mass production is the great fashion leveler. But though factories turn out dresses by the tens of thousands every day, their product is actually made to your order—in style, in fit, in price.

It takes its fashion cues from higher up the price line, and it employs some of the highest priced design talent in the world. (The famous Madame Lyolene of Paris is contributor to a Kansas City house-dress concern. The ex-Mrs. Leo Durocher designs fast-selling junior numbers for a St. Louis firm. The names of most designers aren't familiar to the public, trade names or firm names being played up instead.)

Chiefly, these designers pay attention to what you think. If that front-bow dress was a best seller last season, it will head the line this season. There will also be half a dozen variations of it—plain, print, short sleeves, long sleeves, button all the way down, button halfway down.

Such a dress can run for years, selling into the hundreds of thousands. It will vary from season to season, depending on the current fashion in hemlines and the like, and it may have new detail tricks, garnered from everywhere. Designers spare no travel expense, ranging through South America, tripping to Paris for ideas. But what they get in Paris—some lovely flower buttons and fabric print designs, perhaps—will be only a plus for the dresses you like. What you think comes first—that's where the sure sales lie.

To help along the personal appeal, many of these dresses bear trade names like Kay Dunhill, Martha Manning and such, creating the cozy feeling that What's-her-name has worked out this little garment especially for you. Each does, in fact, stand for a type—sports, dressy, cute, tailored and what-are-you? Women have developed their personal pets in trade-name dresses to the point that department stores find it increasingly profitable to have special departments featuring them.

Most of these trade-name characters are purely fictional, but a few have their counterparts in real life. One is Henry Rosenfeld, the current glamor boy of the department-store ad writers.

Starting his own business during the war, in 1942, he boosted it to a $13,000,000 gross last year, talks breezily of $100,000,000 within five years. Rumors of his falling flat on his face instead have called forth full-page statements of account in trade papers, directed at his competitors. He makes California sport clothes in an ex-aircraft plant in California, misses' and junior clothes in New York, cutting them in his own workrooms and farming them out for finishing to twenty-two factories, scattered from Rhode Island to New Jersey.

His new showrooms lay on the swank so thick you're astonished, in a place where economy is supposed to be the keynote. In a round, yellow-draped room, you may view cosmetic samples, just another Rosenfeld extra on which he did a million-dollar business the first year. Like his clothes, they are nifty for what you pay.

Another trade-name character who is real is Nelly Don, short for Nell Donnelly, who was probably the first to mass-produce women's dresses. It was wartime when Nell Donnelly, a bride with a young husband liable to calling up, looked around for a job to do herself. This was not the day of lady riveters. It was 1917. Woman's place was still in the home. Working around the house, she could wear either a homemade dress or a sacklike number bought at the dry-goods store; practical, maybe, but hardly pretty.

So Nell Donnelly had an idea which also became her fortune. She would make house dresses. They would be in the fashion of the day, and they would fit—two unheard-of ideas. Heretofore, ready-made dresses, the few available, came medium, large and extra large. No one ever made a small one. "Of course," conceded Nell, "when you make a poorly fitted dress it has to be big, to allow for adjustment."

Selling Her First Order

She ran up two chambray and gingham samples of what she proposed, in the current empire mode, pink and blue, and took them downtown to a department-store buyer who promptly ordered ten dozen of one, eight dozen of the other. In a month, with the help of two women sewers at home, Nell delivered the goods. They sold at once.

"I got to making two dozen a day," she says. "Now our factory turns out almost that many a minute."

Sizing, which was such a revolutionary idea when Nell Donnelly (now Mrs. James A. Reed) started out, has now gotten down to so many fine points it's confusing. Though dresses at any price are built to size, the lower the price, the finer the lines, apparently. There are women's, misses, juniors, teens, briefs, half sizes and probably some more we don't remember. Among them they do a miraculous job of fitting all the assorted shapes and sizes in which the American female comes. The obvious differences of girth and height aren't all. It matters also whether you're long- or short-waisted, long- or short-legged, and whether you do or don't have a roll around your middle.

Designers consider everything. "This isn't a matter of fashion," one of them told us, "it's science. What looks well on a junior figure doesn't look well on half sizes. If we designed cute, full-skirted numbers for fat women, we'd be out of business."

What are half sizes?

"They started as cute juniors," she says, "but then spread out instead of growing tall. Half sizes, however, are not stylish stouts. They're the average woman. She is five feet four inches or under."

The big appeal of these dresses is, of course, their low cost. Keeping the price down while production costs

mount is a job of maneuvering. During the war shoddy materials were used, for lack of anything else. Now good materials are available, and you are getting choosier. So, what to do when forty-one-cent rayons, for example, have shot to $1.40 a yard, and cottons and woolens are also hitting the upward trail?

Some manufacturers, making dresses at three price levels, have cut out their lowest price line. Most are ready to shave profits before they raise prices, and not for reasons of altruism. "We'd be priced right out of the budget departments," one wholesaler pointed out to us. "We'd have to sell a whole new set of store buyers, meet competition from a whole new set of wholesalers."

The lower the price, the more important the assembly-line production. Electric cutting tools carve out the dress parts, up to 2,500 at a whack. Thirty women may work on one dress. "When you do nothing but put in sleeves," they point out, "you learn to do it well and in a hurry." The bigger factories turn out as many as 10,000 dresses a day each, do an 8- to 10-million-dollar business a year.

Extra quality touches for your money, like generous seams and hems, skimped during the war, are getting common again now that the customer is right once more. And it's a matter of pride and fact that often the fabric in an under-$20 dress is identical with that in a $100 job. But the high-price man keeps his customers just the same, for fabric is only incidental in his cost. He spends his money on subtle details of cut and style, and what if they do take a lot of extra cutting and sewing time and skill? They're worth it, or he couldn't stay in business.

You're pretty sure, in your low-cost dress, to get a good fabric anyway, for the sound reason that nothing else would pay. When you are buying fabric by the millions of yards and cutting dresses by the tens of thousands, you can't take a chance on anything backfiring. Fabrics have to be washable or dry-cleanable, and color-fast. Buttons must stand up to the heat of an iron. Today they're all striving to give you your dollar's worth, even if it is an inflated dollar.

In spite of its quick reflection of current fashion, your low-cost dress can't afford to play on any but the conservative side, concentrating on classic, simple clothes that never change too drastically from year to year. Any flights into extremes would be too big a gamble.

With such mass production, what about the worry women used to have of meeting themselves coming and going? When a New York specialty store sells 6,000 of one polka-dotted number, isn't that something to stew about even in a big city? Mary Lewis, New York merchant, says not. Formerly vice-president of Best and Company, now for years head of her own Fifth Avenue shop, she has always specialized in the low-cost, a-lot-for-your-money dress. She's also watched you shop, and noticed what you've done with your purchases.

"Fashion is so diverse," she says, "that nothing stands out. Also women have learned so much about fashion that they trust their own judgment. Women aren't so absorbed in clothes for clothes' sake any more, either. They're getting the man's point of view, of being well-dressed but not absorbed in the subject. These basic, classic clothes at low cost make that possible." ★★★



When dresses sell by the tens of thousands, you are bound to meet your double now and then. Most women don't care. These dresses are rayon crepe with jeweled stud buttons, cost around $12 each. The girls had a choice of eight colors

Two-piece dress in fine wale green corduroy comes in enough sizes to fit most women (sizes 10 to 18 and 9 to 15), allows plenty of freedom for action. It costs around $17



Both the outfits below are all wool and college girl favorites. Left, Tattersal check costs around $15 in any of five colors. Blouse with skirt about $18





There's nothing else like SCHENLEY'S SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR!

Nowhere else in the entire realm of quality whiskies will you find an "extra". . . a "plus" of enjoyment like Schenley's Sunny Morning Flavor! A whiskey outstanding as this is *bound* to be America's Most Popular . . . *and it is!*

SCHENLEY
RESERVE

P. S.
Schenley 94.8 Proof Gin is back! Sunny says: "You know my whiskey —now try my gin!" Distilled London Dry Gin, Distilled from grain.

Pre-war Quality Blended Whiskey 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1947, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C.

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

Vorld Strikes Oil that boom towns are ›ringing up, gushers are dotting the sheep ınches, hundreds of thousands of pros-ectors are moving there, and even a tour-t rush is on its way. There is no truth this statement.

The subsurface of oil is owned by the ›vernment and the government does not ermit anyone to secure a lease or to drill Chile as all drilling is done by the gov-nment of Chile through its Corporation Fomento. M. GAVE, Santiago, Chile

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

EAR SIR: There may be yellow acacia ossoms, though the acacia trees I've been ssed under had white ones. The yellow ›wers the artist, James Lewicki, has awn to illustrate John Barrett's story, he Acacias (Aug. 9th), are very definitely imosa blossons.

I've carried them home by the armload er in Madrid, Spain. Let's have no more nsense calling mimosa blossoms acacias vice versa the same.

KATHLEEN BLACK, Des Moines, Iowa

rhaps Reader Black's lovely eyes were sed by the spell of the yellow moon, ien she sat under the white acacia. Aca-wanna know, the white acacia is rare. ost acacias are yellow and members of e mimosa family.

GENTLE READER! O BRUTAL WE!

EAR SIR: I have noticed in The Week's ail you are subjected to criticism and cor-tion. People will invariably glorify emselves as being correct, but that's just man nature.

I realize that these people are quite often uisance. However, I am often depressed the way in which they are answered. It ems that a great deal of sarcasm is used, d I feel sure that the people are some-at hurt.

EDWARD W. CADE, Memphis, Tenn.

BRAIN TROUBLE

EAR SIR: The Nation's Brain by Stanley ank (Aug. 16th) is a very fine article. o bad it came *after* Congress decided on udget, for it might have influenced their ision. Too bad, for the Library will er be the same again.

The cutting of the appropriation for this ndrous place has meant the loss of valu-le personnel and the curtailment of im-rtant services.

The Legislative Reference Service was so badly that Congress itself will suffer ch. The Library of Congress had con-ts in every part of the world and ught the world's knowledge to America. t to secrete that knowledge in hidden ults but to analyze it, catalogue it and ce it where America could use it.

No one, except a congressman, ever had be told what the Library of Congress s. Whoever you were talking to any-ere was immediately interested. "How nderful it must be to work in a place e that," was their first remark.

(They didn't know how small the sala-s were.)

It will be as though some vital part of r nation has been imprisoned. The ole nation will feel this blind action. t's hope Americans will understand this ter than their representatives in Wash-ton and let them know they don't like it.

WRITER'S NAME withheld on request

WIAT DO THEY KNOW OF ENGLAND WHO ONLY ENGLISH KNOW?

S:s: It's been said to understand a nation, u must know the language. May I add d the drinks"?

n the Edward P. Morgan article The Bomb's Invisible Offspring (Aug. 9th), "stouthearted stoic Jenks is down at pub having a pint of bitters." Is this "S" slip, or do they fondly think in America that Jenks would waste his last night on "bitters" when he could have the English workman's favorite "bitter"?

ANN HANLEY, White Rock, Semiahmoo Bay, B. C., Canada

Morgan apologizes without bittersness.

. . . It was interesting to read that radio-activity from the atom bomb scrambled genes and brought about the birth of rats with claws on the ends of their noses. We may yet end up with a race of two-headed people.

Might be particularly effective if a two-headed Russian diplomat could be pro-duced. That way, he'd have someone to argue with, and could leave the rest of the U.N. alone to work out world peace.

The information that the A-bomb may so devastate life that the penguins will rule the world is not a complete surprise. After two Byrd expeditions aimed at taking over the South Pole, it's only logical that the penguins should plan a Man expedition to take over the United States.

To many people, it was good news that lead is the most effective shield against radiation. Somehow, I'm not as sensitive as I used to be, when people yell, "Get the lead out of your pants!"

ED REYNOLDS, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

BALKAN FOLLIES

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoyed Mr. Courtney's The Balkan Follies (Aug. 9th) very much. He has made us realize that it is past time for us to do something about the Balkans and stop playing the generous "uncle" that hands out millions of dollars.

JOHN MARSHALL PURCELL, Cincinnati, Ohio

. . . How long is the government of the United States planning to put up with these insults and abuses? And why are they put-ting up with it?

E. S. LE MASTER, Bakersfield, Cal.

. . . Your article by W. B. Courtney on the Balkans was really a honey. Courtney finally let his hair down to blast the politi-cal, mental and economic nitwits who fes-tered most of the wars in our history.

T. W. BALIN, Slayton, Minn.

ZZYDD CORP.

DEAR SIR: Your letter from Robert Q. Lewis (The Week's Mail, Aug. 16th) prompts me to seek a little publicity for my organization, Toos Company. Unlike Lewis and Bandel Linn, we aren't fussy about our phone listing for the factory is located in Weeks, Washington, and the phone service there is pretty sloppy.

Some of our best sellers are Gaily Deco-rated Boxes in various sizes for giving people a piece of your mind in; a Piggy Bank for depositing the 2 cents' worth your friends are forever butting in with; a Wa-terproof hat for the guy who insists, "This time the drinks are on me"; Heavy-duty Gloves (made of Doeskin), to be worn when passing the buck; Baskets with No Bottoms for rolling stones to gather no moss in; Set of instructions for putting two heads together; Stairs with no Bottom Step for people who always trip on it any-way; and Water Wings for people who go off the deep end. Our Research Dept. is at present working on a facecloth guaran-teed to remove that dirty look.

EDWARD L. OGILVIE, JR., Chesterfield, N. H.





This Exciting New Candy is Making Candy History

Brach's Chocolate Party Mix



Great for entertaining— Grand for a family treat

HELP YOURSELF to the finest candy that ever satisfied a nation's sweet tooth — Brach's Chocolate Party Mix! Its new *bite* size and superior quality make it the perfect choice for parties!

● **All nine delicious centers** are coated with bitter-sweet or milk chocolate—made from Ecuadoran and Venezuelan cocoa beans blended in Brach's own chocolate mills.

● **Brach's Chocolate Party Mix** is truly the best money and skill can produce. Try it! Every one-pound box contains *185* wonderful pieces!



Brach's Chocolate Party Mix

THE PERFECT CANDY FOR SMART ENTERTAINING

World's Most Wanted Car Heater

Heats Hot in 90 Seconds

For Quick Comfort

Mommy doesn't put me in my snow suit every time we go out. Our South Wind warms the car so quick!





HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"Man, what comfort! Before I'm out of the driveway on my way to work, my South Wind is pouring hot heat into the car."



HOT HEAT IN 90 SECONDS!

"It's grand for old people! Our South Wind heats the car *quick as scat*. I can go riding in healthful comfort even on coldest days!"

Over 2,000,000 users recommend this famous heater that creates it own "drive-away" heat. No wait for engine warm-up. Burns fuel from the carburetor in a patented sealed metal chamber. Fumes go out the exhaust. Easy to install. Fits any car. Get *your* South Wind today. Sold with or without defroster at auto supply stores, car dealers, garages, service stations, coast to coast.



$29.75

plus small installation charge

South Wind

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

90-SECOND CAR HEATER

Only gasoline car heater proved by over two million users. Bears Underwriters' Laboratories safety seal.

South Wind Division, Stewart-Warner Corporation • Indianapolis 7, Indiana

Now Ready! New South Wind "Custombuilt"

A luxury heating and ventilating system proved in aircraft, now ready for cars and motor transports. Automatically distributes heat evenly throughout car. Provides complete change of warmed fresh air every 60 seconds like the most modern home heating plant. $99.50 plus installation. Ask your service dealer.

STEWART WARNER

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 13

of economy. On the spending issue, many congressmen were like the Georgia politician who always voted dry but drank wet.

Robert Doughton, of North Carolina, as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, had to handle our tax programs. One day, when I was meeting with the committee, Bob got up and said he couldn't stay any longer. Then he shook an admonishing finger at me and said: "Young man, you're spending too much money."

"But, Mr. Chairman," I replied, "I wish you wouldn't go. We feel that this is a rather important bill."

"Sorry, but I must go," he said. "They're dedicating a WPA project in my district."

A more extreme example was the bonus bill which Congress passed in 1935. This bill would have socked the Treasury for nearly two and a quarter billion dollars. Vice-President Jack Garner, who feared the political strength of the bonus lobby, wanted the President to write a tongue-in-cheek veto which Congress would quickly override. But I wanted a really tough veto message that would stick.

I went over to the White House about 9:15 on the night of May 16, 1935. The President was in the Oval Room, dictating to Miss Lehand.

"I am in a very bad humor," Roosevelt said.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

He said, "Oh, my sinus hurts." But from the way he was looking at notes that had been prepared for him by Ray Moley and by General Hines of the Veterans Administration, the whole bonus problem was hurting more.

He made several stabs at dictation. Then I argued with him that he should make this a fight to the finish; that he should not acquiesce in having his veto overridden; that he ought to make a powerful speech to the country on the question. Finally his face lighted up in a great smile, he raised his two fists in the air and shook them, saying, "My God, if I win I would be on the crest of the wave."

Only when I saw that I had convinced him did I stop arguing. It was then five minutes after one in the morning. "Henry," he said, "you are without exception the most stubborn human being I know."

But the politicos descended on F.D.R. like a swarm of hornets the next day and tried to tell him that it would be an insult to Congress to make the speech to the country. Meanwhile, I told newspapermen and others that the President's bonus message would deserve the strongest possible support.

On May 20th I lunched with Roosevelt and told him about my public-relations activity. He listened with notable coolness and said, "You know we may have to compromise on this bonus."

I had a sinking feeling and found myself gradually crumpling up inside. I said, "If you want me to go on, please do not talk that way to me because I am building a bonfire of support for you in your veto message."

He said rather quickly, with a smile, "Let's agree that I will not talk to you about any compromise if you will not talk to me about any bonfire. . . . In other words, never let your left hand know what your right is doing."

"Which hand am I, Mr. President?" I asked.

He laughed. "My right hand," he said, "but I keep my left hand under the table." This was a typical Rooseveltian quip. He was exaggerating; when he got into a fight he did not keep either hand under the table but waded in slugging with both hands.

Eventually the President vetoed the bill. The Senate sustained the veto, but in 1936 overrode another veto on the bonus bill.

Funds by "Squeeze Play"

The struggle to reduce expenditures continued in the Treasury but Harry Hopkins could always get money. If you argued that he had spent more than was necessary, as he sometimes had, his response always could be that you were arguing against the needy. At other times, he and his deputies would use what we called the "squeeze play" to get additional funds from the Treasury and Budget Bureau. They would wait until the last minute before letting Bell and me know they were overspending. Then they would appeal to our emotions by reminding us of the plight of the jobless.

A remarkable variation of this squeeze play occurred one time after Hopkins had assured me that no substantial increase in expenditure would be necessary in connection with a contemplated increase in relief rolls from 350,000 to 500,000 men, because he could make savings in the cost per man. Then Harry went



COLLIER'S

"Well, I'll try—but, honestly, it's been such a long time since I've touched a keyboard . . ."

HANK KETCHAM

Pipe Smokers—

change to "BOND STREET for fragrant smoking!"



...e so ...oth and mild ...can ...e it.

WARNING: The aroma's so inviting you'll have to "lend" many a fragrant pipeful.

...e by the speciol Philip Morris process

For Outdoor Men
PARATROOP HUNTING BOOTS*



...ere are the famous rugged, comfortable, ...oot-protecting boots that Paratroopers wore ...the war ... *now available in heavy-oiled water-proof elk finish.* Ideal for hunting, fishing, hik-...g or outside work . . . 10" height; ...alanced construction; leather coun-...er, filler, middlesole and hard box ...oe; steel shank; reinforcing instep ...apes; wide toe and narrow ...eel; long wearing rubber ...uter tap and non-trip heel.

Only $9.87 plus postage

*Not government surplus stock

Sizes 4 - 13½ Widths AA - EEE

CORCORAN, INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.
Send a pair of Paratroop Hunting Boots. Check Money Order for $9.87 is enclosed. I will pay postage C.O.D.

Name_____

Address_____

Regular shoe size & width_____ CL9

OTIS



UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY for men and boys

OTIS gives full fit for comfort. Sturdy fabric for long wear. When you need a bit of extra warmth ask for OTIS WINTER-WEIGHTS.

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York

to the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, for a critical operation.

A few days later his subordinates began arguing for additional millions. We resisted. Finally, I had a call from Deputy WPA Administrator Aubrey Williams. Hopkins was "going under the knife within an hour," he said. Wouldn't I find some more money for WPA and thus make it possible for Williams to telephone Harry and tell him that the funds were available and to stop worrying? Williams remarked that Hopkins might not survive the operation and said he wanted him to be happy in what might be the last moments of his life. We got the President to release 100 million dollars in reserve funds to WPA.

I knew Hopkins for a long time. I had recommended him as head of the New York State Temporary Emergency Relief Administration. In 1933, when Roosevelt invited me to assume charge of all unemployment relief I demurred and suggested Hopkins.

Hopkins was intense, hard-working, keen-minded and loyal and he never spared himself in the service of Franklin Roosevelt. He did a tremendous job with various relief agencies. He drove his sick and fragile body until it could stand no more strain: He was as true a war casualty as the men who fell in battle —as Roosevelt himself. Like Wallace, Hopkins too rose to his true greatness during the war, when a sense of the crisis lifted him above the politicking which sometimes characterized his operations on the domestic front.

Hopkins' Practical Politics

For all his ability and selflessness, Harry did have an undeniable appetite for practical politics. He loved maneuvering, and he loved being in the know when great plans were under way. Moreover, he had supreme confidence in his own capacity for improvisation and would often embark cheerfully on huge programs without a full conception of the expense and of the difficulties involved.

Harry and I got along well basically during our years in Washington, though we had occasional sharp differences. One such occasion was when he confused need with politics.

During the 1936 Presidential campaign, relief rolls increased. After the election, Hopkins insisted that he could drop 150,000 relief workers. The President was out of Washington at the time, but I sent word to him that I thought the cuts were too drastic. He replied that he agreed. Soon afterward I met at the White House with Hopkins, Bell and William H. McReynolds, my executive assistant. Marvin McIntyre of the White House secretariat represented the President.

"If you can find 150,000 people now on the relief rolls who you say are not in need of relief," I asked Harry, "how are you going to answer the charge that you must have known, before the November election, that these people were not in need of relief? How can you explain in the month of December, two weeks before Christmas, that you can find 150,000 not in need of relief when you could not discover this excess on your rolls a month earlier?"

"The President," Hopkins said, "does not have to take the heat on this until he gets back. . . . The place where the budget is unbalanced is in my shop."

"There is no way you can take the responsibility," McIntyre told him. "The President will have to take it."

"What I wanted to do was to clear the relief rolls as far as possible of all cases not meriting relief," Hopkins explained, "so that I can walk into this session of Congress with a conviction in my own mind that there is actual need in every case of persons on the rolls."

"Your conviction and the actual con-



You can Pull more than you can Carry!

OLD DOBBIN of today is a motor truck—a "MECHANICAL horse." The modern wagon is a Fruehauf Trailer. "Hitch" them together and you at least TRIPLE the work your truck can do.

Loads go up tremendously when you adopt the Truck-Trailer method with no increase in driver costs and with very little more expense for fuel. Maintenance cost on a Fruehauf is negligible—and it will outlast several motor trucks.

Most important, your truck and driver need never stand idle for loading and unloading—the Trailer is quickly detachable.

There is a Fruehauf especially for your type of hauling . . .

Get the Trailer Story Before You Buy a Truck

IS THIS AN IDEA FOR YOUR BUSINESS?

Why operate three trucks when you can do as much or more hauling with a single truck and three Fruehauf Trailers—and do it faster, at less cost? On a shuttle basis, the truck pulls one Trailer while the others are loading or unloading. There's no idle stand-by time—power units can work and earn constantly.



Fruehauf Trailers

World's Largest Builders of Truck Trailers

FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO., DETROIT 32

69 Factory Service Branches

"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

dition of the rolls are two different things," McIntyre retorted. "How can you defend the fact that you did not discover the padding of these rolls until after the election?"

The argument ended with Hopkins promising that no one in need would be dropped from the rolls.

I find in my diary that I was more friendly later toward Hopkins, who was trimming down his WPA expenses, than toward Wallace. The minutes of my staff meeting of April 15, 1937, for instance, show the situation. Let me quote:

HM, Jr.: We have been studying the situation—money for next year and the year after, trying to look forward to tapering off. For instance, Wallace, exclusive of ever-normal granary, expects to spend in 1937, $1,267,000,000; in 1938, $1,176,000,000, and in 1939, $1,087,000,000. Bill Myers comes along with a study which shows that in government aid to Agriculture from 1934 to 1937, we have given away $2,594,000,000—to Agriculture!

Mr. Bell: Does that include Good Roads?

HM, Jr.: No. AAA, Resettlement, Federal Surplus, Federal Emergency Relief—no, this is straight Agriculture. Their overhead is $130,000,000. It costs $130,000,000 for nine months to give away $516,000,000.

When I told that to Henry Wallace, he said: "You don't understand what we are doing."

"Oh, yes, I do," I replied. "I understand it more every day. This is ten times worse than Hopkins. Hopkins is the only one that has cut down expenses in Washington and the one that costs us more than anybody else is Wallace. My hat is off to him—he is getting away with murder."

Wallace said: "Well, how about the farm organizations?"

And I said: "Henry, that's your cross. You bear it."

Business conditions had continued to improve in 1935 and 1936 and I had decided that the time had come to make an all-out attempt to get the budget balanced—to give business and agriculture a chance to create jobs on their own. I knew that the patient might scream a bit when taken off narcotics. But this was the moment, it seemed to me, to strip off the bandages, throw away the crutches and see if American private enterprise could stand on its own feet.

My basic feeling was that you could not ride two horses: one the capitalist system, the other a system of state control. The first thing you know, the horses will go in opposite directions. You will fall in the middle, and the horses will ride you down. As Secretary of the Treasury, I knew that if you were going to collect revenue you had to permit people to make a profit.

The President was with me. He watched the declining relief rolls and the rising production figures with enthusiasm. One day, when Joe Kennedy was griping about the budget, the President laughed and said, "Now, Joe, just go away and stop worrying. Henry and I have another white rabbit to pull out of our hats."

Joe shot back, "Mr. President, if you have got it, I am going to get drunk next Monday night."

During the spring and summer, the Treasury worked on a program which would show an actual cash balance for the next fiscal year. Danny Bell and I talked to Ickes, who said he was "anxious to balance the budget." We talked to Wallace, who said he would be careful. On October 11, 1937, the President called me over to the White House. He said he had a commitment from Hopkins that he would cut his expenses drastically for 1938, and that he had written Wallace telling him to plan the new farm program so that it would not "unbalance the budget."

"Henry," he said, "I want you to tell me that I was pretty good. I think I deserve a pat on the back."

I said, "You certainly do," and I shook hands with him and congratulated him.

Ways to Balance the Budget

The next day Roosevelt called in Bob Doughton and Representative Fred Vinson, chairman of the Taxation Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee, now, of course, chief justice of the United States. He told them, with a real burr in his voice, that he expected to keep expenditures down so that he could balance the budget.

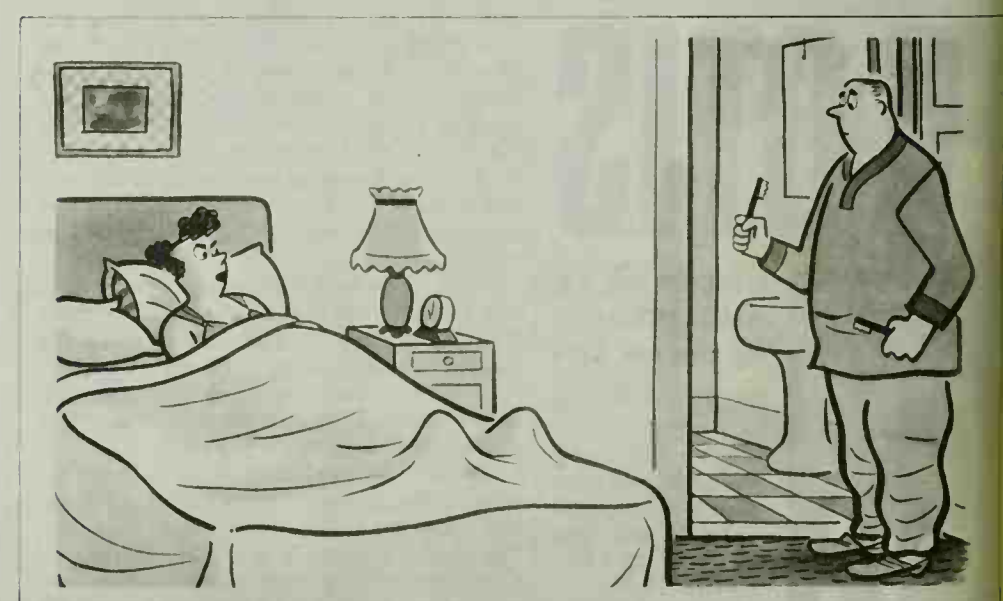
"If it's just a question of raising a few extra hundred million dollars next year to balance the budget," Fred Vinson said later, "you just watch us boys do it."

At that time, it seemed we were making progress. It made me think that we might at last be able to answer a question which Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, had addressed to Danny Bell several years earlier when he first visited Hyde Park.

"Oh, Mr. Bell, I'm so glad to meet you," the President's mother said. "So many of my friends ask me when Franklin is going to balance the budget. My dear Mr. Bell, when *is* Franklin going to balance the budget?"

Danny and I never had a chance to answer. Just when the goal seemed in sight, the bottom fell out of the stock market.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau recalls a conversation in which President Roosevelt suggested that, if his successor in 1940 economized, chaos would result and "after they have failed they will most likely send for us to come back and solve the problems."



"No, no, you're chartreuse, Herbie is lavender, and I'm vermilion"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN



It's the apple of our eye



OF course, Blatz Beer doesn't grow on trees . . . but like prime tree-ripened apples, it takes time and patience to bring it to the peak of flavor. We see that Blatz gets plenty of both. Brewed *only* in Milwaukee for 96 years, Blatz is Milwaukee's *first* bottled beer.

If you've asked for Blatz and couldn't get it . . . be patient, please. To meet the increasing demand, we're growing as fast as good building and good brewing will let us . . . to bring Blatz to your neighborhood soon.

MILWAUKEE'S first
AMERICA'S finest
BOTTLED beer

Blatz
BREWING BETTER BEER
FOR THE 96TH YEAR

1947, Blatz Brewing Co., Est. 1851 in Milwaukee, Wis.





New...

SUPERFLEX TOASTIMER!

Automatically compensates for voltage variations, gives you the exact color of toast you want . . . every time!



New...

EASY-LIFT HANDLES!

Curved to fit your fingertips. Safe . . . sure-grip . . . always cool to your touch!



New...

POP-OPEN CRUMB TRAY!

Push the button . . . tray pops open for easy cleaning. A fingernail-saver if you ever saw one!

A *New* TOASTMASTER TOASTER IS HERE!

Beautiful, isn't it? What's under the cover you'll find even more impressive . . . and worthy of the way you've waited. Smooth, steady, silent, money-saving "Toastmaster"* service. Yes, here is newness to please your eye, your patience, and your purse. At your dealer's as fast as we can carefully turn out America's finest *new* toaster.

*"Toastmaster" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters, and Toastmaster Products. Copr. 1947, Toastmaster Products Division, McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Ill.



WALKER'S DE LUXE *is a straight Bourbon whiskey, 6 years old;*
elegant in taste, uncommonly good—a Hiram Walker whiskey.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

86 Proof

TOUCHDOWNS ARE BIG BUSINESS

Continued from page 25

ented 110 billboards in Cleveland and ther Ohio cities at a cost of $9,500. He pent $19,500 for newspaper advertisenents running in size up to half a page. He entertained lavishly everyone in leveland who might conceivably help he team, and had his publicity people onstantly play up the team as a fine civic nterprise. He hired 20 girls as telephone aleswomen, and they made 2,500 calls t a cost of $6,000 in tolls and wages.

Ticket agencies were set up throughout he state, and McBride himself bought 1,800 worth of tickets, for which he paid ash. An all-girl swing band, the Musial Majorettes, was organized at a cost f $50,000; it proved the most popular alf-time attraction in the conference.

Lavish Advance Expenditures

All told, before the team took in a ickel McBride paid out $280,000 of hich about $150,000 was for interim alaries to football prospects in service.

By July of 1946, when returns began o come in from the intensive ticketelling campaign, Mickey decided that he project was in the bag. So he cut p the team into seven shares and started anding them out to a few relatives and riends. He kept 15 per cent for himelf, and gave 15 per cent to each of his wo sons. Similar proportions went to Dan Sherby, his associate in the taxicab usiness; to Ray T. Miller, former mayor f Cleveland, and to Robert H. Gries, an nvestment broker. The remaining 10 er cent went to Paddy Dunn, one of Mickey's old-time cronies.

Before he made this division McBride rote off, paid out of his own pocket, all he promotion and other preliminary exenses, so that when the new co-owners ot their shares the team didn't owe a ickel. And money by the barrel was oming in from ticket sales. Moreover, McBride has agreed that if the team ever as a losing season he will absorb the sses, but that all profits will be distribted among the shareholders and, of ourse, Brown, who gets his 15 per cent.

For such an ambitious and expensive nterprise, the All-America Conference 1946 was moderately successful. One am, Miami, proved to be a poor drawg card both at home and on the road, nd has surrendered its franchise. Its lace will be taken in 1947 by Baltimore, here a group of local sportsmen have ised enough money to field a team. he conference played 56 games, which rew a total of 1,538,068 spectators, and e 14 in which the Cleveland Browns ere involved attracted almost half the tal, or 612,960.

The Cleveland team was the bright rticular star of the conference season; e boys did everything that McBride and rown had expected them to do. They ayed hard, flashy football, holding their pponents to a total of 146 points. They ocked off the Miami Seahawks in the ening game of the season by the lopded score of 44-0, won 12 of their 14 nference games, and climaxed this erling performance by defeating the ew York Yankees 14 to 9 in the playf for the league championship.

Cleveland drew the crowds and took in e money. For the opening game with iami, 60,000 spectators crowded the nds at the Municipal Stadium, and the ght games which the team played in leveland, including the play-off with the ankees, drew a total of 441,000 specta rs. The take for the seven scheduled nference games in Cleveland—in the ay-off most of the money goes to the ayers—was $892,257. An exhibition me at Akron before the season opened as good for $101,358, and the Browns' ceipts on the road, in seven games, amounted to $121,975. The team's gross for the season was $1,115,590, and the earnings, after deducting taxes, stadium rental, and visiting clubs' shares, amounted to $752,385.

This is a nice sum, but it didn't look so large after McBride and his associates had taken a look at the other side of the ledger. Advertising and promotion, after Mickey had paid the cost of the original campaign, cost $70,000. Salaries to players and coaches, and office expenses, amounted to $300,000. Athletic equipment cost $41,000. When the figures were finally totaled, the Browns had made a profit of $10,553.89 for the season.

McBride says he is satisfied with this showing, although no one knows better than he that if the club had had to stand the heavy organizing and promotional expenses of $280,000, it would have finished far to the red. He expects to do better this year; he has shown Cleveland that he and Brown will give the town football as good as any city in the country can boast, and he believes Clevelanders will support the club. If they do they will again, Mickey thinks, prove the truth of his favorite saying, which he frequently repeats:

"When you're in business you always got to be a little bit better than the other fellow. If I owned only a peanut stand I would give my customers more and bigger peanuts."



"All I remember is, everything went dark and somebody near the ring was talking about razor blades"

COLLIER'S CORKA

Money in Streetcar Transfers

In a manner of speaking, this idea of giving the customers a bargain, or at least full value for their money, was the foundation of McBride's first business venture at the age of six. He paid half a cent each for the newspapers which were ostensibly his stock in trade, but he made a deal with his regular customers. All of them rode the streetcars, and all of them would ask for a transfer at Mickey's corner.

Instead of paying Mickey a penny for a paper, they'd give him an unused transfer, which Mickey promptly sold for two and one-half cents. Mickey thus made two cents' profit on each transaction, the man who bought the paper got it for nothing, and the man who bought the transfer got the streetcar ride for half price. Everybody was happy except the streetcar company, which finally got a warrant and brought Mickey into court. But he was defended by Clarence Darrow, and Darrow painted such a horrendous picture of the great soulless corporation hounding a poor newsboy that the jury sobbed and found Mickey not guilty.

Mickey's success in disposing of his newspapers attracted the attention of Max Annenberg, circulation manager of the Chicago American, and the youngster was barely in his teens when Annenberg put him in charge of a string of newsstands. In 1908, when he was eighteen, Mickey was transferred to the American's South Side circulation branch, in the Englewood district, and a little later, when Annenberg went out to Los Angeles to work for the Hearst paper there, he took Mickey with him.

The pair also worked on circulation in San Francisco and Boston before they returned to Chicago, where the Chicago Tribune lured Annenberg away from Hearst. McBride went along, but he soon returned to the Hearst paper, the Examiner, now defunct.

Tackling Circulation Problems

In 1913, W. P. Leech and Harry Starkey, Hearst executives, took charge of the Cleveland News and the Cleveland Leader, both of which were sagging badly. They offered the job of circulation manager of the News, at $10,000 a year, to young McBride, then in his twenty-third year, and so Mickey went to Cleveland.

"When I started on that job," says Mickey, "the News didn't take in $100 on paper sales. They were really a little operation. I hand-picked my newsboys, and corrected a slipshod delivery system. The first year I was in Cleveland our circulation jumped to 70,000, and at the end of the second year the News was more than 100,000."

Basically, McBride's business today is real estate, although he always has his eyes open for anything else that might turn up. His sagacity has become a byword in Cleveland real-estate circles, and reports of a spectacular deal automatically bring the comment, "I'll bet Mickey was mixed up in that."

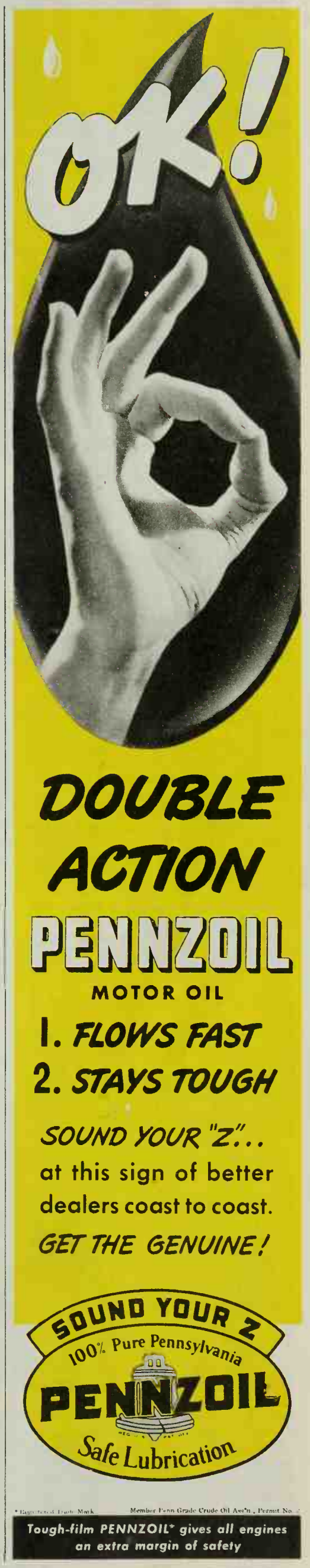
He has made only one deal, in recent years at least, that might from any viewpoint be termed a failure. For a long time Mickey and his family, consisting of his wife, two sons and daughter, lived in a modest home at Kamm's Corners, a middle-class West Side section in Cleveland. But five years ago, when his family was in Florida, Mickey planned a huge surprise for them. He bought a $135,000 mansion on Edgewater Drive, in one of the swank residential sections of Cleveland.

Then he furnished it lavishly, locked up the old house at Kamm's Corners, and waited patiently for Mrs. McBride and the children to come home. When they did, they seemed thrilled, but Mickey soon noticed that almost every day they all hustled over to Kamm's Corners to visit their old friends. Two years later Mickey made a trip to Florida, and when he returned to Cleveland he found the Edgewater Drive house closed and locked.

There was a note in the mailbox, signed by Mrs. McBride, the sons and the daughter.

"We've moved back home," the note said.

THE END





"She didn't last six months with Mike. Wound up in a gutter . . . Had it comin' to her for taking up with that kind of guy"

ALL SQUARED AWAY

BY MORT GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

I STEPPED into the hole-in-the-wall with the sign outside that read: LOUIE'S GRILL AND SOCIAL CLUB, and took a seat at the counter. I seemed to be customer number one for this afternoon.

I said, "Hi. I'll have a cup of coffee."

The man behind the counter was stocky, with a dark, expressive face. Deftly, he poured me a mug of coffee from the shiny urn behind him. "You're new around here, huh?" He flipped open a sugar bowl and slid it down the counter to me.

"Yeah," I said. "I'm staying with Doc Jensen."

"Nice guy, Doc. You a doc, too?"

"No. Writer. Having a little trouble with Chapter Two. Doc said this might be a good place to think about it."

The man mulled this around in his mind He liked it and said, "As the owner of this dump I must admit that Louie's Grill and Social Club is a pretty good joint. We try to accentuate the quietude and eliminate the pistachio."

I said, "You're Louie?"

"I'm Sammy."

I have a one-track mind. "And Louie?"

"He used to own the place."

"You bought it from Louie?"

"I bought it from Mike."

I concentrated on my coffee. Sammy produced a cigarette from out of a crumpled pack, lighted it and allowed a thin ribbon of smoke to curl away from his lips.

Then he said, "Mike got it from Louie. He left the sign up as a monument to the deceased."

"Louie died?"

"A hero."

"In the war?"

"Nope. Back in the thirties. One day a hophead with a temper and an itchy trigger finger came in here and told Louie he needed protection. Louie begged to differ. They had words. The hophead's vocabulary was pretty limited so Louie was winning the verbal battle until the hood decided it was time for his target practice. Louie was the target. When they took him out of here he had more slugs in him than a pay phone."

Sammy looked satisfied. He took a deep drag on his cigarette and continued: "Mike was the dishwasher. Louie left a will and no relatives. The beneficiary to the will was Mike. When I came to work here as the new dishwasher, I asked Mike about the sign, and he told me he was gonna leave it as a token of esteem. Besides, Mike figured it would cost too much to change it."

"A lucky guy, Mike. And smart, too," I said.

"Yeah," Sammy said, "Mike was lucky, smart and no good. He didn't really care for this place. I tried to buy the joint from him, but the minute he found I wanted it, he jacked the price up. Well, I kept throwin' a little something in the sock every once in a while. In a couple of years I looked in that sock one day and found five hundred smackers rattlin' around in it. So Mike gave me the surprise of my life and sold me the place."

"That sounds pretty reasonable," I said, looking over the fixtures to indicate that I realized they were worth more than five hundred dollars.

"Not when you throw in my girl," said Sammy coolly. "She didn't last six months with Mike. Wound up in a gutter."

I put down my empty cup and said, "I'm sorry."

"That's all right. She had it comin' to her, I guess, for takin' up with a guy like Mike." He stopped. "You want another cup of coffee?"

"Sure." It was good coffee.

He poured us two new mugs. "Mike did okay for a while. When the war came along, he got to be a small-time black-market operator. So small, that when things got organized the big boys squeezed him out of the racket."

"He lost everything?"

"Nope. Not quite. Sometime ago I hear he went to see a guy. It seems he had a proposition to buy into a business, but he needed a thousand bucks and all he had was five hundred. So this guy shows him the way to get another five hundred. You see, this guy's got a hot thousand-dollar bill."

I said, "A *hot* thousand-dollar bill?" I felt a little stupid.

Sammy said, "Yeah. This is the war, kid. When you got a thousand-dollar bill that you didn't get strictly on the up and up, you got a hot thousand-dollar bill. You can't deposit it in a bank, because banks keep a record of incoming thousand-dollar bills. You go into a bank with one of them, and before you know it, you have the income-tax boys swarmin' all over you wantin' to know where you got it. Get the pitch now?"

"I'm right with you."

"Okay. So this guy with the big bill dreams up a gimmick. He sells the bill to Mike for five hundred bucks. Then, according to this guy, all Mike has to do is make out like he *found* the bill, and bring it over to the precinct. The cops hold it for thirty days, waiting for somebody to claim it. Nobody claims it. It belongs to Mike, and he don't have no explainin' to do. Smart, huh?" Sammy paused to take a long sip of coffee.

I whistled softly. "Terrific. And Mike got the bill?"

Sammy sighed. "Nope. Somebody claimed it."

I said, "Oh." Then I had a brain storm. "I got it. It was a double cross. The guy who sold him the bill went and claimed it."

Sammy wet his throat with more coffee. "Could be. But remember, only a dope would claim a hot bill."

Like I said, I'm a little stupid. For inspiration, I looked into my coffee cup as if there were something going on in it. There was something going on in it. The milk was curdling. I said, "Well, then, who claimed the hot thousand-dollar bill?"

"I ain't sayin' this is the way it happened, but here's how I figure it. Supposing this guy has an old score to settle with Mike, and sees a chance to get even. Supposing he don't have no hot thousand-dollar bill at all, but instead, he goes to his bank where he has enough cash on deposit to withdraw a thousand-dollar bill, all nice and legal-like. He tells them he's thinking of buying some new fixtures maybe, and they say, sure, here's the bill, be careful, so he asks them to record the serial number, just for safety's sake. From the bank, he hops right over to the precinct and tells them he just lost a thousand-dollar bill, in case anybody should happen to report finding it. *Then* he sells the bill to Mike, who thinks it's hot, and goes through with the plan according to schedule. After that this guy rushes down to the precinct and claims the bill. The cops check the serial number with the bank, the whole thing adds up, and this guy gets his bill back and Mike's five hundred besides. Get it?" Sammy paused. "As far as who the guy was, your guess is as good as mine."

I'm not that stupid. I said, "If the guy happened to be you, you and Mike would be pretty much all squared away. Right?"

Sammy's face was blank. "Not if the guy was me. Mike would still owe me something for that girl. He'd have to go through some special kind of hell for that before he evened things up with me."

I said, "Oh, I forgot about that. But as a writer—I kind of wish it had been you."

"Don't talk foolish. I felt sorry for Mike. I even got him a job. You want another cup of coffee for the road?"

I said, "No, thanks. I better go back and finish Chapter Two." I threw a dime on the counter.

Sammy smiled and said, "Thanks. Good luck to you. Come in again."

He turned toward the rear and yelled, "Hey, Mike, get the lead out. I got some dirty cups out here for you to wash."

I got up and went back to Doc Jensen's.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE WAY OF AN EMPRESS



A thousand miles of smooth sailing down the picturesque St. Lawrence before you reach the sea!



Restful, happy hours on deck . . . goy shipboard life.

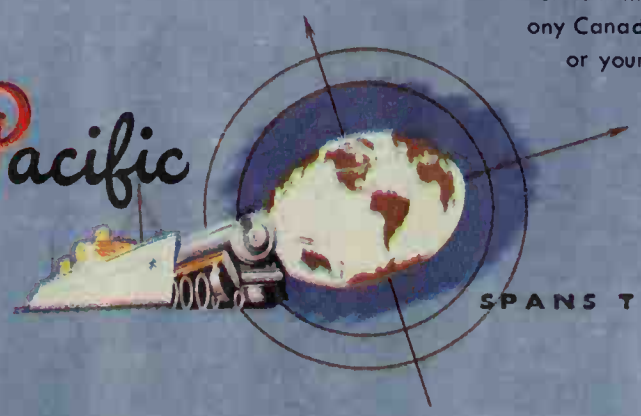


Dining . . . as guests of an Empress should

The White Empresses of the Canadian Pacific have always "had a way about them"—a way that appeals to discriminating trans-Atlantic travelers. It isn't just size or speed . . . it's a combination of many qualities—spaciousness, luxury, courtesy, cuisine . . . stewards and stewardesses trained in the Canadian Pacific manner . . . plus the "know how" of the world's greatest travel system.

For full information consult ony Canadian Pacific office or your own ogent.

Canadian Pacific



SPANS THE WORLD

RAILWAYS • STEAMSHIPS • AIR LINES
HOTELS • COMMUNICATIONS • EXPRESS

The most famous trademark in jackets

WINDBREAKER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. John Rissman & Son



NOW! 24 SIZES TO FIT EVERYONE

Small • Regular • Slim
Extra sizes • Extra large
Boys • Juvenile

FABRICS
Cotton gobordine, wool gobordine, poplin

COLORS
Cocoo ton, brown, teol

LININGS
Rayon, lightweight wool heovy wool

SHOWERPROOF
Smort for work, school, play

Jacket Illustrated: Fine tan or brown gabardine, rayon lined. Only $9.50 at better stores everywhere. Others from $4.95 up.

Write for name of nearest dealer

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. JOHN RISSMAN & SON

JOHN RISSMAN & SON
CHICAGO

STAGE DOOR GIRL

Continued from page 50

Medora's sophisticated headpiece excited some comment but not so much as a fox jacket which another girl had purloined. Medora considered mentioning that Ronnie had looked into her eyes, until she learned that others had the same belief. They were informed by the young lady in the fox jacket that actors can't see anyone in the audience. As her mother's cousin was married to a producer, she certainly thought she ought to know.

A girl with a round face and round eyes displayed a locket which, she announced tremulously, contained three hairs. Her father, a newspaperman, had solemnly sworn when he gave them to her that they were snipped from Ronnie's head by a barber he knew. She pressed the locket to what would one day be a bosom and vowed she'd wear it to her grave.

It wasn't only for the hairs that she was envied. An understanding parent was a rare treasure too. "You mean your father actually knows how you feel about Ronnie, and where you go Saturdays?" The luckless young lady who asked was the daughter of a clergyman who preached in a large church uptown.

"Why, certainly. He writes us fans up for his paper."

Well, some people were luckier than others. That was life.

THE triumph of the afternoon was enjoyed by a brunette with braces on her teeth and a nice feeling for drama. She had waited until a late moment to reveal that she had actually met Ronnie Jones.

No one believed her. It was the holy truth, she vowed, and she had a witness standing by her side. The brunette had interviewed him for her school paper and taken along a friend to help out. Sad to say the meeting had thrown them both into a speechless panic, but it was memorable all the same. While they were in his dressing room, Ronnie had changed his clothes behind a screen.

"You're lying."

"I hope to die if I am."

The witness crossed her heart and an awed hush fell over the alley. Then the great moment arrived. The stage door opened. There was a scream and a stampede.

Ronnie Jones had to cover only a short distance to reach his large new limousine. He was surrounded by a flying wedge of solid policemen, yet it was marvelous that he got there in possession of his hat and coat and arms and legs, to say nothing of his well-shaped nose and a set of devastating eyelashes.

Two policemen wrenched open the car door and four shoved him inside. The car crept toward Times Square, virtually drawing with it its circle of squealers. Medora picked up her mother's hat from the street, knocked the dust off it and ran for the subway, with only her memories to comfort her for another week. . . .

There was no one home when she got there, and a few minutes later she was soaking in a hot tub. Other things were soaking too. She had neglected to allow for a law of physics to the effect that when a body lowers itself into a brimming tub a good deal of water will be displaced onto the floor. She was indifferent to her miscalculation, because she had some heavy thinking to do. Her problem was Freddy Wheeler, who didn't know she was in love with Ronnie Jones—and she hoped he wouldn't find out.

When there was no basketball practice, Freddy walked home from school with Medora and stayed, playing records and gossiping until his mother phoned or her mother put him out. Immediately after dinner, on school nights, Freddy called up and they chattered until bedtime or until a parent of one of them threatened to tear the phone from the wall. Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, Freddy came over.

It was a routine with which Medora had been blissfully satisfied before she knew of the existence of Ronnie Jones. She'd first heard him singing on the radio and the ardent voice had quickened her breathing and heartbeats. Then she'd furtively attended a matinee and seen his charms and talents with her own eyes. He sang and played love scenes with a fervor that had caused some of his admirers to swoon. Medora wasn't the swooning kind herself, but after that first matinee her love was dedicated to a man who didn't know she was alive. Freddy Wheeler was only a very young friend who played basketball, not love scenes, and did nothing to her heartbeats at all.

However, there were advantages to having a beau she was actually acquainted with. She did think a girl ought to lead a normal life.

It was a pity that the basketball games were usually played on Saturday afternoon when Medora couldn't be on hand. Freddy was the kind of boy who expected his friends to be there admiring him when he pranced around the gym. He resented her absences and was suspicious of her excuses, which hadn't been very good. This afternoon, for instance, she'd asked her mother to tell Freddy, when he phoned, that she had gone to the library to study. That was going to make trouble, for sure. But at least Freddy would never be able to accuse her of making dates with other men—unless by some wild chance she met Ronnie Jones.

The doorknob rattled, indicating her mother was home and Medora called "Come in."

Mrs. Miles was a writer of detective fiction and sometimes very caustic in conversation, like the characters in her books. She picked her way daintily over the wet floor, remarking that if she'd known the conditions, she would have worn a diving bell. What she did wear was her best black afternoon dress and she said she'd been to a tea.

"Tea?" Medora sniffed.

"All right, a cocktail party. Now suppose you come clean yourself and tell me why I couldn't find the hat I wanted to wear and why it's back in my closet now, looking like a floor rag?"

It hurt Medora to lie to her mother but she didn't spare herself. A girl who isn't allowed to go downtown alone would be foolish to say where she had been. "It blew off when I was coming home from the library."

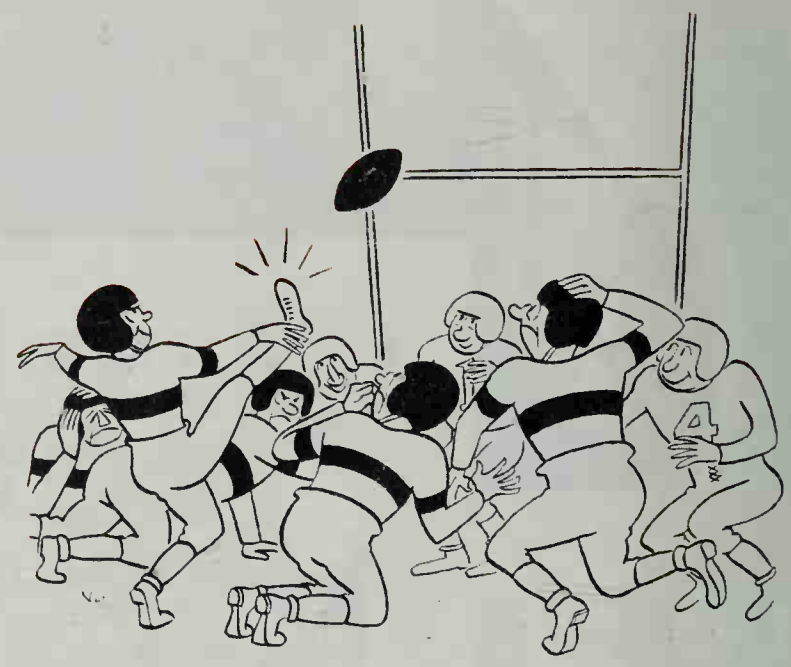
"Am I supposed to believe you lifted my best hat to do your homework in?"

Medora thought ruefully that a mother who fancied herself to be a detective was not all that a mother might be.

"Freddy called up, of course, and really, I wish you'd relay these lame excuses yourself. He didn't find the library story any more convincing than I do."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. Not a word. It was the most scornful silence I've heard for quite a while." Mrs. Miles frowned thoughtfully at the steamed body of her daugh-



SALO ROTH

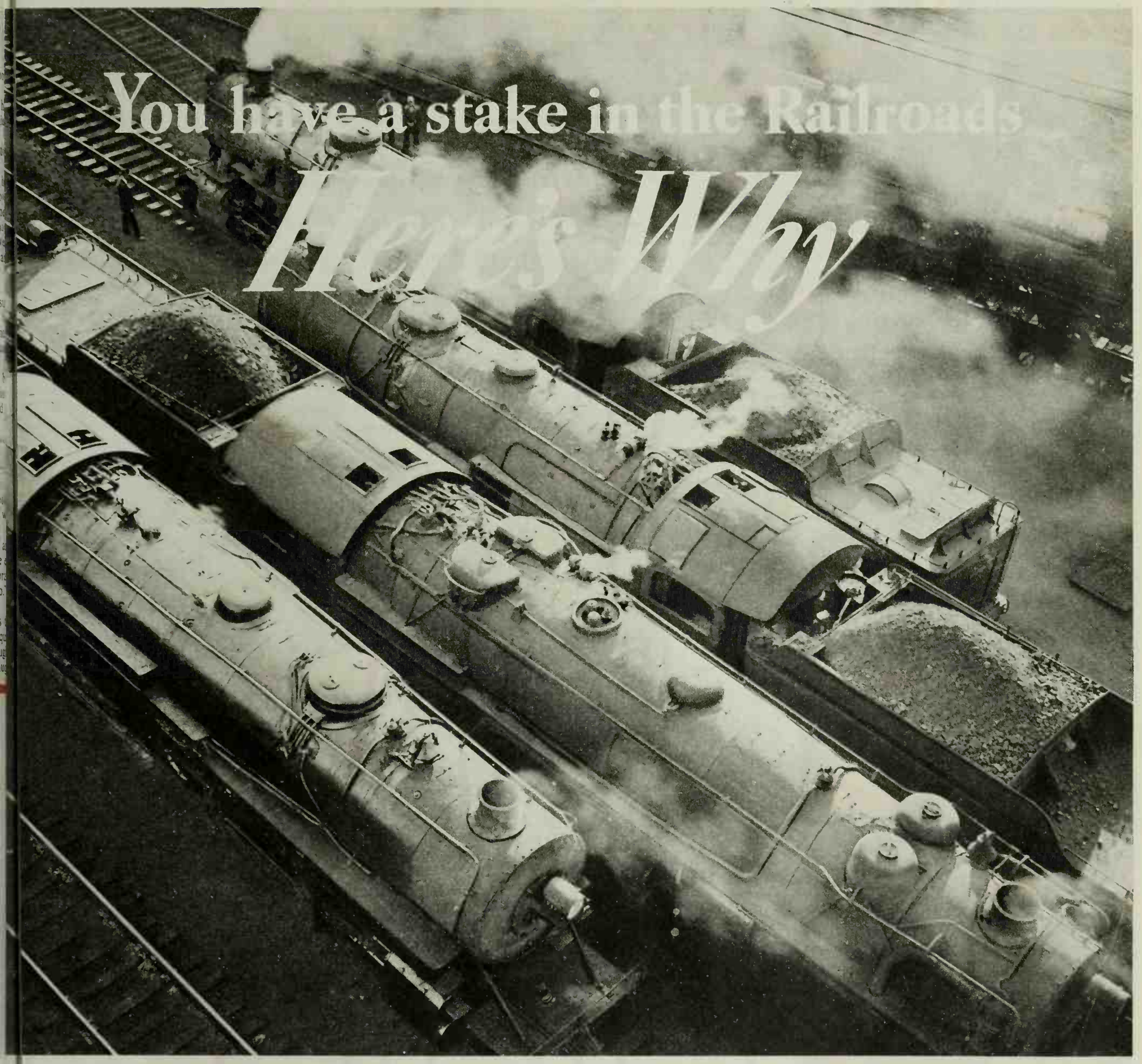
SPORTING ODDS

Shortly after Bernie Masterson, now head coach at the University of Nebraska, joined the Chicago Bears some years ago, Coach George Halas sent him in as quarterback with the instructions, "Run the first play through right tackle, the second around left end, and then kick."

The first play started from Chicago's own 20-yard line. The Bears went through right tackle for a neat 30 yards. First down on the 50-yard line. The second play picked up 35 yards around left end. Another first down, on the opponents' 15-yard line. Then—Bernie kicked.

—Larry Nordin, Omaha, Neb.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. (Contributions cannot be returned.)



Even if you never ride on a train—never ship a package by railroad freight—the whole pattern of your daily life is interwoven with the railroads. Most of the food you eat is carried to market by rail. And railroads—as the nation's major carriers of raw materials and finished products—have a part in the production of practically everything you use.

So it's important that the railroads continue to improve the service upon which you depend—service at the lowest cost for comparable transportation in all the world.

To keep on doing that, railroads need new engines, new cars, new rail, new equipment and facilities of all sorts. These improvements depend in turn on adequate railroad earnings.

"And what," you ask, "is an adequate return?"

Most people think 6 per cent would be no more than fair.

Yet during the past 25 years—and that includes the war years—the railroads averaged a return on their net investment of only 3⅔ per cent.

And in 1947, with a record-breaking peacetime traffic—railroads are expected to earn even less than that! Such a return is only about half what the railroads need to keep on providing you with the kind of equipment and service you want.

Because this need for adequate railroad earnings directly concerns you, and every other American, the railroads want you to know the facts.

Send for a free copy of the new booklet "You and Your Railroads." Association of American Railroads. Room 970, Transportation Building, Washington 6, D. C.

American Railroads

THE NATION'S BASIC TRANSPORTATION



100 Proof

As sure as sure can be, the first sip of OLD TAYLOR will confirm the warm and mellow flavor foretokened by its rich, golden color. It is equally certain that those who share OLD TAYLOR with you will long and gratefully remember the occasion.

For OLD TAYLOR is topmost choice in any company, any time.

OF TOPMOST CHOICE

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELICIOUS

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

r. "You're losing weight. Do you lways eat a good lunch at school? I in-ited Freddy to dinner. He made it quite lear he considered himself my guest, ot yours."

Mrs. Miles stepped over a puddle and pened the door. Then she turned back ith a gentler expression. "You know, oots, you're going to lose that boy. Are ou sure you don't care?"

The door closed and Medora sighed. he truth was she didn't care at all in the ay Freddy would wish her to care. It as merely her social life which would ffer. A girl would be pretty lonely if e never went out at all. If only she uld have dates with Ronnie Jones!

FREDDY WHEELER was dressed properly to dine with two ladies. His it was pressed with sharp creases, his ndy curls were wet and sleekly brushed, freckled face shone with health and sketball. However, the conspicuous ing about him was a formal and austere nner and he addressed himself ex-usively to his elder hostess. He told rs. Miles, with his usual lack of he was searching for an example—"well, like the fans of Ronnie Jones."

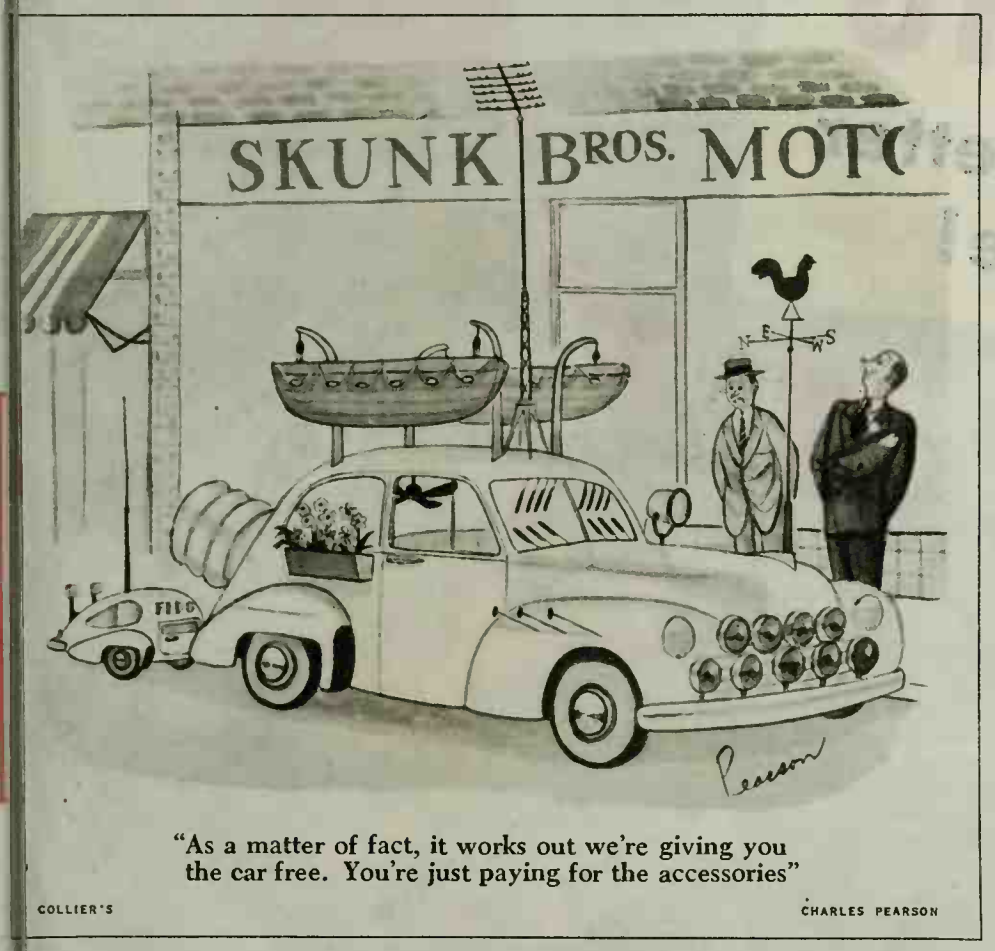
It occurred to Medora that a mutual friend of hers and Freddy's might have seen her in the alley and told him. But he looked smug, as if he inspired writers every day and enjoyed doing it, and she decided it was a coincidence that he'd spoken of Ronnie, who was probably being discussed in many homes tonight.

Mrs. Miles, who was contentedly gnawing a chicken wing, said casually, "Tell me about the fans, Freddy. I'm curious about those girls who have to be policed by the riot squad. What kind of homes do they come from?"

Freddy's shrug implied that he neither knew nor cared. It was a different question that puzzled him. "What they see in Ronnie I can't imagine. I know a hundred guys who are better-looking"—an athletic chest was expanded—"and better built."

"He sings and dances."

"Listen, Mrs. Miles, I could dance if I took dancing lessons—I'd like to see myself—and I can sing just as good as Ronnie if I hold my nose."



"As a matter of fact, it works out we're giving you the car free. You're just paying for the accessories"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

nodesty, that the game had been saved the last thirty seconds of play and t he'd shot the winning basket himself.

"Freddy, I'm proud to know you." s. Miles served a hero's helping of ite meat and dark. "Do many girls go the games?"

"Girls?" Freddy had to stop and think at the word meant. "Why, yes, quite ew girls go. I wish they wouldn't. The y they screech makes my head ache."

Mrs. Miles looked sidewise at her ughter who was looking at her plate. or Freddy. He was so transparent en he lied.

With the insouciance of a habitual er-outer, he turned the conversation m himself. "How's murder these days, s. Miles?"

"At a standstill. I've got to start a new ok soon and I can't make up my mind. ddy, I hope you won't be offended if k, but if you were a homicidal maniac at kind of people would you rub out? llionaires, politicians, schoolteach-r—?"

He had a surprisingly ready answer. "ll kill actors."

Medora looked at him suspiciously. H was helping himself to chicken gravy al his face displayed no sign of guile.

"Actors? Really? Why?"

"Well, look at the way people make fools of themselves about actors. Like"—

Medora imagined Freddy prancing around the stage as he did in the gym and tried not to smile.

He continued, "Why a few months ago, Ronnie Jones was nobody. If he'd spoken to one of those girls then she'd have slapped his face. I'll tell you something else. I know his kid sister." Forgetting there was someone he wasn't speaking to, Freddy turned to Medora. "Did you know Viola Jones was his sister?"

The question was so unexpected, Medora could only gulp and ask, "Who?" She had never heard of Viola Jones.

Freddy smiled at Mrs. Miles. "I guess Medora wouldn't know her. Viola's nuts about basketball. But I know her and, believe me, I don't boast about it."

Medora sat very still. Imagine knowing Ronnie Jones' sister! Why, a girl could find out everything he did from morning to night. Her imagination took another step and whispered, *If you knew Viola well enough, you'd go to see her at her house. You'd meet her brother.*

She looked curiously at the young man who had this valuable contact and wondered why he hadn't mentioned it before. She supposed it was a sign of his hopeless boyishness that he was unimpressed by the great of the world.

After dinner, when she and Freddy were washing the dishes, he still was disinclined to talk to a girl who hadn't cared to be present when he saved the game. But more than his silence was shattered when he dropped a plate. "Gosh!" He stooped down to pick up the pieces.

"Does Viola go to our school?"

"Sure."

"It's funny I don't know her. You'd think, being a famous man's sister, everybody'd know who she was." Medora decided Viola must be unusually shy.

"It's a big school and she hasn't been there very long."

"Who does she go around with?"

"Not me," Freddy said pointedly. "Do you think I run around with other women behind your back?"

Medora was pleased to think that Viola, being shy, probably hadn't made many friends yet. "Does she look like her brother?"

Freddy blushed. "She isn't built like her brother. Viola's kind of fat."

Medora saw a touching picture of a girl who was shy, friendless and overweight. She remarked sympathetically, "Freddy, I think old students ought to help new students to make friends. Why don't you help Viola?"

"I don't know her very well myself." He gave Medora a long, searching look as if the evidence of charity in her nature were food for thought. Then, being Freddy, he bragged, "But I could get better acquainted with her, any day."

"That would be a very nice thing to do for a new girl," said Medora virtuously, "and I tell you what—if I knew her, I'd be glad to help too." She finished the dishes with an energy to which neither they nor she was accustomed.

MEDORA thought that Freddy played his part in the intrigue unwittingly. He told her after classes on Monday that Viola had sat next to him in the cafeteria and they'd exchanged a few words.

"Did you make a date with her?" asked Medora hopefully.

"Sort of. I said I'd see her Saturday at the game. By the way, I can't walk home with you today. I've got to go to the gym."

She walked home alone, aflutter with ecstasy and anxiety. Now that she was so close to meeting Ronnie, she had worries as well as thrills. For one thing, what was she going to say to him? Wouldn't it be awful if she were stricken dumb like that girl with braces on her teeth? And what could she wear? It was her belief that she was old enough to make certain improvements in her appearance and when she got home she had a tense argument with her mother about lipstick and nail polish and high-heeled shoes.

The next day she splurged and went to the cafeteria herself. It seemed like unnecessary economy to save lunch money now. As soon as she'd met the Joneses she could probably go to the show for nothing any time she chose. And sit in a seat, too.

Carrying her tray to a table near the one where Freddy usually sat, she looked around. There was only one girl in sight whom she couldn't name, a stagey blonde who was new in school but certainly not friendless. Medora had seen her with many different boys. And she wasn't fat, either. She was what Medora called developed, and she thought critically: If it was me, I wouldn't wear a sweater.

The blonde was eating quietly but she came to life when the basketball team arrived and swarmed around the table which tradition reserved for them. Then really it was embarrassing to watch her toss her yellow hair and try to attract attention. Who did she think she was—a movie star? What she did next was a shock to Medora. She carried her tray to the boys' table and after some noisy banter, sat down between two of them who pushed their chairs together. One of the two was Freddy. . . .

When Medora saw him after classes,

FALSE TEETH WEARERS
famous for their looks



Hollywood performers say:

"New COLEO cleans false teeth cleaner!"

8 out of 10 tested preferred Coleo to all other types of denture cleanser! And scores of actors and actresses tried it! Coleo, made by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet, was tested in Hollywood because many actors and actresses *must* wear plates or bridges to photograph well!

Coleo fizzes away mucin (film), removable stains, and food particles in minutes! No brushing! False teeth are clean! Sparkling! And dentures cleaned with Coleo have a pleasant, fresh taste! Clean *your* false teeth the Coleo way—today!



NEW TYPE Cleanser for False Teeth

For that Brighter, Longer-Lasting
LOOKING GLASS SHINE



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

On Sale at Shoe Stores, Shoe Departments, Shoe Repair Shops
Product of
KNOMARK MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN 5, N. Y.

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT



The Pilot thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is PHILIP MORRIS so much better to smoke?"

"Because PHILIP MORRIS is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. **"Less irritation means more enjoyment.** That's why the PHILIP MORRIS smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.

TRY A PACK TODAY!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

he asked, "Who was that girl who practically sat on your lap?"

The memory was pleasant, it seemed. reddy smiled. "Would you like to meet er?"

"I certainly would not."

"What would you think if I had a date ith her?"

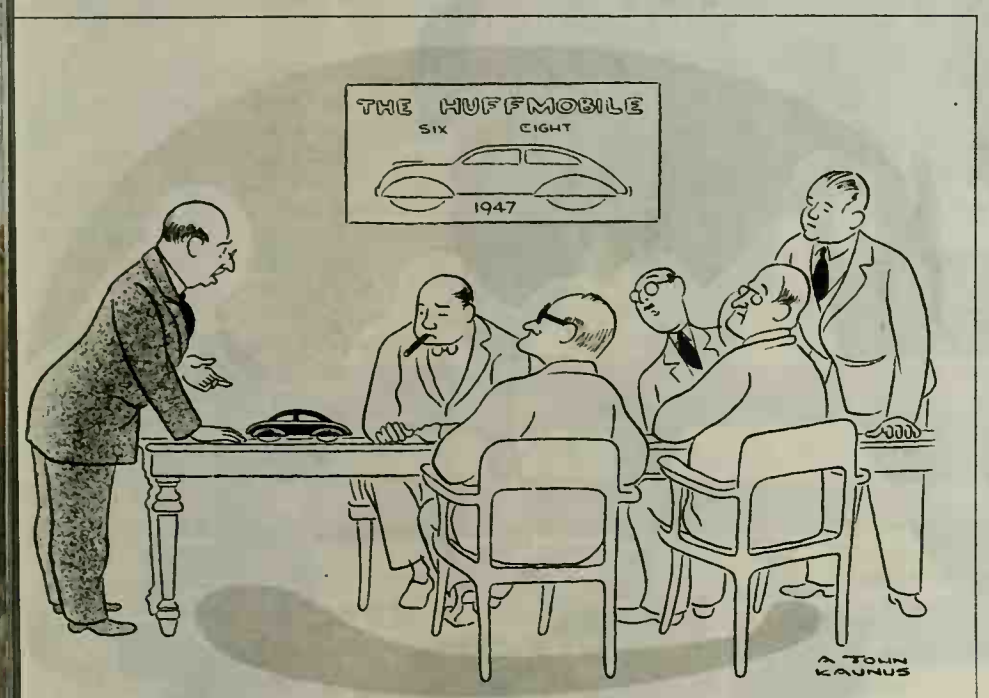
She was surprised at the vigor with hich she replied. "You know perfectly ell what I think of girls who run after ys!"

It was a beaming Freddy who patted r on the shoulder and said he had to n along.

"By the way," he added, "I won't be eing you much this week. The coach working us hard."

He left her with two mysteries—one, e whereabouts of Viola, and two, the entity of a blonde. And it wasn't until te in the week that she learned that ere was only one girl who was baffling r; that the blonde with whom she saw eddy so often in the corridors and feteria was Viola Jones. . . .

The revelation occurred Friday evening out eight o'clock. Medora was standg by a stage door in the alley, feeling ther depressed. Not, she told herself, cause Freddy hadn't asked for his



"This new model won't do. We must have something new, dynamic, revolutionary. Something the radio comedians can kid us about"

COLLIER'S A. JOHN KAUNUS

ual date, but because she felt conspicuos, almost silly, standing there alone. idently Ronnie's other fans hadn't ought of the strategy of being at the eater when he arrived. Or perhaps they uldn't get away with it. She wasn't re she had herself. She'd stolen out the apartment without saying a word d hoped to have a good excuse for her ther when she got back.

It was a warm evening, more like sumr than fall and though it was dark in th alley, there was still a gleam of light in the sky. Medora was holding a carnation, a small token of her affection th she'd bought at a flower stand in mes Square. The members of the cast, hrrying into the theater, looked at her strangely. The old doorman peered outside and shook his head, disapprovingly; bt she stood her ground. Surely that dpressed feeling would leave her when sh'd seen Ronnie and given him the carnation for his buttonhole.

Finally the limousine arrived and Ronn jumped out, still talking to someone in the car. Talking sternly too, like a itch uncle, and telling that someone th she lacked the manners of refinent, that her behavior in public pained hn and that she ought to realize she was ly a schoolgirl and not, as she seemed think, Helen Hayes Cornell.

A silvery laugh rang through the alley. "Don't give me that stage laugh. I'd take the hairbrush to you if we were home."

It sounded to Medora as if a kid sister were being berated and she crept closer to the car, thinking it would be remarkable if she met Viola *and* her brother, without any help from Freddy at all. A blond head appeared at the window and at last it dawned on Medora that the girl she'd begged Freddy to get acquainted with and the one she hated to see him with were the same.

Viola giggled. "Look, Ronnie, one of your admirers. She's brought you a flower."

Ronnie whirled around and right there in the alley where he usually made each of his fans feel that he loved her, he asked coldly, "What's the idea, hanging around a stage door at this hour? Hasn't anyone told you to stay off the streets at night? Haven't you got a home?"

Viola was convulsed.

Now, in the scene that Medora had rehearsed while she waited, she had pressed the carnation into Ronnie's hands, told him how much she admired him and that she never allowed a week to pass without seeing the show. That scene couldn't be played with an actor who addressed her as if she were a delinquent, while his sister laughed. She didn't even want to play it. This man who unexpectedly revealed a personality that was a cross between a policeman's and a parent's was not the man she loved. Most disillusioning of all was the knowledge that he was that blonde's brother. She'd have given the remainder of her life to make them believe that her business in the alley had nothing to do with the tribe of Jones.

And just then a miracle occurred. A sandy-haired young man stepped out of the darkness, where he might have overheard what had happened, and said, "Hello, Medora. Am I late?"

Ronnie asked sharply, "Do you know this girl?"

"I sure do. I've got a date with her."

"Is it your custom to ask girls to meet you in dark alleys?"

Freddy looked him straight in the eye. "She made a mistake," Freddy explained. "She should have waited at the other door, in the lobby."

It couldn't be Freddy Wheeler, Medora thought. It must be a dream. Freddy would never have thought of taking that hateful carnation from her hand and saying, "Is this for me? Gee, thanks." She could scarcely believe her ears when she heard Viola say, "Freddy! Freddy Wheeler, aren't you going to speak to me?"

Then Ronnie apologized. "Sorry, I made a mistake. You see how it is, I'm always stumbling over girls in places where they shouldn't be, and maybe it's none of my business, but it worries me." He winked at Freddy. "If you want to take your girl to the show some time, let me know. I'm afraid we're sold out tonight."

He went into the theater. The limousine was driven away. Medora was left alone with the young man who had saved her face and her feelings. She tried to thank him.

"Skip it." He'd done his good deed for the day and now he looked grim. "It wasn't my idea, hunting you up. Your mother phoned; she's having a fit." Clamping a hard hand on Medora's arm he marched her over to Broadway and into the nearest drugstore, where he entered a telephone booth.

"Hello, Mrs. Miles, I found her, right where I thought she'd be." His call was answered so quickly that Medora guessed her mother had been sitting anxiously by the phone.

Freddy said, "Nothing happened to her except she got a very fine bawling out. Ronnie Jones practically took her head off." Freddy frowned. "Say, Mrs. Miles, I'm thinking about that idea I gave you for a book. You know, killing actors? Maybe it wasn't so hot. Ronnie's okay."

Medora thought with a pang, he'd probably say nice things about Ronnie's sister too, if anyone asked him.

"Well, don't be discouraged, Mrs. Miles. I'll probably get another idea before long."

Some people might have thought Freddy conceited, but Medora felt that he spoke with a confidence to which he was entitled. She looked with awe on this youth who inspired writers and acted before actors and wondered how far his friendship with Viola had gone.

WHEN he left the phone, he hailed a taxi, but Medora wasn't flattered. It was clear from his expression that he wanted to get rid of his charge the quickest way possible, no matter what it cost. For a while she didn't dare speak to him, his manner was so forbidding, but there were questions she simply had to ask. "How did you know where I was?"

He snorted. "Everybody in school knows about your crush. I've had to take a lot of kidding."

"I haven't got a crush any more." She looked quickly to see how he reacted. His expression was unchanged.

It hadn't occurred to her before that the word crush described the overwhelming passion which had driven her to a life of intrigue and deceit. She'd thought of a crush as a minor disturbance without consequences. Now she wondered fearfully how dire those consequences were going to be.

She asked the vital question in a roundabout way. "I guess you won't be kidded about me now you're a friend of Viola's. Have you had a date with her yet?"

"What if I have? It was your idea."

That ended the questions. And hope.

When the taxi driver had been paid, Medora thanked Freddy formally for bringing her home and said good night. He seemed to expect something more of her so she told him she'd be at the game and wished him luck.

He looked surprised. "Say, what's the matter now? Don't you want me to come in?"

Medora stared, speechless.

"Listen, get this straight," Freddy's voice was harsh, "I haven't had a date with Viola and I'm not going to have any. When I want another woman, I'll pick her out myself."

Maybe it wasn't a love scene, so far as words were concerned, but no one could doubt that Freddy was looking into her eyes and hers alone. Medora's breathing quickened and her heart throbbed happily as they went inside.

THE END

SO YOUNG with a trouble SO OLD



An upset stomach is an ancient trouble . . . often the penalty of overeating or eating things we shouldn't. When your stomach is upset, be gentle with it . . . *take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

Never Upset an Upset Stomach

Don't add to the upset with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL.

This pleasant-tasting preparation spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. *At all druggists.*



A Norwich Product

Pepto-Bismol*

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

for UPSET Stomach

Listen to "THE FAT MAN," ABC Network, Friday Night (Pacific Coast: Saturday Night)



For the Record...

Classical compositions may or may not impress you as the world's "best" music...

Only you can say. For the enjoyment of music is a *personal* experience—and dependent on personal *tastes.*

So, too, is the enjoyment of fine whiskey—possibly that's why Hunter's surprisingly *different* flavor may not suit your taste. But you should try it. For thousands of men who have tried it once, have found it instantly suited to their taste—and today prefer it to all others.

HUNTER

SINCE 1860

First over the Bars



Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey, 92 Proof, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

NOTHING OR NOBODY

Continued from page 26

'em all and then go to bed. No, I couldn't blame the old man. I think he really had noises in the head. Subway noises.

When I got outa the Army, the old man was still the same way. So I said goodby to Bay Ridge and Brooklyn and my home for good. Me and a buddy, Jimmy Hawkins, we shared a room downtown. In Manhattan.

That's how I got to be a bartender. Jimmy was one and he sold me on the idea of joining the union and working those swanky parties with him. I used to ask Jimmy why he never took a steady job in some bar, and Jimmy'd always say it wasn't for him. Jimmy always said he liked to look at them society people and all them fancy good-lookers.

Me, I didn't feel one way or the other. I was just interested in the dough. And the dough was good. We could work three times a week and have enough dough for good times. Oh, Jimmy and me had some good times, and whenever we'd be sitting around some bar Jimmy'd say how much better it was to be drinking drinks instead of serving 'em. In bars, he meant.

I NEVER had no trouble with them society people, Father. Not till that night when it all started. I never stole a bottle of booze or nothing. Jimmy would, but I wouldn't. But then I'd help him finish the bottle when we got home. I guess that's just as bad, ain't it, Father?

The trouble is sometimes I ain't sure what's good and what's bad. All those times, before the trouble began, I used to think all those society people were good. I used to think they were good, because they were better-looking and better dressed and spoke better and all that.

Before the trouble I used to think just that, but I don't no more. No, no more.

Me, I was working the bar in the game room that night. Jimmy was working the bar in the reception room. It was a wedding anniversary party. The Helmses' tenth anniversary. And it was the first time we worked the Helmses' house. We'd been at lots of other big houses on the North Shore but never the Helmses' house.

Everything was going fine. No trouble at all. One college kid kept bothering me to make some crazy drinks I never heard of, but I fixed him up and there was no trouble.

Not till about midnight. Not till Mrs. Helms and Mack Jennings sat down on those soft stools in front of my bar. They were the only two at the bar. Oh, there were about six or seven other people around the game room, lounging around and drinking and talking and making passes.

This Mack Jennings was a good-looking guy. Close to forty I think. Looked a little like Ronald Colman, but not as good. A little heavier, too. He ordered the drinks. A Scotch highball for himself, a Manhattan for Mrs. Helms.

I think they had a lot to drink upstairs before they came over to my bar. Jimmy told me they did. But you couldn't see it much on 'em. I think they held it all right on the outside, but not so good on the inside. On the inside it musta been different because you can tell what people are like on the inside by the way they talk.

Father, I thought it was me who was drunk, not them. I kept saying to myself —Pat Dawson, you're drunk. You're good and drunk. But I wasn't. I didn't touch a drop. Not a drop.

I just stood there behind the bar. It was a small bar. Made in a half circle and there wasn't room for me to move. I stood there with just a little smile on my face, trying to look like I liked the job and liked fixing drinks and all that.

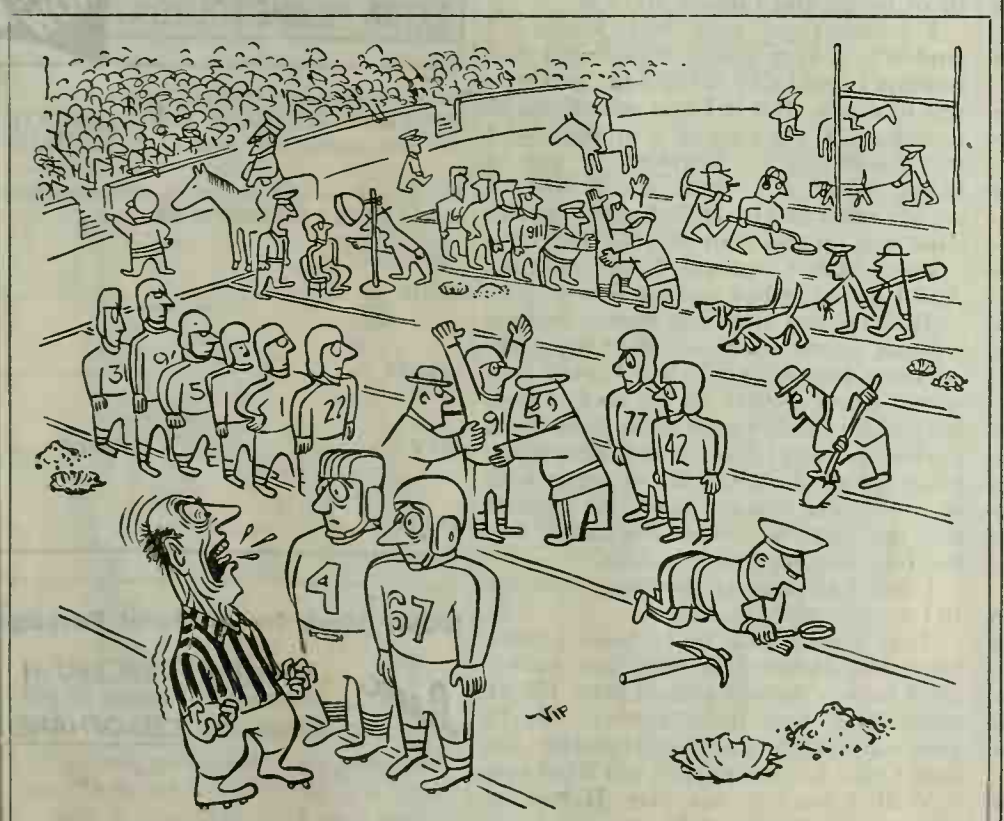
This Mrs. Helms—Fern, Mack Jennings called her. She looked like Jean Harlow used to look. A little like her. Mrs. Helms was smaller, I think.

She and him sat close together and when they talked I could hear every word they said. Every word, Father. Every no-good word. That's what got me. There I was, right in front of them. If they were blind they coulda seen me.

I kept listening to them because you can't stop yourself from listening. I kept looking right at 'em, trying to tell 'em with my eyes that they weren't alone, that I—that Pat Dawson—was looking at 'em and hearing every word they said.

I dropped a glass, Father. I did it on purpose. The glass bounced on the floor, it didn't break. And when I picked it up they were still talking, the same way they were talking before.

And you know where they were look-



". . . and if either of you guys ever pulls that disappearing ball trick again . . ."

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

A WINNER EVERY TIME

"TROPHY"



WINGS

SPORT SHIRT WONDER

You're sure to win applause with "Trophy" —

the superlative Wings sport shirt of Celanese* "Flannese."

A truly luxurious fabric, tailored into Wings'

smart casual shirt. Seven rich Fall colors,

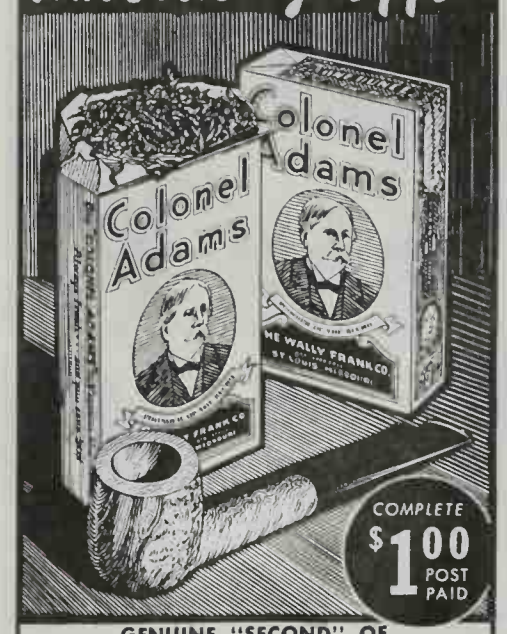
all designed to launder perfectly.

*reg. trademark

WINGS

WINGS SHIRT CO., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, N. Y.

Special Advertising Offer



GENUINE "SECOND" OF REGULAR $5.00 WALLY FRANK PIPE

These full size pipes have slight surface imperfections—guaranteed not to impair their smoking qualities. Finest imported Briar—Natural Color—No breaking in—Special metal moisture trap in stem. Plus **2 regular 15¢ packs of Colonel Adams— a mild natural leaf tobacco mixture.**

WALLY FRANK Ltd., Dept. 517
150 Nassau St., New York 7, N. Y.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send pipe and 2 packs of Colonel Adams described above. If not satisfied, I will return for cash refund.
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS BELOW

.....

.....

Best lighter buy!

REGENS
AUTOMATIC
STORMLITER



- Guaranteed Windproof
- Fully Automatic
- For Pipe or Cigarettes

In Nickel, Chrome, Enamel or Etched Finish—
Only $1.50 to $2.50

Just press to light!

If it's a REGENS, it LIGHTS!

Use Regens Yellow Flints For Best Results

AT BETTER JEWELRY, DRUG AND TOBACCO STORES
Regens Lighter Corporation, 2 E. 46th St., N.Y.17, N.Y.

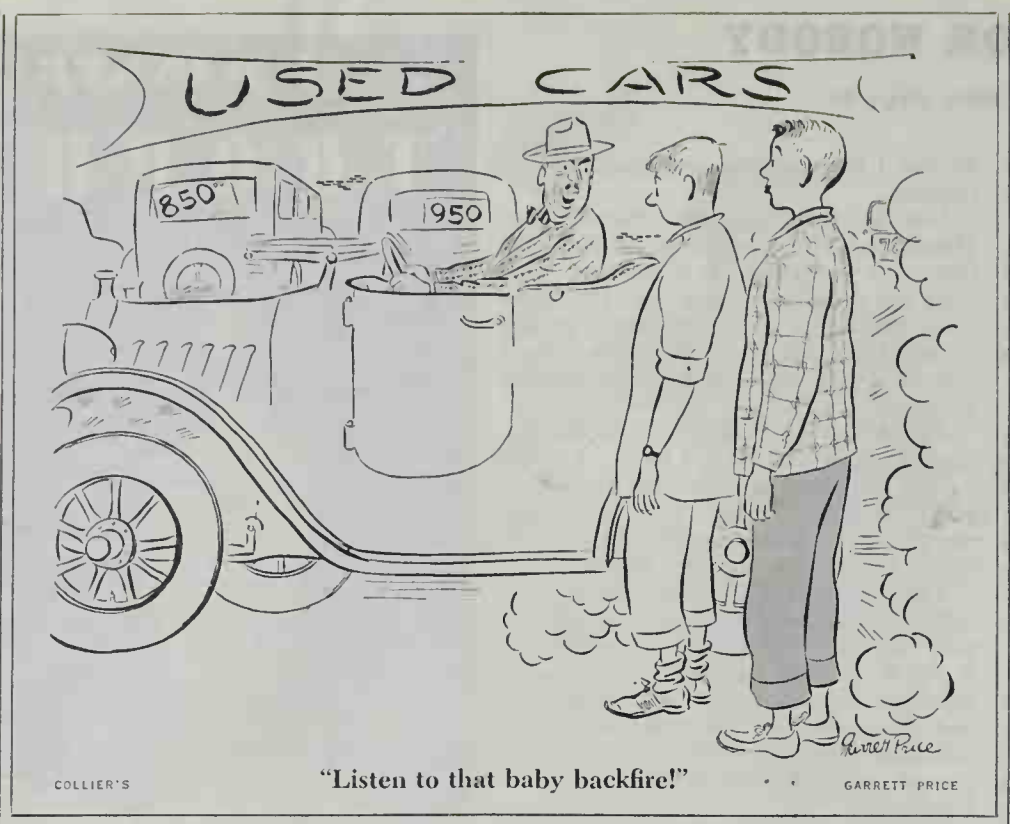
IS PSORIASIS A SKIN DISEASE?

After years of research, many noted medical scientists have reached the opinion that Psoriasis results from certain internal disorders. A number of physicians have for the last five years been reporting satisfactory treatment of this malady with a new formula called LIPAN—taken *internally*, Lipan, a combination of glandular substances and vitamins, attacks what is now believed to be the *internal* cause of Psoriasis, and tends to aid in the digestion and assimilation of foods. Lipan is harmless, non-habit forming, and can be taken with confidence by both young and old. Physician inquiries are invited. Ask your druggist for Lipan or write us direct for free booklet. Or, order a month's supply of Lipan—bottle containing 180 tablets—at once, enclosing check or money order for $8.50.



Miss Mabel Millot says: I was afflicted with Psoriasis for 9 years on face and back. Two and one-half months after I began to take Lipan, my skin was completely clear.

Spirt & Co. Dept. C-22, Waterbury, Conn.



ing when they were talking? Right at me. Right at me. Only they didn't see me. I coulda cut my throat right there and I don't think they'd have seen me.

Did you know what I was thinking all this time? I was thinking this, Father. I'm nothing. I'm not Pat Dawson. I'm nothing. I'm not an American citizen. I'm not a war veteran. I'm not a bartender. Not even a human being.

I was thinking, Father, I was just something that adds up to a drink of booze. Sure, I got eyes, ears, a nose, a face, a body, a mouth and all that. But you can look on the label of a bottle of booze and maybe see a picture of all those things and all those things don't hear nothing or see nothing or say nothing.

I was sick, Father. I was never so sick in all my life. Not even during the Battle of the Bulge did I get so sick. And so scared.

I was scared about—about being nothing, about being taken for nothing.

AND they meant every word they said. Every word of it because you know what happened. Every no-good word.

Mrs. Helms she said she hated her husband. Only she just didn't call him her husband. She used some words I wouldn't repeat to you. But she kept telling this Mack Jennings how much she hated her husband, how much she loved Mack Jennings, how much she wanted to get rid of her husband.

Mack Jennings kept trying to tell her to take it easy, to be patient, and to remember this was an anniversary party. Do you know what she said, Father? She said she hoped she could begin celebrating the anniversary of his death. That's what she said. Because I heard her. Every—every word of it.

Mack Jennings kept patting her hands and telling her they would do something, and Mrs. Helms kept telling him they had to do something soon, real soon.

Then Mack Jennings ordered two more drinks. I fixed 'em and they took the drinks and walked away. I saw them talking to another man and woman, talking and laughing and having a wonderful time. And then they went upstairs. And I didn't see 'em no more that night.

You know what happened, Father. A week later Howard Helms—Mrs. Helms husband—he was killed. They said he was drunk and he fell down the stairs and cracked his head in the cellar. They said it was an accident. That's what they said. And I saw it in the papers.

I was sitting in a bar on Forty-seventh Street with Jimmy—and two girls—when I read about it. You know what I did? I got up and left. I said I was sick and that I was sorry but I had to go. Jimmy got sore, but I didn't care. I got the—I got outa there and went back to the room.

I was sick all right. I went to bed sick, wanting to sleep and to forget everything and all that. But I couldn't sleep a bit. I kept thinking over and over again about that Helms party and listening to Mrs. Helms and Mack Jennings.

About four in the morning Jimmy came in and seeing as I wasn't sleeping he started to ask me what was the big idea walking out on the dames and him. I told him I was sick and he asked me what kind of sickness and I couldn't tell him. I couldn't tell him nothing except that I thought I was going crazy. So Jimmy said don't go crazy tonight and he gave me a bottle of booze and I finished it and got tangled in maybe a hundred nightmares.

Know what the nightmares were, Father? I kept seeing Mrs. Helms and Mack Jennings pushing Howard Helms down the stairs and then telling me to fix some more drinks. That's what I kept seeing, only in the nightmares I was smiling like I was happy to be there and happy to be serving drinks to nice people who push people down stairs when they don't like them, especially somebody's husband.

The next day I didn't get outa bed. Not at all. Jimmy brought me a hamburger and he brought me another bottle of booze and I drank all of it.

I couldn't get outa bed, Father. I couldn't. I kept telling myself if I was nothing I could stay in bed and drink myself to death. But if I was something or somebody I was part of a murder. If I was something or somebody I was to blame because a man was killed. I coulda gone to Mr. Helms and told him what was up and then maybe—maybe—

But I didn't because I was nothing. And I stayed in bed and got drunk.

Then the day after that Jimmy told me we had another job—another big party on Long Island. And when I told him I wasn't going, Jimmy hit the roof. I kept telling him I didn't want to work no more parties on Long Island or any other fancy place. Well, Jimmy tried to argue with me but it did him no good. He tried to find out what the—what the matter was but I wouldn't tell him nothing.

I didn't tell nobody nothing. Not until I went to see Mrs. Helms.

That was a little more than a week after Mr. Helms fell down the stairs—after he was pushed and all that. I'll tell you why I went there, Father. Maybe you weren't in court and maybe you didn't read it in the papers, so I'll tell you.

Well, I went to see Mrs. Helms because I was fighting with myself. I was telling myself that I was down and out and that they would count me as noth-



Start making
EXTRA INCOME
for Christmas—now!

Right now is the time to start making extra money for Christmas shopping, new clothes, or just to meet the high cost of living.

To increase your income you simply take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* popular publications. It's easy to make a success because Collier's is so popular with so many people. We will help you get started with sales material and expert instruction.

The sooner you get started the more time you will have to take advantage of the profitable Christmas season. Many of your friends are already subscribing—their renewals will pay you the same generous profits as new subscriptions.

This profitable plan has helped hundreds of men and women meet the high cost of living. Now you can balance your budget and have money to spare. Even if you have only a little spare time, you can add a substantial sum to your income. *Your earnings start with your first order.*

For money-making supplies, all you need do is mail a penny postal or the coupon below.

EXTRA INCOME COUPON MAIL NOW

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-17
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without cost or obligation details of your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

NAME .....
(Please Print)

STREET .....

CITY..... Zone No.....

STATE.....

NOW! Mark Frozen Food Packages

WITH *Lux* FOUNTAIN PEN BRUSH
WATER-PROOF • INSTANT DRYING
WRITES ON CELLOPHANE,

wax paper, etc. Many other uses. . . Price tags, art work . . 8 beautiful colors. Price $1.95 with ink . . at your School Supply or Stationery Dealer.

THE LUX CO., 154 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

ing if I didn't get up. So I got up. I got up and took some more booze and then I took a cab all the way out to the North Shore.

The butler remembered my face when I told him I once worked the bar there. But he wouldn't let me in. He let me in only after I shoved him outa the way. Mrs. Helms heard the racket and she came downstairs.

She was wearing a black dress trying to look like she was in mourning and all that. But you know, Father, she was wearing lipstick and powder and perfume and she didn't look so unhappy to me. Well, she didn't look unhappy till I told her who I was and why I was there.

Then she called Mack Jennings. He was outside in the sun smoking a pipe and playing with the fancy dogs and looking like everything was just jake.

This is what I said—to both of 'em. I said my name was Pat Dawson and I wanted to know one thing. I said I wanted to know if they killed Mr. Helms. I wanted to hear 'em say no. I wanted to believe 'em if they did, and then maybe I would forget what I heard, and then maybe if I stopped working fancy parties I could begin to think I was something or somebody.

Mrs. Helms didn't say nothing at first. She asked me if I wanted a drink and when I said I did she gave me the best booze in the house. While I was sopping it up, Mack Jennings began to ask me questions. What did I hear? When did I hear it? Did I tell anybody else?

Oh, I told 'em everything and I told 'em off because by then I was sure they killed Mr. Helms. Then I said can you see me? Can you hear me?

Then this Mack Jennings said it, Father. He should never have said it at all and the way he did. Father, can you understand me? I was fighting. I was fighting to get up, to be something or somebody, and I couldn't take what he said. It was too much to take. Then this Mack Jennings walks outa the room and leaves Mrs. Helms there and she starts talking and making worse than nothing or nobody outa me.

Know what she said, Father? She looked straight at me and said I'll give you what you want. I asked her if she knew what I wanted and she said money. I laughed, but she didn't know why I was laughing because she kept raising the ante. She was sure I showed up for only one thing. Blackmail.

Then Mack Jennings came running back into the room—with a gun in his hand. He just kept pointing the gun at me and saying nothing and listening to Mrs. Helms going crazy and saying it was worse than nothing or nobody because I didn't want no money from 'em.

Then Mrs. Helms she turned to Mack Jennings and started yelling for him to shoot me dead. He got scared for a little minute, Father. That was his trouble. He kept looking at me and looking scared, and then kept turning to Mrs. Helms to see how crazy she was.

I didn't wait for him to look at me again. I just dived at him and knocked him off his feet. I knocked the gun outa his hand and I kept slugging away at him till Mrs. Helms went for the gun. Then I got up and I kicked her away. I got the gun and I squeezed the trigger just as Mack Jennings tried to jump me. I hit him right, Father. I hit him right in the heart and he fell down dead.

Mrs. Helms, she got down on the floor with Mack Jennings, holding him in her arms and trying to bring him back to life. Me, I sat down and had a few more drinks and waited for the police. I finished the bottle before they came.

THEN the trial. I was somebody at the trial all right. I really was. They had my name and pictures in all the papers. It was a big bang all right, but all the bangs hit me. Father, I didn't stand a chance.

Mrs. Helms she fixed me with a couple of fancy lies. And they believed her—maybe because they couldn't believe my story about hearing 'em talk about murder at the bar. She fixed me all right but I think she fixed herself, too. I think she fixed it so it'll be no good for her for all times. Maybe she won't never get the electric chair, but I don't think she sleeps so good. No, Father, I don't think so.

When I was sure I was going to die in the electric chair, I kept telling myself it mighta happened in the Bulge. It mighta, too. Many times.

Father, I wish it had. But the way things worked out I'm sorry about a lotta things, but most of all I'm sorry for what I did to my family. Oh, I didn't love 'em too much I guess, but I never wanted to hurt 'em any. And I did, Father, I did. I hurt 'em plenty.

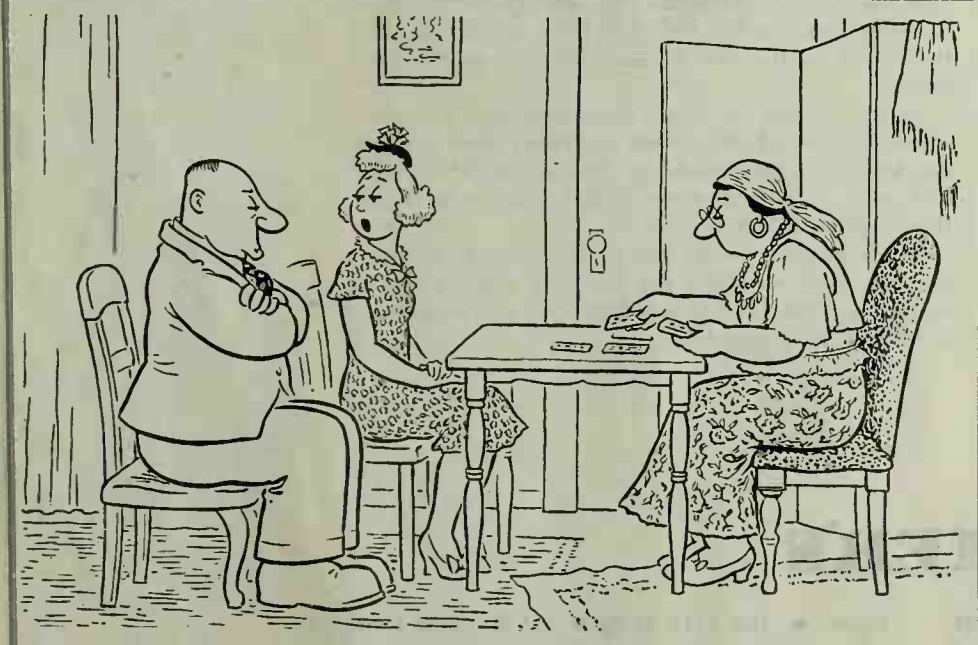
Thanks, Father, thanks for letting me talk to you. I tried not to use no swear words and all that.

One more thing, Father. There's one more thing I forgot. Well, there was *one* time I wished, one time I really wished I was nothing or nobody. That was during the trial—when they put my picture and all that in the papers.

Know why, Father? Because my old man stopped reading all those newspapers, and I know what it meant to him to sit down and read all those papers when his head was full of those subway noises and he wanted peace and quiet.

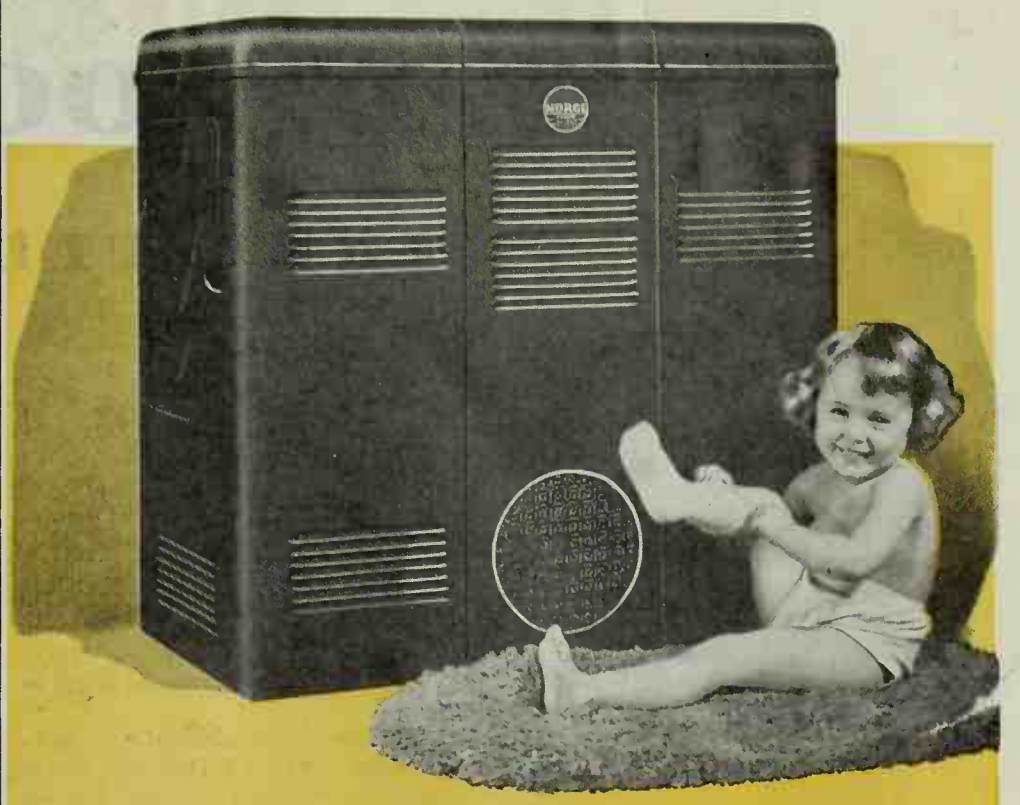
THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



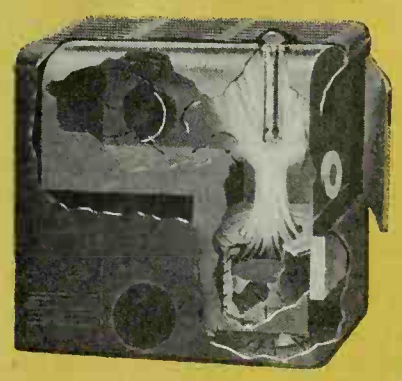
"You're being very unreasonable, Alfred. It's not my fault if the cards say I'm going to meet a tall handsome man"

COLLIER'S



Lots of Heat for a Small Figure!

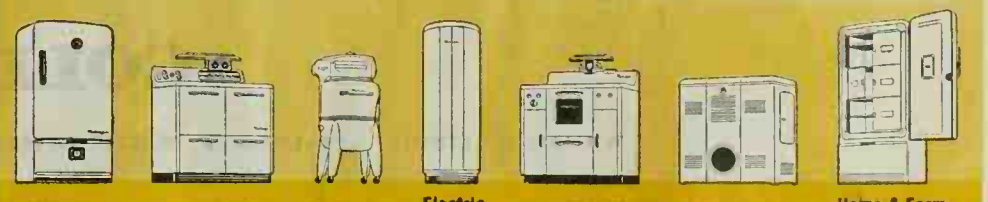
We mean it . . . this new Norge oil-burning unit supplies *abundant heat* at *low cost*—heat that is *clean, quick, safe, workless,* and *controllable!* So efficient is this newest model that, with it, a small home or other building of average construction, containing up to 6500 cubic feet, can be easily maintained at 70 degrees, even with the outside temperature at zero. For healthful heat all winter, without work or worry, see your Norge dealer . . . he is listed in the classified section of your phone book. "The best dealer in town sells Norge."



The exclusive L-shaped heat exchanger provides up to 40% more heating surface. Other Norge engineering achievements are: downdraft "Whirlator," single-dial heat selector, triple-air oil burner, "tell-tale" oil gauge, easy-fill humidifier.

Norge is the trade-mark of Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit 26, Michigan. In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY



Refrigerators Electric Ranges Washers Electric Water Heaters Gas Ranges Home Heaters Home & Farm Freezers

F. D. ROOSEVELT:

THE FULL PICTURE

COLLIER'S now has had the pleasure of printing two series of "Franklin D. Roosevelt As I Knew Him" articles, and two more are in the works.

The first of these came from the pen—and the heart—of Frances Perkins, who served as Secretary of Labor from Mr. Roosevelt's first Inauguration Day, March 4, 1933, until shortly after his death in the spring of 1945.

Miss Perkins' memoirs were written in a worshipful mood, since she felt that F.D.R. was about as nearly perfect as mortal man can be. For all that, her reminiscences were intelligent, interesting and informative. Her book containing the Collier's articles justifiably became a best seller.

The second of these series of Roosevelt recollections was by James A. Farley. To put it mildly, it was a horse of quite another color than the Perkins production.

The former Roosevelt campaign manager and Postmaster General wrote under the title Why I Broke With Roosevelt. He pulled no detectable punches in telling precisely that story.

"General" Farley, always the practical politician, never was overcome by the coruscations of the Roosevelt personality. But he knew a born winner when he saw one. He handled the 1932 and 1936 campaigns with the enthusiasm which a trainer brings to a fine race horse.

Between 1936 and 1940, Mr. Farley came to regard his chief as a snob and an autocrat. In his Collier's pieces, Farley cited chapter and verse to show how and why he arrived at this estimate of Mr. Roosevelt; and both he and the magazine drew some memorable brickbats on that account from some of the same people who had applauded the Perkins series.

We are now printing a selection of Henry Morgenthau's memories of the Roosevelt he knew. Mr. Morgenthau, affectionately called Henry the Morgue by "the Boss," was Secretary of the Treasury from January, 1934, until President Truman eased him out in July, 1945. He was an intimate of Mr. Roosevelt's and he also was the most industrious diary keeper since Samuel Pepys.

Collier's takes pleasure in presenting the cream of Mr. Morgenthau's Rooseveltian impressions to its readers—and in welcoming the brickbats fired by people whose admiration for Morgenthau and his late leader can hardly be called intense.

To cap this particular group of memoirs, we expect soon to print a series gleaned from the notes and records of Harry L. Hopkins by Robert E. Sherwood. Mr. Hopkins, of course, was Mr. Roosevelt's closest confidant. His report should be fully as interesting as those of Miss Perkins and Messrs. Farley and Morgenthau—and fully as useful to future historians and biographers.

It is this historical aspect of the whole matter that we have considered from the start.

In Franklin Delano Roosevelt the United States had one of the most picturesque, dramatic and controversial characters in its history.

People either loved or hated this man. There was no middle ground for calm feelings concerning him. He had a genius for making friends, and an equal genius for making enemies, and he made plenty of both.

The complete verdict of history on him is not in as yet, and cannot be rendered for years to come.

Was he a true lover of the people; or did he love them only at a distance, finding their aroma just a trifle too earthy? Mr. Farley has one answer to that question; others have other answers.

Did Roosevelt strive incessantly and honestly to prevent the European war which exploded in 1939, and did he really try thereafter to keep the United States out of that war? Or did he want a war from the time of the 1937 "quarantine" speech in Chicago?

What was his true and complete role in the Pearl Harbor disaster?

Did he give away too much at Yalta to Joseph Stalin; or did he actually drive as shrewd and tough a bargain as was possible at that time?

In accepting nominations for a third and a fourth term, was Mr. Roosevelt moved by a selfless love of his country and a consuming desire to see it safely through a time of troubles? Or was he, as some suspected, a dictator at heart, with a fierce ambition to overturn the American republican system of government and steer the United States into a sort of repetition of the history of ancient Rome from the time of Julius Caesar?

These are only a few of the many questions which are still unanswered in full concerning the New Deal and World War II Chief Executive and the man who succeeded in breaking the George Washington no-third term tradition.

These and all the other pertinent questions must be answered in full and authoritatively before Franklin D. Roosevelt can be assigned his correct rank in the history of the United States and of the world.

Every shred of evidence that can contribute to the definite answer to every question about Roosevelt should be gathered up and put on record somewhere, and as promptly as may be.

We don't see how there can be any better sources of such evidence than the members of the Roosevelt inner circle during the years when he was the central figure in official Washington.

That is the chief reason why we are printing the Perkins, Farley, Morgenthau and Hopkins recollections—and why we do not anticipate that these will be the last of such documents we shall print.

In the course of time, by means of these contributions and of other evidence from other sources, the American people and the world should have the full, true and three-dimensional picture of F. D. Roosevelt as he actually was.

It is a picture which is urgently needed for many reasons, and we take the greatest satisfaction in helping to build it up, regardless of any objections from anybody anywhere.

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher • WALTER DAVENPORT Editor • JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor